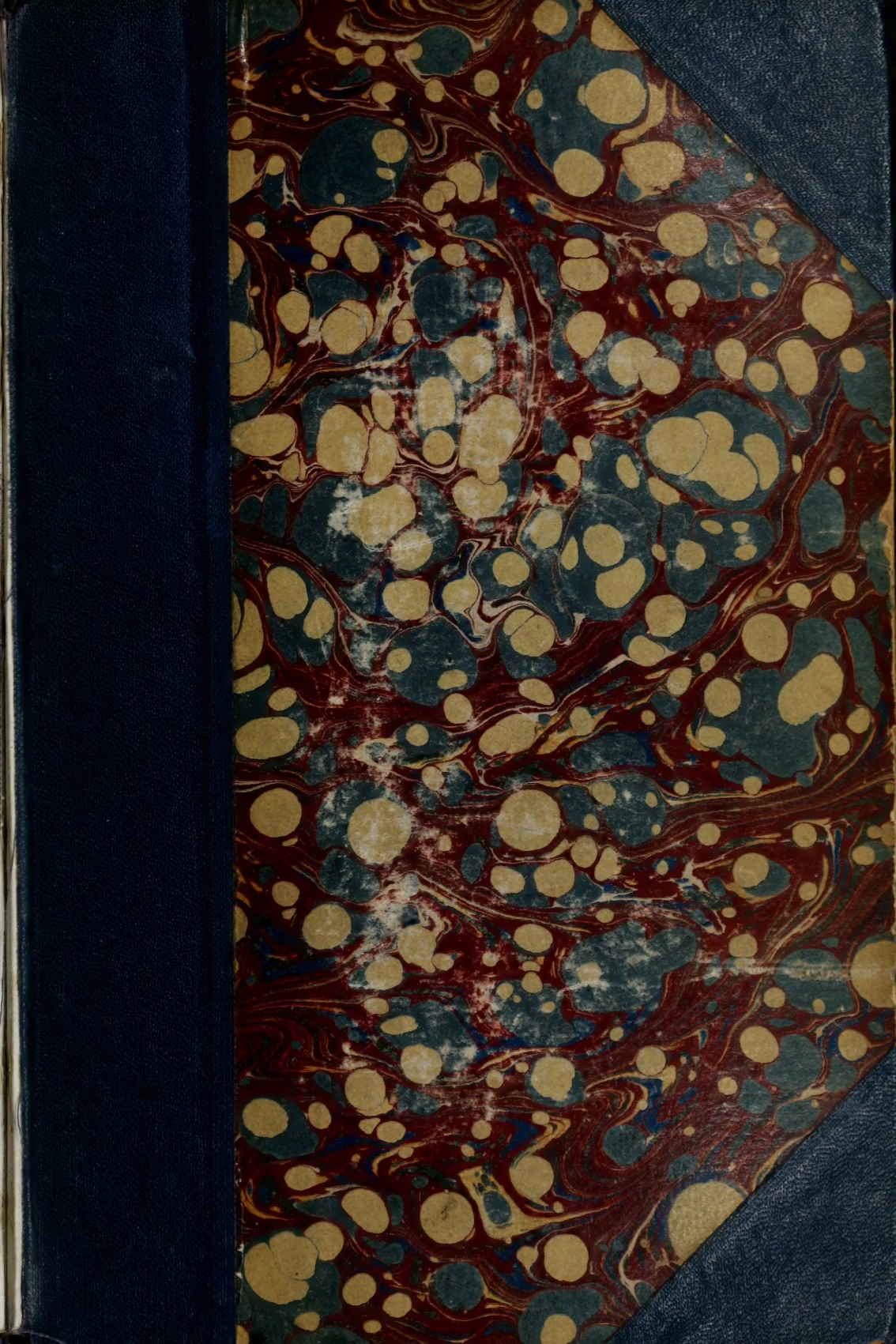


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CANADIAN MONTHLY

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CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JULY, 1880.

COMMERCIAL UNION WITH THE UNITED STATES.

BY ARCH. McGOUN, JR., B.A., B.C.L., MONTREAL.

THE people of Canada are being instructed and perhaps enlightened by a series of letters from a gentleman in the United States, Mr. Wharton Barker, of Philadelphia, addressed to certain men of prominence here and in his own country, who do not appear, however, to honour them with much attention.

The object of these letters, we may venture to say, would seem to be the wish to instil into the minds of the Canadian people a feeling of dissatisfaction with existing institutions, and thus to induce them to 'look to Washington' for a happy escape from the ills they are supposed to be suffering from.

The writer of the letters is variously described as 'one of the Executive of the International League of the United States,' and as 'Secretary to the Industrial League' in that country, and the latter appellation may remove from our minds the apprehension that it is a Nihilist or Socialist who ventures to become the prophet of this new school of economy. What the International League may be, or why Mr. Wharton Barker should be our guide, counseller and friend, we are left to imagine; perhaps it is not necessary we should be informed. These letters have, however, served our purpose, to draw attention to an important question for Canada, since several of our prominent journals have published and commented upon the question of which they treat, though they are given to the world evidently not by their recipients, but by Mr. Barker himself. The propositions these letters deal with are mainly three: 1. That our commercial relations with the United States are of an unsatisfactory character; 2. That this state of affairs cannot be permanently bettered by a Reciprocity Treaty liable to constant variation upon changes of government; 3. That Canada belongs to the American 'system,' and that she should not be isolated commercially from the continent to which she belongs. It is gratuitously asserted, moreover, that the Dominion of Canada is a purely artificial union effected for selfish purposes by England, and independently of the desire of the people of Canada themselves.

The subject of a Commercial Union

is one upon which our people have generally been reluctant to let in the light of day. In the possible political result of the adoption of such a policy, its economical bearings have been allowed to be lost sight of. This is the more unwise as the commercial effect of any policy is bound to be one of the most important elements in determining what will be its ultimate political influence. And one of the consequences of this timidity has been to defeat the very object sought to be attained, as many tacitly assume that our real economic advantage lies in a commercial union, while objections to it are of a purely sentimental nature. If this be the case, it will be well to know it; but it cannot be well from sheer indifference to admit a conflict between our predilections and our interests in the matter.

In the present state of public opinion in the United States, and so long as their existing fiscal system prevails, a commercial union with that country must be formed by our adopting against all other countries their high rate of duties on imports. We shall still be able, as they are now, to dispose of our exports in Europe, and especially in free trade countries like England; but we shall not be able to buy, except to a limited extent. The problem, therefore, resolves itself into this: Will the American market for our exports compensate for the damage that a commercial union would do to our trade with all the rest of the world?

Let us in the first place look at the value to us of the United States market at the present time. The States stand second on the list of the countries, to which our exports are sent. In 1879, our exports to the United Kingdom were about $36,000,000; to the United States, $24,000,000; and to the rest of the world, $8,000,000, making a total of $68,000,0000. The exports to the United States are to be classified thus:

Agricultural produce	$8,600,000
Animals and their produce	4,600,000
Produce of the forest	4,600,000
Produce of the mine	2,700,000
Produce of the fisheries	2,000,000
Manufactures	1,200,000

The foregoing table shows that the the great bulk of our exports to United States consists of raw products, these forming $22,800,000 of the total. The following table furnishes a more detailed statement of the chief articles that go to make up these exports to the United States, together with the total amount of our exports of these articles to all countries:—

Commodities.	To U. S.	Total Exp's.
Free to U. S. market:		
Produce of the fisheries	$2,000,000	$7,000,000
Gold from British Columbia	944,000	944,000
Produce of the forest	876,000	see below.
Eggs	554,000	574,000
	$4,374,000	
Dutiable to U. S.:		
Barley	$4,650,000	$4,789,000
Produce of the forest	3,724,000	13,700,000
Wheat	1,490,000	6,275,000
Horses	1,181,000	1,377,000
Potatoes	1,134,000	1,261,000
Coal	784,000	937,000
Sheep	630,000	988,000
Wool	548,000	692,000
Undressed furs	453,000	1,190,000
Malt	423,000	423,000
Horned cattle	404,000	2,100,000
	$19,775,000	$42,250,000
Manufactures:		
1. The produce of Canada:		
Ironware	$104,000	$138,000
Furniture	87,000	96,000
Other woodware	60,000	205,000
Spirits	80,000	99,000
	$331,000	$538,000
2. Not the produce of Canada:		
Sugar	$66,000	$69,000
Spirits	52,000	78,000
Ironware	33,000	54,000
	$482,000	$739,000
	U. S.	Total.
Total exports	$24,000,000	$68,000,000
Total manufactured exports	1,200,000	3,200,000
Manufactures of Canadian produce alone	882,000	2,700,000

It will be seen then that the great bulk of our exports to the United States consists of agricultural, animal, and forest produce; indeed farm produce including both agricultural produce, proper and animals, amounts to the annual sum of $13,200,000, out of twenty-four millions; and purely Canadian manufactures to the sum of $882,000 only.

Now, the next question of interest for us is, what duties the United States Government collects at present upon our exports to the other side. It will be found that at least $4,500,000 enter the American market free of duty, namely: certain descriptions of lumber, the produce of our fisheries (leaving out of consideration the petty impost on lobster cans), almost a million dollars of gold, and over half a million dollars worth of eggs. It will further be found, that the duty on barley, our principal agricultural export, is fifteen cents a bushel, equal to 16·7 per cent.; on lumber, except what is free, 20·52 per cent.; on wheat, about 22½ per cent.; on all living animals (horses, cattle, sheep, &c.), as well as furs and malt, 20 per cent. Even a number of our manufactures of wood pay only 20 per cent.; while potatoes, wool, and most of our manufactures alone pay a duty exceeding 25 per cent. The duties on exports to the United States may then be summed up as follows:—

Free, at least	$ 4,500,000
Duty under 25 per cent.	17,000,000
Duty over 25 per cent. (at most)	2,500,000
Total	$24,000,000

If, however, a commercial union were to take effect, it is believed that many of our manufactures would be greatly stimulated by having the market of the entire continent thrown open to them. Let us, therefore, consider the effect it would produce upon our manufacturing industries. It may at once be admitted that an impetus would be given to certain manufactures in this country by any arrangement by which the American market would be secured to us. Manufacturers that have already established factories would, during a short time, realize large profits. In considering a question that involves the entire future of our country, however, we must be guided only by the probable permanent effect that would be produced upon these industries and on the whole country, and not the mere transient benefit of a few individuals. What then would be the ultimate effect upon manufacturers in Canada of a commercial union with the United States? One of our chief industries at present is the manufacture of boots and shoes. It ranks immediately after saw mills, and flour and grist mills. According to the census of 1871 there were at that time three and a half million dollars invested in this industry; the number of establishments was 4,191, and the total number of hands employed over 18,000. What are the natural advantages we possess in regard to this industry? They are principally two-fold: abundance of material, and cheapness of labour. We export large quantities of hides and of leather, besides living animals. In 1879 we exported to the United States $356,000 in value of hides and skins; $42,000 of sole and upper leather, the duties on which were at the rate of fifteen per cent. for leather belting, and twenty-five per cent. for calf skins and tanned leather. It will not, I think, be wrong to infer that our raw material is twenty per cent. cheaper than that of our competitors in Massachusetts and the New England States. We have a great advantage, too, in cost of labour here. The rate of wages per annum paid in this industry is $234 to each employee. It is $600 in Massachusetts, according to the Report of the Bureau of Statistics for 1878. In the two items of material and labour we have a great advantage over them, probably to thirty per cent., amounting at least to twenty-five per cent., in cost of production, and all our people reap the benefit of the low cost of boots and

shoes here in consequence. But it must be at once evident that these advantages would certainly disappear under a commercial union. For wages and material would almost immediately come to the same level in the two countries. In furniture and other wood work the same would be true. In woollens our advantage in cost of material is even greater, being at least thirty per cent., while labour here is $206 per annum compared with $350 in Massachusetts, a difference of sixty per cent. It requires a very high duty therefore to exclude us now from the American market. In cotton, it is unnecessary to add, we could not begin to compete, as we have to import the material from the United States, and the double freight would kill our chance of success in that branch of manufactures. But all these advantages would be neutralized by any measure that would raise the level of wages and material to that of the United States.

It is urged, however, that the loss of these advantages would be more than counterbalanced by our gaining a vastly extended market, and that it is that alone that can make it worth while to invest the capital necessary to develop these industries so peculiarly appropriate to the country. This is perfectly true, and if we could get the United States market at a fair price we certainly ought to take it. Before setting forth the reasons for believing that entering into a commercial union would be too high a price to pay for this market, I wish to advance a few considerations upon a subject, at least closely associated with the matter in hand. I have admitted that the American market would enable us to receive a larger return on capital invested on manufactures than we can hope for at present. The question then arises: Is this the most profitable investment we can find? The amount of capital Canada can command is limited. The lack of it is felt to be the great want of the country. The amount would probably be somewhat increased under a commercial union by an influx of American capital; but all we can get must still remain small in comparison with the amount required fully to develop our natural resources. What then, either now, or under a commercial union, would be the most remunerative enterprise in which to invest our limited capital. The answer is, whether a commercial union were to take place or not it would best repay us to invest most of it: 1. In developing our agricultural and forest wealth; and 2. In providing every facility for transport. These two branches of investment ought for the next fifty years to absorb far more than all the capital we can command, and yield a vastly larger return than any other on the investment. And if it be pretended that a purely agricultural community cannot be a great nation, we reply that this would not make us a purely agricultural community, but one, in many respects, similar to France. France is a country that is essentially agricultural, and it is the praise of such a country that not only is there much wealth, but that the wealth is better, more fairly and evenly distributed, than anywhere else in the world, except, perhaps, in our own Province of Ontario. But France is not, and Canada will not be, an exclusively agricultural community. Even previous to 1871, there were in Canada over 200,000 people actually engaged in industrial or manufacturing pursuits. There were 37 industries, each of which had more than 100 separate establishments, 12 having more than 1,000 establishments. There were 17 industries in each of which over a million dollars capital was invested; there were 21 industries each of which employed over 2,500 hands. The principal of these were saw mills, boot and shoe, and clothing establishments, blacksmithing, carriage making, foundries, ship yards, flour and grist mills, woolcloth making, &c., &c. It cannot, therefore, be maintained that Canada has been reduced to tilling the soil

and hewing down the trees of her forest as the sole occupations of her people. Those I have enumerated are all healthy, prosperous branches of manufacturing industries that need no protection and each of them assists in developing the natural wealth of the country. But while this is incontestable, it does not detract from the truth of the proposition that the commerce in agricultural and forest commodities adds the most to the nation's wealth. How unwise it is to protect manufactures cannot be better shewn than by inquiring which class adds most to that national wealth. The number of people in Canada engaged in agricultural pursuits in 1871 was 479,000, or about half amillion; the number engaged in industrial occupations, exclusive of fishermen and lumbermen, being about 160,000. The precise numbers have probably altered since that date, but the proportion must be about the same. This proportion then may be assumed as about three agriculturists to one industrial. Now the export trade of a nation represents the surplus produce of the people's labour. Suppose we manufactured everything we require, produced all the timber and minerals, grew all the food consumed in the country, and exported a quantity of each class besides; then the exports would shew how much each class of produce added the most to our riches by seeking a foreign market which, in purchasing, would contribute to the country's wealth.

A comparison of our agricultural and manufactured exports, therefore, will show how much each adds to our wealth, and any difference in favour of agriculture is so much the more to be accepted, as we can produce all we use of that, while we are obliged to import a large proportion of the manufactured goods we consume. In 1879, our agricultural exports, including animals, amounted to thirty-four million dollars of Canadian produce alone (independently of re-exports of foreign produce), and our manufactured exports of the same description amounted to two million seven hundred dollars; the proportion here is 12.6 to one; and, as we have seen, the agricultural to the industrial population is as three to one, it follows that each agriculturalist produces more than four times as much as each person engaged in manufactures. The same thing is true of the United States. It is therefore important to know what would be the effect of commercial union on agriculture in Canada. And this brings us to the main point of the discussion.

Canada's exports of agriculture (including animals) amount annually to $40,708,000, of which $6,979,000 is not the produce of Canada; and adding to this the forest exports, they amount to $46,990,000 of Canadian production and $7,515,000 not the produce of Canada, giving a total of $54,505,000. Out of this $36,700,000 are sent to other countries, and $17,800,000 to the United States, Or, referring back to the beginning of this article, the exports to the United States form twenty four millions out of a total of sixty-eight millions. It is well known, however, that the United States are not importers, but large exporters of all the articles we have to send them. Let us try then to ascertain what portion of these exports are actually consumed in the United States, and what portion is re-exported or serves merely to replace a like quantity of the same articles exported by them. It is to the interest of Canada—at least to her commerce—that the goods she has to export should remain in the hands of her own merchants and forwarders until they reach the market of consumption. If, therefore, Canada exports to the United States what they re-export to another country, it is evident that she loses a good deal in the way of trade. By the table above given it appears, then, that the United States is our *best* market. 1. For gold and eggs, which are now admitted free of duty,

and which, therefore, a commercial union would not affect; 2. For barley, for horses, potatoes, coal, sheep, wool and malt, and also, though in very small quantities, for certain descriptions of iron-ware, furniture and spirits; while for every other article of export she is a much smaller market than Great Britain. It may be added that though, up to the 30th June, 1879, the date of the last complete returns published, the United States were our best customers for sheep ($630,000 as opposed to $335,000 exported to Great Britain), still the British trade has been the growth of three years only, and has probably by this time exceeded the United States; at all events her exportation of sheep largely exceeds the importation from us. As against the amounts of the chief articles we now export to the United States above stated, may be set off the following amounts which they export of the same articles for 1879:—

Commodities.	U.S. Imports from Canada.	U.S. Exports.
Barley	4,650,000	410,000*
Lumber	4,600,000	2,500,000†
Wheat	1,480,000	96,000,000
Horses	1,181,000	770,700
Potatoes	1,134,000	545,000
Coal	784,000	2,300,000
Sheep	630,000	1,083,000
Wool	548,000	17,000
Undressed furs	453,000	4,828,000
Malt	423,000	—
Horned Cattle	404,000	8,379,000

As for the manufactures, the amounts are too trivial to notice them.

The only articles of which the imports from Canada exceed the exports are, barley, horses, lumber, potatoes, wool, and malt, in which the excess, or amount retained in the United States, is, at the very outside estimate, $8,293,000. This, then, may be taken as the amount for which the United States is a consuming market for our produce—independently of the free goods unaffected by a commercial union. I do not mean to assert that a greater amount than that is not actually consumed in the United States, but simply that for any greater quantity consumed, a corresponding amount is exported, and we therefore might as well have that export trade as leave it to them. The general proposition, then, cannot be denied, that the United States is a consuming market for less than nine millions of our dutiable produce.

It may be said that but for the duties she would import and consume a greater quantity; but the chief reason why she does not do so is not the duties, since they amount to only about 12 per cent. on an average (*c. a. d.* about $3,000,000 on a trade of $24,000,000), but simply because they themselves can and do produce, not only enough for themselves of everything we can sell them, but an immense surplus, for the sale of which they are our rivals and competitors in the other markets of the world. The real truth is, the United States do not want our produce, and can never be the best market in which to sell it.

In opposition to the nine million, or adding the free goods, say the twelve million, for which the United States is a consuming market, we export to other countries $44,000,000, the greater part being to markets of consumption; of this, $36,000,000 is to the United Kingdom, which certainly is, and always will be, a large consumer of the very articles we are best able to produce. As the price of her exports to other countries, Canada has coming due to her forty-four million dollars a year; how is this to be paid? How can we make the greatest profit out of this immense export trade? Is it by shutting up our ports by a prohibitive tariff to everything those countries can send us? If we enter a commercial union, and thus adopt the high American protective tariff, in what are we to be paid for our exports? Is it in gold,—in coin and bullion? If we insist on being

* In 1878 it was $2,565,000.
† I believe this is under-estimated.

paid *cash*, we shall get the smallest possible return for our merchandise. Great Britain has vast quantities of commodities which are a necessity to us, and which she can supply us with better and cheaper than any other country. She is the best market in the world in which to purchase many articles that neither we nor the United States can produce except at a greater cost, and with greater difficulty.

To illustrate this, take an example: A cargo of 5,000 quarters of wheat is sold by a Canadian exporter in Liverpool at 56s., or $14 a quarter. He receives the price, in Liverpool, $70-000. If the freight from Montreal to Liverpool cost 6s., or $1.50 a quarter, and other expenses, say 50c. a quarter, the amount netted to the Canadian exporter would be $60,000, viz.,

5,000 qrs. wheat at $14.00....		$70,000
Freight at $1.50 per qr	$7,500	
Other charges, at 50c. "	2,500	—10,000
Amount netted to exporter		$60,000

If now, under our present tariff, (which is almost a revenue tariff compared with that of the United States) the ship that carried the grain across earns freight to the amount of $5,000, and by advancing our duties, which, as against England, are now (including free goods) 17·9 per cent. to the rate of United States duties against England, which is about 35 per cent., the return cargo is so diminished that the ship earns only $2,500, evidently the shipowner must advance the rate of freight from Canada to England, so as to make up for the loss. The freight on the wheat will now cost $10,000 instead of $7,500, and the transaction will be—

Amount received in Liverpool..		$70,000
Freight.....	$10,000	
Charges	2,500	—12,500
Amount netted to exporter		$57,500

being a loss on this cargo of twenty-five hundred dollars. But this is not the entire loss. For now, owing to the duties being doubled, the merchant cannot spend the $57,500 to the same advantage in England. He must bring it back, in great part, in cash, to be spent in this country, and here very probably he can only get half the quantity of goods he could have bought in England for the same money. The Canadian, exporting a valuable cargo of grain, would therefore get in return perhaps only about half the value that he now receives.

If then, on such a transaction, which is one of every day occurrence, so great a loss would be entailed, what would be the loss on our entire foreign export trade of forty-four million dollars a year? And what on the returns from the United Kingdom alone?

There is a way of arriving at the *minumum* loss we would suffer, independently of loss in freights, and damage to shipping. Suppose we entered the commercial union and adopted the American tariff, our duties on imports from Great Britain would advance from 17·9 per cent. to 35 per cent., being an advance of 17·1 per cent. The duties collected at present on imports from the United Kingdom amount to about $5,550,000, and the amount of imports required to produce this revenue (at 17·9 per cent.) is $30,944,000. To produce the same revenue by a duty of 35 per cent. would require imports of the value of only $15,850,000. Suppose that to be the amount imported, it leaves a sum of $15,094,000 to be spent in this country. With this sum, we have to purchase articles that could have been bought in England 17·1 per cent. cheaper; or, suppose that competition between merchants within the limits of the commercial union to reduce this to 15 per cent, then the damage to our trade by the advance in duty will be—

Loss of 17·1 per cent. on the $15,850,000 of imports from England, for every dollar's worth of which this additional cost will have to be paid by the people - - -	$2,710,350
Loss of 15 per cent. in decreased value received for the $15,094,000 spent in this country -	2,264,100
	$4,974,450

being a loss of five millions per annum in the value of the commodities we receive as the price of our thirty-six millions of exports to the United Kingdom, independently of a heavy loss due to increased freights, as in the above example.

The effect upon our total foreign export trade may be traced in the same way. We have seen that this trade amounts to forty-four million dollars. The average duty on *all* imports for 1879, was 16 per cent.; that of the United States was 30·8 per cent., being a difference of 14·8 per cent. The revenue we have to raise from this trade is about thirteen million dollars. The amount of our imports which produces this revenue at present, is about $80,178,989. To produce the same revenue with a duty at 30·8 per cent., the amount of imports required would be—$41,890,772, on which the loss would be 14·8 per cent. *c. a. d.*, the people would pay 14·8 per cent. higher for every article that was thus imported while the loss on the balance of $38,288 217, which would be spent in this country would, at the same rate, or even if reduced by competition here, be at least 14 per cent. Adding these two together then, the loss would be—

14·8 per cent. on $41,890,772 of imports - - -	$6,199,834
And 14 per cent. on $38,288,217 spent within the commercial union - - - - -	5,360,350
	$11,560,184

or eleven million and a-half on our total foreign import trade. The real loss resulting from this cause alone could not fail to be very much greater than this, because the calculation is absolutely of the lowest loss that possibly could be made. To this, moreover, the loss in additional freight on our exports, occasioned in the manner above shown, and which would amount probably to two million dollars a year more, would have to be added. We may well infer, then, that by commercial union a damage of at least thirteen and a-half million dollars a year would be caused to our trade with all other countries besides the United States.

This loss is quite independent of the serious damage that would be caused to one of our most important industries, one in which we justly take the most pride. As a ship-owning nation, Canada can now boast that she ranks the fourth among the countries of the world, and not only is this a proper source of pride to her people, but it is a source of great profit and wealth. It will be observed that I have taken a rough account of the loss to our exporters in freights, and this might be thought to cover the loss to our shipping. Such is not the case, however. It is true that shipowners must be indemnified for the trips their vessels are compelled to make in ballast; but if we were to adopt a high protective tariff, the shipping would pass out of the hands of our people. It will not be improper to repeat here what has very frequently been urged in economical discussions. The shipping of the United States has suffered most severely from the effects of their protective tariff. Previous to the adoption of a protective tariff a very large percentage of American shipping was done in American vessels. In 1858 the proportion of American vessels was 73·7 per cent. In 1861, when the protective tariff was just introduced, there was still 65·2 per cent.; this has since then constantly decreased until the figures for 1877 were 26·9 per cent.; 1878, 26·3 per cent.; and 1879, the lowest point of all, 22·9 per cent. Under the old system, the tonnage of United States shipping kept continually increasing, and rose from one million tons in 1803; two million in 1839; three million in 1848; four million in 1852, to 5,353,868 in 1860, the date when protective tariffs began, since which time it has constantly decreased, in spite of the immense advance in volume of trade, until in 1879 it is only 4,169,801 tons. In

fifteen years nine hundred million dollars have been paid by the United States to foreigners for freight on export of produce; in 1879 alone seventy-five millions were paid for this purpose. And there is every reason to believe that the same will result here if Canada continues to follow the lead of the United States in adopting a highly protective tariff. It would seem that a country cannot advance, as a ship-owning community, unless the greatest possible freedom be given to both import and export trade. I am not at the moment in a position to make an accurate estimate of the probable amount of this loss, but it is certain that it would make a large addition to the thirteen and a-half or fourteen million dollars a year already spoken of.

It has, however, to be considered whether the conditions of the American market offered to us in return for this are such as to warrant the belief that it would make compensation for this loss. It is urged by those favourable to commercial union that the nearest market is the best, because it gives the speediest returns; and that the money or its value can change hands many times, and always with profit. This was a very important argument half a century ago. Sir Walter Scott tells of the time, about 1737, when there was so little communication between London and Edinburgh that the mail sometimes arrived in the Scottish capital with a single letter in it; when the usual mode of travelling was by post-horses, the traveller occupying one, and his guide another; and he praises the celerity of his own happy time of the well-appointed stage-coach. Now we know of the tens of millions of letters that pass every week from this continent to Europe, and the trips of from seven to ten days from port to port. It now takes but ten days at most from Quebec to Liverpool; and less than a month to send a letter and get a reply.

But even admitting that there is a certain advantage in immediate contact between the buyer and seller, there is a more powerful countervailing reason why our export trade with other countries is more profitable than trade with the United States. The most profitable trade is that between countries which naturally produce different commodities. Thus a trade between this country and Great Britain is valuable, because Canada has a large surplus of natural produce, England has an equally large surplus of manufacturing commodities. Canada can send England food; England can sent Canada clothing. So also a trade of a most valuable kind might be carried on with most European countries. Antwerp annually imports millions of dollars worth of goods that Canada can well supply. A trade with Brazil, also, could scarcely fail to be profitable if once fairly set afloat, since there are a very large number of products that each can exchange for what the other has in abundance. It will certainly take capital to develop such trade, but why divert capital by means of protection into unnatural and permanently unprofitable channels?

Trade, it is to be noted, with the United States does not possess this advantage. Both Canada and the United States have a super-abundance of raw products. It is an altogether erroneous idea to believe that the United States are becoming larger exporters of manufactures. As far back as 1860 the proportion of agricultural to the total exports of the United States was 78 per cent.; in 1878 it was 82 per cent., and in 1879 it was again 78 per cent. And her exports of manufactures are only 12·5 per cent. for 1878 and 12·3 per cent. for 1879, which leaves 87·5 per cent., or 87·7 per cent. of the total of the United States exports as consisting of raw products, whether agricultural or otherwise. It is evident, then, that in their essential features the products of Canada and of the United States are identical.

This being the case, there is no great advantage to be gained by developing this trade at the expense of our foreign trade which has every element necessary to make it increase enormously. By trading with each other, both Canada and the United States derive less profit than either would by trading with a country whose products are dissimilar. We may be told that Canada can purchase in the United States, or could purchase within the limits of the commercial union, everything she can find in England, and that the best evidence of this is that our imports from the United States already exceed those from any other country. But it must be remembered that there is now no restriction upon importation from the United States. Our duties upon similar articles are the same against all countries. Hence there is the most conclusive answer to this in the fact that our chief imports from the United States are raw products, to be re-exported. This will be evident upon looking at the largest items in our import trade from the United States, compiled from the last Blue Book. The amounts of the same goods imported from Great Britain are given in a collateral column :—

1. Free Goods.

	From U.S.	From G.B.
Wheat	3,955,860	
Indian Corn	2,444,254	
Coin and Bullion	1,565,819	25,270
Wheat Flour	1,367,575	9,615
Coal, anthracite	1,251,289	1,414
" bituminous	1,014,802	113,075
Hides	988,992	180,636
Raw Cotton	983,013	1,034
Raw Tobacco	734,172	450
Settlers' Effects	532,726	184,948

2. Dutiable Goods.

Sugar, above 13 D. S.	3,055,129	1,105,169
Hardware	1,345,013	391,557
Tea, Green	1,064,098	297,073
Cotton, jeans, &c.	1,013,845	1,535,060
Cotton, manufactured	945,884	1,779,549
Indian Corn	814,867	
Small wares	649,348	1,242,376
Cottons, bleached and unbleached	647,453	256,429
Wheat	513,906	

The above comprise all articles of which our annual import exceeds half a million dollars. On examining it, what is stated above suffers exception only in regard to (1) coal, (2) sugar and green tea, and (3) hardware, manufactured cotton and small wares.

The first of these classes is largely composed of an article we cannot purchase to so great advantage elsewhere, and, therefore, the trade is of a profitable nature. The second consists of imports not *from*, but *through* the United States, for, until a direct trade with the West Indies is opened up, and until our Pacific railway is extended across the continent, we must be content to receive our tea and sugar through the United States. As to the third class, it will be noticed that our imports of cotton and smallwares from Great Britain very largely exceed those from the United States, and hardware remains as the sole instance in which we receive for consumption a larger quantity than from Great Britain. It is not necessary to underrate its importance, but we may frankly admit that it is an article, for which the United States is a good market in which to purchase. This is what is shown by the returns of 1879, and a few years previously show a similar result. It is a question, however, whether this be not the mere export, with scarcely any profit, of a surplus, for which Canada was made a slaughter-market. That will be verified by the experience of the next few years. But it appears sufficiently well established that the United States is not the best market in which we can buy, except for a limited number of things. Compare what has just been shown regarding our United States import trade with the following statement of our principal imports from the United Kingdom with corresponding amounts for the United States :—

1. Free Goods.

	From G B.	From U.S.
Steel Rails	764,921	18,934

2. Dutiable Goods.

	From G.B.	From U.S.
Woollen manufactures	4,230,758	124,689
Cotton " ..	1,779,549	945,884
" jeans, &c.....	1,535,060	1,013,845
Silks.....	1,260,236	28,209
Small wares	1,242,376	649.348
Sugar, above 13 D. S.	1,105,167	3,055,129
Tweeds	896,209	7,069
Tea, Black.....	792,604	275,075
Flax & manufactures.	789,899	53,085
Iron bars, rods, &c..	754,845	133,887
Woollen Clothing....	590,518	79,485
" Carpets	409,799	8,568

This list shows a great quantity of staples which cannot be produced, except under most unfavourable conditions, in our own country. It could be extended throughout the whole thirty millions of our imports from Great Britain. It may fairly be concluded, then, that proximity of markets is a less important element in trade than dissimilarity of products.

I may now sum up in a few words the whole of the argument. The United States, being already over supplied with everything we can furnish her, can never be the best market in which to sell our produce. She must always be our rival in the other markets of the world. By lesser cost of living we may compete with her to greater advantage, and this can only be secured by keeping duties on imports at the lowest possible point. Great Britain and many other countries must, for ever, be our best customers, and we can only make large profits out of our trade with her, and then by receiving into our ports their exports with the least possible restriction. A policy that would increase the duties on the produce of those countries would be seriously detrimental to our interests. We can find highly profitable investment, without unnaturally stimulating any industry, for more than all the capital we can attract. Our country, if it would advance to a high state of prosperity, must not depend upon constant changes of policy in government or changes of national existence, but should take advantage of the free institutions we enjoy and try to develop the resources we possess in such abundance. This can be done by encouraging agriculture by every possible means, and chiefly by improving our means of communication with the outside world. Give cheap and speedy outlet to our natural produce ; bring, in the shape of imports, to our agricultural population all the comforts of civilization at the lowest possible price. If our farmers' sons wish to leave their eastern habitations, let them be the occupants of our vast and fertile northwest. Educate our farmers by establishing good schools, colleges and libraries, within their reach. Let them feel that they are Canadians, and incite them resolutely to live for Canada; and who can picture, who can conceive of the greatness, the wealth, and the power of the nation Canada may yet become.

THE ITALIAN BOY.

BY FRANCES E. SMITH, LUCAN.

HARK! a sound of soft music floats down the dull street,
And enlivens the gloom of the chill evening hour,
While it wakes in the heart olden memories sweet,
That look upward and smile 'neath its magical power.
But I pause, and the joy-notes are turned into pain,
As alone, in the twilight, the minstrel draws near,
And I cannot rejoice in the gladness again,
Though as wild, and as sweet, are the strains that I hear.

Little child—with the arm yet too weak for the strife,—
And a heart that, if sad, still must feign to be gay—
Lonely footsteps, too soon in the rough path of life,
With no kind eyes to watch if they wander astray.
Little exile—the flowers that we bring from thy land,
We are careful to shield from the cold wintry blast,—
They are tenderly nurtured by many a hand
That this tide-drifted child-flower has heedlessly passed.

But for me, every song has the sound of a sigh,
From thy young heart too early in life's noon-tide heat,
While thy rosy-faced childhood is passing thee by,
With her ungathered blossoms crushed under thy feet.
For I think of thy home with its soft sunny skies,
That all poets have loved, and in rapture have sung,
Till a spirit, too sad, seems to look from thine eyes,
And moan in each chord that thy fingers have strung.

But the hand on the harp cannot pause in the strain—
And the list'ner must pass with a wish on his way—
May the music of life be as sweet a refrain
As those small hands have won from the harp-strings to-day
And if e'er hopes the dearest prove fruitless and vain—
When the idols of earth shall their faithlessness prove—
May there still be a tone in the echo of pain
To tell thee the power that awaked it, was Love.

A THREE WEEKS' FISHING TRIP TO MUSKOKA.

BY H. V. P.

IT was a lovely morning, the 8th of September, 1879, and as the north-bound train steamed out of the City of Toronto, the autumn sun rose bright and unobscured over Lake Ontario, giving a golden lining to a few fleecy clouds which floated across the sky, and carving a wide glittering highway over the still waters. It looked very promising to us, who were off from the humdrum daily routine of office work on a three weeks' fishing trip to Muskoka. As we moved swiftly onward, however, past stubble fields, fresh-tilled land, and nestling hamlets, cloud after cloud floated up from the south-east, and what at first promised so fairly, set in, after we had been a few hours on our journey, a cold wet day. On we speed, nevertheless, regardless of weather, past the thriving town of Newmarket and busy little Allandale, and so to Barrie, looking wonderfully clean and cozy as it lay out before us, nestling on the beautiful slopes of Kempenfeldt Bay. Away again, through thickly-wooded country, until we appeared to gradually lose ourselves in an endless path of the primeval forest, looking wet and miserable as the rain soaked through the foliage; and the monotonous clipper-clap, clapper-clip of the wheels, as they revolve over their iron road, made dreariness more drear. Past Orillia, on the southern slopes of picturesque Lake Couchiching. On past Lake Seguin, until we rush by rugged masses of rock, obtruding across our direct road, and the contour of the country changes into a rugged rocky land, on which the gnarled roots of the hardy pine find but a precarious hold. Through deep jagged cuttings, and round sharp jutting bluffs, till Gravenhurst lies out before us, with its new buildings, and its busy saw-mills, buzzing and hissing on the lake shore.

Here the *Wenonah*, a small and not over commodious steamer, was waiting at the wharf, and we are soon away through a chain of beautiful little lakelets, surrounded on all sides by abrupt rocky shores and thickly-wooded grades, which increased in ruggedness and grandeur as we wended our tortuous course onward. Here a mighty eminence rose up perpendicularly from the water's edge, almost within arm's length, as we passed by; there a beautiful bay ran far away, until it seemed folded in the embrace of the distant forest; and on all sides rose high above everything the magnificent Canadian pine, lording it as it were away over the heads of its more lowly neighbours, the maple, larch, and oak, and spreading its gaunt branches far out over them, from its stately upright trunk. Past wide stretches of water, and lonely islands lying like emeralds on its surface. On for an hour or so, and then our little boat turns sharply up the Muskoka river, which is not a quarter of a mile broad, and in many places but a hundred yards across.

The river runs through the thick overhanging forest, with here and there a small patch of low lying marsh land, to break the monotony of the darker foliage with the bright emerald green of its water plants; and at intervals of a mile or so, the log shanty of some hardy bush farmer passed, and his small open patch of a year or two's

hard work against the almost impassable forest.

Further up the river, however, signs of man's existence are more apparent, and clearing follows clearing at short intervals, though small and but evidently of a few years' standing, still having more the appearance of comfort and growing importance in the more pretentious dwellings and outhouses on them. Here also the soil is of a far more inviting appearance, and the greater part of that rocky, unfavourable land has gradually disappeared, although here and there may be seen a high granite rock, rising abruptly out of the subsoil, telling that its presence is still part of the peculiarity of the country. On a little longer, round a sharp bend, and we are at Bracebridge, a thriving village, straggling up hill and down dale, with the main streets running north and south. It is at the head of the first Falls, which here stop the further navigation of the river to large craft, only canoes which can be carried over the falls being used above this.

Here we met H. and C. on the wharf, who came up two days before us, and have been improving the shining hours by making sundry inquiries regarding the ways and means of reaching Lake Kahweambelemagamog, our intended destination, and also in laying in the various articles of provender requisite for our three weeks' consumption.

They find, to our disappointment, that our journey beyond this will be attended by various delays, teaming seventeen miles to Lake of Bays over a road which was said to be anything but smooth travelling—Muskoka roads are most annoyingly heavenward in their tendencies at one moment, and the next ridiculously downward in their desperation, and considerably wabbly all through—also that numerous portages would have to be made afterwards on our way up a river by canoe to the lake.

Taking these facts under our grave consideration, the shortness of our time, and our anxious wish to be at work as soon as possible amongst the finny tribe, we came to the unanimous conclusion that we had better strike for pastures new. We therefore started down the village in search of information, and 'landed up' at the barber's shop. He, the barber, was a garrulous and most learned man on the subject most near to our hearts at the present moment, being quite an authority on the topography of the country and its various resources.

After weighing the *pro* and *con* of several places proposed, we finally decided to take the *Wenonah* next morning down the river again, and across the lake to Bala, where the fishing was said to be better than in the lake to which we had first intended going. We took up our quarters for the night at the —— Hotel, which turned out to be very clean and comfortable —rather a rarity in the back country. By the by, our worthy hostess was a most elaborate lady, who, by her queenly manner, and stately way of dealing out her small talk, evidently intended to impress us with the feeling that she was a person of importance, and worthy of our serious consideration and respect.

We are up at four next morning, cold and raw—that is, the morning was—with every appearance of a miserable day before us. After routing each other out of bed by sundry persuasive whacks with that schoolboy's delight, a bolster, which had to be again brought into force, as two had returned to their reclining attitude regardless of there being no time to play the fool with, we were off betimes and went on board, and were soon wending our way down the tortuous and sluggish Muskoka river, rather sleepy, decidedly hungry, yet in the best of spirits.

Away past the outlet of the river, and out into the lake. On we steam through long stretches of water, past picturesque little islands, jutting head-

lands, and through narrow channels; and now the sun is coming forth, and the water turns from a dark, inky colour to a liquid blue, and rock, lake and foliage look smilingly bright and fresh after the late dull and unpropitious weather.

We call at a landing or two to exchange mail bags; but whether there are any letters in the bags I cannot say, for they look lean and lanky, and decidedly in want of a good meal.

There is only a small shanty at each place, and everywhere wild, rugged country around, with no sign, except these isolated dwellings, of civilization until we run in at the wharf of Bala. There are only two or three houses here: the village, if it has arrived at that stage of importance, is prettily situated at the extreme end of a beautiful bay.

Here we landed and portaged our canoes and possessions for almost three hundred yards to the foot of some lovely falls, which leap and foam over the rocks from the lake above into the * Muskoka river below.

After sundry attempts to stow our cargo in our two canoes, we start on our own account down the river. It is rather wide at first, being in reality a long low-lying lake, but after running for about two miles, this gradually decreases in width, and we are passing between precipitous rocky shores, till in the distance can be heard the roar of falling waters.

Passing the outlet of the river, we round a promontory, and paddle in to a small bay on its southern shore, having now left all signs of civilization far behind us.

Here a long portage had to be made of five hundred paces, through the bush, to the river below the falls. After making five trips across we had all our effects landed safe and sound on the bank of the river about five o'clock.

Time is not a matter of momentary consideration with us now, and I am not sure as to being quite correct, but we each thought some one else would bring a watch, and every one in consequence very naturally left theirs behind, so we have to guess how the time goes.

Here we selected our camping ground, on a beautiful spot under the shade of some large hemlock trees; surrounded on all sides by brush covered hills, except to the south, where the river Muskosh lay out peacefully before us, with its rugged pine clad banks on the opposite side rising abruptly from the water's edge against the deep blue sky.

We had a busy time getting up our tents, one for sleeping in and the other as a store room; but at last everything was snug and comfortable, and by sundown a fire is brightly burning, on which some potatoes are broiling, bacon frying, and a pot of tea drawing near.

By dark our first meal is served up on a rough table near the fire, which is very soon done ample justice to by our four famished selves, and touched off with a raw onion apiece by way of dessert. Then the fire is replenished, and we have a quiet smoke round it, soon afterwards turning in to our canvas mansion; and as the night breeze sighs amongst the tree tops, we vie with each other in trying who shall take the most sleep out of the first night in camp.

By the way, we had a visitor on this our first night, who introduced himself by asking if we wanted a hand.

He had pulled over from near Bala, hearing of our arrival. Being informed that we were our own body servants, and did not require any such luxury, he did not press the matter; but making himself at home by the fire, sat in obstinate silence, evidently thinking that after our first night's experience of chopping and cooking, the game would be in his own hands. We left him there when we turned in, and there he was the next morning, crouching over the dying embers, a woe-begone, coiled-up looking lout, who, re-

* The river locally known as the Muskosh is a continuance of the Muskoka river, which carries the waters of the Muskoka lakes into Georgian Bay.

ceiving many unspoken hints that we wanted him not, slunk off through the bush and was seen no more.

Up next morning soon after dawn, a mist rises from the river, hanging like a pall over everything around, through which can just be seen the pine tree tops on the opposite bank ; but as the morning advances, and the rising sun comes upon the scene, the mist gradually lifts, and floating away, forms round fleecy masses of cloud, which, mounting higher and higher, finally dissipate, leaving the morning sun shining down bright and unobscured on bush and river.

Whilst R. and myself start the fire and put the kettle on, H. and C. are away to the foot of the falls, and very soon they return with thirteen good-sized bass, and give us glowing accounts of the fishing to be had there.

Soon a goodly fry of fish is served up for breakfast, and is pronounced by all to be excellent. After breakfast the dishes are washed, camp tidied up, and bedding put out to air, and we all start out to fish. We are soon hard at it, hauling in pickerel and bass ; not at one place only, but trying each likely rapid or pool, and always with success. After catching thirty-two good fish, R. and I start down the river to explore, but are soon stopped by some more rapids and falls following each other in quick succession between rocky banks and overhanging branches and culminating in one grand leap into the river below. We named these Beverley Falls, and then returned to camp. After a hearty meal of boiled fish, we smoke, tell yarns, sing songs, and discuss the day's events and our plans for the future round a blazing fire, and go to bed well satisfied and tired, and are soon sound asleep.

With a good night's rest we are out again, and in the misty morning have a glorious bathe in the limpid waters of the river. After breakfast we paddle up stream, and as R. and I have determined to try if we can run up the rapids, we take everything out of the canoe and our boots off, in case of an upset, and start.

This was rather a hazardous undertaking, as the water rushes through a narrow channel for over a hundred yards, between precipitous granite rocks, which frown down on the fast flowing river. A hard paddle, with a narrow upset or two, as the whirling waters rush surging and bubbling past us, at times almost overcoming our strenuous efforts, and we are in comparative safety at the foot of the falls, which here boil and foam into a basin carved deep in the solid rock. Running under the lee of a cliff, we land, and have some splendid sport.

Again we shoot back down the turbid river to camp, as the slanting rays of the setting sun shine through the forest, and the unmistakable warnings of our internal economy inform us that the dinner hour is nigh, and the day is nearly spent.

We remained at this camp a week ; with faultless weather and splendid fishing everywhere, with which was combined the beautifully wild scenery around, and undisturbed, unbroken solitude. We could not wish for more. And let those who talk of freedom of nations, church or state, go to the pathless backwoods where freedom reigns supreme—more free than the flowing river that keeps its accustomed bed ; more free than the antlered deer that yields to the hunter's skill ; more free than the fleecy clouds that drive with the changing wind ; there you are free, absolutely free ; unshorn, untrammelled, and unseen.

On Monday, the 15th, we are up and out early, and are soon striking tents and packing the canvas, have breakfast, and are off, as we intend travelling further down the river. Soon unloading again at the head of Beverley Falls, where a long portage of 640 paces leads us to the river below. Away again down stream, which now gradually widens out into a small beautiful lake, lying glistening and

still under the bright sun, like a burnished mirror in the depths of the forest. As our canoes cleave their way through the peaceful water, and our paddles break the placid surface, some wood-duck rise with clamouring note in dismay before us, and a lazy heron flaps his heavy wings over our heads as he soars from his quiet nook on the shore. On past rocky little islets, like sentinels of the deep, till the channel gradually lessens in width, and the stillness is broken by the sound of angry waters rushing through a narrow outlet in its course onward to the mighty lakes.

Running into the left bank close to the edge of these rapids, we soon have our canoes, after a short carry over, in the water again, and swing down with the strong current for half a mile more, when another ugly-looking rapid compels us to take the shore again.

As it was now getting late in the day, we selected a camping ground below these rapids, and soon had the tents up, and a savoury fry of bacon and potatoes on the fire.

By the time dinner was over it had set in a wet evening, obliging us to keep under canvass, where, after a pipe and a game of euchre, we settled ourselves for the night, with the rushing waters roaring past us and the rain pelting down in torrents on our tent. We did not sleep well, however, as, owing to the sloping nature of the ground on which our tent was pitched, we had a wakeful time of it keeping our heads at a respectful distance from our toes, and starting at intervals out of our snooze, with the dreamy conviction that we were having a midnight roll, and plunging into the rapids at the bottom of the hill in our vain attempt to wash it down.

It looked rather dull and unpromising next morning, but after removing our tent to a more level spot we were soon off fishing for our breakfast, to which we shortly returned with ample supplies.

After breakfast had been disposed of, I tried my hand, for the first time, at bread-baking. This is a very simple sort of thing to look on at, when some one else is going through the process, but it is no light matter when you do it yourself. First of all you don't use enough water, and the flour won't mix; then you add just a little, which makes it stick too much; then you add some more flour, and it looks, as you think, correct. Putting it into a flat pan, it is set before the fire at an angle of 45 degrees to rise, and for a moment you turn away your head to admire the surrounding scenery, during which, instead of rising up, it has quietly slid down the pan into the ashes. Of course you make a dive, and catch hold of the pan, which you immediately drop, and go though a war dance round the fire, snapping your fingers in a most joyful manner, and passing many cursory remarks on the success of your undertaking. After sucking your fingers for a time, you pick the dough out of the dirt, slice off the mottled exterior to the best of your ability, and set it in position again; but there is no rest for you, that dough will slide; you turn the pan one way, then another, and it seems hopeless, until your patience has completely gone and you are nearly suffocated and blind with the smoke, and half baked with the heat. When this has reached an unbearable point, the stuff begins to behave itself, and keeps tolerably quiet, but it won't rise, oh, no, not it! but it will burn, and a log will fall off the fire on top of it every now and then, just for variety sake. When it looks pretty black, you think it advisable to turn it, but it won't turn—it sticks like grim death to the pan, and, after much patting and coaxing, you give it a wrench in your despair, and, pulling off the top crust, leave a mass of untouched dough looking up at you. However, something must be done, so you scrape it up in a lump, put the crust upside down in

the pan, and pat the rest down on top, and your loaf is turned at last, but at what a sacrifice! All things must have an end, even baking, so at last you pronounce it done. But it is extremely ungenerous, after one has gone through so much for others, to be told that it is as hard as a bullet, or all pap inside, or to be gravely asked 'what sort of a thing do you call that?' All of which remarks must be meekly borne, for you know you are helpless.

Next day, H. and I determine to take a trip further down the river. So, while the others start up to the lake above trolling, we are away. Passing a bend, round which we swing with the swift current, we soon come to a rapid, which, as it seems to run in a pretty even-inclined plane, we determine to shoot. Paddling to the brink, and taking what seems to be the easiest course, we are soon rushing down with the swiftness of an arrow, and are shot into the bubbling waters below, dipping the bow deep into the angry waves and shipping a a sea which nearly upsets us as we run past into comparatively smooth water. Away we paddle, past stretches of still water and rapid eddies, as the river widens and lessens in width, for about two miles, when again the roar of falls ahead are heard. We paddle close into shore, not trusting to luck this time, but determining to look before we leap, and it was lucky that we did so, as a surging, rushing mass of water, tearing at a fearful rate over an almost perpendicular ledge of rock, goes foaming and whirling on to many feet below. Carrying our canoes over the ledge, we take to the water again, and go merrily down the turbid river, which here divides into two channels. Following the right hand branch, we swing along at a rapid rate, and turning a sharp bend, are almost carried over another fall, the sound of which had escaped us, owing to the proximity of the other one just left behind. There was not a moment to spare, and with a determined paddle across stream the nose of the canoe runs with a heavy thud into the bank, almost on the brink. Jumping ashore, the canoe is quickly secured and we look below. There the rapid river, rushing over a sharp ledge, goes deep down into a seething abyss, where the water drives and leaps in high, angry waves, in which no canoe could ever live for a moment.

We now turned our canoe over on the bank, and crawled underneath, as a smart shower of rain and hail had come on, and then had some cold fish and biscuit by way of luncheon. After a pipe, we start campward; having had quite enough water-falls for one day.

Our hardest work now began, paddling against a heavy stream. Once we were nearly overpowered at starting; but a hard tussle, and a knowledge of the danger behind brought us safely through.

On nearing camp we threw out the troll, and caught some of the largest bass we had yet seen. Back again all safe, where C. and R. are busy with the preparations for dinner, having had a good haul up the river.

Starting out next day with my gun, in search of something in the way of fresh meat, to relieve the monotony of our fare, I tumbled a porcupine out of a maple tree, where he was taking a grave inspection of myself; and, after a prickly encounter, had him skinned and put on the fire to stew. During this operation, however, although everybody was anxious to partake of the animal and, in fact, longing to do so, at least we all said we were, it was quite evident there was a general feeling of doubt as to its being palatable, and when it was cooked and waiting for us, there was, somehow, an uncomfortable pause. Fresh meat, however, had been a rarity with us, and after a very diffident taste all round, it was pronounced to be excellent; tasting a good deal like a mixture of pork and rabbit.

After spending our second week

here, we determined to move onward, and, on Monday, the 22nd, are up with dawn and away.

It is rather a cloudy morning, but as the day advances, the clouds gradually melt away and leave the sky clear and unobscured. We are soon at the fork of the river, and have our canoes over the falls. Taking the left channel, we pass the outlet of the right-hand branch, which empties again into the left, making a wide and deep river. There is hardly any perceptible current now, and we move onward down the river, between banks covered to the water's edge, on both sides, by lofty trees and thick underbrush. The sun shines brightly downward, the tints of the autumn foliage varying in colour from a light lemon through every tint of yellow and crimson to a dark copper colour and olive green, throwing their varied shadows into the bright mirrored surface of the placid river, till they seem lost to sight in the deep depths below, blending in the reflection of the blue sky beneath; and we seem to be calmly floating onward, through the air of some enchanted fairy land.

The river runs in an unbroken stretch for some miles now, and as we paddle on, the shrill note of the kingfisher breaks the dreamy solitude, and numerous wood duck rise with alarming note ahead; some of which afterwards make us a very good supper.

We pass by alternate stretches of marsh, low lying bush land, and sandy banks; on which are many tracks of bear and deer, until another rapid puts a stop to our further progress.

It has now clouded up, and looks very threatening. We therefore land and pitch our tent, just in time, for the rain comes down in torrents, compelling us, after some difficulty in the preparation of our supper, to take it under cover.

We remained here for two days, and had some very fair sport; the fish being of a large size, and taking the trolling hook very kindly.

On the third day, we started for a day's trip further down the river.

The portage here is 420 paces long, and as we did not take anything but our canoes, we were soon over the road and in the water again. Here the falls are very beautiful. After a succession of rapids, the water rushes over a semi-circular ledge, in a deep fall, and then goes rushing between and over large masses of rock into an almost circular pool below.

We named these Hayes' Falls, and started on our voyage of discovery. After passing along apparently good level land for almost four miles, through which the river slowly wends its way like a good road through some stately avenue of trees, the timber becomes more scarce, and rocky eminences appear, until we emerge into a lovely little lake, about two miles in diameter. Naming this Vernon lake, we started in a straight line across it, and fortunately found the outlet of the river again without any trouble. At the entrance we were stopped, however, by a magnificent fall; pulling our canoes therefore on shore, we walked over to inspect it. The river here rushes past high rocky banks, and tumbles in one immense sheet of water to some forty or fifty feet below, and then roars in a succession of leaps in foaming anger, over rocks and through deep channels into a lovely stretch of the river below, which wends its way into the distance as far as the eye can reach, past rocky shores and wooded glades, dividing into many channels between lovely islands, and joining again into one mighty stream; forming one of the most picturesque and beautiful landscapes it is possible to conceive.

We named these Lonsdale falls, and after luncheon, tried a line at the foot of them, and caught some fine sized bass, then turned homeward with regret at having so soon to leave a scene so bright and fair.

After a most enjoyable day, we are back again at camp, and make a hearty

dinner off boiled fish, stewed duck, and the last of our potatoes.

It is now the 25th, and we are homeward bound. Whilst a glistening coating of frost shines on grass, leaf, and twig, under the bright rising sun, we are packing our possessions in the canoes, which, owing to our good digestions, are now considerably reduced in bulk.

Our first camping ground is to be reached to-day if possible; as our holiday time is now drawing to a close. After a good hard day's paddle, and tedious packing over portages, we arrived just before dark at the old camp ground, thoroughly fagged out.

No one has apparently been here since our absence, and in fact since we left we have not seen a single human being, with the exception of our four selves, who what with soiled and ragged clothes, tanned skin, and beards of a week's sprouting, are, to say the least, anything but respectable representatives of our species.

It seemed almost like coming home again, so kindly did we feel towards the old place, and after we had satisfied our hunger, we lit our pipes. While we smoked round the fire, the moon rose over the pines, and cast its glittering silvery beams across the river, and an old owl, perched up in a tree above, welcomed us back with his mournful hooting. While the crickets chirped, and the bull frogs held croaking conference, we spoke of home, and talked over the events of our most enjoyable trip down the Muskosh.

It is our last day in camp, and we mean to have a whole day's fishing to wind up with. The morning breaks over the solitary forest, calm and still; not a cloud is there to be seen, and not a breath of air to stir the gorgeous foliage, or ripple the surface of the river. Soon we are at the old fishing ground, and there remain steadily till evening; and when the shadows are lengthened far out across the river, and the golden beams of the setting sun glow warm and ruddy in the western sky, we paddle slowly home, and there count the day's spoil. We had caught seventy-five pickerel and bass, varying in weight, but most of them over a pound, and many over three.

Before dinner we indulge in an almost forgotten luxury, a comfortable shave, once more recognising in ourselves the beings of three weeks ago. Our last dinner-table is illuminated for the occasion with the remaining stock of candles, almost two pounds; and after dinner we have a jolly old roast round a roaring fire, and then to bed to sleep the sleep of the weary.

Again we are on the road to civilization. Once more the cow-bell is heard tinkling in the woods, and the bark of the house-dog breaks clearly on the morning breeze; and as we near Bala, the shrill whistle of the steamer reverberates round the echoing hills.

Soon we are speeding along on the south bound train, and are again but as cogs in the wheel of that mighty machine, called humanity, and freedom's spirit has fled.

THE MEMORY OF A SONG.

BY CESTUS.

THE window-curtains, rich and dark,
Are drawn behind the pane ;
The shadows from the firelight
Flit with the same refrain
As once they did, in happier days
That long ago have flown,—
Calling back sunny memories
Of home's sweet monotone.

The owner of the mansion sits
Alone, and in the shade ;
He sees no dancing firelight,
Nor heeds the shapes it made ;
His thoughts are of a picture, fair,
He holds with loving hands,
Set round with pearls and diamonds,
And linked in golden bands.

He sees the dear, dear face he loved,
A face so young and fair,
With bright, true, laughing eyes of blue,
And flowing auburn hair.
Oh ! who can know the bitter pang
That rends a heart in twain,
When death takes all that made life sweet
And leaves behind the pain !

A strain of music rises now—
But harsh—from out the street,
Beneath that lofty window's arch
Where dark, rich curtains meet,—
A youthful voice untutored,
And hoarse from wet and cold,
Sang feebly to a well-worn harp
A song both blithe and bold ;—

A song of loving and of love,
A song of daring deeds,
Of knights in armour, tilting,
And prancing of their steeds.

It brought a flush of angry hue
Across the listener's brow,—
'He shall not sing her song, out there
It is too sacred, now.'

He heard the powdered footman stop
The music in the street,
He heard a slow, reluctant step
Go past the window-seat,
Then back he drew the curtained silk
And saw a child go by,
Bent down beneath his weary harp,
With a face too brave to cry.

A moment, and he watched the boy
Leaving his pillared door,
Then a kindly look came o'er his face,
A look unknown before.
'I was too harsh,' he said aloud,
'He did not think it wrong;
But oh, what feelings crowd around,
The memory of her song.'

He paused in thought a moment,
A moment lingered near:
'Yes, for her sake, I'll follow him;
That song is now so dear.'—
Forgetting wind and rain and cold
The millionaire set out,
And traced the poor boy down the street,
Nor stopped to think or doubt.

He followed on through cold, wet streets
Where dim lamps shed their light,
Though jostled by the passers by,
And thrust to left and right;
He struggled on, for still he thought
Of song, and wife, and love.—
Was it the song that guided, or
Our Father's hand above?

He toiled still on, a weary way,
Through alleys far and near;—
At length, a stairway steep and dark
Leads to a garret drear.
He heard, while pausing at the door,
The words of mother and son,—
'No mother, I couldn't a penny get.'
'Well, dear, "His will be done."'

He enters now the room, and sees
A woman on a bed,
The old harp hung upon the wall,
The boy's hands to his head.
A moment more, they tell him all ;
Their tale of want and woe,—
A moment more, they bless his name,
With happy hearts aglow !

The mother's strength is ebbing fast,
Her eyes with tears are dim :
'To-night I'm going home, dear child,
Yes, going home, to Him.'
* * * * * *
So when the last sad look is o'er ;
For death's cold hand is there,
The stranger takes the poor boy thence,
His house and home to share.

And now within the mansion great,
The wand'rer, safe and glad,
Is taught to know the rapturous power
Of music, gay or sad ;
And so by kind instruction's aid
He leaves the strings he played,
And learns the truer, nobler strains
The grand old masters made.

Years have passed slowly o'er their heads,
The boy has changed to man,
His old friend's head is whiter far
Than when the tale began ;
And in the quiet evening
Together they are seen,
In a time-worn, gray Cathedral, dim
With lights and shades between.

And now in that proud gothic pile,
Though time has passed away ;
The old man, still the one to hear ;
The boy, the one to play.
'Tis now no song of ardent love
Or knight's bright fame they raise,
The organ's golden pipes proclaim
The great Trisagion's praise.

At first through that deep stillness, float
Soft, silvery waves of sound,
The sweet-toned *vox humana* calls
And echoes far around.
An angel's voice then speaks to earth,
Æolian whispers come,
To faces grotesque on the corbels carved
Grim-writhing lips, yet dumb.

The full notes of the clarion
Are ringing all along,
The loud and stirring trumpet's voice
Blends in the wondrous song.
Each lending power to raise and swell
That anthem's glorious sound
Till the diapason's thunder shakes
The clustered shafts around.

There,—as they play and listen,—each
In that Cathedral, see!
Where pale cold marbles speak of life
From pain and sin set free;
And there, as music rich and glad,
In ringing echoes throng,
Let both, with thankful hearts recall,
The memory of a song.

TORONTO.

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

PROCEEDINGS OF FIRST MEETING, REPORTED BY DOC.

IN the language of Wordsworth's immortal little cottage girl—'we are seven:' the Judge, the Duchess, the Poet, Smarty, Doc, Grum, and Lily Cologne. We are all girls—all old friends and chosen comrades. The idea of forming ourselves into a club came to us during a talk we had at the Poet's the other evening. The Judge suggested it, the Duchess gave her gracious approval, but said that 'coterie' was the name we should take; Lily declared it to be perfectly splendid, and Grum perfectly unreasonable. 'We are good friends already,' urged the latter, 'we can be no more. Why should we endanger the natural ties of sympathy and good-fellowship which join us together, by introducing an artificial and utterly meaningless bond of union? She talked on in this strain for some time.

'That is precisely what you are expected to say,' put in Smarty, calmly. 'No matter what the feeling or belief of the rest of us may be, Grum, you always represent the Opposition; that is your never-failing characteristic, your chief charm, your strongest—that is to say your weakest—weakness. I'm glad of it, for it is always necessary to the success of an undertaking that some one should object to it.'

'It is also necessary that it should have an object,' I suggested.

'An object,' broke in the Poet, running her fingers through her short, soft hair; 'what object should we have but talking—heaven's first best gift to woman. Let us meet every week and talk

"Of many things;
Of chalk and cheese, and sealing wax,
And cabbages and kings;
And why the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings,"

with other matters of like weighty import. You need'nt scowl at me, Judge. That's not original.'

'We'll set the fact down to your credit,' good-humouredly remarked the the Judge. 'For myself, I should like to form a club, every member of which shall be pledged to do and say exactly what she pleases.'

'I do you the honour of believing that you don't mean that,' said Grum. 'People have no right to do as they please.'

'Except when they please to do right,' quoted the Judge, with her 'slow wise smile.'

'And how can it be imagined that we could possibly please to do otherwise?' queried the Duchess, loftily arching her delicate brows.

'How, indeed?' asked Smarty, with an exaggerated imitation of the Duchess's tone and gesture, at the same time trying on Lily Cologne's hat, which had been lying on the sofa beside her.

'Why, it's a great deal too small for you,' cried Lily. 'You *have* got a big head!'

'Where did you suppose I kept all my brains?' inquired her friend.

'Come girls,' I said, 'let us stick to the question of the evening. What is to be the object of this club—if it is a club?'

'The study of Shakespeare,' mused the Poet, half inquiringly, half affirmatively. 'We have read him frequently in the past. Why may I not add in the words of the old rhyme, "and so we shall again"?'

'Oh, Shakespeare!' echoed Lily Cologne, sinking back, with her pink finger tips pressed to her eyes. 'I'd rather talk gossip.'

'I believe you!' said Grum, with melancholy emphasis.

'You're on my side, aren't you, Judge?' pleaded Lily, turning to our representative girl, who clasped her long arms behind her head to consider the subject.

The Judge is a grand girl, and that's a fact. She is not so bright as Smarty, nor so pretty as Lily Cologne; her manners are not so fine as are those of the Duchess, nor her knowledge of books so extensive as the Poet's; she herself admits that she is not quite so strong as the present reporter. These qualities are somehow belittled in her presence. She gives one an instant impression of disinterestedness, force of character, and reserved power. There is something so simple and admirable in the way in which she comes into a room, and takes a chair, and looks in your face when she speaks to you. I never supposed, before I knew her, that it made much difference how such little things were done.

'I like to gossip,' she said, frankly, 'but I don't know that I approve of it.'

'It seems to be one of the strongest instincts of civilized human life,' said I. 'How do you account for it, Smarty?'

'Oh, I don't account for it at all,' returned Smartly, lazily.

'There is no surer sign of a shallow nature,' said the Poet, alliteratively, 'than this habit of small talk. It is the poorest soil that produces the most weeds. When a person's mind is cultivated—that is, when it is strengthened, deepened, and enriched, it produces—I mean it becomes the ——.' She hesitated a moment.

'There! the Poet's swamped,' cried Lily. 'That's what comes from having one's mind too much enriched, &c.'

'Well, I'd rather be swamped, as you call it,' said the Duchess, in support of the Poet, 'than use that vile word. I think we ought to pass a by-law excluding the use of slang from this society.'

'By-law!' echoed Grum; 'we haven't got a constitution yet, and we don't want one either.'

'I quite agree with you,' declared Smarty. 'Not one of us girls has a constitution worth a cent—always excepting Doc here. She has a splendid one.'

I do believe Smarty thought she had ruffled my feathers with her answer to my last question, and she intended to smooth them with this little verbal caress. She knows I am proud of my perfect health. But I declined to look gratified. Smarty gets altogether too much encouragement from the rest of our set.

'No, I'm not,' said the Poet, who apparently had not heard a single word since Lily Cologne said she was swamped. 'This is what I mean: that small talk is the natural outgrowth of small minds. When a person cannot travel, and will not read, what is left for their intellect to feed upon but the worse than trivial sayings and doings and happenings at their neighbour's homes?'

'That's very prettily said,' remarked Grum, 'and I don't doubt it's true; but its only part of the truth on the subject.'

'Gossip in itself may be a vice,' observed the Judge, 'but it springs from a noble root—it springs from the deep and abiding interest which every living person takes in every one else. Grant that human life is a very poor affair, it is, after all, more worthy of our attention and regard than anything else under the sun. Everyone has his own battle to fight, and everyone, naturally, is most anxious to know how his neighbour is fighting his—whether nobly or ignobly. I am interested in a variety of subjects, but the one of most importance to me is man.'

'What man?' asked Lily Cologne; but no one took any notice of the question.

'It seems to me,' languidly put in the Duchess, 'that we might appropriately call ourselves a debating society.'

'Oh, we mustn't debate,' said Smarty. 'That is a vain masculine habit, which implies that a thing has only two sides, whereas most truths are many-sided, and require to be seen from various standpoints to be fully understood.'

'After dwelling in the rarefied atmosphere of the highest thinking,' said the Duchess, in reference to our Shakespearian readings, 'we ought to be above the pettiness of silly society-talk. It is the capacity for intercourse that distinguishes man from the lower animals; and it is a gift capable of a vast deal of improvement.'

'I couldn't have expressed it any better myself,' exclaimed Smarty, admiringly.

'Then it is finally decided,' said Grum, 'that we are to meet each week for the purpose of chattering amicably upon any subject that "happens along." We may be a decently educated set of girls, but we have been entertaining Shakespeare's royal thoughts, if not in a very royal manner, for some time past, and I, for one, do not feel like shutting them out and opening my doors to tramps.'

'Speak for your own guests, Grum,' cried I. 'My ideas are shabby enough, but as long as they keep a cheerful face I shall always survey them with interest. I look upon them as my poor relations. It would be mean to treat them meanly.'

'It seems to me,' said Smarty, 'that we ought to celebrate the birth of our Coterie by some solemn ordinance or other. Let's all make a vow of secrecy and kiss the Poet's album.'

'Better not,' warned Lily. 'Bluestockings never dust things half, you know.'

'Oh, don't they!' cried the Poet, reddening.

Lily Cologne compromised the matter by opening the album and kissing the pictured face of the handsomest young man therein contained; a proceeding which she claimed was much more sensible than the one Smarty had recommended. Then, as it was growing late, the girls shook hands heartily and separated.

KEE-CHIM-AH-TIK :

(A Rhyming Legend of the 'Broken Fall,' now known as the Falls of Elora.)

TIME, ABOUT 1750.

ON the topmost twig of the loftiest pine,
Rock-rooted by verge of the Broken Fall,
Did the tardiest sunbeam lingering shine,
As if it were crowning the tree-king tall.

Right over the river the night-hawk, shrill,
Cried 'Kr-a-a-ng' as it dived on grey-moth bent ;
In a distant covert the whip-poor-will
Was tuning his voice for his evening plaint.

The scarlet-bird and the oriole
Were hidden away in the maples' shade:
And, close to the fragrant cedar's bole,
The waxwing and robin their nest had made.

A chattering chip-munk here and there,
Still crouched on end of beechen bough,
And scolded hard in the evening air,
With quivering sides and ruffled brow.

The bark of the 'coon, and the wood-chuck's call
Came through the woods with a wierd-like wail :
While the torrent rushed roaring o'er Broken Fall,
Through the rocky gorge to the grass-clad vale.

But, see ! and the startled squirrels hide,
A bark-boat pushed by a swarthy crew,
Who silently strain 'gainst the rapid tide,
For the place is sacred to Manitou.

(With moss-grown cliffs o'ertopping trees all round,
And caverns where the echo spirits dwell,
From out whose depths comes forth mysterious sound :
That Manitou is here the men know well.
Yet, landed once, and some thank-offering made,
Then silence may be broken—food prepared —
The pipe passed round, and warriors, arrayed
In paint and feathers, dance what they have dared.)

As yearly moons, so many were the men ;
Mother and daughter of another tribe
Their prisoners—victims to be slain—
The one to please the Manitou—the other, bribe.

Before a cave, there stood a massive stone,
Withe-bound on which had captive maiden lain,
In fear of death did th' aged mother moan—
Her awe-struck captors whisp'ring threats in vain.
She called on the Great Spirit in his home
To come and help her at this time of pain.

The Ojibwan braves were terror-dumb,
Expecting naught but that the rocks would fall.
Or, that the Manitou himself might come,
In answer to Waw-saw-bun's piteous call.

Her brown cheek flushed like summer sunset sky ;
She clutched her matted locks, her eyes glowed fire,
While, as she spoke, the crags took up the cry—
Now sad and low, now wild with anguish dire.

'By this great cave in which we stand,
'This rock whereon my child lies bound,
'By this ravine to higher land,

'Up which ye pass the Broken Fall ;
'Ev'n by the Fall itself, I swear,
'And by these rivers here that flow,
'Before a thousand moons shall die,
'Not one Ojibwa here shall dare
'The fortunes of the hunt to try,
'Not one Ojibwa of you all
'To throw a spear or bend a bow.
'The white man from Ontario's shore,
'Will make this country all his own ;
'*Your* people slay, *your* lands run o'er,
'*Your* tribe, like mine, now,—small, unknown.
'Then why should ye aid the Pale Face
'With stealthy step and cunning bound
'To send so many of our race,
'—For we are one—
'Away to the Great Hunting Ground
'Beyond the sun ?'
On the altar-rock she sprang, and stood
Pleading in accents hoarse and wild :
'O ! brothers, if ye must have blood,
'Slay me, but spare my child.'

'No, mother,' cried Sah-koo-nah-quaw,
And painfully she half arose ;
'If only one of us may die,
'Live thou to tell our tribe that I,
'Who dread of suffering never saw,
'Have gone to lands beyond the sky,
'Where no Ojibwa goes !'

Appalled stood every Indian brave—
Appalled stood Chief Kee-chim-ah-tik
Amazed to hear the captives rave,
Mid rock and tree-shades falling thick.

At last the chief found tongue and spoke :
'Waw-saw-bun and Sah-koo-nah-quaw,
'Our rule of silence ye have broke.
'Now, may the Spirit whose summer-home
'Is 'mid these caves and round these streams
'(Whose voices fill our hearts with awe
'When after wolf or deer we roam),
'But let mine eyes see morning's beam
'Again light up each rock and tree,
'I promise, should my braves agree,
'To offer up instead of you,
'As sacrifice to Manitou,
'The best of all our spears may slay,
'In wood or gorge, throughout the day,
'If you, unbound—adopted—free,
'My mother, and my wife, will be,
'For none have I, where'er I go,
'My wood to bring, my maize to hoe.'

The braves assent with scowl and grunt,
The morrow all take up the hunt.
* * * * * *
To his island-home the Great Spirit withdrew
To reckon his wampum, smoke, and rest—
The nights bedecked each plant with dew
The days in golden haze were drest.

Soundly he slept, four moons or so—
The Frost-god clad the earth in snow ;
Locked were the streams and keen the air—
The bush, all save the pines, was bare.

Awoke at last, He ruled again,
With length'ning day and gladsome rain,
The rocks re-echoed the waters' roar,
And the birds returned to their haunts once more.

With leaf-bud russet and green and gray,
Beech, maple and birch had a warmer look ;
Whilst cranes'-bill and snow-flower, in modest array,
Peeped timidly forth from sheltered nook.
* * * * * *
Kee-chim-ah-tik—false to the Indian maid—
Was spearing fish in the pool below ;
She, hidden deep in the cedary shade
Of the islet above, was crouching low.

Like wild-cat on its prey intent,
Her steps were crafty—silent, slow,
Then with unerring aim she sent
A flinty shaft from a jealous bow.

The wounded chief's last lance is thrown—
No more his whoop shall cheer the Brave
Who, guided both by splash and groan,
Has found and led him to a cave.

With loss of blood, the end soon came,
He died in cavern's shadows thick.
E'er since the place has borne this name,
'The Cave of Chief Kee-chim-ah-tik.'

ELORA. DAVID BOYLE.

WALT WHITMAN AND HIS POEMS.

BY MRS. KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

IN these last years of the nineteenth century, when some who have made the study of language and literature, the work of their lives—read in the growth and development of our English tongue, and especially in the increasing light with which modern science has explored all the nooks and hiding-places of mystery and romance wherein the subtle spirit of poetry was supposed by them to have its most congenial habitation—the signs of decay, and even the ultimate extinction of the poetic sentiment in man—the fact that a new poet may have arisen, entitled to be considered the founder of a new race of poets for the near future of the world, is one which may, perhaps, interest but a small portion of the mass of mankind. But that such an one should have the courage to announce himself as the prophet of a more enlightened religion—a broader and more comprehensive humanity,—or as the teacher, not of a new, but of a very old and simple code of morals, as simple as the divine rule of loving one's neighbour as one's self—this is a fact sufficiently startling to arouse the interest, and apparently the eager antagonism, of everybody.

For both these reasons, therefore—general indifference to the progress of poetic literature—especially that which is distinctively American—and the almost universal dislike of people to hear even the most undeniable principles of either religion or morality set forth in any but the old formulas, Walt Whitman is not likely in this century or generation to become popular either as a poet or philosopher. And, as in politics and religion, a certain conservatism marks the popular effort to stay the tide of advancing thought which, to the alarmed apprehension of the many, who neither reason broadly nor profoundly, seems about to sweep away in indiscriminate ruin even the rock-hewn foundations of eternal justice, and trust, and goodness, along with the idle shells, sand and seaweed of empty forms and creeds which have survived the living principle which once animated them, so also in literature there is an orthodox code with formal lines and boundaries, and a measuring and weighing apparatus which would fain make a fixed quantity of the element of beauty, and allot a certain circumscribed sphere to the divine creative faculty of genius itself.

As the exponent of this orthodox conservatism in literature, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* brings this unique production of Western 'democracy' and 'savagery,' to the test of the old formularies, and naturally finds it wanting. The many-sided marvel of this large and luminous nature refuses to be fitted into the old round mould, and straightway it is found that the strange barbaric song he sings is a mere 'glorification of nature in her most unabashed forms, an audacious protest against all that civilization has done to raise man above the savage state.'

Notwithstanding the high authority for what is here asserted, it would be well to remember, in forming a just estimate of Walt Whitman's claim to be considered a poet, and of the lite-

rary value of *Leaves of Grass*—his most considerable poem—that he has already an audience 'fit though few,' and widening day by day across the Atlantic, if not here. The names of William Michael Rossetti, of Swinburne, and Robert Buchanan, are not unknown among modern British poets and artists, as well as writers of reviews and critical essays, in the most widely-read journals and magazines in the English-speaking world. As these writers may fairly be supposed to represent no inconsiderable portion of contemporary opinion in literary taste at home and abroad, it cannot be thought irrelevent to the subject to cite their conclusions here. In the *Dictionary of English Literature*, may be found these words from the pen of Robert Buchanan :—

'Let it at once and unhesitatingly be admitted that Whitman's want of art, his grossness, his tall-talk, his metaphorical word-piling are faults—prodigious ones;—and then let us turn reverently to contemplate these signs which denote his ministry, his command of rude forces, his nationality, his manly earnestness, and last and greatest, his wondrous sympathy with men as men. He emerges from the mass of unwelded materials—in shape much like the earth-spirit in *Faust*. He is loud and coarse, like most prophets, "sounding," as he himself phrases it, "his barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." He is the voice of which America stood most in need—a voice at which ladies scream and whippersnappers titter with delight, but which clearly pertains to a man who means to be heard. He is the clear forerunner of the great American poets, long yearned for, now prophesied, but not perhaps to be beheld, till the vast American democracy has subsided a little from its last and grandest struggle.'

It is not to be supposed that a poet, like the author of *Leaves of Grass*, who shows so plainly that mere graces of composition do not enter into his idea of poetic expression, at least as indispensable adjuncts thereto—and who so daringly sets at defiance all the received rules of poetic art in the matter of rhythm and rhyme,—whose lines run flowingly, or halt, as the case may be, upon any number of feet, with a rhythmical accent anywhere or nowhere in particular—would be received without a flutter, and a stir amounting to a revolution among the gods who sit high on Olympus. Yet a despiser of elegance and grace he is not. If he turns not aside from his swift, direct, and eager quest to seek them, neither does he go out of his way to avoid them when they fall naturally into the rush and melody of his impetuous, onflowing, and abounding theme, which, like a mountain torrent, seems to bear all before it. Every page of his books teems with inspired texts to furnish forth a score of lesser poets with material out of which to build volumes of better verse. For himself, the mighty power within which dominates the man, and all the work which is the outpouring of his own life—most vital and magnetic—has no time to spend in fashioning tinsel ornaments out of the splendour of its own evident affluence. To him 'the true poets are not the followers, but the august masters, of beauty.' Turning at random over the pages of these two volumes, *Leaves of Grass*, and *The Two Rivulets*, one stumbles perpetually upon phrases and passages of exquisite tenderness, or vivid pictures wrought at one stroke of the master-pencil which, with all its scorn of the artificial and the conventional, has ever a profound and loving reverence for nature and for humanity. Uncouth and formless as he at first appears, he has often a marvellous felicity of depicting the familiar aspects of 'earth's soil, trees, winds, tumultuous waves,' and of so interpreting their language to that ideal sentiment, lying deep in every sensitive nature, that thereafter the association remains fixed and indissoluble—to be recalled whenever the same scenes or images

present themselves. As when he speaks of the 'Ocean's poem,' and—

'——We feel the undulating deck beneath our feet,
We feel the long pulsation—ebb and flow of endless motion;
The tones of unseen mystery—the vague and vast suggestions of the briny world—the liquid-flowing syllables,
The perfume—the faint-creaking of the cordage—the melancholy rhythm,
The boundless vista, and the horizon far and dim.'

How graphically correct to the ear is the sound of the sibilant line—

'The carpenter dresses his plank—the tongue of his fore-plane
Whistles its wild ascending lisp.'

Or this, when the sounds of the open vowels and the natural pauses in repetition are skilfully made to give the rhythmical beat of the blacksmith's hammers:—

'From the cinder-strewn threshold I follow their movements;
The lithe sheer of their waists plays even with their massive arms;
Over-hand the hammers swing—over-hand so sure:
They do not hasten—each man hits in his place.'

But it is not possible, in parts to analyse and understand Walt Whitman, or think by gathering here and there a fragment to apprehend the meaning that underlies the whole. For, without ever becoming didactic or metaphysical, after the modern poetic fashion, one may be quite certain that under all his rude symbolism there is a meaning which it is worth while to study. A well known essayist, author of 'Our Living Poets,' in his introduction to that work—discriminating between artistic excellence merely and that higher excellence which may be described perhaps as artistic moral excellence—has this very just and somewhat remarkable passage:—

'But however splendid and great the style or way of saying things, it is not that alone, or that mainly even, that endears noble art-work to large circles of readers; what does this most unfailingly is the true artist's unlimited sympathy with all animate and inanimate nature, shown in the exquisite sense of the beautiful *minutiæ* of scenery as well as of its large effects, and in rejoicing with the great and small joys of great and small people, sorrowing over the large and little sorrows of the lofty and lowly, drawing near with infinite loving pity to the erring, whether in petty weaknesses or grave, sad crimes. These universal sympathies are what go to make up a noble and wholesome ideal of life, such as all true artists possess individually to a greater or less extent; and this ideal of life, coupled with a fine imagination, brings forth such fruit of idealisation in art as no other combination of qualities avails for. This large sympathy adequately expressed is the attribute of great poets, and the most endearing of their attributes. It is this that makes Shakespeare the king he is over the hearts of men, and it is this that makes the name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning still sweet and grateful on the lips of all who have known her as a poetess, however conscious they may be of the shortcomings and sins of her style. This, it is, too, that unfailingly seizes on any mind which places itself in contact with that strange great gospel of Walt Whitman's—where, perhaps, it is found in the intensest form it has ever yet taken.'

One cannot better express what applies with equal appositeness to the distinctive shape Walt Whitman's work has assumed, than by quoting the words of the concluding portion of Mr. Buxton Forman's paragraph, which says:—

'Mere sympathy, however universal, does not make an artist unless there be also the power of expressing it; and, on the other hand, no amount of wordy ability will enable a man to express what is not in him—what he has not felt at all events deeply enough to conceive some other person as feeling. But it is very doubtful whether there

is such a thing as this great beautiful sympathy without the power of expression in some adequate degree. The expression may be perfect, or it may be faulty; and, technically, a man will be judged according to his success in expression; but the strong probability is that whatever of this greatness of soul is in a man will find its way out in some sort or another, and go to work in the world in form more or less artistic. Sympathy implies expansiveness, and expansiveness implies action, of which artistic exposition is perhaps the most intense form.'

His own idea of what constitutes true art is like all his utterances upon any subject—simple, concise, direct—and ends with that undeniable final appeal to nature which is most certain of finding a responsive chord in our bosoms. 'The art of art,' says the poet, 'the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity—nothing can make up for excess or for the lack of definiteness. To carry on the heave of impulse and fierce intellectual depths and give all subjects their articulations, are powers neither common nor very uncommon. But to speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and *insouciance* of the movements of animals and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the roadside is the flawless triumph of art.'

That he has himself achieved this great result in a more striking manner than is exemplified in any other book, except—with reverence be it spoken—the one Book which lies at the foundation of our faith and religion, there are not wanting individuals of sufficient intelligence and culture—and it may be added—of sufficient daring and candour to assert; nor is it probable that any one, sitting down dispassionately and divested of preconcieved ideas and prejudices to the study of Walt Whitman's poems, will be disposed to deny it. Perhaps no one quality is more marked and universal throughout them all than the spirit of joyous and abounding healthfulness of soul and body by which they are pervaded; a wholesome and contagious gladness which is the natural result of unquestioning faith in, and love for, humanity, and yet larger faith in God. One is obliged to give up the search for particular passages in illustration, not because they are obscure, but because they are everywhere, and the spirit and aroma of them so underlie and envelope, as in a fluid atmosphere of their own, every thought and image presented, that to detach any portion seems like a removal from its native element—or rather, like presenting a fragment of rock to give an image the towering height and grandeur of a mountain. The beautiful invocation *To Him that was Crucified* will perhaps bear transferring as well as any. It is too long for insertion in this necessarily brief paper, but it is so lovely an example of this always-presented feeling of human and divine brotherhood that it seems a sort of sacrilege to mutilate it.

My spirit to yours, dear brother;
Do not mind because many, sounding your name, do not understand you;
I do not sound your name, but I understand you, (there are others also;)
I specify you with joy, O my comrade, to salute you, and to salute those who are with you, before and since,—and those to come also,
That we all labor together, transmitting the same charge and succession;
We few, equals, indifferent of lands, indifferent of times;
We, enclosers of all continents, all castes,—allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,
We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but reject not the disputers, nor anything that is asserted;
We have the bawling and din—we are reached at by divisions, jealousies, recriminations on every side,
They close peremptorily upon us, to surround us, my comrade,
Yet we walk unheld, free, the whole earth over, journeying up and down,
Till we make our ineffaceable mark upon time, and the divers eras,
Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers, as we are.'

To him it is that the soft unheard

voices of nature speak by day and by night,—

'Calling my name from flower beds, vines, tangled underbrush,
Lighting on every moment of my life,—
Noiselessly passing handfuls one of their hearts, and giving them to be mine.'

Even the much quoted line about the 'barbaric yawp' is not without a certain rude beauty of significance in its place,—for to the quick eye of the poet, the inconsequent flitting by of the night-hawk in the twilight, with its aerial, melancholy, abrupt cry furnishes the comparison and the quatrain :—

'The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me—
He complains of my gab and loitering,
I too am not a bit tamed—I too am untranslatable;
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.'

It is a difficult task to single one from the mass, any one passage which shall convey an adequate idea of the qualities of largeness and strength—of width of comprehension, united to a singular intensity of feeling which are rarely found in combination, and which render the resulting work so homogeneous in itself that any division is like a mutilation. William Michael Rossetti, in a very full and carefully written prefatory notice to the first English edition of 'Leaves of Grass,' thus concludes his remarks on the then almost unknown writer :—

'I commend to the English reader the ensuing selection from a writer whom I sincerely believe to be, whatever his faults, of the order of *great* poets, and by no means of pretty good ones. I would urge the reader not to ask himself, and not to return any answer to the questions, whether or not this poet is like other poets—whether or not the particular application of rules of art which is found to hold good in the works of those others, and to constitute a part of their excellence, can be traced also in Whitman. Let the questions rather be—is he powerful? Is he American? Is he new? Is he rousing? Does he feel and make me feel? I entertain no doubt as to the response which in due course of time will be returned to these questions and such as these, in America, in England, and elsewhere, or to the further question, "Is Whitman then indeed a true and a great poet?"

'I believe that Whitman is one of the huge, as yet mainly unrecognised, forces of our time; privileged to evoke in a country hitherto still asking for its poet, a fresh, athletic, and American poetry, and predestined to be traced up to by generation after generation of believing and ardent—let us hope not servile—disciples.'

The superficial or unsympathetic reader will not comprehend nor admire Walt Whitman. His song is not 'a mere tale—a rhyme—a prettiness'—intended to fill up one of the pauses in the serious business of life, to be laid aside and forgotten when the hour of leisure is over. One must bring to the study no preoccupations, no prejudices, but the same willing acceptance of truth with which we come to the study of science or philosophy; and though we may not always be able to grasp the whole meaning of the writer, no one can rise from communion with such a mind without being penetrated with a new and broader idea of humanity and religion, and without having received 'endless suggestions' to thought.

It is wonderful that an intelligence so microscopically keen to perceive, and so formed to worship all the beauties and graces which exist in natural things—the sound of wind in the leaves, of rain on secluded cottage roofs, of the voices of birds and all wild, shy things that have their dwelling remote from man, and whose loving vision beholds in man himself the most beautiful and perfect of natural forms, and finds in the human voice a mystic fascination which calls him,

'As the waters follow the moon silently, with fluid steps,
Anywhere around the globe,'

should not also discern the beauty of

form and sound which belong by right supreme to poetry. As in the highest thoughts of man wherein are embodied his religion, the form and the symbols which are its adjuncts and expression —the outward and visible signs of the living spirit within, became, through the accretions of ages, and his own lack of spiritual insight, but the beautiful mausoleum of the dead faith which was flown—until the stern iconoclasts of the Reformation arose in their anger and, in seeking to restore the simple ancient faith, laid waste its stately temples, and attempted to abolish all form. So, we may imagine, this strong loud prophet of a new evangel escaping impatiently from the shackles and fetters of old systems, and in his grand scorn of empty shrines, returning like the persecuted Huguenots and Covenanters to the mountain fastnesses, and the hills and 'groves which were God's first temples.'

It is impossible to conclude this imperfect presentation of Walt Whitman and his poems without referring to his sins of grossness and coarseness of style, which, notwithstanding the assured belief which their author must have aroused in the breast of every candid reader of the singular healthfulness and sweetness of his own moral nature, are felt to be, nevertheless, painful deformities which one cannot help wishing did not exist. It is by no means the least important phase of their objectionable character that the ordinary reader is repelled by them at the outset, and a prejudice is created, which prevents any further exploration or attempt to comprehend what might afterward seem to be a just reason for their admission. But while we cannot withhold the sincere homage of our hearts from the artist whose very faults arise out of his loyal and unswerving devotion to nature—in every part of whose full-orbed circle he is at home as a child in his father's house—it must still be admitted that in true art, as well as in speech, silence is sometimes golden, and the perfect artist is shown in the delicate and chaste treatment of details, as well as in the bold and grand limning of outlines. Something of this one feels in reading more or less of Walt Whitman's verse, but the feeling which remains when the book is closed is one of joy that America has found at last a poet of her own.

CANADA, OUR HAME.

(Dedicated to Scottish Readers.)

BY FIDELIS.

FU' mony a Scottish bard has praised, i' mony a noble sang,
The beauty o' the weel-loed isle frae whilk our fathers sprang,—
How shall we fitly celebrate, in patriotic strain,
The praises o' the bonnie lan' we proudly ca' our ain?—
A lan' the foreign potentate misca'ed 'some leagues o' snaw,'
When frae his faint and feckless grip he loot it slip awa',—
A lan' sae stored wi' walth untauld, aneath his smilin' face,—
Sae rich i' mony a pleasant hame, and bonnie bidin' place!

What though nae rugged mountain-zone our wide horizon boun'
Wi' swathin' robes o' purple mists, their heath-clad sides aroun'
Yet bonnie are the rosy cluds that greet the risin' sun,
An' gowd and purple tints that wrap him roun' when day is done.
Though frae the lift we dinna hear the lavrocks soarin' sang,
Nor the lintie and the mavis whistlin' clear the wuds amang,
We hae sweet sangsters o' our ain, in ilka bush and tree,
That mak' the simmer mornin' sweet wi' gushin' melody !

As sweetly shines the mornin' sun fra out the lift sae blue,
As bright, on ilka blade o' grass, its crystal drap o' dew,
As balmy is the caller air o' incense breathing morn,—
And brichter lies the light o' noon upon the gowden corn,
As saftly, through the cool green wuds, the bickerin' sunbeams play,
When shadows lengthen and the kye hame tak their wanderin' way,—
And when the trysting hour is come,—an' hearts wi' luve are thrang,
As sweetly i' the gloomin' soun's the milkmaid's evening sang.

An' whan the simmer slips awa' amang the drappin flowers,
An' the early rime upo' the grass foretells mirk wintry hours,
What walth o' glory on the wuds then meets the wonderin' sicht,
An' scatters o'er the country-side a shower o' gowden licht.
The amber fleeces o' the birks, wi' white stems shimmerin' throu',—
The maples' gowd and scarlet, and the aik's deep crimson hue,—
Wi' purple and wi' russet mixed, an' feathery larch between,
An' ower a', 'neath the opal sky, the pine-tree sombre green.

An' syne, when a' the glory's gane, and cauld the north-winds blaw,
An' mirks the lift, wi' smoorin' drift, an' blindin' cluds o' snaw,
Hoo brichtly,—whan the onding's o'er an' a' the strife is done
The pure white warl, i' snaw-wreaths wrapt lies shimmerin' in the sun.
Hoo gaily soun' the merry bells as sleighs gang glidin' by,
Hoo swiftly, o'er the glancin' ice, the skater seems to fly,
And when the last reid sunset hue fleets frae the frosty nicht,
Hoo keen the sparkle o' the stars an' flittin' Northern Licht !

We dinna see upo' the brae, the bonnie bush o' broom,
Nor whins sae rich i' gowden glow, an' saftly breathed perfume,
Nor crimson-tipped gowans glint amang the dewy grass,
Nor primroses, alang the lanes, smile at us as we pass ;—
But wi' the breath o' comin' Spring, the sweet wee Mayflower wakes,
Lily and violet brichten up the lanely forest brakes,
An' showers o' simmer-blossoms smile amang the shady dells,
Wi' snaw-white clusters, roses wild, and gracefu' pendant bells.

We hae nae ruins,—auld an' grey, wi' lichens crusted o'er,—
Grim relics o' the bluidy strifes our fathers waged of yore,
Entwined wi' stirrin' tales o' raid an' capture an' relief,
When pibrochs ca'ed the gatherin' clans to rally roun' their chief ;

Nae bards hae gi'en ilk wimplin' stream an' ilka rocky scaur,
A tongue an' story o' its ain, o' duel or love or war ;
Scant are the memories we meet, where'er the eye can turn,
We hae nae hapless Floddenfield,—nae glorious Bannockburn !

But we hae leal, true Scottish hearts within our bosoms yet,—
The prowess o' our fathers' arms we never may forget,—
The sangs that fired our fathers' bluid our heritage we claim
An' gin the time o' need arrive, their deeds we winna shame !
True to the Queen we loe 'at hame,' the flag that o'er us waves,
The han' that wins the lan' fra *us* maun win it o'er our graves,
The bluid o' some baith wise and brave has wat Canadian sod,
We'll guard the lan' they died for freedom and for God !

Methinks I see it a' outspread, frae far Columbia's stran'
To where the saut sea licks the rocks o' misty Newfounlan'—
See fertile strath an' granite isle an' bonnie rollin' lea,
An' bristlin' pine-clad hills that guard the entrance frae the sea ;—
I see braid rivers swiftly rin by mony a busy toun,
An' wimplin' streams an' rocky scaurs, wi' broun waves dashin' roun,
An' mony a steadin' midst its field, baith bield, an' trim, an' fair,
An' the white steeples o' the kirks, that ca' the folk to prayer.

An' lookin' earnestly alang the mists o' comin' years,
A fair an' noble future, spread before our lan' appears,
A wise, God-fearin' nation,—no to be bought or sold,
A lan' where freedom, truth an' richt mair precious are than gold ;—
The people a' thegither boun' i' faithful britherhood,
The leaders no' for *pairty* keen, but for the public guid,—
A lan' where social virtues thrive, an' Truth upholds the State,
Where the puirest are accountit the brithers o' the great !

Lang may the doo o' peace unfauld her wings aboon her shores,
An' plenty, wi' a bounteous han', increase her yearly stores,
The stoot an' sturdy pine that too'ers sae hie, her wuds amang,
Be emblem o' her gallant sons, upricht an' leal an' strang,
Ready to daur a' manly deeds,—a' noble tasks to do,
Steadfast their country's guid to seek, a' change an' discord throu'
Amang the nations o' the warl',—to win a worthy place,
An' gie the God wha gies us a', the glory and the praise !

MARIAN'S MISERIES.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M.A., TORONTO.

CHAPTER I.

PROLOGUE.

ON the deck of the good ship *Peruvian*, as she neared Quebec, stood two men, emigrants to Canada, the unfittest for survival in that state of life, who could have been chosen from the hundreds on board. One was James Field, a surgeon, of speculative and unpractical habits; the other, a native of the same town, whose only occupation had hitherto been that of parish schoolmaster in one of the small schools conducted under clerical influence, in a country parish of Somersetshire. Neither were practical; neither were physically capable of labour; both had been allured by the misrepresentations of Canadian life, given in an emigration agent's *couleur de rose* lecture, and had resolved to go to Canada, take up Free Grant land, and set up as landowners; forgetting the trifling drawback that neither were capable of cutting down a tree or sawing a stick.

With these two undesirable additions to the industry of the Dominion, stood a third person, Marian Ford, the schoolmaster's wife, of whom it may be said that she was eminently capable of self-preservation in any land the natives of which might be supposed able to appreciate the attractions of a pale, but child-like and singularly pretty, face, dark eyes, a profusion of dark-brown hair, features that expressed the innocence of the dove, and a figure that had the grace and suppleness of the serpent. Marian was the daughter of a builder and carpenter at Portsmouth, who had been adopted by an uncle by marriage, a general practitioner in a London suburb, at whose house she had enjoyed such social education as was to be got from free intercourse with the lower middle-class section of society in the neighbourhood, and flirtations with a few curates and medical students, which flirtations, however, were of the *cul de sac* kind, leading to no result except that of practice in the noble arts of flattery and self-display. On her uncle's death, Marian was wooed and won by Thomas Ford, then appointed parish schoolmaster in the well-known district of St. Platypus, in Somersetshire. The income of the newmarried couple was sixty pounds a year, with a pretty cottage close to the school, rent free, where Marian occupied the time she could spare from dress-making and personal decoration, in doing a little work in their garden, in reading society novels from the circulating library, and for an hour every afternoon in teaching plain sewing to the score of village girls who formed half the school. She was a favourite in the neighbourhood, quiet, unobstrusive, always amiable, though never intimate with women, her home a model of neatness, and the lithe little figure dressed with good taste, admirable in one whose income was so small. The apprentice at the village drug-store, who was also the poet of the local newspaper, addressed more than one copy of verses to the 'Lily of St. Platypus,' and Marian's store of cheap perfumery and scented soap was kept in a most prosperous condition. Even the curate of the parish church was observed to visit

the school most assiduously on those hours in the afternoon when Marian shared her husband's duties; he occasionally called to leave her such works of devotion as 'Thoughts on Chasubles,' 'Incense and Altar-flowers,' or 'The Married Lady's Manual for Auricular Confession.' Under this teaching Mrs. Ford's religious ideas assumed a bias which they have never lost, towards that noble theology known as the High Church Revival. The curate himself was influenced, perhaps, more than he knew, by his fair penitent, certain it is that if, in reciting the Athanasian Creed, he was observed to face, not due east, as is the orthodox custom, but east and by south-half east, it was suspiciously in the line of vision of the schoolmaster's pew, where Marian stood, with her pretty velvet jacket and the gold cross given by her ecclesiastical guide.

But Mr. Ford did not prosper as a schoolmaster, debt after debt beset and beleagured the sixty pounds of income, and on the school being united to that of another division of the parish, it become necessary to look out for a fresh start in life. Just then it befel that he, as well as Dr. James Field, attended the emigration agent's lecture on 'All Play and no Work in Canada,' and hence it came to pass that the three stood, as before mentioned, watching the spires, shipping, and hill of Canada's most historic city.

The first day on shore they spent together at a hotel in the upper town; Mr. Field treating his patient, as he still called her, to a present of a coquettish fur cap, which admirably set off her dark eyes, and to a drive round the city. Marian had a charming way of accepting presents from her gentlemen friends, and few were they who walked any distance by her side on the pathway of life without giving her opportunities of displaying it. Then Dr. Field took his leave, not of the schoolmaster, who was a heavy sleeper, but of the pretty wife who knew the charms of a friend's presence at the six o'clock breakfast, before the westward train left Point Levi. As he looked at the bright, fresh face and neatly dressed figure, James Field felt regret at parting from one who seemed the last link with the home they both had left. They parted at the hotel porch with many promises to write and keep each other informed of their fortunes in Canada. James Field was bound for a village in Ontario, where he had bought the good-will of a surgical practice. Marian and her husband for somewhere near the Free Grant lands in the back townships. He had known her but for a month, yet it was with a perfectly natural impulse of long established friendship that he bent forward for the farewell kiss, which those pretty lips, if they did not invite, certainly did not refuse.

Two days afterwards the Fords were sufficiently rested to pursue their way, they travelled as far as Clarendon by railway and stage. Then Mr. Ford tried his maiden effort at cutting down a small maple tree, much to the amusement of the farmer who lent him the axe and witnessed his discomfiture. For several months they boarded at a farm house, living on their small stock of money brought out from England. Then Mr. Ford obtained work at the only vocation he seemed fitted for, teaching in a small school by permit temporally given by the inspector. That came to an end with the expiration of the permit, his inability to pass the examination for a certificate, and the dissatisfaction, for some cause or other, of the school section, parents and children. By selling some of Marian's trinkets and rings, enough was raised to carry them to Toronto, where they lived in a vacant house lent for the time by an Englishman whose acquaintance they made at a Ritualistic church, and whose heart was touched by the frequency and grace of Marian's genuflections, and the gold cross she wore so prominently. Through his kindness they procured a shelter for the time at the house of an English gen-

tleman on a business visit to Toronto, as housekeepers. While this lasted Mr. Ford had the good sense to work sufficiently hard to pass the examination for third-class certificate. When the Englishman returned home, Marian bethought her of James Field as one whose interest in the part of the county where he had settled might possibly secure a school.

CHAPTER II.

JAMES ACCEPTS THE OMEN.

UNPRACTICAL as he was, James Field had profited by the opportunity of his voyage from Liverpool to talk over his prospects as a settler in Canada with the surgeon of the ship, an Ontario man, educated for his profession at the Toronto Medical School. James had been able to render this gentleman some service, in aiding him to reduce a severe dislocation, caused by one of the crew having been struck by a spar which had been carried away in a slight collision with a timber ship, during a fog, while they were still in the channel. The surgeon advised him to give up all thought of any other work than his own profession in Canada; it was over-stocked with men not remarkably gifted with the promptness, quickness of eye, and aptitude of hand which he observed in James. 'You'll be sure to succeed,' he said, 'don't go to the backwoods as you were talking of doing, you would be worked to death and paid in cord-wood; don't go to the cities, they are over-stocked with good men. I think I know what will just suit you to begin with; an advertisement about the good-will of a practice in a small village in one of the best counties on Lake Ontario; these sort of advertisements are often delusions, but I know all about this one; it is *bonâ fide*; the man who had it, Grant, was an Edinburgh man—he is dead; his friends want to get a small sum for his widow; there's not much money to be made at first, mind you, but a really capable fellow like you would, after a bit, work his way among the other villages, that's a sure thing,' said Dr. Neilson, as he paused to relight his pipe, for the two were in the surgeon's cabin solacing themselves with that assuager of the passions and promoter of manly confidence. 'If the advertisement is still in the *Mail* when we make Quebec, you had best go there right off, and I'll tell you what: I'll give you a "recommend" to Mr. Hill, who is the leading man in the place, he is the Conservative member for the county, and by all that's lucky, he'll be at his own place now, as Session's not on.'

'The Canadian Parliament Session?' said James.

'Yes, the Dominion talking-shop in the big lumber shanty on the Ottawa, the place where they manufacture law and lucifer matches, and little else to speak of; you'll like Mr. Hill, and he'll like you if I'm not mistaken; he is not only a thorough gentleman of the old school, one of a breed of Yorkshire bulldogs made a little milder by a generation in Canada, but he is one who reads and thinks—a thorough Liberal.'

'I thought you said he was a Conservative,' said James.

'Young man, when you get a little posted on our politics you'll find the two very much convertible terms in our country,' he went on, 'letters of of introduction and testimonials are not of much use; our people take a man on his own merits; still I think my good word will be worth something in this case. But I say Field, are you dead set on pretty faces?'

'Why do you ask?' said James, as he puffed an aureole of tobacco-smoke to wreath over his head.

'Because at Spooksville—a sweet name isn't it? *garde à vous!*'

'I think I've learned to dread the

sight of a pretty woman's face as much as I dislike the stupid talk associated with it in all cases but that one in a million whom I have never met and don't expect to.'

'Right you are,' said the sea-going practitioner, as he puffed his meerschaum sympathetically. 'You stick to that, one pipe full of such Cavendish as this is worth the "hull of them," as you'll hear them say in the vulgar tongue in Ontario.' This was Dr. Neilson's very sincere opinion. He had a happy and unusually bright and gay home at the house of his sister, a young widow, an *élegante*, a charming singer and a frequenter of whatever was pleasantest in Kingston society. By her, and the young ladies whom he met at her house, on perfectly irresponsible and non-matrimonial terms, he had been spoiled for what by the priestesses of Hymen are called 'serious views.' James Field had not been so spoiled; he had in a way fallen out of the ranks of his own class in society. While his mother lived there was plenty of good middle-class professional society at his father's house in a pretty suburb of Brighton; but love of adventure and longing to explore beyond the present horizon, led him to go to sea as surgeon to a ship in the West African trade. There for many a night as he lay on the thwarts of his boat, kept awake by the cries of wild beasts in the forest, and the splashing of the river horse among the reeds, he had dreamed of his own ideal, dreams undefined as ever flitted from the ivory gate; undefined as to type of face or figure, but conditioned by a pervading grace and tenderness; by a beauty that should rather express the soul and sympathies, than form an ornamental apex to the body; a figure not unworthy of the ever-living types of womanhood, of the fair-haired queen whose temple is the Iliad, of that Emily

> Who was 'fairer to be seen,
> Than is a lily on its stem of green.'

When he returned to England to live with his elder sister in the old home left to them by their parents, who had died in his absence, the sort of women whom he met were little likely to realize the ideal of a poetry which not one of them could have cared to read—the watering-place boarding-houses, the increased habits of expense and ostentation, seemed to have vulgarized the neighbourhood where they lived since Brighton's quieter days in his childhood. The class system of English society, never so exclusive and never so universal as now; the *caste* impress which marked on the manners of all below the higher *caste* the stigma of exclusion from what they coveted, and could only pretend to, made those whom he had not seen, artificial, insincere, in all things third or fourth rate copies of the aristocracy to which they paid the utterly unrecognized homage of their awkward imitation.

By Marian he had felt, to a slight and almost imperceptible degree, attracted—belonging to a class confessedly below the lowest in the *caste* hierarchy, the parish schoolmaster's wife had *almost* the manners of a lady, all the more so that she was very humble and took to herself no society airs. She seemed so graceful, so sweet and guileless, too good to go into the wilderness to cook for a backwoodsman who did not know his own work. However, he did not give many thoughts to the subject, she belonged to the past, and he was looking forward to the future, and to the freer air which, according to his friend the surgeon, Canada had to give him.

Whirled along the lake shore by the Grand Trunk, for as Virgil has it, '*jacet ingens littore truncus*,' he arrived on the noon of the next day at Brenton, the G. T. R. station nearest to the Village of Spooksville, here, having in vain tried to get a cab to drive to Spooksville, a gentleman, whose carriage was waiting at the station, offered him a seat as far as Spooksville, 'the roads' he said 'are muddy and you would

not get any conveyance between this and town.' The gentleman was rather below the middle height—with snow-white hair and beard, with a brusque, but kindly and yet somewhat sarcastic manner. He seemed from the manners of the people at the station to be a person of some consequence; his vehicle, a handsome but plainly painted double buggy, was drawn by a pair of strong bay horses, whose impatience at being kept waiting by a young lady who was still engaged in some enquiries in the baggage van, seemed to be fully shared by their master. Thanking the stranger for his offer, it turned out that this was the very Mr. Hill to whom he had the letter of introduction. 'Very good, very good,' said Mr. Hill, as he glanced over the letter, 'come home and dine with me and tell me all about Neilson—good fellow was poor Grant's pupil, we knew him well. By the way, he says, you want to know something about buying Grant's practice, we'll talk of it by-an'-by.' He had evidently but looked hastily at the letter, having enough to do to control his horses, as James at his request, accompanied with a hasty word of introduction to 'my daughter,' who now at length emerged from the station laden with parcels, helped that young lady to her place in the buggy. She sat on the seat behind them, and from the glance James got at her, she seemed to be a young lady of about twenty-three, with a decidedly graceful figure, grey or blue eyes, and a pleasing face flushed by exercise, and crowned by a tiara of light brown hair; she wore a plain but rich and becoming hat, which showed her pretty light hair well to advantage; she was dressed in a style suited to country life, yet in full harmony with the prevailing fashion. Her father seemed as impatient as his horses; he was on the verge of rebellion against the young lady, whom he addressed as 'Lucy.' The latter, however, in a tone, in which sweetness seemed united with conscious authority, half-coaxed, half commanded her papa to stop the carriage once more when they reached the main street of Brenton. She got lightly down without waiting to be helped, and glided into dry-goods store after dry-goods store, and finally, having apparently exhausted the resources of Brenton in that line of business, she went to the one surviving drug store, which was also the book store.

'What have you got for me to read, Lucy?' said Mr. Hill, as the young lady at last came out. She replied by holding up the latest numbers of the *Contemporary*, the *Nineteenth Century*, *Bystander*, and the CANADIAN MONTHLY, as again, without help, without haste or effort, she sprang lightly to her place.

'Since poor Grant died,' said Mr. Hill, 'I have not had a neighbour to talk with about the only kind of literature I think worth reading or talking of.' They drove along a pleasant road skirting the lake water, fresh with the pure blue colour of spring. James was quite familiar with the two English reviews.

'Of course I am a stranger in Canada,' he said; 'in England the parson of the parish is generally interested in such things more or less; not that I have much experience of the sacred cloth,' he added.

'I can only speak of the Episcopal Church, as we call it,' said Mr. Hill, 'to which my wife and daughters belong, and to which I subscribe. I can only say that as to the truths to which all educated men among laymen are practically agreed, they either do not know them, or if they do, they ignore them in their teaching. You should have seen our minister's face when he called the other day and caught Lucy reading Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century!'

'But, Papa, you must remember that Mr. Rubrick was quite right from his point of view; he was only doing his duty; and you know I get so little scolding at home that

one from the Reverend Ignatius Rubrick is quite a wholesome tonic.'

'It's the best return I get for my fifty dollars a-year,' grumbled her papa. 'Opiate sermons and irritant conversations for myself are a tonic as you call it, which is certainly very wholesome for wife and daughter.'

James Field had introduced himself on first entering the carriage, and though Mr. Hill was far too well bred to ask any further questions, James felt encouraged by what he had seen of father and daughter to speak of his plan of buying the medical practice advertised for sale, if he found he could make his way of settling down in the township. He added that he had wasted a great deal of the best part of life in wandering about the world, and now wished, if possible, to make a home for himself.

'May I ask if you are married?' said Mr. Hill. 'I only ask the question for the sake of information, as Miss Rosa Dartle says, and in the interests of a large *clientèle* of marriageable but unmarried young ladies.'

James replied that he was unmarried and unengaged, but he feared too poor and too old, perhaps unimpressionable and too far gone in old bachelor ways to affect the interests of the matrimonial market; his only living relative was an old maiden sister, whom he had left in charge of the small house at Brighton which had come down to them from their father—their joint project, he added, had been, that if he succeeded in getting a living by his profession in Canada, she should sell the house in England and come out to live with him. Mr. Hill told him that he was Dr. Grant's executor, that it was not at all so easy to convey the good-will of a practice to a stranger in Canada as no doubt it was in England: that here all success to a new practitioner stepping into a practice would depend on the impression made among the people. But he was anxious to gain a small sum of money for his friend's widow, and the fact was it might any day happen that an outsider might 'put up his shingle' in the village, who would pay her nothing, probably not even buy the poor doctor's late surgery and fixtures. If Dr. Field liked to come to his house for a week or so he would drive him about among the people of the township, and if he and they seemed to like each other, and Dr. Field thought he could succeed, why then they could arrange the terms, which he said would be found reasonable enough. This offer, as pleasantly made as it was encouraging, James was glad to accept. 'I accept the omen,' he said to himself. 'But here we are at "our village,"' said Mr. Hill; 'it lies on the other side of yonder hill with the clump of pine trees; that is the cemetery, which is much frequented by funerals from all the country round, this settlement being the oldest, and this old timber church —you see it now—like a broken-down lake-steamer, with the belfry for a funnel, the first church built in the county; in fact, the cemetery is our one great public institution, just as marble tombstones are our one manufacture, which I suppose the GLOBE will say the National Policy will ruin by making life too pleasant to the farmers.'

CHAPTER III.

SWEET AS SUMMER.

JAMES FIELD'S first experiences of Canadian hospitality were the pleasanter for contrast with his past life. Mr. Hill's home, close to the border of Lake Ontario, with a garden that sloped down to the water, commanded a pretty view of lake and island. His stay was made to lengthen by Mr. Hill being convinced that he was just the man to replace Dr. Grant. During the morning Mr. Hill generally drove him to visit the farmers in the township, with whom Mr. Hill, from his

political position, had great influence; the evenings were spent in the drawing room in conversation, with music, and now and then a quiet game, such as 'logomachie,' which was just then coming into fashion. There was a small society of young ladies, friends of Lucy's, to whom the new doctor was soon introduced, and whom he was constantly meeting, either at Mr. Hill's or at one of the other houses. There was Bertha Grant, a niece of Mr. Grant, a tall, bright-looking girl, and Nina Small, a less pleasing young woman, with lank hair, cold, fish-like eyes, and a hard manner and expression, but not wanting in shrewdness and power of being amiable when it suited her purpose. These girls set each other off. Nina was the leader of the Opposition, but the reins of government were generally in Lucy's hands. All had been from childhood on intimate terms with each other, and were most good-natured and affectionate. It was usual to find Lucy and Bertha sitting with their arms round each other's waists, while Nina nestled on the floor, her head in Bertha's lap. All these young ladies and their families were pleased with James Field; he received a great deal of kindness and hospitality, and was struck especially by what seemed to him a new type of feminine nature, combining the grace and culture of the best society of English life, with a freedom and frankness which he had not met before. None were mere country-bred lasses. The facilities of travel in Canada, and the self-dependence of women in a country where the 'unprotected female' of English comedy is unknown, had given each of them a thorough insight into the social life of several of our cities and towns. In their intercourse with him they were perfectly self-possessed, and he was soon made aware of the fact that he had secured the friendship and respect of all, as well as of their families. His success had been great in an operation of conservative surgery by which, without the amputation which another surgeon had insisted was necessary, he saved a limb, fearfully lacerated by a mowing machine accident. This, and the patience and tenderness with which he tended several children attacked by an epidemic of diptheria, spread his fame to the furthest part of the township. To Mr. Hill his society seemed always welcome. The study-table, and often that of Mr. Hill's drawing room, was bestrewn with the best literary and philosophical periodicals. Lucy listened to their talk, in which she did not often join. When she did, she showed her evident appreciation of their interest in those speculations and truths which, in our days, engage the attention of most educated people.

Mrs. Hill listened; but the good lady had a way of falling into a nap, from which her husband used to rouse 'the old lady' after an hour or so. She would always protest that she had been awake all the time, and always fell back into her trance in a few minutes. Lucy was Dr. Field's constant companion; at odd times he would find himself at her side in the garden, holding her scissors or the string with which she bound up the roses or fuchsias after rain. In the evening they would sail in Mr. Hill's cutter over the still waters of the bay, or sometimes drive together by the lake-side road under the maples and white blossoming acacias. James's success had been so great that he felt justified in building a small house, on a lot of five acres bought from Mr. Hill, and in writing for his sister to make arrangements for joining him, under the escort of a Toronto gentleman, a brother of Mrs. Hill's, who was returning home after a visit to England. Mr. Hill and his wife took warm interest in the furnishing of the new home. Several presents were sent in from Dr. Field's farmer friends. A gentleman at Brenton, whose only son had got through a severe attack of typhoid under James's care, sent

him a present of a handsome young horse, well broken in to single harness. One evening as Lucy and he drove home from a school room concert a few miles off, Lucy told him how glad they all were of his great success, and especially of his being so sure to have the happiness of meeting his sister. James owned that the few months of that summer had brought him much that he valued; it had brought him a good income, a home, many gifts, and the society of the pleasantest and kindest friends he had ever known. 'Still *one* thing was wanting to make his life complete; did Miss Lucy permit him to say what that one thing was?' The permission was not refused. The shadows of the locust trees closed over the ancient, ever varied, ever new, question and answer, the first in Love's catechism. When they returned, Mr. Hill's consent was asked by James to their engagement, and willingly accorded on condition that the marriage was deferred till James's income reached a clear twelve hundred a year. Meantime he was to be absent that winter in order to visit Ottawa for the session—that would require a stay of several months, and Lucy would accompany him on a visit long promised to a married sister, whose husband was in the civil service.

So the fall succeeded and was as pleasant as the summer. Bertha, Nina, and Lucy's other friends were as warm in their sympathy as if Lucy had been their own sister. James's practice was increasing daily, and his sister was duly conveyed to his very door by Mrs. Hill's brother. She was soon quite at home, and received a present of several valuable hens from Mrs. Hill, and a beautiful cow from the farmer whose son Dr. Field had saved from the amputation. Their house looked homelike and pretty with the Virginia Creeper Lucy had trained over the veranda, and the scarlet and white geraniums in the windows. All had gone well with James Field.

CHAPTER. IV.

MARIAN.

LUCY had gone with the Indian summer; after James had read and re-read her first letter from Ottawa, he noticed another letter very badly written, with the Toronto post-mark. It was from Marian, asking him if possibly to secure a school somewhere in the district, where she learned he had succeeded so well. In driving to see a patient that day, James heard of a school where a temporary master was needed till New Year, when, if successful, he would be re-engaged. This he easily succeeded in engaging for Mr. Ford, to whom he wrote, inviting him to come at once, and stay at his house till matters were settled. Mr. Ford came on a few days after this, and James on returning from a business drive found him and his wife already there. He was a little surprised at seeing her there—but his sister Patty had taken the greatest fancy to her. 'Oh! James, she is *so* nice, she has been telling me all about her misfortunes, poor thing, we must really do all we can to help them.' They did all they could: the Fords were established in James's room. Marian—for so they soon began to call her, was indeed nice. She made quite a companion for Miss Patty, during James's long absences. They were both from the same English town—that was a tie in a strange country. Miss Patty had given her several pieces of real lace, and a black silk dress, very little worn, which a very little work would make a perfect fit. In the process of reconstruction the two ladies talked dressmaking and domestic gossip, and quite opened their hearts to each other. It was noticed by friends in their neighbourhood that since the Fords came Miss Field saw hardly anything of any of them. She was an old maid, of rather precise and conservative habits. She had never thrown herself into

anything of intimacy with the friends James had made, except Lucy, who left soon after her arrival.

There was one person in the household who did not approve of the Fords. That was Sarah, the 'hired girl,' although for the first two or three days Mrs. Ford had made much of her, had gone to chat with her in the kitchen, had made believe to help in the work, and had once even kissed her as she left for bed. But she soon found that Marian had no special aptitude for any work but her own dressmaking, and that she required a great many little luxuries, such as hot water for washing, whereas the Canadian ladies Sarah had been accustomed to, were of Ninon de l' Enclos's opinion that cold water was the best of all cosmetics. Then Sarah noticed that Mrs. Ford improved most wonderfully in dress since her arrival. She arrived looking neat, but poorly got up in a black print dress, and a shepherd's plaid shawl. But on the second Sunday Mrs. Ford had come down dressed for church in 'a new black silk dress fit for the queen!' She wore a velvet jacket with a gold cross over it—her hair was built up into a tiara, and her pretty face and neck were set off by a light blue neck-ribbon, with a fringe of lace. She had a pair of new kid gloves, Miss Patty's last purchase at Brenton, a faint odour of some delicate perfume, exhaled as she swept by the indignant Sarah, her very shoes were steel-buckled with open fronts, and her stockings ringed as Sarah said, 'like a garter-snake.'

Now these things became known to others besides Sarah. It became also known that Mr. Ford did not get on well with the school trustees, who when Christmas came, declined to re-engage him. His wife cried in the drawing room, and must have scolded him in the bed-room, for Sarah heard him exclaim as he shut the door, 'I never knew a woman who had such a devil at the end of her tongue!' But with the Fields, Marian was silent, submissive, and tearful. James pitied her sincerely, and promised to do his best to get Mr. Ford another school.

This was not very easy. An impression had got abroad among the farmers that Mr. Ford did not succeed as a teacher, and it was also thought by the farmers' wives that the Fords were living on Dr. Field, who very undeservedly got the credit of some of the presents by which his sister had so much improved that lady's appearance.

At last he came home with the joyful news that he had got Mr. Ford a six months' engagement at a place called 'Carthage,' in another part of the township. The salary was four hundred dollars a year, but the neighbourhood was a cheap one, and the trustees had thrown in a small log shanty near the school as a home for the teacher. The school was a large one, big boys and girls, rather unruly, and the chief point was to keep good order. There was rejoicing at the tea table that night. Miss Patty produced her best cake. Next day she borrowed James' horse and drove over to Brenton where she assisted Marian to get a few chairs, a bed and mattress, and a second hand cook-stove, and a few other necessaries. These procured, the two ladies visited the dry goods store, where Miss Patty gave Marian a couple of dollars to spend. They both enjoyed such expeditions. Mr. Ford went to his school a week before his wife, in order to prepare the house. Marian stayed, the more readily as Miss Patty had a severe feverish cold, during which, to Sarah's disgust, Mrs. Ford took Miss Patty into her own hands, brought her her food, and even slept with her in order to give the medicine at proper intervals. At breakfast and tea she looked after James—cheerful, helpful, carefully looking to his comfort. In the evening she sat in the room with him, his sister being drowsy, and liking to take a nap. Generally James read his book, a volume of some historical or philosophical work, or a review. She sat opposite, sewing, the picture of cheer-

ful industry. Sometimes he talked to her a little, just to cheer her and shew sympathy. She too talked, always pleasantly. Not of books or art or social questions, as Lucy and the other ladies of her set liked to do, when they were encouraged. She talked to James about his wonderful success in practice, of his engagement and the charming expression of the young lady's photograph. She shewed deferential interest in everything he said to her, she never attempted flattery, but by every delicate attention showed how much she appreciated his kindness. For instance, when he drove out on his round of duties in the morning, she was the last to leave the hall door, lingering in the veranda as she watched him drive away, and on his return she was the first to open the door, to fetch his slippers warm from the fire, her pretty face bright with a smile of welcome, and the blue ribbon and Miss Patty's lace in her hair.

At last the house was ready, and one drizzling day of a January thaw James drove her in a borrowed cart containing the household goods. Marian bore the dismal journey of four miles with admirable good humour. They passed the school where Mr. Ford was then engaged at his duties, they came to a little dilapidated log shanty by the road side, with two dingy windows, a door half open, the fence logs thrown open for their reception. James carried in the furniture, and a box of groceries. Marian lit up the stove, and made a cup of Miss Patty's tea which she insisted on Dr. Field's partaking after his journey in the wet. The place was a wretched hovel, one room, and pegs driven into the wall whereby to climb to a sleeping place under the rafters. But Marian was not a bit discouraged, cheerful, bustling about her work, a brave woman, James thought, and with her bright face and light supple form, making 'a sunshine in that shady place.'

Mrs. Ford was not popular in Spooksville. She was not at her ease in talking to the ladies she met, and their impressions were not favourable. Meanwhile the Fords, or rather Marian, were often to tea with Miss Patty. At first the accounts of the success of the new school were most favourable; then James heard isolated complaints that the children were too much out at play; that clothes got torn; that the Carthagian boys and girls danced war dances on the school desks. One Saturday Marian had come in the morning to help Miss Patty with some dress-making, her husband was to follow at dinner time. He did not come that day or on the Sunday, and next day James Field promised to drive Marian home if no tidings came. But on Sunday afternoon a note was brought by a farmer's boy. Marian read it—she turned white, then red, and the large tears slowly gathered in her eyes. It was a scrawled note from her husband, he had been dismissed for incompetency, the trustees threatening to lock the school against him. Marian cried bitterly, her friends in vain trying to comfort her.

That evening James came when she was sitting in his sister's room. He had a proposal to make. Mr. Ford had in part prepared for the ordination examination of an English Bishop, but was not able to come forward, not having a University degree; now it seemed possible that some Canadian bishop might pass over this defect, if, as James had heard was the rule, Mr. Ford would study Greek enough to construe one of the Gospels. They could live with him for ten months, which, with hard work, ought to be quite time to prepare Mr. Ford for the ordination at that period. In order to enable them to afford to do this, he proposed that Mr. and Mrs. Ford should help in the house-work, Sarah having suddenly declared her intention of abdicating the position which she had condescended to occupy in their kitchen. Mr. Ford arrived during the conference. The plan proposed by James was there and then

adopted—Miss Patty only too glad of her friend's continued presence. No need to dwell on the tedious details of the teaching process, or to tell how Marian made herself all that was amiable. She need not have done so, for James Field only thought of carrying out his purpose, and giving husband and wife another chance. Marian was, of course, far too virtuous a woman to attempt any sort of flirtation with a man who she knew was heart and soul devoted to the young lady at Ottawa. She was simply 'nice,' sympathetic, attentive, always pretty and well got-up. She kept her husband to his bargain of doing his share of the work, and as much of her's as she could manage to throw on his hands. He took the utmost pains, in the compass of his intellect, at studying the Greek grammar.

Meantime people talked. Sarah told stories. She was not untruthful, but, not possessing 'the historic consciousness,' she was unhistorical in her stories. Nina Small, who had never liked Lucy, sneered at the engagement, and insinuated that the morals of the Doctor were no better than they should be. She cut Mrs. Ford and the Doctor as she met them going to church, emphasizing this lady-like and Christian act by a marked bow to Miss Patty. James knew there was some unpleasant feeling abroad—his practice was diminishing, he certainly was not received with the kindness he had met last summer.

The consequence of this was that James withdrew to a great degree from the society of his friends, and lived an isolated life. His one great happiness was in receiving Lucy's long and affectionate letters. In several of them it seemed as if she divined that some trouble was besetting him, for she exhorted him to go on in his efforts to do right, and to be sure of her confidence now and always. He missed both her and her father, not only for their own sakes, but for the influence which their calm good sense and superior tone of character exerted on all around them. Meantime he redoubled his exertions as a teacher. Mr. Ford seemed to prefer sitting with his books in his own room, so Marian said. She was with Miss Patty most of the time; on the rare occasions when visitors called, she was with her friend to receive them, as if, as Nina Small said on one of these occasions, 'that dreadful man had the cunning to blindfold his sister into receiving the artful, sly baggage as if she were installed mistress of the house.' Now, as has been said with absolute historic truth, there was in this case no flirtation nor anything like one. James had no thought of such a thing. Marian had, no doubt, been taught by her ritualistic *Manuals* the importance of the Seventh Commandment; indeed the various forms of offence classified under this head were matters on which they were thought to deal with somewhat undue unction and fulness of detail. But perhaps they did not warn as fully against the danger of sin in *thought* and *spirit* as well as in outward acts of indiscretion. It is certain that she knew very well the kind of things people were saying of her; a little reflection would surely have taught her the injury such reports might do to one who had certainly deserved well at her hands. Yet she appeared more than once in the week driving out with Dr. Field; never once was she seen with her husband, who even walked to church by himself, his shabby coat ill-matching his pretty wife's velvet and lace. In the evening she often sat with James. Miss Patty invariably got tired over her novel and went to bed. Marian sat opposite James at her needlework. Sometimes, when he laid down at last his volume of Buckle, or Lecky, or Spencer, she would look up with a glance of arch sympathy, as much as to say, 'Are you not tired at last of your dreary philosophy books?' A few minutes' talk would

follow, which certainly did not partake of anything ordinarily described as flirtation. Marian was serious, sympathetic in all things—a being too pure, too fragile, and far too refined for her present position. Once or twice James read her one of the more picturesque passages in Lecky's 'Eighteenth Century.' She looked most interested, and expressed her gratitude for the pleasure of hearing anything so beautiful. Mr. Ford, she said, never read to her.

People went on talking. Nina Small made the discovery that she had never really liked Lucy, of whom, in fact, she had been envious ever since her engagement. Against Dr. Field she proclaimed in her own mind a sort of holy war, and made it her mission going about from house to house, and among the young people she knew, repeating, insinuating and exaggerating, her small, starchy eyes blinking with malicious intelligence. Of course she did a great deal of harm. When slander, ever so vile, is thrown plentifully some of it will be sure to stick. Many people who did not like Nina, or approve of her gossip, yet thought Dr. Field's conduct very strange—things looked black; to give him credit for the simply good motive of wishing to help the Fords never entered their thoughts as long as an evil motive could possibly or plausibly have been attributed—so far is this nineteenth centennial of Christianity from attaining St. Paul's ideas of the charity that 'rejoiceth not in iniquity. And no one of the better class of women who really had not made up their minds to condemn James without a hearing, had the good sense and courage to tell him to his face what was being said—for slander is so closely allied to cowardice that it infects with that quality all which it taints.

Meanwhile the Hills came home from Ottawa. Lucy had not been an hour returned before Nina Small came to see her, with her precious balms of pretended sympathy. She began by kissing and caressing, but there was an eagerness which belied this action in the haste with which she passed to commiseration of her dear Lucy for the dreadful things that had happened in her absence. The awful stories that were going about Dr. Field!

But she was not allowed to get beyond that name.

'As to the nature of the falsehoods that may have been circulated about any of my friends in my absence, I have had my suspicions, as also I have my thorough certainty of their being baseless calumny. If people presume to repeat them, they had better take care that Papa does not take serious steps as to libel. Meanwhile, I have not the slightest intention of discussing the subject with *you*, Nina, and least of all shall I allow you to gossip in my presence with reference to my affianced husband.'

Nina Small was quite unprepared for the supremely effectual snubbing then and there administered. Thoroughly cowed by this first lesson in the art of minding her own business, she effected a quick retreat, with a parting sneer about Miss Hill's infatuation, and a hint that 'none were so blind as those that wouldn't see.' But she shook with anger and excitement long after she reached home, and the small eyes blinked like those of a snake whose biggest fang is broken.

Not many minutes after this, James for the first time heard from Lucy herself the slanders no one less loving had dared to tell him of. Some of his letters had led her to suspect what was being said, and at the same time renewed her confidence in his love and sense of right. Had Lucy been of a less high-minded nature, had she not been one who 'trusted all in all or not at all,' had she even passively shown any sympathy with those who blamed Dr. Field for the kindness he had shown the Fords, his downfall would have been rapid and complete. As it was, she took the simple course of

going on as if nothing had happened. But though she was civil and even kind to the Fords, who were asked to tea more than once at Mr. Hill's, Lucy lost no time in taking Miss Patty under her own special protection. Dr. Field and his sister assumed their proper position in the society of the village. Marian, falling into the background, ceased to have the prominence which Miss Patty's injudicious and exclusive partiality had given her.

James was successful in his efforts to teach Mr. Ford Greek enough to pass. Mr. Hill used his influence with one of the bishops. 'Marian's' miseries came to an end when her husband obtained a small mission in the backwoods, the duties of which he carried out to the satisfaction of his congregation. Marian took to herself great airs, with her somewhat improved social position. She never missed an opportunity of sneering at Spooksville, and often gravely hinted that Dr. Field cared for nothing but wicked infidel books, and was in great danger of that endless pain, which, according to some creeds, awaits the unorthodox.

The shadow of an undeserved slander passed away. With the influence of Mr. Hill, of Lucy, of Miss Patty, being better known and therefore better liked, James and his sister reassumed their former position with all former friends, and those by whom their friends were influenced. Nina Small lived long in a locality peculiarly favourable to the health of old maids; she did not attend Lucy's wedding, or get either wedding cake or cards.

THE END.

THE CRY OF CAIN.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON, TRURO, N.S.

EVEN, O God, from me, the wanderer,
Even from me, stained with a brother's blood,
Even from me who sought to flee Thy curse,
At last from me accept an offering!
Even from me whose fruit Thou didst disdain,
From me who thought acceptance was my due,
From me who met divine rebuke with hate,
From me a rebel, ruthless, impotent;
From me who through these weary, barren years
Have borne Thy brand upon my wasted brow,
Yet fiercely kept my impious head unbent,
Defiant of the lightning and the gloom;
Despising all the pity of my kind,
And hopeless of the mercy of my God;
Rearing a doomed and godless progeny
Far off from Eden in this land of Ind.

But now a dream, that tortures with new pain
My spirit in its cold trance of despair,
Shows me the endless chain of woe which hangs
From that first link forged by this cruel hand—
Into Thy world who brought the taint of blood,
Into Thy world I brought the scourge of war.
I see the legions mustering for the strife,
And hear the battle-cries in unknown tongues.
I hear the call of glory and of greed;
Ambition's pleadings thrilling patriots' hearts;
The summons of religion to destroy
Ring from the brazen throat of Lucifer!
I hear the wailing of the fatherless,
And desolate curses upon me, the sire
Of carnage, and the moan of maids who weep
For death of lovers and undying love!
I see the flames of temples flare and fade,
And in the waning light the expectant eyes
Of Pest and Hunger glisten; and hard by
Vultures and wolves on writhing valour prey.
I see dark iron thundering flame and death;
The poisoner's phial and the assassin's knife;
The rack, the wheel, the cross—the spear that wounds
At every thrust the shrinking side of God!

My punishment is more than I can bear:—
Ever the sounds of slaughter in my ears,
Yet no man's hand may touch my charmèd life;
And my own hands are nerveless, for I fear
To meet my brother Abel's pleading face
More than all things that haunt me, save one dream—
The awesome anguish of a groaning God!
O *murdered* God! can there be hope for *me?*

Even from me, Maker, wilt Thou accept
The primal offering of a humbled heart,
That owns Thy rod a father's, while it smites,
And sees long vengeance lightening into love.

MAN'S MORAL NATURE.*

BY P. E. B.

IN all books that treat either on the intellect or on morals, there is a difficulty in making definite statements. The reasoning faculties within us are so shifting, so hard to fix; the course of thought so little understood; the object of man in nature, even nature itself, is so difficult to comprehend, that while groping in the dark on these and kindred subjects, those interested will hail with pleasure any new light that may be thrown upon their path.

The study of ethics has engaged the attention of thinking men since civilization began, and still little if any advance has been made towards the attainment of settled views on man's moral action. The moral advancement is so much slower than the intellectual that the space of four thousand years which history scans more or less closely, furnishes little enough data on which to hinge Dr. Bucke's theory; still it must be conceded that he has made good use of whatever there was to get.

Dr. Bucke's book opens with the desire that observations on the moral status of our race may be more specially noted, so that as the stream of time advances better and more definite conclusions may be arrived at. In the advertisement he says, 'should he succeed in transplanting some of these problems into other and better minds, where they may reach a higher development, and receive a truer, a more perfect solution, this would be a compensation indeed.'

The author's first chapter is of an introductory character, intended to clear the ground on preliminary points. The following extract from it is all that we need notice here :—'The external universe acts on man through his senses' (and in other ways). 'Man reacts upon and toward the external universe in three ways, namely, by his active nature, by his intellectual nature, by his moral nature—that is, he *acts* upon it, *thinks* about it, and *feels* toward it.'

'What is the moral nature? and what are the lines between it and the active nature, between it and the intellectual nature, and between it and sense impressions?' These are the questions the author endeavours to answer in his second chapter. A further quotation, slightly condensed, will define his basis of thought more clearly on these questions. 'The moral nature is a bundle of faculties. Most of these faculties, though not all of them, are called passions and emotions. All passions and all emotions belong to, are part of, the moral nature; but the whole moral nature is not included in these two expressions. Love, faith, hate, fear, are the most prominent functions of the moral nature, if they are not indeed the whole of it. These are pure moral qualities; that is, each one of them is a distinct moral function, and therefore a simple moral function. The line between the active nature and the moral nature is not difficult to draw, though it is constantly overlooked. The active nature and the moral nature scarcely ever come in direct contact, the intellectual nature nearly always intervening between them. An act which is prompted by

* *Man's Moral Nature.* An Essay. By RICHARD MAURICE BUCKE, M. D., Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, London, Ontario. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1879.

passion or emotion is directed by the intelligence : for instance, I desire something—I think how I shall obtain it —then go and get it; I hate some one —I think of some act that will injure him—then do it ; I love some one—think what acts give pleasure to that person—then perform them.

'It is not the act or the conduct itself which is good or bad, moral or immoral. Goodness, badness, morality and immorality, belong solely to the moral nature. Acts are always outside the moral nature, and can have no moral quality. To kill a man is called an immoral act—a crime—but it is only called so because of the moral state which accompanies and prompts the act. Under many circumstances, homicide, although the act is precisely the same, has no moral significance ; in certain circumstances of self-defence or mental alienation, for example. Again, we know that the crime may be committed without the act: "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." To many these arguments will be unnecessary. The line between the active nature and the moral nature is plain enough ; but the line between the intellectual nature and the moral nature is not quite so easy to draw, or to see when it is drawn, for these two lie closer together than do the active nature and the moral nature, and the functions of the intellectual nature are less easily defined and are more like the functions of the moral nature, than are those of the active nature.' The author goes on to say that the intellect *knows*, the moral nature *feels*. Perception, conception, memory, reason, comparison, and judgment are apportioned by him to the intellectual nature, whilst love, hate, fear and faith, are assigned to the moral nature. The argument or reasoning at this point is very close and good. Dr. Bucke gives a familiar illustration : 'In any given individual the intellect may be highly developed, and the moral nature ill developed, or the reverse; so that we often see clever men with bad hearts, and men of excellent moral qualities who are very stupid. If the intellect is below the proper standard, we say the man is a fool ; if further deficient we call him an idiot. But the fool may have a kind, affectionate heart, and a criminal may have a quick wit.'

The word 'mind' is used to comprehend both the moral and intellectual natures. Our minds are made up of 'concepts,'—that is, intellectual ideas or conceptions—together with moral states and their compounds : 1st. Compounds of simple moral states with one another ; 2nd. Compounds of concepts with one another ; 3rd. Compounds of moral states with concepts. The moral states are ; love, faith, hate, fear, and their combinations. A very interesting definition of faith is given, illustrated by the attitude of the moral nature towards the government of the universe, and towards the condition of the soul after death. Faith is largely synonymous with trust, courage, confidence, and should not be confounded with belief; which is an intellectual act. The more of faith, trust, or confidence we have in the Author of the Universe, the less we fear Him ; for, whereas savages look upon their gods as demons, the Jews believed that, at all events towards them, there was more good than evil in Jehovah ; whilst we as Christians look upon our God as one of love. Now God, 'who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, with whom is no variableness or shadow of turning,' cannot have changed. Therefore, our moral attitude must have altered towards Him. From this it is argued that our intellectual conceptions of the Almighty and of the unknown world are based on the state of our moral nature, and that as the moral nature of mankind rises, our ideas of Him enlarge and expand. A fine argument is started with regard to the question; are hate and fear justified ? That is, could not the world and society do

very well without them? Two most prominent moral states are taken to found the argument upon, namely: the fear of death, and maternal love. The fear of one's own death has the greatest terrors for mortals, especially for the young and those who are in good health. This fear, it is argued, has been implanted in the human race by the laws of natural selection and development, and is, in the truth of things, purely artificial. What reason has the individual to fear death? It is not because we know it to be a very great evil, for in fact we know nothing about it; neither is it on account of the pain that often accompanies it; for if we had every reason to believe that death would be painless, as in the case of drowning, or an overdose of a narcotic, the fear of it would equally exist. Besides, when men actually see that death is certain, inevitable, close, they often, as in the case of executions and shipwrecks, pass its portals into the unknown without a particle of fear.

History affords us knowledge regarding the gradual extinction of the fear of death; and we have the assurance that 'Perfect love casteth out fear,' and again, 'He shall put all enemies under his feet, for the last enemy is death,' *i. e.*, the fear of death, because death itself is not really an enemy; and consequently there is no ground for this fear or its twin brother hate, and they must, in the fulness of time, die out.

One of the strongest associations of a moral state with an idea is that of a mother's love with the mental image of her child. This association is quite as necessary for the continuance of the race as the fear of death is to the continuance of the life of the individual. Why not, therefore, consider this maternal love quite as illusive and unnecessary as the fear of one's own death? The author holds that it cannot be so considered.

Is the fear of one's own death, or any fear, justified? Is the love of the mother for her child, or any other love, justified? The object of the essay is to show that love and faith are justified, and will increase, whilst hate and fear are not justified, and will decrease.

That portion of the essay which treats of the great sympathetic nervous system is illustrated by anatomical plates provided in the essay to fully exhibit its meaning. The subject is so clearly treated that any lay reader may easily comprehend it by the aids and helps provided. The author holds that the great sympathetic nervous system is probably the seat and organ of the moral nature, in the same way as the cerebro-spinal nervous system, which includes the brain, is the seat of the intellectual nature.

'Is the moral nature a fixed quantity?' Is the world, or rather society, becoming better? Is the moral status of mankind rising as the ages go on? This is a question which is often asked, but hitherto has only received a very vague and general answer. This the author attributes to the mode in which the question is put, and to the fact that what is considered moral in one country, or in one generation, is not considered so in another. It is thought meritorious by an Indian to take scalps. The founding and maintaining of the Inquisition was considered right and proper amongst a certain class of Christians. In this enquiry, the author thinks, the answers to the following questions give the true solution:—Is the attitude of the moral nature in man towards his wife, his family, his relations, his nation and mankind at large; towards the lower animal and external nature; towards the unknown, such as the gods of the heathen and the Creator of the universe; and lastly, towards death—is his moral attitude in these respects altering and improving?

In a given moral nature, of a certain total volume, the less faith and love there is, the more hate and fear, and

the more fear and hate, the less faith and love. It is true of the earlier conceptions of the Deity by those nations upon whom civilization is beginning to dawn, that in all cases fear predominates over faith, and consequently the fear of death is enhanced by the thought of the terrible gods whom the spirits of mortals are supposed to meet when freed from the body. But the God of the Christians is addressed as 'Our Father who art in Heaven,' and is depicted as a God of love. Between these two antipodes of faith a wide range of moral states intervenes. This gap has been filled up by the advance made of the moral nature from time to time, and this advance has been made by highly gifted individuals making a farther moral advance than any before their time, and attracting followers to their special mode of belief. These advances only occur at long intervals. One of these steps was made by Guatama twenty-five hundred years ago, when Buddhism was founded. He taught the doctrine of annihilation as the best the universe had in store for mortals after death. This was an advance on the beliefs before his time, when the soul went to the terrible gods; and this doctrine has been believed in by hundreds of millions of our race for twenty-five centuries. 'Every new religion derives its authority from, and establishes its hold upon, man by the fact that it represents a moral advance, that it is a projection into the unknown of a superior and more assured hope.'

The religion taught by Zoroaster, which is parallel to the one above quoted, represents the universe in the hands of a good and evil principle of *equal* strength. This doctrine also sprang from the initial Aryan faith. Now, all the various forms of Christianity and Mahometanism declare the good principle stronger than the evil, and they also represent the state of existence beyond the grave as more to be desired than feared by those deemed worthy of future reward. The meaning of this is that man's moral nature has so advanced that there is more faith and less fear amongst the more advanced nations than there is in the lower races, who accept a religion with an equal good and bad principle, or one in which the evil principle predominates.

The Greeks, from their advancement in the arts, poetry, architecture and oratory, in the fifth century B.C., had reached as high a level as any other nation previous to that time. Amongst them friendship between persons not related had reached a high point, but their want of faith in one another led to their ruin. Their conception of their gods was not of an exalted nature, and whilst these were not cruel or revengeful like the gods of savage nations, they yet visited with dreadful punishments trifling omissions in rites due from man to them. Their Hades was a gloomy, cheerless place. Such an idea of a future state could only be conceived by a people greatly deficient in faith. They were brave when pushed in a corner, so that they could not help fighting. Excepting with the Spartans, the Greek cruelties probably arose more from fear than from hate. The family relations of the Greeks at this period were probably inferior to those of the present day; and outside their own race they had no sympathy whatever. The love of humanity they were unable to understand; nor is there any evidence to show that they had any such feelings as at present exist towards the lower animals; and there was an entire absence of the love of nature amongst them.

The Jews are said to have been stronger in faith and weaker in love than the Greeks. It is a characteristic of the Semitic races that the good power in their religions is believed by them to be stronger than the evil power. The Jews were not alone in this belief, because the writer of the Book of Job was not a Jew, and he fully recognised that Jehovah's attri-

butes were far more good than evil, and that he was stronger than the evil powers of Satan. But it is by no means clear from the earliest Jewish writers that the Jewish nation always believed this. In fact, although they gave Jehovah the highest power, it is doubtful whether, at this early time, the Almighty's attributes were not thought to be more evil than good.

The three religions are thus summed up: 1st, Buddhism is represented by atheism and annihilation; 2nd, Zoroastrianism, by equal good and evil powers, and 3rd, Judaism, by a Being whose attributes for good and evil about balanced each other; so that these religions may be considered as on the same moral level, and the outcome of a parallel moral advancement in their devotees. At the time of the writing of the Psalms, however, (1100 B.C.), this median line of balanced good and evil was passed by the Jews; and the government of the universe was, they thought, more favourable to them than the reverse. From this time the advance of their moral nature was steady until the Christian era, as shown by the exalted compositions and sublime ideas of the prophets. The awful Jehovah and jealous God of some one thousand years before had become their father and their friend. If men in every one thousand years in the world's history were to make such strides as this it is not difficult to conceive the millennial period would shortly dawn on our globe; but unfortunately it is one thing to set up a moral standard, and another to bring the masses up to that level. Consequently, the advance is slow.

The Jews as a nation had not that love of humanity begotten of the Christian faith. They felt it no disgrace to pillage the Gentiles. The cruelties practised by this people, as described in the Old Testament, are something horrible, and are not one whit better than the conduct of King Darius (Daniel vi. 24) who, for the bad counsel his advisers give him concerning his prime minister, not only handed them over to a painful death, but killed their *wives and children* also.

The large range of sympathy in man's moral nature at the present day compares favourably with the universal cruelty of ancient usage. Not a famine now occurs in any part of the globe, but foreign nations rush to relieve the distress. Not a war is waged of any severity, but medical aid and comforts are forthcoming from the civilized nations of all climes. Not a fire rages of any magnitude, but the inhabitants of distant countries join hand in hand to assist the sufferers, as witness the Irish and East Indian famines, the Crimean war and American rebellion, the Chicago and St. John fires, &c., &c. But the most notable instance of the large love for mankind of the present age was the freeing of the negroes by the British nation in the West Indies; this was done without any appeal to force, or under any threats from a more powerful hostile nation: neither can it be said to have been asked for by the negroes themselves.

The author of Ecclesiastes (970 B.C.) says: 'That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth the beasts; one lot befalleth both, as the one dieth so dieth the other.' The ancient Jews looked with fear on death: they regarded it as a blot on the general beneficent scheme of the universe. At the present time our best men make friends with death: they believe more or less in a future state of felicity. If they are not Christians they look on the state which lies beyond the veil, whether of conscious existence or otherwise, whether individual or diffused, as a future good. Though they know no more about it than did the Jews, they have more faith. The conclusion Dr. Bucke arrives at is, that whilst the Jews were undoubtedly the highest, morally, amongst the ancient nations, yet that the ancient Jews, as compared with the present Christians, were deficient both in faith and love,

and that their hate and fear were more prominent.

In comparing the savage to the civilized man, instances are given of undoubted authority to show that fear and terror are the habitual condition of man in his lowest state ; that savages have little or no love even for those connected to them by the nearest and dearest ties. They have no gratitude, no idea of the beautiful, and if they have any gods, their feelings towards them are a mixture of hate and fear. In the savage mind, there is very much less love and faith, and more hate and fear, than in men of civilized races. If it be conceded that the race of mankind has gradually progressed from savagery, then the condition of savages at the present day forms a potent argument in favour of our moral advance.

The moral nature of children as compared with men and women of the same race is then examined, and it is shown that young children do not grieve at the loss of relatives like people of more advanced life ; that their love is more transient ; that they are very susceptible of anger, dislike and fear. Our love to them often causes us to overlook these features of their character. The higher moral qualities are gradually developed, and only mature with the maturity of the individual. If a parallel may be drawn between the maturing of the race and the maturing of the individual, then there is another fact in favour of moral advancement taking place. Our author's own conclusion is that the moral nature is not a fixed quantity in either individuals or races, and that man is morally progressing.

In what way, then, is this moral advance effected? The author thinks it is done, first by natural selection, as those who are endowed with a high moral nature are usually endowed with a high physical vitality. The great sympathetic nervous system has the function of nutrition, and if it is the seat of the moral nature then a high moral nature and good nutrition must often go together. The author quotes statistics to prove this. Moral men are not subject to the many diseases especially incident to a low moral nature ; and as qualities are inherited, their children and more remote descendants are continually being benefited ; while those with lower moral natures are constantly fading out, and are giving place to the stronger. It is known that the Jews are actually at the present day increasing in numbers throughout Europe out of all proportion to the people amongst whom they dwell. In the second place sexual selection does for individuals what natural selection does for races. And thirdly, by the attachments of social life. A child of highly educated parents, if reared by savages, would never reach as high a moral elevation as if brought up by its own people. The love of the mother permeates the child, the faith of the father permeates the child. How does this happen? We cannot tell, but it does happen. Enthusiasm is inspired by enthusiasm, love by love. A child feels his mother's love whilst she bends over her darling, and he smiles in his sleep. The boy feels the courage—that is the faith—of his father as he walks with him in dangerous places. Passengers in a storm, or during danger at sea, feel more confidence when in company with the officer of the ship.

In this way, by contact more or less close, the superior moral nature of the household, the village, the city, the state, the country, takes the lead and the rest follow ; whether with willing or reluctant steps they follow ; and in front are the leaders, marching into a solid wall of blackness, through which they cannot see. Who is the foremost? He or she with the most love, the most faith.

The agent which hitherto has been considered the sole force for elevating the moral nature, is the intellectual nature. But the author believes that

the intellectual nature has little influence in this direction. It is true it serves as a channel for conveying emotions, but the person who wishes to act on the moral nature of another, must himself feel the emotion he wishes to excite. In the course of the ages, here and there, men are born with superior love and high intellect; these are called poets, architects, orators. These men have an abiding trust in God and Nature: they necessarily hate less and fear less than their fellows. The moral nature of all men is acted on by that mysterious agency called sympathy, which everywhere exists. Under this law men of superior moral nature have found means to convey to others their high moral attitude, and this means we call by the generic name of art.

The love of the poet, for instance, is expended principally on men, women, children, animals, flowers and nature. He creates heroic men, and beautiful tender-hearted women. Things that are loved by an average moral nature, are loved more by him, and things which are hated, he looks upon with indifference. This is speaking generally. Music is almost the only mode by which one moral nature can hold communication with another. Without the aid of the intellect, a larger range of moral states is conveyed from mind to mind by music than in any other way. It is argued from this fact that music is destined to play an important part in the future in the elevation of the human race. The composer draws his inspiration from moral elevation.

The moral standard of the present day is not of a very high order. A man with a limited amount of love and faith, and a liberal allowance of hate and fear, may pass through the world regarded as a good man; whilst another with more love and faith, and less hate and fear, will be thought worse, because the intellectual manifestations of his moral nature differ from those of his contemporaries. Such a man as Shelley, for instance, was considered immoral and irreligious. If the test is correctly applied, it will be found that all artists of any genius have high moral natures, and it is upon this fact that all their charm and influence depend. The reverse of this is seen among habitual criminals; many of these have a good average intellect, but all are destitute of æsthetic taste.

Religious founders and innovators are men who have vastly superior faith to those around them. They arise only at distant intervals through the centuries of time. Their intellectual nature is high, and they abound in the qualities of faith and love. Hate and fear are nearly lost in them. In considering these men, the central fact to be weighed is their moral attitude towards the unknown. They feel that the unknown is more beneficent to the human race than it has ever been felt to be before their time, and they give this feeling form by means of their intellectual nature. The intellectual conclusions of their predecessors they shift to correspond with their own higher moral attitude. They convey to others the convictions they themselves experience towards the great unknown, by giving a more favourable account of Him than had been received up to their own time.

A religious founder like Mahomet, for instance, before whose time the race to which he belonged believed there were many gods, proclaims that there is but one, infinitely powerful and just. Again, when the Christian God was substituted for the Jewish, what a vast step that was! So different were the two Gods, that the author of this advance was killed for proclaiming the new religion. No one will pretend that this advance was made by an intellectual effort. No intellect that can be conceived could touch this problem. Nor is it shown that its author was extraordinarily great by his intellect. It is as reasonable to believe in the Jewish God as in the Christian. If, then, this substitution was not made

by an intellectual effort, it must have been made by a change of moral attitude. In its author, faith reached a level it had never reached before. He had more trust in the unknown, and more confidence in the human race, than any who had preceded him ; and by this trust, he substituted for a powerful, just, unrelenting, and jealous God, 'Our Father who art in heaven.' Here was an advance that changed the whole attitude towards the unknown. In the founder of the Christian religion, faith was supreme, fear was absent from his pure nature, his love was boundless, and hate was reduced to a minimum. We have no record, in the short and imperfect sketches of his life which have been handed down to us, that he ever was afraid, though we have evidence of his anger on several occasions. Judging from the past, it may be that as human nature advances to the level of the examples set us in this and other instances, new lights will arise, or, as is thought by many, the same light will return again to this earth in a farther advanced state, and those who inhabit the globe at that day, having arrived at an exalted moral state, will see Him as He is in all His millennial glory.

As the Jewish nation rejected the 'man of sorrows,' so the members of the tribe of Koreish—the leading men of his nation—rejected Mahomet, and the Brahmins, who were the leading men of their nation, rejected Seddhatha Guatama, and the probable great advance he made. Though superior moral elevation makes a good man, yet such a man is not always thought good by his contemporaries.

There is every reason to believe that moral progress will continue in the future in the same manner as in the past. Consequently a time must come, if the race endures, when fear and hate will be reduced to a minimum, and the moral functions will be as far in advance of those of the best men and women of to-day, as these are of those of the cave dwellers of thirty or forty thousand years ago, or of their prototypes, the Aborigines of Australia, or the Digger Indians of California.

The question then comes, which moral nature is justified by the external universe, that of the native Australian or savage, or that of the advanced man and woman of the present day, or none of these ? Man's active nature has been and is developing, and is becoming more and more in accord with the modes of existence of force in the external world. The lightning which before he feared, he makes his friend to do his errands. Of steam, which aforetime was a stranger to him, he makes a slave. Seas on which he dared not venture he now navigates with confidence. In thousands of ways we see man's active nature adjusting itself to the material universe in which he is placed. In all this magnificent world he has created nothing ; and he has altered nothing so much as he himself has altered. The inter-relationship between man's active nature and outside forces is practically unlimited, and doubtless the external world will justify and support any advance made in the future. The same may be said of man's intellectual nature, which is placing him more and more in relationship to the laws of the universe ; and as age after age rolls on his knowledge of external facts is extended, enlarged, and multiplied, and man's intellect becomes more and more adapted to, and conformed with, the external world. Our intellectual nature has only grasped a very small portion of the facts and laws of the universe, and few doubt that there will be as great, and as justified, an advance in the future as in the past. This being true of our active and intellectual nature, may it not also be true of our moral nature, and that aspect of the outer world to which it corresponds ? Take for instance an animal, a savage, and a civilized man with a high moral nature ; which of

these will give the most faithful account of the truth and value of the universe?

The best moral nature is that which is the last evolved, and it gives therefore a truer index of force than one less perfect. Man is always advancing into the unknown of force and nature, —who shall say where he will stop?

But the advance of moral nature cannot be so well observed. Yet a certain advance in a certain line has been justified; everyone sees that it is so, for no one can think that there is not good ground for the faith and love he has in him. Suppose, then, that an infinite advance in the same direction is made, will it not also be justified? In other words, hate and fear are dying out. The argument is that their total extinction will be justified. Infinite faith and love are justified. This means that there is nothing to warrant hate and fear, but that the real nature of the universe warrants unlimited love and absolute trust. If then, everything in the world is good and beautiful, and an all-wise, all-powerful, beneficent providence holds us safe through life and death, forever, why should we ever fear? Why should we ever hate? For the same reason that, living in a world of infinite possibilities of action, we toil like slaves for a bare subsistence. For the same reason that, living in a world of law and order, we grope in the dark through centuries for scraps of knowledge. For the reason that our moral nature, like our intellectual and active natures, is bound in seven-fold adamantine chains, so that we cannot love, cannot trust; just the same as we cannot act, cannot know, even to the extent that our petty intellects tell us we ought, like the half grown boy, who, though he has learned not to believe in ghosts, yet trembles in the dark.

This is no new theory. We all recognise, and have recognised all along, that this is so—that the highest moral nature is nearest in accord with the truth of things. We see then, do we not, that religion, morality, and happiness are three names for the same thing—moral education.

The conclusion of the whole matmatter is, love all things, not as a matter of duty, but because all things are worthy of love. Hate nothing, fear nothing, have absolute faith. Whosoever will act thus is more than wise —he is happy.

ESTELLE.

CHORIAMBICS.—BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

ART thou sad, that art loved better than Life, more than my songs can tell?
Thou that ever my verse, ever my heart, hast for a home, Estelle!

If this verse shall endure, living when we, dark in the silence, dwell,
So shall pictures of thee, these that I paint, live through the years, Estelle!

Tall fair lily of Love! Flower, in whose face sadness and sweetness dwell, ,
Take this tribute of song, all I can give, laid at your feet, Estelle!

Could Love help thee to live, help thee at all, then even Love were well.
Bright eyes! Stars of my Fate! Could they but shine never through tears, Estelle!

Ah, no! Yet for a day, take if thou wilt, solace of Love's sweet spell!
That wild wine that is Love's, yet for an hour pour for my lips, Estelle!

MY BABY BOY: A NURSERY IDYL

BY MRS. A. MAC GILLIS, BARRIE.

A TINY sprite, just four months old,
A little darling, dainty thing,
With eyes of blue, and hair of gold,
My baby boy—my little king.

His pretty mouth, which doth enclose
Two rows of pearls yet hid from view,
Is like a rose-bud which the sun
Kissed till it blushed a lovelier hue.

His velvet cheeks, where dimples hide,
Are roses on a lily bed,
And lily-fair the smooth, broad brow,
And sweet the little shapely head.

But you should see my baby smile,
Should see those lovely laughing eyes,
Twin stars of brightness, love, and joy,
Yet soft and clear as cloudless skies.

The baby hands that strive to reach
All things within his tiny grasp,
How weak the waxen fingers touch,
Yet holding with a mighty clasp.

Two loving hearts that on him set
Their hopes for coming happy years,
Oh! Father, guard our treasure well,
Nor let those hopes be quenched in tears.

God bless the baby hands, and give
Them good and faithful work to do,
Work that shall teach him how to live
A life unselfish, brave, and true.

And where shall tread my darling's feet?
In lofty, or in lowly ways?
Up Fame's steep hill to find at length
The Victor's conquering crown of bays?

It matters not so that he keep
An even path—an upward road—
That will at last my baby bring
To perfect peace and rest with God.

'JUST FOR FUN.'

BY BELLE CAMPBELL, TORONTO.

WHEN Alec Douglas bade good-by to his betrothed wife before leaving home for Europe, whither he was called by business, he laughingly told her that she might flirt *ad libitum* until his return. Perhaps, if he had known how very willing the young lady was to take advantage of the permission, he would have thought twice before giving it.

Irene Croftly had the reputation, among the ladies of her acquaintance, and those of the other sex who had suffered from her cruelty, of being a flirt of the first magnitude. Alec Douglas, however, having captured her heart, could afford to make light of any rumours that reached him to that effect, and not having a particle of jealousy in his composition, was rather proud of his sweetheart's conquests.

Miss Croftley was pleased to keep her engagement in some measure a secret during her lover's absence, and thus it was that when Gilbert Huntley met her in society, attracted by her beauty, her girlish sweetness of manner, amd the host of charms that drew so many to her side, he knew of no reason why he should not show the admiration and the love she had awakened in his heart, and win her for his bride, if that were possible.

Huntley was a handsome, talented young fellow, and Irene accepted his very marked attentions with an evident pleasure that made him very hopeful of the success of his suit. Occasionally she suffered a pang of remorse and alarm when his manner evinced a tenderness and lover-like ardour inconsistent with mere friendship, and at such times she would determine to make him aware of the fact that she was engaged to be married to another; but the momentary impulse would pass, when she paused to consider that by so doing she would lose his pleasant society and his convenient escort. Besides, the temptation 'to see how far he would go, just for fun,' proved too strong for her sense of right, and so the flirtation went on to its fatal end.

'What is an engaged girl to do?' she cried with a laugh to a friend who had undertaken the thankless task of remonstrating with her, 'When one's own true knight is abroad, one must get a substitute of some kind! Mr. Huntley likes to take me out and do things for me, and I like to have it so, and you know Alec doesn't mind—so where's the harm?' And she smiled innocently, as though she had made a very good case of it.

'Of course, you know perfectly well, Irene, that "the harm" lies in the fact that Gilbert Huntley does not know that you are engaged; that he loves you, and that you are encouraging him while you are well aware that the final result will be one more broken heart for you to boast of!' And as she spoke, there was a ring of indignation and bitterness in Florrie Howe's usually soft voice that made Irene look at her in some surprise.

Florence observed it, and colouring slightly, she continued in a lighter tone—

'In this case, Irene, I would advise you not to go too far, you may find the *rôle* of the "arrant coquette" a dangerous one, for Gilbert Huntley is

much too fine a man to allow himself to be trifled with.'

'You seem to have a thorough appreciation of his good qualities, *ma chere amie!*' said Irene.

'Oh, I haven't the remotest intention of entering the lists against you, although I am *not* engaged to another!' said Florrie, coldly, though she blushed vividly under her companion's gaze, and then grew pale again as she rose to leave her. Irene was much disturbed; thoughtless and vain, she was not utterly heartless, and when it occurred to her that her little bit of 'fun' with Gilbert Huntley was standing in the way of her friend's happiness, she was really distressed.

'I must bring this affair to an end!' she said to herself. 'Poor little Flo! I fear I really have been selfish, but it's not too late to remedy it yet, thank goodness. I will introduce the subject of my approaching marriage this evening, and I hope he won't be *very* much disappointed. After all, it's time he should know poor Alec comes home next week or soon after, and Mr. Huntley's soft tender voice and lovely eyes make me uncomfortable!'

Thus resolved, Miss Croftley went to dress for the opera, and as she chose her prettiest costume, selecting, with a smile on her lips, the colours she knew that Huntley preferred, she mentally rehearsed the careless words that would wound his loving manly heart like cold steel. Florence Howe was right when she said he loved her, and his love was the deep, strong passion of an intense, noble nature—a love that, once given, could never be recalled or turned aside from its object.

He met her in the drawing-room, and as her eyes fell before his and a blush of guilty self-consciousness mantled her cheek, he thought he had never before seen her look so lovely. He led her out to the carriage and handed her in almost without speaking, and seated himself beside her. He was content to worship in silence. Not so Irene, however. She was nervous and unhappy, and, seeking to drown the feeling of dread that had taken possession of her, she laughed, talked, and gesticulated in a kind of feverish excitement.

'Heavens, I wish it were over!' she thought. 'Whoever imagined his taking it so seriously! I must tell him in the theatre, and then if he—if he is affected by it, I can watch the stage, and not seem to take notice.'

Miss Croftley had to learn, though, that wrong done could not be made right at her pleasure. Circumstances were not propitious for the announcement which she was anxious to make. The opera was *Aïda*, and in spite of herself she became absorbed in the unhappy love story and the picturesque costumes, besides the music which she enjoyed as only a musician can.

Suddenly a crash was heard, followed by cries—then a loud voice giving rapid and confused orders, and then an alarm of fire ran through the house. The densely-crowded audience rose *en masse*, and the usual panic ensued. Screams, prayers, imprecations, and cries for assistance were heard on all sides. In vain the manager appeared before the curtain to tell them that the flames were extinguished, and all danger over. The odour of burning cloth and scorched wood, and the smoke arising from them still prevailed, and the multitude was incapable of giving him heed.

At the first word of alarm, Gilbert Huntley threw his arm around the girl beside him, who, with parted lips and dilated eyes, was tremblingly clinging to him in dire terror and consternation.

'Keep calm, Irene, if possible!' he cried, holding her close while looking around for the best mode of exit. 'I do not think there is any real danger—listen, he says, it is past. The people are panic-stricken. Had we not better sit still?'

'No, no! take me out; oh, take me out,' she cried, and then, overcome by the horror of the imagined danger,

and realizing the difficulty of egress, she fainted away in his arms. Then, indeed, he saw the necessity of making the effort. The place was suffocatingly hot, and she must have air. Taking her firmly under one arm, he fought his way through the crowd, and seizing a favourable moment, he rushed through the nearest door, with a want of consideration for those around which it would have been impossible for him to have manifested, were it not for his helpless and precious burden.

He bore her out into the cool night air; it was raining slightly, and as the cold drops of water fell upon her up-turned face, Irene recovered consciousness almost directly. She stood up and looked at the young man who was watching her with pale face and lips tightly set together. He smiled to reassure her.

'Are you better now?' he asked.

'Oh, yes, I'm all right now,' she answered; 'but, oh, Mr. Huntley, I am quite ashamed of myself for fainting, and making it so much more difficult for you. How *did* you manage it? Thank you a thousand times. Do you think any one is hurt?'

'There was no cause for the panic. The alarm of fire was a false one, but I fear that in such a terrific crush there will necessarily be many injured.' His face contracted as if with pain while he spoke, and he added, hastily, 'Come, let me put you in the carriage; I see the man has come early.'

She took his arm, and he gave an involuntary groan of agony.

'Not that one,' he said, 'I beg your pardon—I fear it is hurt rather badly—broken, indeed, for the hand is quite lifeless. Will you take the other? When I have seen you home I will go at once to a surgeon.'

Irene Croftley uttered a sharp cry—a cry of remorse, grief, and despair combined—and grew so ghastly white that Gilbert feared she would faint again, and called the coachman to his assistance. She shook off the momentary weakness and, turning sharply to the man, 'Thomas,' she said, 'drive with all the speed you can to the nearest physician; Mr. Huntley's arm is badly injured.'

Then she entered the carriage, made room for him beside her, and then, looking at his pale face with a strange happy light shining upon it, she burst into a torrent of tears—such tears of bitter woe as Irene Croftley had never shed in all her life before.

'Miss Croftley—Irene—do not weep; why should you weep; and yet—Irene, my love, my love, do you care enough for me to weep for *my* sake? Speak to me Irene—I love you, darling.' And he drew down the little cold, white hand with which she had covered her face.

'Oh, what shall I do; this is terrible! Ah, heaven, what *shall* I do?' she moaned.

'What is it?' he asked.

She clasped her hands together imploringly. 'Oh, forgive me; pray, pray forgive me,' she cried.

'For what? Is it because this miserable arm is hurt, or because you fainted?' And he laughed in her lovely woful face. 'Sweet, silly girl, it was no fault of yours. Rather should I thank you for letting me hold you so close to my heart, Irene—the heart that beats for you alone, love.'

She wrung her hands with a gesture of despair.

'Oh, do not talk like that,' she said, with a fresh burst of tears.

'Why not?' he asked, so sharply, that she was startled. 'You *do* love me, Irene? Tell me, quick.'

She had ceased crying now. She looked at him appealingly.

'Do not talk any more just now,' she said, gently. 'You will exhaust your strength, dear Mr. Huntley, pray keep quiet. I, too, am unstrung and anxious.'

'Say dear *Gilbert*,' he said, once more taking her hand.

She hesitated a moment, then quietly said the words, and leaned back

with closed eyes. He was satisfied and silent, but he held her hand in his, and she did not attempt to withdraw it.

Having arrived at Dr. Clark's, Huntley insisted that Miss Croftley should leave him there, and allow herself to be driven home at once. He bade her good night, tenderly, dropped one light kiss upon her pale cheek, and left her.

Upon finding herself alone, Irene gave way to an uncontrollable burst of passion and grief.

'Oh, I have been cruel, heartless, wicked,' she sobbed. 'I see it all now,' and then, grown somewhat calm under her own self-condemnation, she resolved to write to Gilbert that very night, and tell him all. She would confess her deception, and implore him to forgive it and forget her. Idle words! She knew they were so, but it was the only course open to her; for Irene Croftley was perfectly faithful to her betrothed husband; and if at present the man she had deceived dwelt more in her thoughts than her more fortunate lover, it arose from the painful circumstances into which her deception had thrown her. She regarded Gilbert Huntley only with the affection of a friend or a sister.

Dr. Clark set the injured arm with the skill and ability for which he was celebrated, and the patient laughed and chatted at intervals during the operation, and altogether conducted himself in a manner so gleeful that the surgeon looked at him in some amazement. He poured some drops into a wine glass of water and handed it to him.

'Here, my dear fellow, drink this,' he said, 'you will not feel so well after awhile when the reaction comes. Let me throw this plaid around you, for you will have to cast aside your coat for some time. I will drive home with you, for I expect no more patients to-night.'

Huntley laughingly thanked him for his solicitude, and accepted his companionship. The carriage had returned for him, and together the two young men drove towards Gilbert's rooms.

'You had a lady with you, you said?' asked Dr. Clark.

'Yes, Miss Croftley. Do you know her?'

'Irene Croftley? I should think so! Why, every one knows the Belle of Belleforde—besides, I was very sweet on Miss Croftley once.'

Gilbert laughed. 'She is a beautiful girl,' he said, softly.

'She is, indeed, but a dreadful little flirt,' continued Dr. Clark. 'I was not the only poor moth whose wings were scorched at that flame, so don't take it amiss, Mr. Huntley, if I quote the song and say, "Beware! beware!"'

Gilbert Huntley only smiled and shook his head.

'However,' went on the doctor, as the carriage stopped, and they waited for the man to open the door, 'now that her own little wings are clipped, and she has been taken captive herself, may-be she is not so dangerous. She is engaged to be married to Alec Douglas, a very dear friend of mine, now in Europe. He is expected home in a couple of weeks, or sooner, and the marriage is to take place almost immediately, I believe. Here we are. Gently—I will go in and give my directions to your people. You will obey my instructions, like a good fellow. Remember, you will feel rather worse in the morning.

Gilbert opened the door with his latch key, and walked into the hall, followed by the young surgeon, who turned up the gas, and then looked over his shoulder to speak to his patient. Gilbert was leaning against the wall gazing straight before him with wide open expressionless eyes, and as Dr. Clark, with a sharp exclamation, suppressed as soon as uttered, hurried to his side, he fell to the floor like a log, without uttering a sound.

For weeks the young man raged in brain-fever. He called incessantly on the name of the girl who had wronged

him so deeply, but when at last she came and knelt by his side, his shrieks echoed through the house, and he turned from her in horror.

Intervals of quiet exhaustion followed paroxysms of wild excitement and insane delirium, and then the looked-for crisis came, but when it passed, all hope had fled. Gilbert Huntley died, and Irene Croftley felt in her heart that his death lay at her door.

Her lover found her a changed woman. She told him the whole story, keeping back nothing, and almost hoping that he would cast her off in scorn, that she might take it as the penalty of her wrong-doing. But Alec Douglas looked at her pallid face and hollow eyes, and spoke no word of blame. He comforted her as best he could, and begged her to marry him at once, that he might take her away from the scene of her trouble, but she entreated for a postponement of the wedding, and he yielded.

His tenderness and sympathy only increased her self-reproach, and Florence Howe's sad, pensive face, with its story of 'what might have been,' wounded her heart afresh. Irene Croftley's punishment was greater than she could bear, and in the fall of the year she faded, drooped, and died like a broken lily, leaving her lover a lonely grief-stricken man, to pass a life of wretchedness and bitter regret, one more victim to that pastime in which so many women indulge, usually without much thought of cruelty, but, like Irene Croftley, 'Just for Fun.'

THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

BY K. SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

OH Sea, that with infinite sadness, and infinite yearning,
Liftest thy crystal forehead toward the unpitying stars,—
Evermore ebbing and flowing, and evermore returning
Over thy fathomless depths, and treacherous island bars :—

Sometimes in the merry mornings, with the sunshine's golden wonder
Glancing along thy cheek, unwrinkled of any wind,
Thou seemest to be at peace, stifling thy great heart under
A face of absolute calm,—with danger and death behind !

But I hear thy voice at midnight, smiting the awful silence
With the long suspiration of thy pain suppressed ;
And all the blue lagoons, and all the listening islands,
Shuddering, have heard, and locked thy secret in their breast !

Oh Sea ! thou art like my heart, full of infinite sadness and pity,—
Of endless doubt and endeavour, of sorrowful question and strife,
Like some unlighted fortress within a beleagured city,
Holding within and hiding the mystery of life.

IN THE NORTH-WEST WITH 'SITTING BULL.'

BY CAPTAIN E. D. CLARK,

(*Of the North-West Mounted Police, Fort Macleod.*)

TO attempt to write anything for public perusal about this vast territory, or one's experiences in it, is only to follow in the footsteps of many others, and perhaps to fail signally. However, at the urgent request of one very dear to me, for whom I would do almost anything, I nervously make my virgin effort—namely, to write, in as concise a manner as possible, about what I have seen and done during my four years' sojourn in the wilds.

To faithfully describe the great North-West is not an easy task. To call it a huge, endless prairie, sometimes rolling, sometimes level, intermixed with vast, swift-running rivers, gives but a poor idea of what it really is. As one travels from the east towards the setting sun, one passes through a variety of climates and of countries. In 1875, I was in a country where one received but a faint idea of what the prairie really is. During a day's ride, I met with beautiful lakes, fine belts of tamarac, red pine, and birch, and places where nature had formed the most picturesque of parks —ready laid out farms. Though one sees but little game there beyond the feathered tribes, yet carcasses of the mighty buffalo point out that they too were there one day. Such is the country from the Province of Manitoba to what is called The Fertile Belt, by which I presume is meant the Valley of the Saskatchewan. Along this valley, which has been described by the author of the 'Lone Land,' it has been my lot to travel many hundreds of miles; and truly may it be called 'the fertile belt.' The soil is of the richest kind, the timber good and in large quanties, and farming could easily be carried on. The summer, while it lasts, is most glorious, and vegetation is very rapid. But winter, in all its intensity, comes to this part of the North-West early in November, or sooner, and holds it in an iron grip for six long, weary months. Everything is hushed into solemn and oppressive silence. The mighty Saskatchewan rolls on, but under massive blocks of ice. Terrible storms sweep over the country, and the settler has naught to do but tend his few cattle, trap a little, and try to sleep away the rest of the day. The red man seeks the timber, where blue smoke rolling up from his lodge indicates his whereabouts. The cold is severe. I remember that, in February, the thermometer for over one week averaged forty degrees below zero; and generally there was a good breeze. Between that country and the one I now write from, two vast barren plains lie, to cross which it takes many a long, weary march. It is on these two plains where one meets the huge bands of buffalo and antelope, of which I will subsequently write. On these stretches the eye rests on naught, for day after day, but one long, everlasting line of horizon. Here it is where the traveller has often to make 'a dry camp'—a camp without water—and if he carries no grain his weary steed makes but a sorry supper. In crossing these plains, the vastness and the endless space oppresses one; there is nothing

but sky and land, and an indescribable stillness reigns over all—a stillness such as one often notices before the burst of a storm. On these prairies fire is most alarming. The parched grass is like tinder. I have seen a spark from a pipe occasion a fire which, in a very short space of time, rolling its smoke sky-ward, travelled at a tremendous pace before the wind, and could be seen for many days afterwards, both by day and night. The only way to stop these prairie fires, if one is coming directly on your road, is to set fire to the prairie behind you. This stops the advancing fire, but the new one goes on, till it either meets some burnt place or the wind turns round. It rains so seldom that to trust to rain to check a fire is somewhat of a forlorn hope. Once these plains are crossed, one meets with a different country and a different climate. I refer now to the country lying at the foot of that magnificent range the Rocky Mountains. Here we have large undulating plains, with rivers of the most transparent water; and along these rivers are fine valleys—or bottoms, as they are called here—in which is found excellent pasturage. In many places the rivers flow through 'cut banks,' frequently more than one hundred feet in height. Cattle and horses feed out the whole winter long, and in the spring look well. There is a species of grass of which the buffalo are very fond called 'bunch grass,' and from this great nourishment is afforded. The climate during the summer is very fine, and here also vegetation is rapid. The weather during the winter is greatly influenced by the Pacific breezes, which come to us across the mountains. The thermometer occasionally falls low, but on the whole the weather is very temperate. For instance, on the 3rd of February last, I see by my diary, that I played cricket, and well I remember the day—genial and warm, not a trace of winter to be seen, with the exception of the leafless trees. The principal tree-growth on these river bottoms is cotton-wood, but fir and pine can be got at the foot of the mountains, and also in the Porcupine Hills, a range some sixty miles in length which lies close under the Rockys. The Pacific breezes which float to us over the mountains are called 'chanoukes,' and last many days at a time. They come very suddenly. In an incredibly short space of time, the thermometer has been known to run up to thirty-five degrees. When these chanoukes blow, all the windows and doors are thrown open. This in mid-winter is not what one may see in the Valley of the Saskatchewan.

Here is the country of that great and warlike tribe the Blackfoot Indians, a race always held in great awe by other tribes. The Blackfeet are a fine people, but, from all I can learn, greatly degenerated. Small-pox, some years ago, made havoc among them, taking off many hundreds. But what helped to impoverish them, and kill them morally, was the illicit traffic in whiskey, carried on for many years by gangs of desperadoes from the neighbouring territory of Montana. These men, many of whom had a halter awaiting them in their own country, were of the most desperate character, whose business was to traffic alcohol to the wretched Indians for their horses and robes. Many a good horse has been purchased for a quart of this poison. As long as this traffic was permitted, the Indian sank lower and lower. He lost all he had, his children and women were starved, and murder and rapine swept the country. As you know, the Government of Canada organized, some years ago, a mounted constabulary of 300 strong, for the sole purpose of maintaining order and discipline in these vast territories, and truly the small force has worked wonders. The Indians now are tractable and amenable to the law, and have, also, a pretty good idea of what that law is. Here, in the very

heart of the great Blackfoot country, where formerly a man never ventured abroad without his Henry rifle, and that man, for the most part, one of the Montana desperadoes before mentioned, all is now as quiet and orderly as in any civilized country, and the farmer and stock-raiser carry on their vocations without fear of molestation. And all this change has been wrought by a handful of red-coated constabulary! But their mere presence has not done all this. It has taken downright hard work, the utmost of vigilance and perseverance, to extinguish the liquor traffic. The advent of the police naturally caused many settlers to swarm round their different posts, and to these, and even to the police themselves, did the whiskey dealer transfer his trade from the Indians.

Few people out of these territories have any conception of the hardships and privations that have been undergone by the police in their endeavours to break up this whiskey traffic. Day after day on horseback; night after night sleeping out with but one blanket; your provisions generally a buffalo tongue and a hard biscuit, stuffed into your wallet; and these expeditions, as a rule, during the winter. Canada has good reason to be proud of the stuff of which her hardy sons are made, and England has no reason to feel ashamed of their pluck and endurance.

Comparison has often been made between our own and our neighbours' treatment of the Indians. There large military forces have to be kept on the frontier; the Indian steals and pilfers; he fears and distrusts a white man, and is in perpetual warfare with the 'Long Knives,' as he terms the Americans. If one Indian kills another the authorities simply compel him to pay the deceased's family so many horses. The Indian policy of the United States is rotten to the core. The United States Indian agent holds his office for a term, and gain is his sole object. If the wretched Indian steals, surely he is stolen from in return. To exterminate the Indian is the practical effect of the policy on the other side. How different it is with us! An Indian is made to understand that he is treated the same as a white man—if either does wrong he is punished. The Government makes a treaty with the Indian for his land, and that treaty is strictly observed.

Last year wild and conflicting were the rumours that spread over this country regarding the Sioux Indians, who were then at war with the United States. After the signal victory gained by these Indians over General Custer's command, the half-breed settlers felt that the climax was reached, and that no longer was there safety for them in the country, so they drew their stakes and 'cleared'—where to, apparently, no one cared. The police posts in this section were strengthened by four guns and one hundred men. But there was no occasion for alarm—everything remained as usual. The Blackfeet tribe offered their services to the Police in case the dreaded Sioux came, and for this they have been most graciously thanked by Her Majesty the Queen.

The war with the Sioux commenced in this way. Learning that gold was to be found in the Black Hills, the land of the Sioux—ceded to them, I understand, by treaty—the white men poured in by thousands. This the Sioux, naturally enough, resented, and of course skirmishes between the would-be miners and the Lords of the Soil took place. Troops were sent to protect the whites, and the whole summer a continual strife was kept up between the troops and the Indians, the latter fighting for what they considered their rights. The Sioux refused to go into the Indian Agencies, and were consequently followed up by large forces of infantry and cavalry. At the 'Big Horn,' on the Yellow stone, 'Sitting Bull,' the head 'Soldier of the Sioux,' made a stand and for

twelve days watched by his scouts the approach of General Custer's command. The result of the meeting is well known. The Americans call it a massacre, but I, an Englishman, fail to see it in that light. Since then 'Sitting Bull' and his people wandered about, until at last he found himself on British soil; and again the fright of last year came upon our timorous friends, the half-breeds. Hearing of the arrival of this much-talked of Indian warrior, the officer commanding the police in this district, Lieutenant-Colonel A. G. Irvine, determined upon at once visiting him, and ascertaining his intentions. I was lucky enough to be of the party; which consisted of three officers besides myself, two or three men who were on their way to another post, and two waggon drivers. These, with the interpreter, formed the whole of the party to meet the man whose name is held in terror throughout the Northern Territories of the United States. It was felt, and with no ordinary pride, that our scarlet coats were far greater protection than any armed escort. Here is a man who has caused regiment after regiment of American soldiers to be under arms, and many general officers to lay their heads together in consultation against him; a man whose strategy and generalship outwitted one of the best of rising general officers; a man held up as the most blood-thirsty of Indians, being quietly interviewed by a small party wearing Her Majesty's scarlet. Such an instance is, surely, a worthy tribute, if only from a savage, to the glorious colour which is the pride of every Englishman, and which has won respect in all quarters of the globe.

A ride of some hundred and forty miles brought our party within sight of 'Sitting Bull's' camp, and an hour after first seeing the camp through our glasses, we were smartly cantering up an incline, at the top of which hundreds of savages stood, with extended hands to greet us. So eager were they to shake us by the hand that it was utterly impossible to move on. Loud and prolonged were the grunts of approval as each Sioux grasped the hand of one of us. Poor wretches! What a red-letter day in their lives, grasping the hand of a white man as a friend! At length we were enabled to push through to the end of the camp, and turn our horses loose. Oh, would I had the pen that could describe the scene faithfully that ensued when dismounted. We were at once surrounded by men, women, and thousands of children, all eager to shake the hand of the red-coat chief. At first the women and children were very shy, almost afraid. Colonel Irvine chucked a small child under the chin, and they gained confidence. We apparently were to them objects of great curiosity, judging from the talk that they carried on among themselves. I was particularly struck with the looks of some of the women, many of whom were very pretty and graceful. The manner of throwing one blanket over two heads, gipsy style, added to the picturesqueness of the scene—many of the children as well as the squaws were handsomely dressed, which rather surprised me, knowing of their long and weary pilgrimage. Quantities of elk teeth were to be seen on their dresses. Elk teeth are very valuable, there being only two teeth in the animal that the Indian takes; so when you see a squaw with several hundreds of these teeth on her dress, it is sufficient proof that her 'lord' is well-to-do.

While standing in the midst of a large crowd of women and children, I observed one Indian of huge stature pushing his way towards us through the throng, and gesticulating towards some one on the outside of the crowd. We followed him to a group of Indians, in the midst of whom stood a man of middle size, with a face of great intelligence. He remained motionless until we were within a few feet of him, when his face lightened up, and with a bright smile he stepped forward and gave the white mother's chief a hearty

grip of the hand. Then he shook hands with our whole party, followed by his huge companions. We stood before 'Sitting Bull' and his head men. The grip of those men spoke volumes to me. It spoke trust and confidence in the white mother's soldiers, and a complete throwing off of suspicion and dread. It appeared to say: 'You do not blame us unheard; we have been sinned against more than sinning. Now, at last, we have met you, and we know to-day what we never knew before—that we are safe. You don't want our lives—we can live in peace.' I may be thought sentimental in all this; but I maintain that none could have seen that proud warrior, with his head soldiers around him, as I did that day, and not have had some such thoughts.

We were then told that the council lodge was being erected, and we promised to go there as soon as we had dined. After dinner we went to the council lodge, a large erection of skins, capable of holding many hundred people. A buffalo robe was spread for us to sit down upon, close in front of 'Sitting Bull,' his head soldiers and chiefs. Here I must describe the difference between the soldier and the chief. The chiefs are the head men in the camp in the time of peace; they do not fight, but appear to look after the internal economy of the camp. In time of war they fall back, and the soldiers take command of the camp; in fact, martial law prevails. A 'chief,' named 'Pretty Bear,' opened the proceedings with a prayer. He sat on the left of 'Sitting Bull,' and taking his seat he let go his buffalo robe and displayed his huge muscular body, painted a bright orange. Next to 'Pretty Bear' sat 'Bear's Head,' an old Indian with a complete bear's head on his own. The skull had been hollowed out, and he wore this strange head-gear as a cap. When he looked down, and his face was hid, his appearance was most ludicrous. One saw before him what appeared to be a bear with an Indian's body. All the men had 'coup sticks' on their persons. A 'coup stick' is a flexible stick covered with buffalo hide, at the end of which is a heavy round or egg-shaped stone. These sticks are most formidable weapons, and are used for giving a wounded opponent his *quietus*. I understand they did terrible execution in the 'Custer Massacre.' All the men, women and children swarmed into the council lodge, and stood four or five deep inside, and many hundreds were unable to get in. Great was the interest and anxiety displayed by the women. The result of the council was to them a life of peace, or a return to what they had just left, with a pretty certain promise of speedy annihilation. No wonder that these poor people took a terrible interest in the proceedings of that day. The opening ceremony was very impressive. 'Pretty Bear,' holding the large peace pipe in his hands, called on God Almighty and the spirit of their grandfather (who this gentleman was, when in the flesh, I never ascertained) to look upon them that day and have pity on them. The warriors all held their right hands aloft. 'Pretty Bear' reminded the Almighty that he had been raised to eat buffalo meat in order to be strong, but that to-day he was nothing. He pointed the pipe to the south, saying: 'Thunder is my relation there;' to the west and north, saying that there they would be friends; to the east, saying, if he had friends there, he would be strong. He then referred to the Queen, saying: 'My mother, take the pipe; understand, we will all smoke for the country to be full of plenty, and the land good.' 'I am going to light the pipe straight,' he continued. By the word 'straight' he meant with 'truth.' He then handed the pipe to 'Sitting Bull,' who lit it with a bit of buffalo dung, refusing a match that was offered him. (The Indian considers a lucifer match to be deception). The pipe was a huge article, the bowl made

out of some red stone, the stem very long and studded with brass nails. When it was lighted, it was in a very solemn manner pointed to the four quarters of the compass, and then held to the white mother's great chief, Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine, who smoked, great silence being observed. Sitting Bull, holding the bowl while everyone of us smoked, said in a solemn voice: 'My grandfather, have pity on me; we are going to be raised with a new people.' After all the party had smoked, 'Sitting Bull' smoking with each in turn, the pipe was handed back to 'Pretty Bear,' who dug a hole in the earth, deposited the ashes therein, covered the hole up, and, taking the pipe to pieces, placed it on the ground over the ashes. This they regard as a most solemn oath. Then the pow-wow was commenced by 'Sitting Bull,' followed by several of the warriors. The purport of their speeches was that they claimed to be of British descent; that all the rivers ran down to the sea, and so far was their land. The white men came from the other side of the sea. They all complained bitterly of the way they had been treated by the 'Long Knives,' and said they had been fighting on the defensive. They had been raised in a blanket, and to live on buffalo meat, and that was all they wanted, and to be allowed to trade their robes. They had come to see the white mother's country, where their grandfather's spirit told them they would have peace, and they wanted to know if the white mother would protect them, and prevent the 'Long Knives' from following them.

An incident which I have not mentioned caused them great uneasiness, namely, the advent of three Americans in their camp. They spoke with bitterness at being followed by these Americans, and had not allowed them to leave the camp until we arrived. These three people consisted of a Roman Catholic priest, a scout of the American army, who acted as guide, and an interpreter. The priest's mission, he informed us, was to tell the Sioux the terms on which they could return to their agencies, namely, the giving up of all their horses and arms. He also stated he had expected to find them on American soil, but had followed their trail up to the present camp. None but a priest would have dared to enter the Sioux camp on American soil, and the other two men trusted to his protection. Had not 'Sitting Bull' been told by one of the police officers, previous to the arrival of these people, that if any stranger came into their camp he was to send and notify the police of the fact, there is but little doubt that the scout's and interpreter's hair would have been dangling to some lodge pole shortly after their foolhardy act of entering the camp. 'Sitting Bull' as good as told us so.

After a short interview with the priest, he went with us, and we explained to 'Sitting Bull' the purport of this unlooked-for visit. After smoking a pipe with the priest, 'Sitting Bull' called the Almighty to witness tha he was smoking with the Father; he never smoked with the whites; and adding if, in what they were going to say, there should be any lie between them, that all people might know it. The priest explained to him that if he returned, he must give up his horses and arms, when his life would be safe, and the lives of his people. The reply given to this was somewhat of a poser: 'You tell me you are a messenger of God. I hardly believe you, for God raised me on a horse, and you want me to give my horses to the Americans.' He also said to the priest: 'You know, as the messenger of God, that the Americans tried to kill me. Why did you wait till half my people were killed before you came? I don't believe the Americans ever saw God, and that is why they would never listen to me.' Another warrior asked: 'Did God or the Queen tell the American people to

take our horses and arms away?' On the priest asking for an answer as to whether they were going to return or remain where they were, 'Sitting Bull' turned to the white mother's chief (Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine), and asked: 'The white mother, will she protect us if we remain?' On being again assured of this, he turned to the priest: 'Why should I return,' he said, 'to give up my arms and horses? The Americans have nothing to give me. I am going to remain with the white mother's children.'

The following is said to have happened in 1868, in 'Sitting Bull's' camp, and, if true, of which I have little doubt, it is no mystery why the Sioux doubt even the Church. A priest of the Roman Church visited the Sioux camp, baptized several children, spoke to the soldiers and chiefs about living at peace with the Americans, and very shortly after his departure a troop of cavalry rode into the camp, killing men, women and children right and left. It is said that 'Sitting Bull' then declared that he would never again believe an American, no matter in what garb he came. But the visit and intentions of the man of God—Rev. Father Abbot Martin—there is no doubt of. He considered it a part of his duty, and is deserving of great credit for his nerve and pluck in endeavouring to recall the lost sheep to the spiritual fold. But the conduct of the scout is open to serious criticism. That he came as a guide to the priest is, of course, a fact; but whether that was merely a cloak is another question. It is a patent fact that a good deal of jealousy existed among certain American officers at the amount of 'Kudos' gained by General Custer; and to make an Indian name such as Custer's is the ambition of not a few officers. This guide told us he was General Miles' head scout. Supposing 'Sitting Bull' and his people had moved across the line to go into the agency, the question is, would this guide have become again his real self, the head scout? Would he have given information to his chief of the exact strength and the feelings of the Sioux, and would this information have been to the detriment of 'Sitting Bull' and his band? Would they have been attacked? I don't say any of this would have happened, but I do say that finding a man in the camp who was employed all last year as a scout, naturally gave rise to these thoughts.

An Indian pow-wow is usually a long, tedious affair, there being so much repetition, and this one was no exception. We all felt relieved when all was over. The priest came to our tent and had supper with us. We found him a very nice fellow, well-read and gentlemanly, a Swiss by birth. After supper I took a stroll through the camp, which was composed of some 200 lodges, and close by there were about 150 lodges of Yankton Indians, a branch of the Sioux. I never saw such a happy people as were those in the camp that night. Sounds of rejoicing were echoed far and wide. They felt *that* night, for the first time for many a long, weary month, that they might henceforth sleep in peace, with no fear of being suddenly awakened by the sharp, ringing report of the Springfield carbine, or by the clatter of horses galloping through their camp, with sound of trumpet. They had journeyed on and on, till at last they had found a haven of rest. Small nude savages were riding colts, two on the one animal, at miniature stone forts, defended by other little savages, who, as the mounted assaulting parties dashed up to their forts, rushed out, brandishing buffalo robes at the colts' heads. This had the effect of making the small animals buck and rear, much to the children's merriment. Although but children's play, it was in reality schooling both ponies and children for real warfare. A horse fears nothing so much as a buffalo-robe, and it is by no means an uncommon practice for the Indian to use a robe for the pur-

pose of frightening an opponent's horse. In the lodges the tom-tom (a rude drum) was in full swing, and to this, coupled with the squaws' chants, which are not unmusical, was the dance going merrily on. I saw many horses with the brand of the late General Custer's regiment, 7th Cavalry, on the hip, and also numerous carbines and ammunition pouches taken from the same regiment.

In the midst of this rejoicing but one man seemed unable to shake off a feeling of sadness, and this was Sitting Bull. He wandered about apparently musing over all that he had gone through. I went up to him and offered him my pipe, which he took and smoked with me. I fancy what was weighing on his mind was the idea of giving up what he calls his country, as well as thought for the rest of his people who are still on the other side. All days have an end, and at eleven o'clock I was by no means sorry to turn in under my blankets—which I did thinking what a singular event it was for three or four white men to be calmly sleeping in dreaded 'Sitting Bull's' camp. I was in the tent of Colonel Irvine, who had also retired for the night. I had just finished reading a little of 'Bleak House,' with my last pipe, when I heard some one moving near the tent, and the next minute 'Sitting Bull' and one of his head warriors pushed aside the curtain of the tent, and quietly sat down at the foot of our beds. This was a most unexpected visit, and in order to find out what he wanted the interpreter had to be awakened. On the interpreter coming in, it was found that 'Sitting Bull' wanted to see the white mother's chief about a man from whom some of his young men had, years ago, stolen some horses on the Missouri. He was anxious to know what he was to do. He was too poor to pay at present. To show that he was willing to do all in his power to repay the debt, he told Colonel Irvine he had given up some horses, and also some gold-dust. After this was settled, he, in quiet and subdued tones, answered all our questions about the battle at the 'Big Horn.' Many things he said about the Americans amused me greatly. The following shows his respective estimates of the Americans and himself. He stated that, shortly after the fight with Custer, some American soldiers came to him and asked him to go down to Washington with eight or ten of his head men to see the President, and so settle matters. His reply to them was, 'The President is as big a fool as you soldiers are; if he wants to see me he can come up here!' When telling us this and other things, he appeared much amused, for occasionally a broad smile broke over his face.

I was particularly anxious to get General Custer's watch and ring, which we heard was in the possession of one of the warriors, to forward them to the poor widow; but I was much disappointed to find that both had been lost when crossing the Missouri. The crossing of this river was one of 'Sitting Bull's' narrow escapes from the American troops. The day after he had crossed the river, and when camped on its banks, a sudden rising of the water carried everything before it. His people lost everything they had, even to their very lodges. Had they been one day later in arriving at the river, their fate would have been doubtful: crossing the river would have been impossible, and troops shortly after were marching up on the south side in search of them. 'Sitting Bull' says the great Manitou was with him.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY ESPERANCE.

THE thought of thee comes back to me
As in a dream ;
I see upon thy silken curls
The golden gleam,
And with the mem'ry comes again
The old, yet unforgotten pain,
Which, since youth's brightest hope proved vain,
Hath constant been !

Those eyes which looked into my own,
With laughing light,
When first I met you, long ago,
That summer night,
Ah ! little dreamed you that their spell
Would work so swiftly and so well,
Until the love I could not quell
Made wrong seem right !

I throned you as the king of men,
What could I more ?
I loved you as I had not loved
A man before ;
Ah ! God forgive me ! for I know
I made myself a God below—
But this was all so long ago,
In days of yore.

And now my face is white and wan,
But not with years !
Its bloom has all been washed away
By midnight tears !
I had my dream so bright and sweet
It could be nothing else but fleet—
And, now, the prayer my lips repeat
My Father hears.

TORONTO.

MR. LE SUEUR AND HIS CRITICS.

BY GEORGE INGLIS, B.A., TORONTO.

THOUGH I am not one of Mr. Le Sueur's original opponents, there are one or two points in his 'reply' of June last, which seem very fairly open to criticism. Nor will this criticism, I trust, be given in any unfair or unwarrantably hostile spirit, much less with bitterness or lack of due appreciation and thought, but as far as possible with calmness and charity. 'To receive theological doctrines,' says Mr. Le Sueur, 'a specially submissive frame of mind—so at least we are always told—is necessary; and, of course, when such a frame of mind can be commanded, it matters little what doctrines are presented, as their success is assured beforehand. The advocate of a naturalistic philosophy or morality imposes no such condition; he is amply content with simple candour and honesty of mind. His appeal is to nature, to human experience, to the rules of everyday logic, and if the appeal is not sustained, he is discomfited.' This then is the state of the case; this is what we see on taking a mere cursory glance, as it were, at the disposition of the opposing forces. On the one side are ranged those who fight under the banner of 'nature, human experience, and the rules of everyday logic,' and who 'are amply content with simple candour and honesty of mind.' What better banner could men get to fight under than this, and is it not evident that those who do so are a very good sort of people? On the other side, are those who, if they have a banner at all, do not appeal to anything so transparently rational, but with a submissiveness of spirit, peculiarly their own, cling to something as shadowy and indistinct as their own dreams, and as little to be relied on. Indeed, taking them as a whole, not much can be expected from them, seeing that so entire a monopoly of common sense and reason has long ago been secured by their opponents. The inference is plain. All ingenuous minds, all who are earnestly desirous to discover truth, will immediately say to themselves—'what more likely on the very face of it than that truth should be found with those who make such moderate, modest, and plausible claims for themselves, rather than with those who have nothing to commend them but a childish capacity for sticking to the given and the traditional? Such reasoning in a nineteenth century *Aufklärung* is to be looked for from many.

If it be the Christian doctrine of Faith that Mr. Le Sueur would indicate by the expression 'specially submissive frame of mind,' and if by that he understand anything approaching to a blind, unreasoning, indiscriminating adoption of whatever is presented from the pulpit, it may be safely said that such a view is entirely erroneous. It is not true, therefore, that 'it matters little what doctrines are presented, as their success is assured beforehand.' Faith devoid of, and divorced from, reason, is nowhere set forth in Scripture as desirable, nor is it, as far as I know, the general teaching of the pulpit or the religious press, while it is, we may easily grant, opposed to 'nature,' and to 'the rules of everyday logic,' though not, it must be confessed, altogether unknown in 'human experience.' In some sections of the Christian Church, priestly influence may be too overwhelming,

and prejudicial to the best interests of mankind, but that is only where a departure has been made from the true spirit of the teaching of Christ and his apostles. The Bible, and especially the New Testament, nowhere requires any one to give up into the keeping, either of an individual, or of a class of his fellow-men, his own private conduct and belief. There is an influence of course perfectly natural and proper, which every specially educated class of men must always exercise over others whose opportunities or abilities have not been so great, or whose tastes may not have led them in that particular direction. No one disputes any reasonable claim which the lawyer, or the doctor, or the architect, may urge to know more about lines of thought to which he has given particular attention, and the best years of his life, than others can possibly do whose energies have been otherwise engaged. Why should not the same privilege be granted to those who have given their best thoughts, and often the highest genius, to the study of theology? It would seem, apparently, that though physicians and lawyers are made, and that, generally, with great difficulty, theologians like poets are born; with this difference, that though poets are comparatively few, theologians are numerous, well-nigh co-extensive with the race in fact. It is curious how anything in the shape of theological teaching seems to act on some minds like the typical red rag on the proverbial bull. I should be glad to be made aware of any such 'specially submissive frame of mind,' as Mr. Le Sueur seems to indicate by the half-sneering form of expression he uses. There is no evidence to prove that the land of Knox and Chalmers, at any rate, has ever shown itself specially submissive, either in mind or body, and yet it is there that the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, with all that they involve, have been most widely diffused, most strenuously insisted on, and most ably defended. Nor is the case different on this side of the Atlantic, as Mr. Le Sueur would discover by taking the necessary trouble.

If Mr. Le Sueur believes in the existence of an intelligent God, the creator and governor of the universe, he must admit, I think, at least *the possibility* of a direct revelation of himself and his will to his intelligent creatures. The thing is by no means *primâ facie* absurd, any more than it is absurd that an earthly father or master, instead of leaving his son or servant to guess at what he would like him to do, and what not to do, at what would benefit and what would injure him, should explicitly tell him both the one and the other. The possibility of such a communication being admitted, then, anything purporting to be such, should at least, one would think, merit the most careful attention, and if this attention should make it appear as certainly, as the nature of the case allows, that the communication in question is really what it professes to be, then for my part I fail to see that even a 'specially' submissive frame of mind would be altogether uncalled for.

If he admit the possibility, but deny the fact, of such a revelation, he must furnish some satisfactory and rational explanation of the nature, claims, and influence of Jesus Christ. Few, now-a-days, I should suppose, doubt the fact that such a person really did, some eighteen hundred years ago, move about from place to place in Palestine. At least, if they do doubt, they will have considerable difficulty in finding valid reasons for the want of faith that is in them. Numerous writers, contemporary or nearly so, in other respects considered not unreliable, were at least convinced of his reality, and if the testimony of history is worth anything, we must admit that such a being in flesh and blood really did exist. And, if he did not exist, it will still require a considerably 'submissive frame of mind' to explain certain phenomena in human experience which will, all the same, demand *some*

explanation, though without that hypothesis. Now Mr. Le Sueur, 'what think ye of Christ?' Was he an impostor, or all he claimed to be, the revelation of God, the Son and equal of his Father, the light from heaven shining amid the darkness of this world? If he were the latter, we have a direct communication from God, I imagine, and what we do not every day see around us, and can squeeze between our two hands, or fully demonstrate to the satisfaction of our own reason, that is, the much-lamented Supernatural which has been such a bugbear from the days of Democritus onwards. But, if on the other hand, the unseen be the non-existent; if human life be little more than a struggle for existence between more or less highly-developed brutes, springing from darkness, and going down into darkness, a struggle in which only the more highly educated, or more happily constituted, or more favourably circumstanced, have any chance of being truly moral, and therefore really happy; if the hoary traditions in many lands of a once happier state, a golden age where peace and righteousness reigned supreme, but from which man was cast down by his own transgression, if these be the merest of myths, where, in the name of wonder, did the germs of the notions—that there is a realm of the invisible no less real than the present realm of the visible, though it may be different from it; that the shadow of sorrow and suffering in this life is the result and punishment of sin; that this world is a preparation-place for another stage of existence; that man is made in the image of God and responsible to him—where did the germs of these notions come from in the first place? What was that wrong-headed bit of original protoplasm thinking of when it took up with such fancies? What was the *cause* that produced them? Things don't happen without causes in this world now, nor did they ever so happen. Even protoplasm, with all the wondrous capacities with which its scientific creators have so thoughtfully provided it, could not receive impressions without somebody or something to impress it. If Nature and Rationality, these much-lauded deities, abhor anything, I should think it would be such an abortion as that—springing from nothing, receiving impressions from nothing and nowhere, tending apparently to nowhere and nothing, or inflicting untold sufferings on millions of sentient creatures to no better purpose than that a small minority of what constitutes that wonderful conception 'the race,' should be able to drag itself slowly and laboriously around the ever-widening circles of absolute perfection. Truly, a superhumanly 'submissive frame of mind' must be required to believe all this. If sin be nothing abnormal in human nature, but a perfectly explainable phase of spontaneous development; if it be not in its very nature rebellion against God, and a setting the will of the creature against the will of the Creator; if it neither deserve nor will find any punishment from him, either here or hereafter; if such iniquities only are punishable as can be brought before a human tribunal; if those guilty of other, and, it may be, worse sins, are amenable to no higher authority, provided they can keep clear of the law-courts; if there be no offended Deity to propitiate; if the sacrifices of the ages mean *nothing;* if the longing hopes of the nations for a Deliverer, to bring about peace and reconciliation, and restore again the Golden Age to man, be inevitably doomed to disappointment, and have originated merely in the holiday exercitations of interested priests, got up for private ends best known to themselves—curious protoplasm, by the way, must have formed the primeval germ of these priests, that it developed in such an unpleasant fashion; if man ought to look to the heights above, and to the depths below, and to the mysteries outside and around him, and to the yet deeper mysteries

within, and, doing so, solemnly say to himself, 'I, I alone, am the great "I am," to myself, and, so far, to my fellow-men, alone am I responsible, sin against a God is a delusion, reconciliation nonsense, expiation needless, punishment a huge injustice, immortality a dream, and self-sufficiency the highest virtue of humanity;' if all these things are so, will Mr. Le Sueur kindly furnish a '*natural*' and '*rational*' explanation of the fact that a belief in their opposites has for the last four thousand years and more held so deeply cherished a place in the convictions of millions of mankind. If these beliefs are *facts* in 'nature,' in 'human experience,' to which naturalistic morality so confidently appeals—what have 'the rules of every-day logic' to say by way of explanation? It is folly, and worse, for anyone professing to appeal to facts, and to rest the truth of his opinions on their testimony, to leave out of sight the greatest fact of all, or, though forced to some extent, to acknowledge it, to be ever striving to make it square with pre-conceived opinions or fondly loved hypotheses. That, after all, try to avoid it as they may, is *the* great problem which must be faced, explained, and solved by all merely naturalistic and rationalistic philosophers and moralists—the character and claims of Jesus Christ as viewed in the light of known principles of human nature, such as its dislike of being imposed on, its hatred of and contempt for shams, especially if these shams spring from among the lowly-born, the poor and uneducated. A quack with a king's crown, or a judge's ermine, or a philosopher's cloak may long escape detection, but should an ignorant labourer attempt that *rôle* he would speedily be unmasked. The general run of humanity has no such capacity or love for being hoodwinked as many philosophers seem to suppose. This carpenter of Nazareth, the meanest town of a despised and corrupt nation, this profoundest of frauds and most impious of all men, if he were not what he claimed to be, the Son of God, and the Revealer *from* heaven *of* heaven, needs some explanation that will satisfy any reasonable inquirer. If he was *not* the Son of God, and *knew* that he was not, though claiming to be so, then he was a liar and a knave; if he was unconsciously deceiving himself, or trying to persuade himself that he really was what he pretended to be, he was a fool. If he were a knave, is it not somewhat curious that the most inveterate hatred, the most unwearied criticism, prompted by the deepest malignity, the coldest suspicion, or the most philosophical indifference, have been forced to acknowledge a character in other respects so absolutely without a flaw, that it may well stand as the very incarnation of morality? If he were a fool, how comes the universal testimony that his was the keenest intellect, as well as the purest heart, this world has ever seen? On the other hand, if he really *were* the Son of God, then *he* at least, did not believe, never taught, nay taught and held the very opposite, that man's moral nature can become all it is fitted to become, all it was intended to become, that man can in any true sense fulfil the real ends of his being without a higher, that is a supernatural, assistance. And in this case the question resolves itself simply into one of conflicting probabilities, whether it is more likely that the Co-eternal of the universe knows best what is possible or impossible for man to do, or whether a certain class of finite thinkers know best. No one denies that a morality of some sort is possible without a divine revelation, for man is a moral being and his nature must so far manifest itself. Even Nero, specimen as he was of the influence of a purely naturalistic morality, had some faint glimmerings of a distinction between right and wrong, and occasionally acted upon these glimmerings. Will anyone venture to compare a man who was brought up under the best influences of the noblest examples

of heathen morality, with anyone else, naturally, perhaps, as bad as Nero was, but who has been brought even to the smallest extent under the power of genuine Christianity? Will anyone venture favourably to compare Seneca himself, or Marcus Aurelius, the very flower of naturalistic morality, with the noblest examples of Christian morality? Mr. Le Sueur compares them with Rabelais, Sterne, and Swift, to his own great satisfaction. How about St. Bernard, and Herbert, and Heber, and Wesley and Whitfield, and Guthrie and Chalmers? On what grounds does Mr. Le Sueur conclude that what failed so completely in the first century is going to prove so successful in the nineteenth? Gibbon had no liking for Christianity, rather he had that hatred for it which a corrupted heart and a prurient imagination such as his always have for what condemns themselves; but even he is forced to confess the utterly rotten condition to which the morality of Rome and Italy had fallen, and to acknowledge, that in spite of the almost unavoidable evils and extravagances attendant on the presence of weak, ambitious, or designing men who had embraced the faith, the influence of Christianity, with all its peculiar doctrines, steadily increased, was welcomed by thousands who eagerly embraced it as the last hope of the race, and the fulfilment of all their deepest yearnings, and before very many years had past, was recognised as the state religion over the greater part of the then civilized world. Has moral corruption an innate inclination to check itself, and become moral purity, or how was this great change to be explained?

Multitudes of those who lived at the time, and were surely as well able to come to a true decision on the subject as any that live now-a-days, ascribed the change in themselves and others to the influence of a higher power than themselves, a fact they could no more doubt than they could doubt their own existence. Millions since have been conscious of similar changes, and ascribed them to the same cause. What right has any mere negative to say to a self-conscious positive 'you are not?' The matter, of course, is greatly simplified, and settled to its own satisfaction, if the *minus* have first of all determined that in the nature of things there can be no *plus*, least of all a self-conscious one. To say to hundreds and thousands of men and women who have had the fullest advantages of education and surroundings, many of whom have been endowed with the richest graces of genius and learning, who have made the most of their opportunities for becoming acquainted with their own nature, its needs and capabilities, and who solemnly declared that all they have morally become was attainable by no unaided efforts of their own—to say to such that they are entirely mistaken, or else wilfully deceiving themselves and others, is surely the very height of assurance. And where these failed, to think that *we* can succeed, shows, to say the least of it, a very considerable confidence in our own abilities or good-luck. To my mind, it would require quite as specially a submissive frame of mind to believe that this theory of naturalistic morality is true, so far at least as anything has been advanced in its favour as yet, as to believe that such a man as Newton, for example, or Gladstone, was so little acquainted with his own nature, had studied mankind to such little purpose, had read history so carelessly, had been so prone to take up merely popular opinions without due consideration, and seeing that they satisfied his own mind, had taken such shallow views of the mysteries of life and death, as to be utterly mistaken in considering the Bible the only really efficient restorer of the moral harmony of human nature, the only sure foundation for the morality not only of the individual but of the State. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Le Sueur is wrong in his inter-

pretation of Scripture when he says the teaching there is that love to God is 'secondary' to love to man, if by that he at all mean that it is more incumbent on us to love man than to love God, or even that the natural order of things is to love man first and God afterwards. He quotes the verse, 'He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' But the Apostle is not arguing that we should love our fellow-men even in preference to loving God, or that the one naturally comes before the other. He is pleading for an increased spirit of brotherly love, and the strongest motive he can urge upon his readers is the thought of God's love toward them, though more provoked than they could ever be by their fellow-men. He holds that love to men is the surest proof of love to God, and that any one living in enmity or at variance with others, from the very fact of doing so, shows that he has not the right kind of love to God. But the Apostle was no naturalistic moralist, and held no theory of moral development, teaching that the natural course of things is for a man to love other men first, and then, by a gradual process of spontaneous improvement, to see what he can do in that way for God. The thing is no more natural than it is that children of the same parents should first set about loving one another, and consider about their father at some later stage when their feelings have become so far developed.

I confess myself unable to agree with Mr. Le Sueur in what he says with regard to the 'miseries of this world.' 'The ordinary theology,' he says, 'simply makes the situation worse as regards the miseries of this life, seeing that it proposes not only to perpetuate but to aggravate the great mass of misery, and to bestow its highest consolations where consolation is least needed.' What *ordinary* theology proposes to do I do not know, but all *true* theology proposes to do *nothing* but give utterance to what it believes to be the will of God as revealed by his Son. 'I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.' 'They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick;' do these look as if the aim of the Gospel, and therefore of all theology worthy of the name, were 'to bestow its highest consolations where consolation is least needed.' 'Ordinary' theology may have made many mistakes. Theologians are but men, even the best of them, and therefore not infallible. A divinely-inspired revelation by no means necessarily involves a succession of divinely-inspired interpreters, nor does it prevent men from reading into the originals meanings which have given rise to teachings subsequently requiring to be modified. He goes on to say, 'Natural morality on the other hand deals with the miseries of life by looking at them and trying to understand them with a view to removing them.' Has a morality then that believes itself due to higher influences than man himself could exercise done nothing towards alleviating and removing the miseries of life? and if it has, in what other way has it gone about it than 'by looking at them, and trying to understand them with a view to removing them?' Have the hospitals and asylums, and other institutions of the kind, which form such a marked feature of modern civilization, been solely or principally, or at all, due for their first origin and subsequent support to a morality that considers itself self-sufficient for all things? It is asking us to believe a good deal surely to ask that. Naturalistic morality has had long enough time to work out whatever was in it for the 'good of the human family,'—where are the results? Where are its charitable foundations for the first ideas of which it was not indebted to Christian morality? Where are its schools and churches, its missions to the heathen, its colonies of converted savages? What does it work? Even if it did do well enough for some self-

controlled philosophers, what about the masses who either cannot or will not restrain themselves, and deny themselves, and make themselves all they should be; but who do, millions of them, cling to the doctrine of the Cross, which Mr. Le Sueur so kindly patronizes as the only charm of any avail to change their corrupt hearts.

If Mr. Le Sueur intends any such travesty, as is given in the quotation that follows, for a fair example of the general teaching of the Christian pulpit, or the Christian press, it is safe to say that he is most entirely, not to say wilfully, at sea. '*It*' (that is naturalistic morality) 'does not treat sickness or insanity or accident as dispensations of Providence to be warded off or remedied by fasting and humiliation, but as evils springing from specific and essentially preventible causes. It does not trace the breaking down of the Tay Bridge to divine displeasure at Sunday travel, but to defects in the construction of the bridge. It does not profess summarily to annihilate evil; but, at least, it does not erect the eternity of evil, in its most absolute form, into a dogma, and crush with denunciation any tender soul who may wish to be allowed to cherish a feeble, flickering hope that there may be some far-off cessation to the agonies of the innumerable "wicked."' Yes, that is just it. Christian theology and morality think nothing can be done for sickness and insanity, and accident, but to fast and go about in sackcloth and ashes, and so have done nothing else! They think the Tay Bridge and similar disasters are due solely to divine displeasure, and not to any shortcomings of man, and therefore refuse to hold man to any extent responsible for bad work. Though evil cannot be summarily annihilated in this world, yet, as a last comforting thought and to punish it for its contumacy, its eternity, in the most crushing form, is to be erected into a dogma; and that is all that can be said for the current Christian Morality! But (a fact which is equally patent) it is Naturalistic Morality that, without professing its ability summarily to expel evil from the world, yet does all that can be done to bring about that desirable result! It builds the hospitals and asylums of every kind throughout the world—in fact, it is the Good Samaritan of the universe, and to it be all the praise, Amen! Just one other extract. After admitting that the Gospel narrative of the life of Christ does certainly supply an impulse to morality, Mr. Le Sueur goes on to say, 'At the same time, the impulse communicated to many minds by the Gospel narrative, as commonly presented, is not of a wholly satisfactory character. Emotional people, hearing the gospel story, are apt to imagine that they can overleap all bounds and intervals by the power of faith; and their failure to make good their high professions brings scandal on the cause of religion.' Neither, Mr. Le Sueur, are many other human impulses 'perfectly satisfactory' any more than the common way of presenting the Gospel narrative is. And if any disastrous effects follow this mode of presentation, in the case of emotional people, may it not very fairly be asked if the fault does not lie with the emotional people themselves as much as with either the message or the method of its delivery? Present anything you like, in any way you please, and there will still be found those who will take it up wrongly and make a mess of it. 'Virtue,' Mr. Le Sueur goes on to say, 'is safer when it does not aim so high, or at least when it takes a more reasonable survey of the difficulties it is likely to encounter.' There are things about this statement I do not fully understand. How high is it perfectly safe for virtue to aim, or at what elevation should it think of contracting its pinions? What are the difficulties it is likely to encounter in its flight, and wherein consists a reasonable, or more reasonable, survey of these? 'The impulse, too,' he continues, 'is

of a doubtful character, in so far as it disguises the essentially human foundations of morality, and in so far as it substitutes personal loyalty to Christ for loyalty to mankind. It having been settled beforehand that the foundations of all morality are "essentially human," of course, it necessarily follows that whatever tends to disturb these foundations is somewhat doubtful. "The love of Christ constraineth us" seems to Mr. Stevenson a talisman of inestimable value.' Yes, and it has seemed so to millions besides Mr. Stevenson, quite a few of them not fools either. 'Well,'—Mr. Le Sueur goes on,—'if man cannot love his fellow-man without first loving Christ, let him by all means begin by loving Christ.' 'There Paul, my man,' Mr. Le Sueur would say, 'there is a comforting pat on the back for you from the nineteenth century. The great goal of life is to love your fellow-men, you understand, and though it comes quite natural, you see, Paul, for some that I could name, to love their fellow-men quite as much as they deserve, yet others, like yourself, Paul, and David Livingstone, and Brainerd, and two or three more, need something to help them, and so we allow you Christ as a sort of stepping-stone to higher attainments.' If Mr. Le Sueur has as much love to the species as Paul had, even though Paul *had* to begin by loving Christ first, I, for one, should be delighted to make his acquaintance. He is anxious that we should keep in view that 'the thesis against which he is arguing is that the Apostolic doctrine of the Cross can alone keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt.' Well, be it so; this is like taking time and effort to substantiate such a statement as the following: 'Well, you see, I should still have had something, not nearly as much, perhaps, as I have now, or could have if I liked, but still something, though my father had never died and left me a fortune, and any one who questions the fact is either a fool or says what is not true.' To take *very* much trouble about a point of so comparatively little importance might lead some to suspect that it was owing to a want of straightforwardness in coming squarely out with the opinion that any death and fortune-leaving in the question was a superfluous nuisance, and that it would have been much better for all concerned had things been left in their ordinary state.

These remarks have been made on the supposition that Mr. Le Sueur is a theist. If he is *not* a believer in a personal God there is nothing to be said. If there really be no higher power, then, of course, man must just jog along in his own way as well as he can. But before the fact of the non-existence of a God can be accepted as proved, some strange phenomena of human history and personal experience will require a 'natural' and 'rational' explanation.

SHEILA.

BY ST. QUENTIN.

IN a garden of flowers that fronts the wave,
Wooed by the winds of the amorous sea,
A flower was born more queenly brave
Than ever I dream'd that flower could be.
And this was strange, and this was rare,
Rare and strange as the love they gave,
That this garden of girls with their wind-kissed hair
Was wed to the sun and sea.

Yes, Sheila was born where those roses blew,
Sheila was born when the May was seen:
And the beams of the sun and the swift winds flew
To win sweet love from the new-born queen.
And she, unknowing what love should be,
Gave up her glorious love, I ween,—
And her face to be kissed by the windy sea,
And her lips to the sun to woo.

So many a day in the sun and shade,
And many when but the winds might play,
Learning its mysteries unafraid,
Sheila, my queen, trod love's sweet way.
But oh! for sun, and sea, and wind,
A stranger thitherward one day stray'd,
Sigh, passionate souls, for she is kind,
But unkind must be to-day.

And to-day and to-morrow grew on apace,
And the maid knew now what love might mean,
And the stranger ran in a kingly race
With the winds and the sun for the flowers' queen.
But oh! in such a race I know
Old lovers at last must yield the place;
And the wind died out, and the sun sank low,
And Sheila was mine, I ween.

Ah! woe that love could ever be dead!
Or ever his kiss or his clasp be cold!
But if passion must die, and Amen be said,
Ah! let the Amen be most passionate told.
And Sheila went back to sun and sea,
But never, I swear, to the love she fled.
And sun-lights and sea-winds weep with me
For love too soon grown old.

TORONTO.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION IN CANADA.

BY JAMES HEDLEY, TORONTO.

AFTER the feverish activity of a series of years of stimulated production and commerce, the world of business seemed, for some years after 1874, to fall into a state of lethargy, everywhere known as 'the depression.' A drowsiness, which had in it more or less of dejection; of mourning for the money-making activity which was gone, or of gloomy apprehension for what evils were to follow the apparent cessation of industry. Canada, although she did not feel the decline of commercial activity as early in this depressed period as the United States, felt it not the less, but probably the more severely; from her more limited resources, a smaller development of natural products, and a greater dependence for her supplies upon commerce external to herself. The Dominion, in common with other countries, found the export of her staple products falling away through the gradual decline of the foreign demand. At the same time, our imports continued to be heavier than they should be: partly from the diversion into commerce of moneys borrowed abroad for Public Works, and partly from the circumstance that British manufacturers and exporters, finding their products no longer selling in quantities so great as before to the United States, Germany, or France, became the more eager to force their goods upon Colonial markets.

The facilities of credit in Britain, during the period of 1875 to 1878, offered a strong inducement to excessive importation in those years. We continued to buy English merchandise in quantities disproportioned to our lessened ability to pay, as the annual bankrupt list showed. Our exports of lumber and timber (by which we respectively mean sawed boards and squared logs), which in 1873 were of the value of $28,586,000, had declined to $24,781,000 in 1875, and to $20,337,000, in 1876. But our imports of wines and liquors were one-fifth larger, in the year last named, than in either of the preceding; we bought more tea, and nearly as much sugar; more fancy goods, more silks and satins, were imported in 1875 than in 1874; there was no decline in our purchases of woollens, and but a slight one in that of cottons; while in iron and hardware there was a heavy increase compared with the year previous. The excess in value of Canadian imports over exports, amounted, accepting the Blue Book returns as accurate, to $173,000,000 for the five years ending with 1875; an amount which is, of course, partially balanced by the various loans we effected in England. Cases of bankruptcy, in which goods purchased were not fully paid for, form another means of making the balance. But it has been contended, and presumably with reason, that our exports are probably short-returned to the Customs authorities, who are by no means so likely to look carefully after departing products which add nothing to the revenue as after those from which duties are collected.

We have been told that the first Napoleon considered the moral forces in war to be as two to one of the physical. Without applying this estimate to commerce in these exact proportions, there can be no doubt that de-

pression in commerce leads to depression in spirits, and a great loss of moral force ensues. The energies of men are benumbed by debt, and their spirits damped by commercial gloom. With the advent of brighter times the 'moral miasma' is cleared away, and energies which had been deadened are revived. The dynamic effect of the protective tariff of 1878 upon the spirits of certain of our manufacturers was undeniable, whatever view may be taken of the advantage or disadvantage of a protective policy in the circumstances of this country. For them, (the manufacturers), it was a quickening of hope and activity which speedily brought some restoration of energy.

But on the other hand, an activity artificially stimulated seemed to those of a different school of economy a questionable good. What to some appeared to be an era of hope of revival, of increased self-reliance and self-help, and the possession, more largely than ever, of our home markets, was to a section of the press a great evil, a certain burden upon the consumer, and a probable clog to the producer. Canada was being made a dear country to live in; and the aggrandizement of 'a few bloated manufacturers' was denounced as sure to produce the impoverishment of the great body of consumers.

It needs to be borne in mind that our borrowing abroad for the construction of Public Works may have unduly stimulated importation. The capital obtained in Britain by the Dominion was diverted in part from its purpose, becoming loans to commerce based upon Government deposits with the bank. This assisted overtrading, and a burden was thrown upon a class of importers, which the banks in turn had to share when the pinch came, by carrying over their customers who had imported too much and had ceased to make profits. It is probable, too, that the public deposits had a share in giving undue stimulus to a branch of our commerce—the lumber trade—which over-production, facilitated by a decreased demand, had made unprofitable.

During the American war, and indeed during the whole period from 1861 to 1872, a ready and a profitable market was found in the States for the staple productions of the Dominion—her timber and lumber, her agricultural products, and the yield of her fisheries. She prospered and was rapidly growing rich. During subsequent years this state of things underwent a change. The United States, freed from the incubus of war, supplied themselves with these articles, and even supplied us with some of them, whilst doing their best, by means often of 'slaughtering stocks,' to take away from our native manufacturers their home market for nearly all kinds of goods made in Canada. At the same time, the paying capacity of the body of our consumers became less than it was during the decade, 1862–1872; a fact the importance of which was not realized by our merchants. These did not perceive, or did not permit themselves to believe, that the prosperity which added so much to the riches of this country in the period named, arose largely, if not mainly, out of an exceptional condition of things in the States, which is not likely soon to arise again. The active and profitable demand from our American neighbours for our principal productions gave us, in those days, the means to sustain a large trade. Some of our dry-goods houses could, and did, boast of imports amounting to millions of dollars, in a single year, and the imports of hardware houses went higher in the hundreds of thousands than ever they had gone before.

The aggregate trade of Canada with all countries in 1877, was $172,175,000, of which $158,000,000, or about 91 per cent., was with Great Britain and the United States. A like proportion was done with these countries in 1879, when our aggregate trade reached only $151,832,000. The relative proportions of our commerce with these

countries for seven years, ending with 1879, is shown by the following figures :—

	Great Britain.	United States.
1873....	$107,266,000	$89,808,000
1874....	108,083,000	90,524,000
1875....	100,379,000	80,717,000
1876....	83,474,000	75,986,000
1877....	81,139,000	77,087,000
1878....	83,372,000	73,873,000
1879....	67,288,000	70,904,000

The percentage which the imports and exports respectively form of the total trade may be gathered from the subjoined table :—

Imports from U. S.	Exports thither.
Year 1873..53·1 per cent.	46·9 per cent.
" 1875..62·9 "	37·1 "
" 1877..66·6 "	33·4 "
" 1879..61·7 "	38·3 "
Imports from G. B.	**Exports thither.**
Year 1873..63·8 per cent.	36·2 per cent.
" 1875..60·1 "	39·9 "
" 1877..48·7 "	51·3 "
" 1879..46·0 "	54·0 "

It is clear from these figures that while our exports to the United States have become pretty steadily less, and our imports thence greater, the converse is the case with the mother country, for we are sending her more of our products, but purchasing from her less. Our total trade for the fiscal year 1879 amounted to $151,733,000, of which $71,492,000 was exports, and $80,341,000 imports. The decline from 1877 was, therefore, 11·82 per cent.

It was the estimate of Mr. Cartwright, while Finance Minister in 1877, that during each of the then last three years, Canada had imported from $10,000,000 to $11,000,000 worth of goods more than she ought. Not only that, but, in the opinion of that gentleman, she earned annually from $6,000,000 to $7,000,000 less in these years than it had been expected she would.

The bank failures of 1879 tended to show that much of the capital of the wrecked corporations had been misemployed. A comparison of the bank statements for several years will best show the increase of banking capital, and the fluctuations of circulation and of discounts.

The paid capital of Canadian banks, which had risen from $42,275,000 in June, 1872, to $58,127,000 in May, 1879, fell to $54,000,000 early in 1880. Discounted bills, which, from $101,295,000 eight years ago, rose to $127,200,000 in 1874, declined to $104,869,000 in 1879, and to $86,-729,000 in April of the present year, a decrease of eighteen millions. This is a significant fall, when we find that the discounts this year are 32 per cent. less than those at the highest point in 1874. Note circulation, which had reached $28,533,000 in the inflated year 1873, fell to a little more than $16,000,000 in 1879, and shows a recovery to $18,000,000 in the present year.

According to the Government Tables of Trade and Navigation, the total commerce of Canada for the fiscal year 1871-2 amounted to $190,348,779, as compared with $161,121,100 in the year previous. The figures were swelled to $217,304,516 in 1873, the year of largest commerce, and slowly declined to $170,523,244 in 1878, and $153,455,682 in the year ended 30th June, 1879. Of the 1872 aggregate, imports constituted $107,709,116, or over 56 per cent., exports being valued at $82,639,663. The imports of 1879 reached only $81,964,000, while the exports were in better proportion at $71,491,000. The English loans necessarily increased the imports largely, though the imports were, undoubtedly, overdone. What these exports of eight years ago consisted of, and how our exports of to-day compare with them in relative amount of different classes of products, it will be worth while to ascertain. We subjoin the principal items :—

Exports from Canada. Value.

PRODUCTS.	1871-2	1877-8	1878-9
Forest	$23,685,382	$20,054,829	$13,797,259
Field	13,378,562	27,281,089	25,970,887
Animals	12,416,613	14,577,086	14,737,393
Fisheries	4,348,508	6,929,366	7,072,203
Minerals	3,936,608	2,869,363	3,187,722
Manuf'd goods	2,389,435	4,715,776	3,228,761
Ships	332,262	1,236,145	529,824

The decline in prices of merchandise, the world over, will account, it must be remembered, for a good part of the decline in money value of commodities exchanged. Prices of staples are estimated to have declined one-third between 1873 and 1878. The London *Economist* places this decline at 30 per cent., and the New York *Public* at 34 per cent. So far, therefore, from the smaller figures of the later years betokening a lessened movement of goods, it was possible to buy and sell even larger quantities of commodities for the same amount expressed in money value. The decline in our commerce from 1873 to 1878 was 21·67 per cent, and to 1879 it was 29·4 per cent., the last a fraction under the average decline in value of commodities. It would appear, therefore, that Canadians had bought and sold last year to an extent just about equal to that of the year 1873. But the trade took a more healthy direction. There was less importing in the two past years; and the exports took a departure from the beaten track of forest products, comprising in larger degree animals and their produce, field and sea products, and manufactured goods.

For the rest, the business depression which extended over the whole business world, may well help to account, on the principle of reaction, for a reduction from the figures of previous years, in the case of Canada, in the years 1878 and 1879.

The Revenue and Expenditure of the Dominion next claims attention. It may be of interest to give here the revenue from Customs and Excise duties, in the fiscal year 1879, by Provinces :

	CUSTOMS.	EXCISE.
Ontario	$4,966,403	$3,382,291
Quebec	4,738,403	1,469,062
Nova Scotia	1,192,586	221,996
New Brunswick	1,050,050	234,369
British Columbia	517,261	136,894
Manitoba	274,828	
P. E. Island	206,988	
N. W. Territories	21,970	

The revenue of the Dominion Consolidated Fund, from all sources, in 1872, was $20,714,810, and the expenditure $17,589,468. In 1875, the revenue reached the highest point of the last decade, being $24,648,715, and the expenditure during that year was $23,713,071. For 1879, the revenue of Canada was $23,423,366. The sources of this revenue for 1872 and 1879 are shown below :—

	1871-2.	1878-9.
Customs	$12,787,982	$12,912,394
Excise	4,735,651	5,390,763
Public Works	1,211,729	2,302,743
Post Office	692,374	1,534,363
Bill Stamps	191,918	250,602
Miscellaneous	1,095,156	1,032,501
Total	$20,714,810	$23,423,366

The expenditure on Consolidated Fund Account for 1879 amounted to $24,455,381, against $23,503,158 in the year preceding, and $23,713,071 in 1875. For the current year there is a deficit, of which the slight increase of the tariff last session may prevent a recurrence.

It was probably too early, at the date of the latest available return, June, 1879, to look for much increase in the export of manufactured goods as a result of the protective tariff. Nor has our trade with foreign countries had time to show any growth as a result of recent negotiations, or of fiscal arrangements with foreign countries, such as the correspondence with France and Spain, or the subsidy to a Brazilian line of steamers, and the promised assistance to a line of vessels from Maritime Province ports to the West Indies. But it is at least suggestive that the figures of some minor articles of export, for 1879, compare very favourably with those of 1874.

The present tariff was framed avowedly to prevent the increase of imports from the United States, and in the hope, doubtless, of restoring to more nearly its old proportions our trade with Great Britain. That this object is being in part attained, may be inferred from the per-centages for 1879, quoted above, as compared with other years.

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS AND THE TIMES.

BY REV. HUGH PEDLEY, B.A., COBOURG.

AMONG the institutions that have a place in Canadian scholastic life is the Theological College. There is scarcely a religious denomination which does not, in some way, furnish the means for educating its rising ministry. The Episcopal Church has its College at Lennoxville, and in Toronto. The Presbyterians have flourishing schools in Ontario and Quebec. The Baptists have their seat of learning in Woodstock, and the Congregationalists have theirs in Montreal. The Methodists have several institutions, the most prominent being Victoria University, which is fast wiping out any imputation of an uneducated ministry that may have been cast upon Canadian Methodism in days gone by.

In all these schools are being trained the men who are supposed to take a place in society of acknowledged leadership in all matters concerning religious life and thought. They are expected to speak with some authority, if not with entire infallibility. They are to wield an influence which, regarded either from the lofty altitudes of religious belief or from the lower standpoint of commercial and sociological interests, must, by all thoughtful men, be deemed of measureless importance. Not only the Christian man from Christian considerations, but also the business man from business considerations, the statesman from patriotic considerations, the man who loves his home from considerations that affect that home, must feel deeply concerned as to the part taken by the ministry of the times in solving the problems of the times. For is it not axiomatic truth that the welfare of society depends upon the morality of society? Is it not also a question of far-reaching importance to what degree the morality depends upon the religion? And, in view of this, must it not be a matter of vital interest what sort of men shall deal with these great questions, and what sort of training they shall receive to fit them for their work? Believing that our Theological Colleges have hardly been progressive enough to suit the age, I would like to say a few words about their work.

Any one who studies the signs of the times, the great currents of thought, cannot fail to see that the work of a conscientious minister is becoming increasingly difficult. The physical discomforts of the pioneer preacher are fully compensated for by the complexities which surround his more polished city brother. Contemporaneous with the general quickening of men's brains, as society moves on, comes the necessity for a more wide-awake and nervous intellectual life among those who, in the realm of thought, occupy the position of leaders. How this manifests itself in religious affairs a brief glance will shew.

There was a time when the New Testament was received by the great mass of the people as true in every chapter and verse. Though they might disobey its commands, they did not for a moment question its right to command. They regarded its voice as being in deed and in truth a voice from heaven—the voice of God Himself. Unread it might be, yet it was

even an object of peculiar, and even superstitious, reverence. Its authority was as absolute as the axioms in geometry or the laws of thought in Metaphysics. Other books might be treated in a doubting, a critical, and even in a contradictory fashion, but this book was to be listened to with bowed head and unqualified assent.

There has been a change, fully accomplished in some sections of Christendom, ominously near in others. The weapons of the critical historian, which were forged in order to destroy certain ideas about Aristotle and Homer, were turned against the Old Testament, and finally against the New. The Gospels and the Epistles, once regarded with so reverent a gaze, were subject to a treatment as free and searching as that applied to any book whatever. Superstition oscillated between whimpering and cursing, but all in vain. Still the investigation went on, Eichhorn, Paulus, Strauss, Renan, Baur, and a host of others entered upon the work with an earnestness the heat of which grew to an enthusiasm. So successful were they that they carried with them the head, if not the heart, of nearly all Germany, and nearly all France. Today, in the most refined circles of these countries, the believer in the supernatural element in the New Testament is looked upon with that sort of pitying wonder which we are wont to bestow upon the man who regards, as facts, the antics of ghosts, and of witch-bestridden broomsticks. Norman McLeod, writing from Weimar in 1834, says, 'I am credibly informed by competent judges that ninety-nine out of a hundred are infidels.' Christlieb, the great Evangelical theologian, writing in 1874, speaks in startling sentences of the existing breach between Modern Culture and Christianity, and devotes a chapter to show how the majority of Germans in all professions had swung loose from the Christianity of the New Testament. Reluctantly he is forced to the belief that, after centuries of Christianity, after the spending of millions of money on churches and seminaries, after the shedding of the blood of a long line of heroic witnesses, after the sturdy battlings and ringing notes of Luther, together with the quieter efforts of his colleagues, after all this costly outlay, Germany is now, in her thought, more Pagan than Christian. And what is true of Germany is applicable to the whole continent in the ratio of the spread of freedom and education. There are some who fancy they can discern in this tempestuous waste of waters some signs of a turn in the tide, some evidences that the Rationalistic movement has spent its strength, and the reaction has set in. However, doubtful that may be, it is beyond all debate that such a Rationalistic movement has taken place, and has dominated the intellectual life of the most thoughtful nation in the world for half a century.

But our interest is more especially centered in the English-speaking lands. What is the religious condition of the Motherland, and of her two daughters this side the watery main? Very different, certainly, from what it is in Europe. The thousands of churches, up and down these countries, which every Sabbath call together their millions of worshippers, shew that the Christianity of the New Testament has still a mighty hold upon the people. The various denominations seem possessed of enormous vitality, and look forward with unbounded hope. Measured by the profusion of its literature, the splendour of its architecture, the power of its eloquence, the melody of its music, the activity of its Sunday School operations, the breadth of its revival efforts, the magnitude of its missionary enterprises, Christianity never touched a higher point of success than within the last ten years. Still, there are signs that this state of things may not continue. When you come to examine the faith of these millions of Christian worshippers, you will find that it rests mainly upon authority. It

has not been obtained by independent thinking. Is there not, in this very fact, an element of peril, a possibility of revolution? Is it not reasonable to suppose that a religious belief which has not been built up by free enquiry is likely to be sadly shaken, if not completely shattered, by free enquiry. However optimistically disposed we may be, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that ideas about Christianity of a destructive nature are being diffused, with amazing and increasing rapidity, among all classes of people A few years ago, the *Westminster Review* stood alone among the periodicals as a disseminator of Rationalistic views. It no longer occupies that solitary position. These views are now advanced in the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary* and the *Nineteenth Century*, with a boldness of thought and a brilliancy of style which cannot fail to commend them to thousands of readers. In other forms, from the massive folio down to the cheap *brochure*, these novel ideas are finding their way to every corner of society. Thoughts, once whispered in secret, are now being proclaimed from the house top. Opinions, once nursed in the coteries of the select, are now being circulated among all the people. Doubts, which once lurked like fugitives in shady nooks, for fear of ecclesiastical ban, now come boldly forth from their hiding places. The press, like some husbandman of gigantic stature, paces up and down the land, and with liberal hand sows all kinds of thoughts and sentiments—seeds which fall into unnumbered minds, and are destined to bring forth some sort of a harvest.

Aye, and the harvest is drawing on right swiftly. Mr. Goldwin Smith's article, on 'The Prospect of a Moral Interregnum,' may be the product of a pessimist, and yet it is worthy of respect, as coming from a man who has made it his business to learn from the past how to study the movements of the present. He says, 'A collapse of religious belief, of the most complete and tremendous kind, is, apparently, now at hand.' His whole argument is based upon the alleged fact that Christianity as a religious belief has given way, and he goes on to shew the prospect of its decadence as a system of morality. That he is not altogether astray in his estimate of the skeptical tendencies of the age is evident from our own observation. It is not long since a young man told me that the favourite theological work in a certain medical school was Greg's 'Creed of Christendom,' a work which popularizes all that is most destructive in the books of the Higher Criticism. It is but a little while since Canada had a visit from Colonel Ingersoll. Those of us who did not hear him are told by those who did that he is very brilliant, that he has all the mental and physical qualities which give a man sovereignty over an audience, that his wit and audacity are weapons that work direst mischief to the faith of any but the most intelligent or the most prejudiced mind. His works are circulated in cheap form. They are characterized by that sparkling effervescence, that spice of epigram, which make the sermons of Talmage so interesting to the ordinary reader. Now, very learned people may poohpooh his arguments; very pious people may be horrified beyond measure at his irreverence; very lethargic people may see no danger; but the fact remains that his works are read, that his comical hits are retailed hither and thither; that in the United States he draws immense audiences, and that, when in Canada, he lectures twice in the same place, as he did in Toronto, the number of his hearers being much larger the second night than the first.

There can be no doubt that all forms of thought, all systems of belief, however venerable with age, are being handled with the utmost freedom. Skepticism is becoming more general, and is protean in its adaptability to circumstances. There is philosophical skepticism for the cultured, and popular skepticism for the masses: the

Reviews for the select, Colonel Ingersoll for the people. No *Index Expurgatorius*, whether Catholic or Protestant, whether ecclesiastical or domestic, is barrier strong enough to stem the incoming tide. We have committed ourselves to a popular form of government, and, if we would reap its benefits, we must not timidly shrink from its perils. Despotism may meet Free-thought with torture-chamber and prison-cell. Republicanism dare not, and cannot. Her only weapon is Reason. Her only hope is that out of intermediate chaos will arise a social fabric, fair, beautiful, and built upon immovable foundations.

Our age, then, being one of restless thought, should not the ministry be qualified to grapple with these problems around which the waves of enquiry are so fiercely dashing? It is not enough that ministers should be well read in church history, not enough that they should be able to expound in logical fashion the Church doctrines of the Trinity, the Atonement, etc., not enough that they should understand the architecture of a model sermon. These matters are quite right in their place, but the minister must go further. He must go down to the root question, and enquire whether the history, the systematic theology, and the homiletics are based on a really Divine Revelation, or only on a series of beautiful legends which foolish, but reverent, hands have wreathed about the person of Jesus of Nazareth, a wonderful, religious genius that long ago illumined the land of Palestine. He should not commence building his theology till he has struck down through the sand of traditional belief to the solid rock of ascertained fact. He should be able to deal bravely and skilfully with the actual world of to-day. He should be qualified so to master this great flood of free-thinking that, instead of laying waste all that is fairest and best in our life, it shall be as the broad river which fertilizes and clothes with beauty all the land through which it sweeps in its stately course.

Believing that no period of a man's life is more favourable to this radical preparation for the ministry than his college years, I would advocate a manly, courageous dealing with the doubts of the age in all our theological schools. Of course, it is true that in these institutions a certain amount of time, in some a large amount of time, is devoted to the study of Apologetics, or Christian Evidences. But it is also true that the general rule is to present the views of skeptical writers, either in the language of the professor, or by means of quotations which must of necessity be very scant. Now you cannot do a writer full justice by merely quoting him. As well might you attempt to exhibit the strength of an army by showing individual soldiers as specimens, instead of disclosing, in all their terrible splendour, the long lines of scarlet, faced with glittering steel, and the massive squadrons of cavalry, ready, at a moment's notice, to shake the earth with the thunder of their tread. The only way that is at once fair to the antagonists of orthodox Christianity, and satisfactory to the student himself, is to put into his hands the dangerous works, and command him to read them. Let him study for himself the anti-miraculous philosophy, and the keen criticism contained in the two volumes of 'Supernatural Religion.' Let him read the more compact, but less thorough work of Greg. Let him look with thoughtful eye upon the younger Newman, as he wanders on in his shifting 'Phases of Faith.' Let him handle for himself the volumes which come from Germany, laden with the thoughts of Baur, and Haeckel, and Strauss. Let him read the works of Ingersoll, and, should that doughty knight come within hearing distance, let him be found in the audience. Let there be no timid reserve. Let our young ministers face the whole strength of the rationalistic position. Let them see the gleam of all

the weapons, the unmasking of all the batteries. Let them grapple with that axiom of skeptics which Renan has so boldly stated : 'The essence of criticism is denial of the Supernatural.' Let them, taking nothing for granted, except the '*cogito ergo sum*' of the French philosopher, go down to the very bottom, and then work their way up by manful climbing, till they find themselves at last on the solid and sun-kissed heights of glorious conviction. This training, and this alone, will fit them to hold their ground in a manly way amid the conflicts of the age.

Ah ! but is not this terribly dangerous ? is the question we are confronted with. Yes, it is; dangerous to narrow and inflexible creeds. And the Churches have taken good care that their students shall not run much risk. They occupy the monstrous position of determining beforehand what a student shall think when he has finished his college course. They say, in effect, to a young man : 'You may think for the next five or seven years, but you must so think that, at the end of that time, you will occupy to a hair's-breadth the same theological position as you do now.' It is as if you were to tie a man to one end of a hundred yards of rope, and tell him that he may play the Columbus, provided he doesn't go beyond the length of his tether. The student is furnished with an Ariadne's thread, in the form of a creed, and, no matter what glories he may behold in the labyrinth of discovery, he must, without fail, guide himself back to his starting point, in order to be considered a fit and proper person to be ordained to the ministry. Limitations, which would be scorned in the realm of scientific investigation, are quietly accepted in the domain of religious thought.

But, to come back to the question of danger, we find men talking as if thoroughness of investigation would inevitably lead to a loosened hold on Christianity. So much the worse then for Christianity. If young men of average intellect, and more than average morality, find that the more keenly they study Christianity, the less able they are to accept it, and preach it, then must Christianity be relegated to the dusty lumber-room of worn-out and superseded religious systems. Surely this outcry of danger savours more of pallid fear than of a knightly devotion to the truth.

But suppose there is some reason for the outcry, suppose that the young men will become unsettled in their views, and some of them so unsettled as to quit the ministry for ever, would that be an unmixed evil ? Would not the loss of those who honestly go forth be more than made up by the increased effectiveness of those who honestly remain behind ? *Facilis descensus averni*, you say ; it is easy to go down into the depths of doubt, but to get back to the glad upper world of faith '*hoc opus hic labor est.*' Very true. But what if this laborious climbing awaken spiritual life and intellectual force ? What, if in the hard battling up the rugged ascent, a man has developed within him 'the wrestling thews that throw the world.' What, if by an experience wrought out in the excitement of spiritual ferment, he is fitted to be a guide to those who falter where they firmly trod, and whose lips are ever vocal with the piteous cry, 'who will show us any good ?' Would not this glorious gain be worth all the bitterness of its purchase ? If it be a divine law, 'Nothing venture, nothing win,' is it wise for the minister of Christ to try to escape the wide sweep of that law ?

There is one thing sure, that if a man does not read the books referred to in college, he either will or will not read them after he leaves college. Take the first alternative. He will read them. What will be the consequence, in all likelihood ? Simply this. He will for a time be placed in one of the most painful positions that an honourable man can possibly occupy.

He will have to undergo the terrible ordeal of facing his congregation, week after week, while his heart is being racked with doubts concerning the very truths his people are longing to hear expounded. One moment he will seem to himself a traitor for remaining at his post, the next moment a coward to dream of abandoning it. Then will he bitterly regret that this conflict had not been fought out under the more favourable conditions of a student's life. Take the second alternative. He will not read these books. Then, if he be pastor in a reading community, he will know less than his congregation about matters which it is his special business to understand. He will stand towards the Bible, as an ignorant priest stands towards the Pope, accepting an infallibity that he has never proved. He will appear before the intelligent world as a spiritual coward, a craven-hearted man, who dare not face the enemy that is slowly mastering his domains. He will become a by-word and a reproach to the generation which he is confessedly unable to lead, and which sweeps by with disdainful tread, leaving him far in the rear. He will be a 'fixed figure for the time of scorn, to point its slow and moving finger at.' There, in his shame, he, too, will heap anathemas upon the college training which sent him forth to his work so terribly unprepared.

From either of these alternatives—the Scylla of ministerial petrefaction, the Charybdis of ministerial agony, the student may well cry 'Good Lord deliver me.' Happy the student who comes out of college sure on some points though doubtful on many; who, when he receives his diploma, has an unfaltering 'credo' upon his lips; who, laying his hand reverently upon the New Testament, can say, 'Now I know that this book is true,' not because of the hallowed faith of my father and mother, or the weighty deliverances of councils and assemblies, or the general historic belief of Christendom, but because I have tested it for myself in the hot fires that burn around the crucibles of independent thought, and have found that it contains, beyond all question, the pure gold of truth. Happy the man who enters upon his work with such a training, and happy the country that has such men in its ministry!

Want of space forbids my noticing the difficulties in the way of securing this sort of an education. Enough, however, has been said to indicate its desirability. Against the wave of infidelity, which Van Oosterzee, the Dutch theologian, prophecies, our strongest barricade, so far, has been the mud-built dyke of traditional belief. That is fast breaking down. It is ours to see that, when the wild waters have swept over it, they shall dash against the strong buttresses of an enlightened faith. That this may be effected, we need, for ministers, not men who are bound hand and foot to certain systems by the old-time bonds of prejudice, but men whose heart and brain have been baptized with the strength of truth and freedom. And, that such ministers should be given to the people, it is necessary that they should receive in college a training most fearless and most radical. Boldness in the assault must be met by boldness in the defence. The 'root and branch' men on the side of Skepticism can be successfully encountered only by 'root and branch' men on the side of Faith.

ROUND THE TABLE.

WALT WHITMAN.*

I BEGAN to read my friend's essay on 'Walt Whitman,' with a strong feeling of dissent from her estimate of his poetry. This was founded on the inadequate survey of his work afforded by Rosetti's 'expurgated' edition, then the only one within my reach. It was also founded on the often-repeated gibes of the *Saturday Review*, which, of late years, seems to have altered for the worse, to be as salt that has lost its savour, as vinegar unfit for the cruet. The *Saturday* has repeated again and again that Whatman is but a kind of rowdy Tupper, that his writings are full of gross indecencies. But then the *Saturday* has also delivered itself of the dictum that Leland's *Hans Brietmann's* ballads are destitute of humour, a critical verdict which, in my sincerest opinion, completely abolishes the authority of the court, and certainly Whitman's metrical form is like Tupper's, Tupper, the type of all that is most abjectly degraded in literature! But when I came to read the 'Leaves of Grass,' in the full unclipped edition of 1872, the conclusion was very quickly formed, that Whitman is *not* as Tupper is. Whitman is all that Tupper is not,—a poet, original, full of force and fire, ebullient with sympathy for human life, and for all life. His poetry *finds* one; he is in the widest sense of the word, human, and republican; his political teaching is that equality which is the creed of this our American continent, his religious philosophy, too, is that comprehensive and tolerant recognition of the correlation of all moral and religious forces, which, more or less understood and avowed, characterizes the vast unestablished Church of Free Opinion in America. My friend has so well set forth the true estimate of Whitman in this essay, which has at least made one convert, that I need add little. But two words may be permitted on Whitman's neglect of poetic form, and on what the *Saturday* calls 'indecencies.'

In the tenth century, which Hallam says was the darkest of the dark ages, this unformed non-metrical rythm was introduced into the Latin Hymns of the Church by Notker; it was kept up by Gottechalk and others, and is the form of a great proportion of the sequences preserved by Moné, Daniel, Neal, and Kehrein. It was, in fact, the revival of the poetical form of the Hebrew Psalms, a form which, in the conservative and unprogressing East, has never varied. In the Greek Church the Hymns are of this form, rhyme and metre never having been introduced. In the earlier Western Church, the *Te Deum* is the solitary specimen of this kind of composition until it was revived by Notker. With all its absence of form, how grandly flow the words of one at least of Notker's sequences, which few, who have heard its familiar version in a passage incorporated into the Burial Service of the Episcopal Church, recognize it as the work of a tenth century monk, "*Mediâ in Vitâ, sumus in Morte, quem ergo petimus adjutorem nisi Te Domine, qui pro peccatis nostris juste displiceris.*"

'In the midst of Life we are in death, of whom then may we seek succour but of Thee, Lord, who, for our sins art justly displeased.' This metre is then by no means incapable of lending itself to poetical thought; the facility which is its fault, makes it suited to the peculiarities of Whitman's rush and hurry of fancies, he has not time to stop and carve his meaning into metre, but to the ear that can hear, there is, as my friend says in her essay, a subtle music of rythm peculiar to this Poet and his subject. A word as to the other point. It is a delicate one to touch upon. Our *Canadian Monthly*, though it has always included among its contributors some daring assertors of Free Thought, has ever been a faithful exponent of morality. But the interest of Truth compels us to say that, as I find him, Walt Whitman is not immoral, that he is not even a sensuous

* A Note on Mrs. K. Seymour MacLean's Essay, in the current number, by Charles Pelham Mulvany.

painter of the human figure like Mr. Swinburne in the earlier volumes of that great poet. Walt Whitman is, before all things, a republican. He treats the subject of sex quite incidentally, by no means seeking it out or emphasizing it; but, when he does meet it, he is outspoken, as he is about everything else, and makes short work of conventional pruderies like the Hicksite iconoclast that he is.

AFFIRMATION SUSTAINED.—JUDGMENT FOR DEFENDANT.

I AM sorry for poor 'O Yesse.' He may be able to bear all the unpleasant things that 'Ono' says of him personally, for it is but one opinion, even though it be that of this Autocrat of Round the Table, and, besides, if the sting of truth may be measured, as we are told, by the irritation which it produces, he may find some crumbs of comfort there. He can perhaps easily enough put up with being convicted of illogicality with a profundity so deep that no mere masculine intellect can sound it, because *humanum est errare*. Nay, he may not be utterly prostrated by the terrific threat of 'such a rebuke as only a *lady* (?) can give and as he would be likely for some time to remember.'

All this he may perhaps endure. But I fear he cannot survive his discomfiture in his attempt to defend women from the charges brought against them.

'"O Yesse" must either be delightfully unobservant,' says 'Ono,' 'or have very restricted opportunities of observation, if he has not seen evidence enough, even in this Canada of ours, that women *are* "tempted to seek their object by ignoble and debasing means, and to sacrifice delicacy, truth and principle in the pursuit."* English novels,—whether the authors are men or women,—are full of such pictures, and novels are at least supposed to be tolerably correct mirrors of the life of the day. Indeed no one need look any farther than Mr. Punch, who is supposed to be a tolerable authority as to the weaknesses of society, to see that the words quoted are often only too fully verified.'

*A sentence is omitted here as seeming superfluous, the meaning being sufficiently expressed in what follows. The reader will, however, please satisfy himself as to that by referring to page 658 of the June number of the Magazine.

All this formidable bulk of evidence against the poor women does 'Ono' pile up. Still, I venture to think with 'O Yesse'—whether or not he sinks under it, and I sink with him—that they *can* follow the natural instincts, which they derive from the same source whence comes their whole being, and which prompts them to make themselves pleasant and attractive to men, without the odious contamination attributed to them.

Come, my dear young countrywomen of 'this Canada of ours,' tell me, where is the 'slander'? Where is the '*true reverence* for womanhood'? Cannot you love your lover or your husband with all your heart and soul and even make it 'the chief end of your lives' without ignobly debasing yourselves and becoming indelicate, untruthful, and unprincipled? Perish the thought! I am ashamed to be driven to ask you such a question. But answer me, please:

YES OR NO.

THE REHABILITATION OF ORATORY.

IT has latterly been the fashion to assume that the amazing development of journalism during the last half century or so has altogether superseded oratory as a means of influencing public opinion. The press, never backward in glorifying its mission, frequently tells us that the rostrum, and even the pulpit, give place, so far as any practical and vital influence over the lives and thoughts of men are concerned, to this new and tremendous force. There is no question that hitherto the course of events has rather favoured the view. The sphere of the orator has been vastly circumscribed; while the journal has taken possession of the ground and now forms or voices the opinions of the great mass of civilized mankind. There are not wanting, however, signs of the times pointing to the fact that newspaper influence, as a moulder of thought, has about culminated, and that oratory bids fair to recover a portion, at least, of its old-time power and prestige.

The increase of the sphere of journalism has been accompanied by an enormous increase of its expenses. The days are over when James Gordon Bennett could start the New York *Herald* on a capital of $500, and Horace Greeley float the *Tribune* to a sudden success upon a

similarly slender amount. Nowadays fortunes are sunk in the endeavour to found daily journals, and success, if it comes at all, is the result of lavish expenditure for years. Newspapers are valued at millions, and are, in fact, as much commercial institutions as banks, railroads, or other large corporate enterprizes, requiring vast outlay. We are apt to draw somewhat self-complacent and boastful comparisons between the complete equipment and ample facilities of the newspaper of to-day and the limited sphere of the press as our fathers knew it, but the modern improvements have been dearly purchased at the sacrifice of independence and outspokenness. The press is not venal or purchasable in the ordinary sense of the words. Nevertheless being so absolutely dependent for its very existence, not to speak of its prosperity, upon the good will of its constituency—especially the advertisers—it is tied hand and foot so far as the utterance of new ideas likely to be unacceptable to any considerable portion of them is concerned. Its position, won at immense outlay, and by arduous effort, may be jeopardized by an inconsiderate step running counter to popular prejudice. It is consequently wary of new departures, and—whatever its nominal politics—conservative in the worst sense of the word. The consideration "will it pay?" cannot be kept in the background, and the consequence is that instead of being ahead or even abreast of public sentiment it lags lamentably behind it, as a rule. So long as the present relations of editor, publisher, advertiser, and subscriber remain as at present, this must inevitably be the case, and the prospect is that as the newspaper system develops, as the amount of capital at stake is increased and the commercial element enters more and more into their calculations, this stolid impenetrable conservatism will become intensified.

As everybody knows who is even slightly acquainted with the working of journalism, the class with whom it is all important for a newspaper to stand well, is the advertisers. In these days of cheap newspapers, the advertisers virtually make the general public a present of the printed matter for the sake of getting their announcements before them. The publisher is satisfied if he realize from subscription and sales the cost of the white paper. The advertising class, that is to say the moneyed, well-to-do people, the business community, who as a rule are instinctively averse to change, and tenacious of old ideas, are therefore the controlling influence in the modern daily newspaper. It is no wonder that the tendency is to run in grooves, to suppress anything like the individuality of early journalism, and to taboo as dangerous any measure which seems to run counter to *bourgeois* prejudices or interests.

Under such conditions there seems to be an increasing field for oratory as a means of influencing the masses of the people whose faith in journalism is weakening day by day. They are beginning to see that while the battle is vigorously kept up on the old party lines, and all sorts of petty, trivial issues discussed with apparent gravity, the real questions pressing for solution which interest them are slighted and slurred over. There is a conspiracy of silence between Grit and Tory as to any matter involving the rights of the working classes—who do not advertise to any extent—or tending to disturb the serenity of the theological status—as on the occasion of the visits of two Infidel lecturers. There are large classes who have long since ceased to expect anything like justice or fair play at the hands of the daily press. If a large meeting were held in Toronto tomorrow in favour of Canadian Independence, Annexation, or Customs' Union, it is doubtful whether it would even be reported. It is certain that it would not be reported fairly.

Recent indications in the United States tend to show that, in proportion as a time-serving and capitalistic press has abdicated its functions of directing public opinion, the orator is again destined to come to the front. Rev. Joseph Cook is by no means to be classed as a liberal thinker or a champion of popular ideas, but nevertheless he does not talk platitudes, and however antagonistic some of his conclusions are to received opinions he never hesitates in announcing them. His success is due in far greater measure to his freedom and fearlessness in treating of the topics of the day than to his theological or scientific discourses. A speech from Wendell Phillips has more influence than a thousand editorials in which, to use his own vigorous language, "you can hear the chink of the dollar and the lash of the party whip." Whatever may be thought of Col. Ingersoll's manner or matter

his phenomenal success in swaying large and frequently half-hostile audiences testifies, as much probably to the reaction against the conventionality and "respectable" Philistinism of which the press is the embodiment, as to the acceptability of his views. The rostrum can afford to give free enunciation to new ideas, to advocate popular rights and champion minority causes, and hence is likely to assume in the near future an importance hardly second to that of which the growth of the press deprived it.

P. T.

CHIVALRY AND THE SEXES.

In the April number of the Canadian Monthly appears an article entitled 'Chivalry or Not Chivalry,' by 'O Yesse,' who from some of the concluding remarks, is evidently a man ; and as a woman's view on the subject may be worth as much, I would like to say a few words. With the earlier portion of the paper I heartily agree, thinking as I do, that men generally show chivalry to women in the way of guarding, protecting, and saving them from the hard things in life. What I wish to remark on, however, is the view 'O Yesse' takes of the paragraph he quotes, and which he is so severe on, 'that past experience seems to prove that as long as women are taught that their chief end in life is to please men, their worth and dignity can never have a secure and sound foundation.' This 'O Yesse' denies, and this I affirm, is mainly true, for I think on this point a woman is calculated to judge —one reason being that only a woman really understands a woman. It is often painful to see how a really good and noble man is blinded by a very low and ignoble woman, just because she flatters his vanity ; while a true woman's highest joy certainly is to minister to those she loves, the woman who is trained to think her *chief* end in life is to please men does, I maintain, sacrifice delicacy, at least, in the pursuit of her object. Marriage, which is a true union of heart and soul, is not only the happiest lot for a woman, but that which will develop her highest and noblest qualities ; but such a marriage will never be attained by such a woman. Her end being 'to please men' any one will satisfy her. Her object is to be married, regardless how the end is reached. Can anything be more pitiable than the loveless and unsuitable marriages we see so frequently?—and they are the fruit of the training girls often, but not always, get—that their chief end in life is to please men. A pure and noble woman who is capable of the deep and lasting affection which ends not with time, is incapable of obtruding herself on any man's notice, and the more she loves him the less she is likely to show it. A woman may show her love for worldly motives, for the sake of being married, for a new sphere ; but the more passionately and deeply she loves the less will she in any way take the initiative. True love in a woman has always a certain amount of shyness, often avoidance, till she knows she is beloved, then indeed let her whole heart be centred on pleasing the one man, but not on men generally. To my mind a woman who in any way puts her self forward in love affairs is incapable of lasting affection ; she feels merely a passing fancy, or perhaps thinks she is tired of being single ; but to a woman who truly loves such a course is simply impossible, and those who do not marry—a large proportion now-a-days—what disappointed lives must their's be if they have failed in their chief end. No, let girls be taught if God send them a true love it is their greatest blessing, if not He knows best, and if, as oftener happens than is imagined, a woman loves deeply some one who does not return it, so that her heart cannot be given elsewhere, still if it has been a pure love for a worthy object, and if it is known only to God and her own heart, she will be a better and nobler being single all her life than trying to marry some one for the sake of being married. And if she is fortunate in her love she will make the true wife whose every pulse beats with the beloved one, who will help him in his life-work with intelligent sympathy, whose love outlives time or change—a love, in short, as deep and lasting as eternity. Could such a woman condescend to the petty arts practised by some of our sex to attract men? No, the woman who can do so is not worth winning. One does not care much for a present which will be given to the first person who happens to appear, and not for any personal reason of preference. 'O Yesse' seems to me to have no conception of a real, loving,

delicate-minded woman, but I do not wonder at it. Such women as yet are not common, and especially in the colonies, where, even more than in England, girls in the upper classes are too often taught to think of nothing but matrimony, and have not the resources of culture and education which keeps their mind occupied. I trust, however, this state of things is changing, though slowly, and that girls of the future will not regard marriage as a means of livelihood. E. B. S.

THE ONTARIO ART SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

'THERE are, perhaps, no subjects directly connected with the moral and intellectual advancement of a nation which at once demand so much the impartial comment and constant notice of the public, and yet in which honest criticism, from one cause or another, is so difficult to obtain, as the different branches of Art. The difficulty is obvious, and in a sense, insuperable. Art criticism can only be safely confided to the professional critic, who shall have prepared himself for the task by a diligent study, not only of the masterpieces of contemporary and indigenous painters, but also of those of other countries and other ages : to one, in fact, who has in him some standard of comparison, some touchstone by which to test the ring of the true metal. Unfortunately, however, in Art questions, the professional critic is, of all others, least to be trusted for an impartial opinion. It is often true, in Art as well as in cricket, that the lookers on see most of the game. Too great familiarity with the works of one's contemporaries, no less than too great intimacy with themselves, is pretty sure, sooner or later, to lead the judgment astray. It is not only that in a subject in which individual taste must have a good deal to say, our tastes are themselves in turn apt to be swayed by our likings ; but, beyond this, the most impartial of commentators, the very Brutus of art criticism, cannot escape 'the magic of a name ; ' cannot help seeing in to-day's failure, it may be, the charm which enraptured him in the successes of yesterday and the day before. It is difficult to believe that the artist who has given us one year a masterpiece may the next produce a daub, and so the daub escapes the censure it merits, and the public and the painter, aye, and Art itself, are the worse for the mistake.

So much by way of preface, or apology, or what you will, for a few notes on the present year's exhibition by an outsider, to whom many of the names in the catalogue (not all the least meritorious) are absolutely strange, to whom the Society's rooms were, in truth, a first, and a pleasant, glimpse of Canadian art.

Pleasant surely ; for of all things most calculated to strike a stranger, assuredly the most encouraging sign of the standard attained by the contributors of the Society was the absence, except in a few instances, of any really bad work. It may be safely asserted that in this respect the Exhibition might be most favourably compared with almost any modern collection of pictures of the same class. It is a drawback to one's enjoyment, notably of the Grosvenor Gallery, and to a great extent of the Suffolk Street Rooms, that the general effect is rendered far less pleasing by the mass of rubbish which intrudes itself into company too good for it, while it may safely be said that in Burlington House itself a good deal of really bad work finds a place, which, judging from the apparent standard of the Art Society, it would fail of here.

It is true that to set against this there are few pictures which reach a very high standard, yet as an indication of art progress and as a test of the good which has been done by the art school in the past year, a general average of good work is surely more encouraging than the exhibition of a few masterpieces (always rare, look where you will), to get at which you are compelled to wade knee-deep through a mass of rubbish such as one gladly misses from the walls of the King Street Rooms.

Less encouraging, however, it must be confessed, is the absence in the mass of the drawings of any really skilled draughtsmanship. Colour, and good colour, well harmonized, and cleverly managed in every respect is there, and pleases the eye at every turn, but it is when one looks for the striking effects of natural perspective, for the accurate drawing of the human figure, nay, even for the studied details of architecture and the carefully disposed foregrounds

which go so much towards making up the *interest* of a picture, that one cannot fail of disappointment, the more deep because the first impression leads one to expect so much more. The truth must be told that very few of the drawings in the rooms will bear very close scrutiny, not, be it said, from any lack of carefulness in detail, or of painstaking, often laboured, finish, but because few of our artists have had the training of professional draughtsmen, and fewer yet have fully studied that which lies at the very foundation of all good painting, the principles of composition. The majority of the pictures seem to have been painted without any definite object, except a general notion that this little view or that bunch of flowers, or yonder farmhouse would make a pretty picture ; and so the little view, or the bouquet, is straightway transferred to paper or canvas and *hey presto !* the thing is done, and the result is a 'painting' it may be, but most emphatically not a 'picture,' a work of art in the true sense.

Hand in hand with this want of general knowledge of composition, goes, as may be expected, a certain poverty of expression, if one may so term it, which in many cases shews itself in a meagre repetition of some carefully practised effect, sometimes even in a plagiarism of design or subject matter. A couple of flower pictures notably were upon lines somewhat too easily recognizable in this respect—while it was amusing to notice how often the same sunset and group of firs occurred in the paintings of one artist ; the same blue sky and purple mountains in the distances of a second, the same boat in the foregrounds of a third. Nature, viewed as a whole, is capable of innumerable expressions, suggestive of innumerable modes of treatment ; too faithfully copied in detached morsels, she is apt to give the idea of sameness, and, be it said, *unnaturalness*, which it is one of the objects of true art to remove.

Of course these remarks must be understood to apply in the most general sense, to the mass of the pictures ; it is hardly necessary to say that there are exceptions to each and every of them, and a few pictures, at all events, deserve special mention.

The first room was rendered doubly interesting to a stranger by the presence of several of the diploma pictures of the newly elected Canadian Academicians. Amongst these, three pictures in entirely different styles cannot fail of notice from the most casual observer. Mr. Edson's charming landscape 'A Trout Stream in the Forest' (No. 18), is at once a delightful bit of colour, and singularly free from the defects of composition before alluded to. It is nature herself, not slavishly copied piece by piece, but her spirit transferred to the canvas ; more than a beautiful painting, it is a thoroughly artistic picture. The same may be said of Mr. Griffith's 'Peonies' (No. 70). It is not that every petal of the beautiful blossoms is carefully drawn, and glows with tints the most natural (though this is true). What gives it a real artistic value is its 'character,' if one may so phrase it ; the poetry of the flower is there, and breathes through the mere material form ; it is a living and not a dead group. These pictures have both, and justly, been praised by the public and their representatives ; there is another, of which, so far as we know, no notice has been taken, and yet which is, to our thinking, so far superior to any in the room that it is difficult to discuss it by the side of the others.

'The Beacon Light, St. John's Harbour' (No. 32, H. Sandham, C.A.) would attract attention in any gallery in Europe. Here again it is not the subject itself ; nor the mechanical part of its execution. A foggy back-ground, dim outlines of shipping, and a boat tossing on a dingy sea. These are painted naturally and no more ; but there is a nameless grace and fascination in the picture that is of itself alone, and springs neither from the subject nor the mechanical skill with which it is handled, but from the real artistic genius that pleases, we know not why. It may not be out of place to mention the excellent taste of the frame of this picture, the rugged quaintness of which assists in no small degree the general effect. Although it may be laid down as a general rule that a frame should be carefully kept back, and be as little noticeable as possible, there can be no doubt that on this occasion at least a departure from precedent in this respect has been a decided gain.

Two good sea pieces of Mr. J. A. Fraser, (Nos. 51 and 54), and another of Mr. Sandham's, ('Fish Nets, Bay of Fundy,' No. 73), are all three worthy of notice, while at the very entrance of the room our attention was attracted by the really exqisite contrasts of colour in 'Buttercups' (1a), C. Stoney. The

bright yellow flowers, in an old blue jar, are cleverly contrasted with a rich brown background ; and be it said, in this place, that good backgrounds are rare, very rare to find in the Exhibition. What was said before about the "object" with which this or that is to be introduced into a picture, applies with full force to the background question. There must be a *reason* why in this picture a natural background is in keeping, in that a conventional one, in yet another a mere mass of *chiaro-oscuro*. And yet so many bear the appearance (one cannot but believe that in many cases it is actually so) of being composed, on the strictest principles of economy, of the waste colour left upon the palette. Mr. Harris's 'Chorister,' (No. 56), and 'The Rejected Suitor,' (No. 68), are noticeable as almost the only good figure-drawing to be seen in the rooms. The latter is, besides, a very harmonious composition, both as to the colouring, which bears strong traces of the influence of the French school, and as to the arrangement of the background and accessories, which are touched in with a masterly breadth that is worthy of all praise.

Amongst the water colours, Mr. Millard's Welsh drawings are perhaps the more worthy of mention, that in them he is upon ground which has been so often gone over by others, that his pictures are easy of comparison with the English painters of the same school. It must be admitted, however, we fear, that the drawings, though pleasing enough in themselves, are far from exhausting the capabilities of the scenes he depicts. Welsh scenery is, perhaps, of all others, the most unapproachable, and the drawings in question, though like enough, no doubt, to their originals, fail to give the genius of the Welsh landscape, or the bright freshness of the Welsh air. The best, perhaps, in this respect is a careful drawing of Dolgelly Mills (No. 74), in which what is evidently Mr. Millard's strong point, the representation of weather-worn masonry, comes into strong relief.

Mr. D. Fowler is decidedly the most original, if not the best, of the landscape water-colour painters. Conventionalism in any form requires the assistance of a master-hand, and higher praise can hardly be given to Mr. Fowler than to say that he is, in general, fully equal to the requirements of the style he has adopted. 'Bremm on the Moselle,' (No. 127), is undoubtedly a very favourable specimen of the character with which he is enabled by its means to invest subjects in which the stiffness of the masses of building and the general quaintness of their detail seem to give a license to a semi-conventional treatment. The same holds good of a capital drawing of an old Roman Bridge in the Alps (No. 118) but it may be questioned whether such would-be natural objects as the fallen trees in the foreground of the 'Fall and the Fallen' (No. 115) are not rendered slightly too obtrusive by the heavy outlining of their limbs, unless indeed, the title is meant to give the picture a species of allegorical significance, in which case it may be objected that the picture itself fails to convey any such impression to the uninitiated.

Mr. M. Martin, who exhibits a large number of paintings, seems strangely unequal in his work. Some of his water-colours are charmingly clean and spirited, notably No. 92, 'Toronto Bay,' while of his paintings in the first room, No. 1, 'Moonrise on the Prairie,' did not inspire us with any wish to become its possessor.

The same objection cannot be conscientiously made to Mr. Verner's pictures, they are everywhere and they are all the same. It is not to say that they are not many of them very pleasing, but there is a want of character and individuality about them which detracts rather from their value. Mr. Matthews gives us some very pleasing drawings noticeable also for their cleanness and transparency ; and Mr. O'Brien, though his large picture is perhaps a little disappointing, has a charming bit of colour in No. 96, 'Eel Brook Bay, Grand Manan.'

It would be unfair to close our article without one glance at the designs exhibited in the small room at the end. Amongst them 'The Beatitudes' (No. 209) the work of Mr. H. Howard, a newly elected member of the society, is the more striking from the entire absence of any other work of merit in the collection. It is, both in design and execution, a really excellent piece of missal illumination.

There are of course, many other pictures which might be mentioned and dwelt upon. Indeed, did space permit, there is much matter of comment which might be introduced respecting half a hundred pictures passed over necessarily

in such a sketch as this. It has been the object of these notes, not so much however to call attention to the merits or demerits of individual works, as to point out the general features of the exhibition as they are calculated to strike a strictly impartial spectator.

ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. By HENRY JAMES, Jr. English Men of Letters, Edited by John Morley. New York: Harper Bros., 1880. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

HAWTHORNE'S literary work is the aftermath of our Puritan literature. Alien alike in subject and in treatment to those writings with which it is really most nearly allied, it yet preserves their inward spirit and follows the line they laid down. The massive works of the few early Puritans who took to the pen may be compared to an old rough hewn chant or Gregorian mass, with its meanings and purposes plainly written on the surface of its solemn periods. The tales of Hawthorne, then, would correspond with the same mass when transformed by the genius of some modern composer. The motive is there, recurring heavily and ominously from time to time; but it is obscured, hidden and entangled in all the fugal intricacies of a more deeply woven theme. The shape in which it is presented is lighter no doubt; but the same key-note is struck and possibly new meanings and shades of meaning evolved.

Such a product and of so late a birth was impossible in England. No Puritan party has kept together there the sentiment and traditions which alone could nourish it. Such modern Puritans as England can yet boast are independent of the past. Their admiration of Puritan rule is an admiration of choice, a selection from among past eras, and in no way the result of unbroken descent and family connection. Moreover the greatest of them all (we mean Carlyle) has imbibed at least as much from German as from Puritan-English thought, so that the distinction is all the more apparent.

It remained for New England to bring down the traditions, the habits, and the religious mode of thought of the Puritans unadulterated even to the date of Hawthorne's birth. Not that this habit of mind was unaltered—like every other phase of human life it had changed from within, almost unconsciously no doubt, but no less really.

It was still, however, free from foreign alloy, the chain of thought stretched back its apostolic succession to the early sufferers for the faith, who had so carefully nursed its kindling spark. That thought, the consciousness of guilt, the all-powerful drag of sin upon the soul, the omnipresence of temptation in things that seemed immaterial or harmless to other men, had manifested itself in many shapes. It had banished the dance and the Maypole, the mistletoe and the yule-log from Merry England, merry no longer. It had hinted distrust of self to Cromwell when he was freeing his country and preparing for the reign of the saints, but it had none the less disdained to trouble Bunyan, the poor tinker, with a dread of his own damnation. It erected a confessional, an inquisition, in each man's breast, before which he stood trembling, at once criminal and judge. At the dread bar of conscience he questioned and wrestled with himself, and in that self-inflicted torture he could not always tell if the answers were his own, or if the devils were not whispering blasphemies in the semblance of *his* thoughts.

What varying tricks this overmastering sense of sin must have produced on mankind can only now be guessed. Except in the lives of good men, who needlessly accused themselves of many wicked actions, and in the trials of witches and heretics, who accused themselves of many impossible ones, we have

no record of its effects. But while its force was not yet fully expended, Hawthorne was born. With a delicately subtle imagination and the due amount of half morbid love of seclusion, he wrought out in his solitude those fanciful variations of the theme which we all know so well. It was time that he should do so. The breath of the nineteenth century was about to stir even the quiet New England villages, whence his inspiration was drawn, and in another fifty years, it would have been too late to have preserved this faint autumn flower, the last relic of an expiring flora.

Hawthorne's life, for which we have left ourselves too little room to speak of, fortunately requires little description. It was quiet and tranquil. Strange to say, he, like Burns, was set by a kind government to do miscellaneous Customs collection work; but his spirit did not chafe against restraint, and the uncongenial employment only delayed him a few years in attaining his literary majority. He even accepted at a later date the post of Consul at Liverpool and held it for some time, and this too after his name and fame were well established. From England he went on to Italy, residing at Rome, and near Florence, and only returning to his native land to die there. He is the only American author who has been admitted as yet into this series of English Men of Letters, from which he could not well have been spared. The growing taste at home for American literature is not a little owing to the strong hold his novels at once took upon the reading public of England.

Mademoiselle de Mersac. A Novel, by the Author of 'Heaps of Money.' No. 106 Franklin Square Library. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

THIS is an interesting and pleasantly told tale of French and English life. The greater part of the scene is laid in Algiers, about the time of the fall of the second Empire, which gives an air of novelty to the surroundings of the principal characters.

There is a strain of English blood in the parentage of M'lle de Mersac, the lovely and decided heroine of the tale, which the author has felt justified him in freeing her from the usual matrimonial constraints under which French girls suffer, and leaving her free to be courted, and to reject eligible matches at her own sweet will. Jeanne is just the person to enjoy such an unusual liberty. She is wrapped up in her only brother Léon, and feels no need of any nearer love than his. So she dismisses the best suitors her friends offer her, with the coolest of airs.

At the time the tale opens, two lovers are laying siege to her heart, an Englishman of property and taste, named Barrington, and a French Viscount, M. de St. Luc. From leading the fashion at Paris and Compiègne in the most extravagant days of Napoleon the Little, M. de St. Luc has retired to the country to nurse the poor remains of his ruined fortunes. As Jeanne is an heiress, we feel little disposed to wish him well in his suit, and the sympathies of the English reader are all with his rival. In what manner the author developes the characters of the two opponents, and the changes that come over our estimates of them before the tale is finished, we will not now reveal. But we must own that the delicate touches, by which our good wishes are made to gradually veer round, show no slight skill on the part of the story-teller. Mr. Barrington has a most peculiarly constituted mind. His aunt, who is a good hand at analysing character, gives him a well-deserved rebuff when she tells him, 'Harry, you have that happy self-conceit that I believe you would discover some subtle form of flattery in being called a fool.' The same lady, who knows, as may be imagined, a little more of Master Harry than more superficial observers do, is disgusted at the excessive praise heaped upon him by his less enquiring friends. 'You, who know my nephew, must be amused at the way he is spoken of,' she remarked to Jeanne. 'I often wonder what sort of a monster a man such as they describe would really be. Three grains of Shakespeare, three of Marcus Aurelius, six of Solomon, and two of the infant Samuel, with a dash of Joe Miller, by way of flavouring!—what a nauseous draught!'

Occasionally our author's style reminds us of Thackeray. Take, for instance, the opening passage of the chapter in which poor Léon wakes up after losing all his fortune to St. Luc at lansquenet over night. 'Everybody knows what it is to wake, gasping, trembling, out of

some gruesome dream. Very gradually the mind of the sufferer shakes itself free from the hold of the dread vision. He rolls his eyes round the familiar walls of his room and thankfully perceives he is not in Newgate. . . He realizes with a deep sigh of relief that he did *not* marry hideous old Mrs. Moneypenny yesterday for the sake of her wealth, nor hear of the collapse of the undertaking in which his whole fortune was involved. Nevertheless, some shadow of the grim horror will hang over him for an hour or two, vexing him with a vague uneasiness. . . But if such waking sensations be unpleasant enough, how much more terrible is their converse ! Calm night steals away, bright morning comes with sunshine and stir and sound of voices, and, behold ! it is the nightmare that is the reality ! Alas ! it is *true* that you are a convicted criminal—Messrs. Brown, Jones & Robinson *did* put up their shutters yesterday morning—and what is that brown fuzzy thing on the dressing table ? Can it be an old woman's wig ? Oh, horror ! horror ! '

The picture of official colonial life, too, is very good. Madame de Trémonville, the wife of one of the petty bureaucrats of Algiers, is an admirable specimen of the worst kind of Frenchwoman of the period. M. de St. Luc pillories her and the class to which she belongs in these biting sentences—' Formerly there were two classes of women—*dévotes* and women of the world ;—one knew what to expect from each of them, and suited one's conduct accordingly ; but in these days a third class has sprung up and is becoming more numerous than either of the others—a class of women who are worldly without being witty, whose religion is nothing but a superstition, who are mostly very ignorant, who have no merit except that of dressing well, and no passions but vanity and a certain mean ambition.'

The Munster Circuit. Tales, Trials and Traditions, by J. R. O'Flannigan, Barrister-at-law. Franklin Square Library, No. 100. Toronto : James Campbell & Son.

An Irish subject, touched by an Irish pen, always shows off at its best and brightest. The man who relates a bull must, or at least ought, to experience a congenially *bovine* feeling (so to speak) similar to that which inspired the original producer. Too many *raconteurs* indulge in the perilous notion that they are chronicling what is beneath their dignity, and, consequently, overlay their material with semi-apologies, betraying their own self-consciousness. Mr. O'Flannigan does not fall into this error. He gives you his jest, or his tale, his practical joke, or his ghastly murder without any after-thought. There it is, too light to bear analysis, too superficial to base a dissertation on Irish character upon—take it and pass to the next.

Mr. O'Flannigan, like most authors, is happiest when he sticks to his subject, and heaviest in his padding. Early Irish history can be made attractive in its proper place and by proper treatment ; but we resent the intrusion into these pages of episodes (intended to be picturesque), and commencing after this fashion : 'Evening closed round the castle of Kilkenny, the day had been sultry, every object around was distinct to the sight,' and so on.

We know full well what the precision of this wonderful meteorological record of the date of Elizabeth means. Before many lines we shall see 'a travelled stained horseman' bestriding (we are ready to wager anything) 'a gallant gray,' who is perfectly certain to suddenly 'draw rein and admire the scene.' These dashing horsemen of the middle ages *all* do it. It is our firm conviction that if the episode-writer were depicting a man riding to the gallows, he would (from sheer force of habit) make the victim pause, involuntarily, 'to admire the scene.' But putting this tale-writing aside, we can afford to praise the bulk of the book as very readable and interesting.

It is a curious scene that is disclosed to us. The deeper tints are laid in with judicial murders, trials for witchcraft, treason, agrarian outrages, and ordinary murders. Criminals' heads are stuck up on pikes, men are condemned to be hung 'in forty-eight hours' as late as the days of O'Connell.

Mixed with all this is the buffoonery of the bar and the bench, the curiously primitive manners, the pleaders innocent (when on circuit) of wigs and gowns, and O'Connell breakfasting in Court on bread and milk after a drive of ninety miles, and interrupting the Solicitor-

General's speech with his mouth half-full of sandwiches! Before we judge the Irish criminal bar too harshly for the theatrical and rhetorical manner with which they examined witnesses and the apparently unseemly way in which they interrupted the Counsel for the Crown, we must reflect upon the disadvantage under which they laboured (in common with their English *confrères* of that day) in not being allowed to address the jury on behalf of the prisoner, and the necessity for their indicating in some prominent manner their estimate of the value of any particular piece of evidence.

Among the lighter bits, this anecdote of Serjeant McMahon will bear repeating. In addressing a jury he is reported to have said: 'My client acted boldly. He saw the storm brewing in the distance, but he was not dismayed. He took the bull by the horns, and he *indicted him for perjury.*

The Return of the Princess. By JACQUES VINCENT. No. 51 Appleton's New Handy Volume Series, New York; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1880.

We must confess to having been much pleased with this little work. Without aspiring too high, M. Vincent has contrived to sustain his narrative above the level of common-place experiences, and to give it a homogeneousness that carries our sympathies along with his heroine from start to finish.

The scene is Egypt,—not the Egypt of Cheops and the Pyramids,—but the Egypt of to-day, of French fashions clashing with Mohammedan traditions, of clamorous foreign bond-holders, and of the hardly worked, oppressed fellah. The harem is opened before us, our Princess Miriam tells us all about it, with its amusements, its factions and its jealousies. Still, life in a harem is supposed to be monotonous, and one would not expect much graphic narration from a person who had spent all her life amid mutes, women, and eunuchs,—even if she were doubly a Princess. But M. Vincent gets over this skilfully. His princess has been educated at Paris, and in entering the palace of her father, at the age of seventeen, she brings with her the keener insight, the freer instincts of a western civilization.

The position is sufficiently *piquante.* We feel with Miriam in her impatience at those gilded restraints, and rejoice with her when she contrives (somewhat too easily it appears to us) to elude her watchers' vigilance from time to time. She gets out to visit her own brother, who has married a beautiful Englishwoman, and goes on visits to her half-sisters Hosnah and Farideh, who are both married and who are the leaders of the two opposed factions of old and young Egypt. Hosnah piques herself on preserving all old customs, rigorous seclusion, strict veiling, non-intercourse with the Franks. Farideh, on the contrary, throws open her rooms, full of flashy French upholstery, and entertains all the stray European population of Cairo. At one rout, which being held in the harem, even she could not allow men to attend, she ingeniously got over her difficulty by dressing up some of her tallest slaves in white cravats and black dress suits.

We will not disclose the ending to this modern story of the Arabian Nights; our readers must take our word that it is moving and original, and seek it in M. Vincent's pages for themselves.

A Stroke of Diplomacy. By VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. No. 49 Appleton's New Handy Volume Series, New York; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1880.

The number of pleasant little French tales and novelettes which Messrs. Appleton have been the means of introducing to the notice of the American reading public during the last few years is something quite considerable. Apart from mere numbers too, there is much to notice and to be pleased at in these volumes. What a shock it must have given many a bigoted believer in the true inward wickedness of a French novel, to have found that there are so many of them which can be read aloud without wounding the sensitiveness of a typical 'young person!' Probably the bigoted being in question will, however, continue to cherish his belief in the danger lurking between the yellow covers of the spongy-papered, invertebrate originals, and will refuse to make acquaintance with any of them till they have past the fiery test of Messrs. Appleton's selection.

The little tale now before us is compact enough to be put in a nutshell. A

young lover, a scheming woman with beautiful eyes and hair, and long taper fingers, which give one an unpleasant idea that they are always about to clutch something. The scheming woman's designing mother and the diplomatic uncle who is commissioned to rescue the lover from his entanglements,—these are practically the only characters. After the first few pages the whole action takes place at Lausanne, and does not require very many days for its evolution.

Horace, the lover, is a fine, handsome young fellow, whose life-passion it is to prosecute his antiquarian researches deeply into the history of Egypt. This has kept him apart from women, gaiety and business, and it is with a wonder akin to a revelation that he experiences the new sensation—love, when Madame de Corneuil first beams upon him with her large brown eyes 'shot with fawn,' during a congenial visit to the tomb of Ti. It is upon the two opposing motives, love for the Pharoahs, and love for Mde. de Corneuil, that the plot (if the little sketch can be said to have a formal plot) hinges.

We do not notice many errors of translation. Curiously enough, the two we noted for remark are of directly different tendencies. In the one case 'it helps nothing, (instead of 'it is of no avail') is a barely literal translation of a French idiom; in the other the spirit of the French language and the consistency of the characters are alike disregarded by the introduction in a gentleman's mouth of the vulgar American phrase 'own up.'

Notes d'un Globe-Trotteur; course autour du monde, par EMILE D'AUDIFFRET. Paris: E. Plon et Cie.; New York: F. W. Christern; 1880.

Now that travellers have multiplied beyond the ordinary powers of conception, and every nook and corner of the world is bethumped by the industrious feet of organized parties of sight-seers, the reader of journeys must not expect to derive his amusement so much from the novelty of the place visited as from the peculiarities of the visitor, either in his personal qualities or the mode of locomotion he affects.

In this way we felt an interest in Mrs. Brassey's Voyage, which the mere places she saw would not have inspired, and similarly the Rides to Kiva, Adventures of the Rob Roy Canoe, and a dozen more of the same class, aim at presenting to us a distinct flavouring (so to speak) of the author as a prevalent ingredient in the dish.

M. D'Audiffret goes jauntily round the globe in the same spirit. The world (*pace* the astronomers) is flat enough, but a true Parisian, fresh from the asphalte of his native boulevards, may succeed in imparting a little *verve* to it. At any rate, his point of view is so different from that of a Canadian as to insure some novelty in his impressions.

Our traveller starts from Paris 'without enthusiasm.' He hints at some inexplicable reason for his 'trotting' to the end of the world, but you must not ask what it is. 'There is something in this great emotion of the heart that reminds him of a flower,' so jealously loved that nobody must so much as sniff at it. For a mystical half-page or two he dallies with these concealed feelings, which explain the deep moments of depression he fell into during his journey. At least, he says so, but a careful perusal of the book leads us to believe that he never was really depressed except on board the Pacific mail steamer, when he experienced much affliction from the sameness of the *cuisine*.

'*Potatoes* et canard, canard et *potatoes*,' boiled, roasted, and stewed, 'c'est vraiment dommage!'

At any rate, if he left Paris under a dread of black thoughts, the sight of an English lady, a fellow passenger, whom he meets at Marseilles, soon dissipated them.

'Quel costume!' he exclaims (inaudibly to the lady, let us hope). The dress not long enough, nor short enough, 'et en piqué blanc, s'il vous plait!' A little red cravat she wears creates an inappeasable longing on his part to pull it behind to see if it would throttle her; her boots are solid, but 'd'une longueur, d'une longueur!' When we add that the head of our unfortunate fellow-subject was covered with a white Indian helmet, from which dangled two lengths of blue veil, it will be easily seen that the traveller's sense of his national superiority was delightfully tickled.

Nor does he show more respect for our ecclesiastics, as we find him eagerly betting whether the heat will make a bishop they have on board drop his

gaiters and apron in the passage of the Red Sea. It is not often one gets the chance of betting on a bishop, which seems to add a piquancy to the transaction.

Nothing very interesting occurs till he arrives at Japan, where he makes a somewhat lengthened stay. He was always interested in it, he informs us naively, 'it always seemed to him so far from Paris!'

He dashes ashore at Yokohama, is delighted with it, spends there in fact the most interesting hour 'de flânerie que j'aie jamais flânée,' and goes to a hotel of which he only complains it is *too* comfortable. Next day he calls on the "charmant consul," and we may remark here that almost every one he meets is 'charmant,' even if he dislikes a man, as is evidently the case with the captain of the *Volga*, he is 'excellent * * and perhaps the most amiable and "*spirituel*" man in the world,' barring a lugubrious look at table. From Yokohama he goes to Tokio and takes a house there, living in real Japanese style, and much delighted with all he sees. Receiving much hospitality from the members of the different embassies, he determines to give a *fête* in return, which is a great success. The centre piece is a magnificent fish, apparently most artistically cut up, and embowered in flowers and fruits. To his great surprise the fish gives a somersault in the dish, and the Japanese guests proceed to put an end to its tortures by cutting it in pieces. We must in justice say that this is almost the only instance of real barbarity recorded in the pages of this book about Japan.

At last he must leave Japan and fare onwards to San Francisco. The street boys of that city surprise him by the coolness with which they ask for twenty cents to make up the price of a theatre ticket, and get it. He almost puts the Parisian *gamin* to a disadvantage in comparison with these little beggars. The Yosemite 'Walley' he does not visit, but hurries on to Chicago, where he feels the first whiff of civilization, to Niagara, and New York. He likes that sumptuous city, he dwells affectionately on a truffled capon he has there for dinner, — certainly it was dear at twenty dollars, but he adds (with gastronomic exaggeration) it was the *first*, the *only* dinner I had since I left Paris the year before!

With this magnificent compliment to our neighbours we take our leave of M. d'Audiffret.

Verses and Rhymes by the Way. By Nora Pembroke. S. E. Mitchell, Pembroke, Ont., 1880.

This volume of verse seldom rises above amiable common-place echoes of Eliza Cook's "Old Arm Chair" school of domestic verse. Some of the verses on religious subjects are good of their kind. "The Iroquois Side of the Story" aims at something higher in the manner of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour," which is readable, after one has got over the unpronounceable Indian polysyllables. But the poem which has most real merit is a ballad, "A Legend of Buckingham Village," which commemorates the murder in 1867 of an imbecile girl, it was supposed by her brother the Rev. Mr. Babin. Mr. Babin was the English Church clergyman at Buckingham; the girl had been a burden on him; her body was found beneath the ice of the river, and Babin was tried for murder and narrowly escaped the halter he was generally believed to have most richly deserved. Here are a few of the verses:

Away up on the River aux Lièvres,
That is foaming and surging alway,
And from rock to rock, leaping through rapids,
Which are curtained by showers of spray:

And up here is the Buckingham village,
Which is built on these waters of strife;
It was here that the Minister Babin,
Stood and preached of the Gospel of Life.

Was his message all noise like the rapids?
Was it empty and light as the foam?
Ah me! what thought the desolate inmate
Of the still upper room of his home?

Ah! who knows!—for the chair now is empty,
And the impotent girl is away;
While the night and the darkness covered
Such a deed from the light of the day.

Tom Singleton: Dragoon and Dramatist. By W. W. Follett Synge. Franklin Square Library, No. 110. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a novel, and deals with such incidents and events as occur in novel-life, and not elsewhere. How well we know those denizens of Novel-land! How brusquely honest are the charming old Admirals, shockingly neglected by the Board of Admiralty that misman-

ages the fleet of Great Noveldom! Their captains of dragoons how manly, how self-sacrificing and retiringly modest, rejoicing, moreover, in the possession of cuticles incapable of sustaining a scar which will turn out to be other than ornamental to their bronzed cheeks! The dwellers in Novel-land waste no time in formalities. They know each other at once, and act with amazing cordiality, not to say excessive familiarity, from the moment of introduction. They possess moreover considerable talent for quotation, and exercise that gift unmercifully. When they want to shine, how they converse! With what ready wit (in this particular instance) do they banteringly discourse at a dinner party about the improprieties of second marriages, regardless of the fact that several of the ladies present have visited the altar more than once. Good English society (in Noveldom at least) is no doubt justified in such conduct, which would be called personal rudeness elsewhere.

In *Tom Singleton*, the reader, if he can forgive these peculiarities, will find the tale a fairly readable one. If Mr. Synge had thought less of its merits, he might have improved it, and especially he should have contrived a means to discover his second hero's little piece of villainy which would have been less impossible than the one he has described in chapter xxxix.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE names of Joachim and Wilhelmj have for many years been known to all lovers of music as those of the two greatest living violinists, and our *dilletanti* hailed with delight the announcement that one of them was to play here on the evening of the 27th ult. Herr August Wilhelmj has been in America nearly a year, and has made the same remarkable impression here that he made in Europe, and has achieved this result, not by resorting to any meretricious means of eliciting approbation, but by the force, strength, and greatness of his playing. Herr Wilhelmj was met on Thursday evening by an audience which was fair in size, but which testified by its applause during the evening that it was both critical and enthusiastic. He played, as announced, the Paganini *Concerto* in D; an *Andante* by Vogrich; and Ernst's 'Hungarian Airs.' His playing was received with such storms of applause that he was obliged to respond in each instance, playing a *Nocturne* by Chopin, Schumann's '*Abendlied*', and an air from Bach's *Suite* in D. His playing is essentially different from that of any of the greater violinists that have visited Toronto. It is not by his appeal to the softer sense of music that he stirs his listeners; it is by the expression of strength, earnestness, and irresistible power and ease of execution that he holds his audience enthralled. His style is as bold as it is free from vulgarities; there is nothing forced, and there are no mannerisms to offend the listener. His tone is full and searching, seeming to draw all the music out of the instrument, though on the higher strings it lacks the breadth that should balance the extraordinary weight and massiveness which characterizes his playing on the lower ones.

His intonation is occasionally faulty, but we are now being taught to look upon that as a mark of true poetic fire, which we would, however, rather do without. His playing of the difficult Paganini *concerto* was so easy in style that none who were not acquainted with its extreme technical difficulties could have known what a *tour de force* it was. The finest *morceau*, however, was the Bach Air, which was played beautifully, and shaded exquisitely. Altogether Wilhelmj is an artist whose playing is characterized by largeness of conception, completing a grand, massive picture, rather than giving exquisite finish to details and risking the loss of unity of effect in the whole.

Signora Salvotti assisted as soprana. This lady has improved very much since her previous visit to this city, and made quite an impression by her rendering of the air from 'Nabucco.' Her voice is large and full and of a great range. She also sang very well Gounod's *Ave Maria* (on Bach's *Preludium*) with the violin *obligato* by Herr Wilhelmj. Mr. Max Vogrich, a pianist of considerable force and executive power, played two Lizst solos and the accompaniments. Herr Wilhelmj gave two concerts in the following week, which met with the same approbation.

On the 10th June, the second concert of the St. Andrew's Choral Society took place at the Horticultural Gardens. This Society has been doing good work in the cause of music in a quiet way, and showed marked improvement over its first effort in February. On this evening its force was augmented by an orchestra, which, while it added to the general effect, was still a disadvantage, as its weight was too much for the chorus, and as it was composed of musicians who had not played the work of the evening together sufficiently often to produce that unity without which orchestral work is rather to be shunned.

In the opening overture by Nicolai, 'Ein' Feste Burg,' in which is incorporated Luther's great Chorale of that name, this was especially noticeable, as the strings, as a rule, played very much according to their own notions of time. The first duty of an instrumentalist is to remember that there is a conductor, and that he is there for the player to look at and take his time from, but unfortunately that important individual is generally the last one it occurs to the player to let his gaze wander to, or if he should so far forget himself, he also forgets that the movements of the conductor are made to give him a faint idea of where a bar commences, and where intermediate beats come in.

It is not to be supposed from the above that the performance was not good ; on the contrary, when the variety of material in the orchestra is considered, as well as the great difficulty just mentioned, the performance was one which reflected great credit on Mr. Fisher, to whose patience, taste, and energy, the success of the concert was due. His chorus sang well, with care and expression, though the tenors and basses lacked in attacking power and promptness generally. It failed to produce an agreeable impression only when singing extremely loud passages, which were not musical from the efforts of the singers to be heard above the orchestra. The *Lauda Sion*, a cantata by Mendelssohn, which contains some very fine choruses, and also some work which is hardly worthy of the great master, was a prominent feature of the programme, and showed considerable study on the part of the chorus. The finest work, however, done by the chorus were the Mendelssohn four-part songs 'Farewell to the Forest,' and 'May song,' and Macfarren's 'Sands o' Dee.' The last was truly poetically sung, and it is not too much to say that it was the finest piece of part-singing ever heard in Toronto. The soloists were Miss Ferris, soprano, Miss Dick, contralto, Mr. Doward, tenor, Mr. Schuch, bass. Miss Ferris possesses a fine, full, mezzo-soprano voice, and sings with considerable style and great expression. Her rendering of the solo, 'Lord at all times,' in the *Lauda Sion*, was the finest of the evening, and showed great study and a true conception of the tenderness of the subject ; but her singing of the '*Messiah*' solo, 'He shall feed his flock,' was not so good, evidently not having been studied so deeply. Miss Dick has a fine voice, though not a strong one, and sang her solo, 'He was despised' (*Messiah*), very effectively, though she gave way to the popular error of singing it explosively and abruptly in enunciation. Mr. Doward did not do himself justice in his rendering of the *Messiah* recitative and *aria*, 'Comfort ye' and 'Every valley.' His singing of the latter evinced a want of confidence in his powers, which may have been the result of a cold, but which certainly militated against his success. Mr. Schuch was in good voice, and sang 'Thus saith the Lord' (*Messiah*) with care and declamatory effect. He also sang the *aria*, 'But who may abide,' with judgment and expression. The orchestra accompaniments to the *Messiah* solos were played by a reduced orchestra, and did not overweight the singers ; still they lacked in breadth and fullness of tone, and it would perhaps have been better to have taken a little more pains and used a little more determination with the whole orchestra, and to have made it serve in these numbers.

The concert as a whole was a success, as it showed progress; and as the selection of numbers, with the exception of the Nicolai overture, was not too ambitious, it also showed that the progress was not sought to be made too fast, nor at a rate beyond the powers of the Society. It is to be hoped that next season will see the Society again in the field, as work of the kind that it has undertaken is deserving of encouragement.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems is entitled 'Songs of the Springtides,' and contains some charming 'Studies of the Sea' which will delight all lovers of verse.

Mr. W. D. Howell's latest novel, 'The Undiscovered Country,' which has been appearing in instalments in the *Atlantic Monthly* has just been issued in separate form.

The second and concluding volume of Dr. Wm. Smith's 'Dictionary of Christian Antiquities' has just been completed, and forms a valuable supplement to the learned editor's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' issued some years ago.

The 'Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle' has just been published, throwing much light upon one of the most important contributions to historic inquiry which the century has produced —the 'History of Civilization in England.'

The latest issues of the *Seaside Library* are the new novels of Rhoda Broughton, —'Second Thoughts,'—and of Anthony Trollope,—'The Duke's Children,'—and a cheap reprint of the first volume of 'The Life of H. R. H. the Prince Consort,' by Sir Theodore Martin.

A work dealing with our early Colonial history, which its author, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, has long been known to be preparing, has just appeared from the press of the Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto, entitled 'The Loyalists of America and their Times.'

The eighth and final volume of the cheap re-issue of Chas. Knight's 'Popular History of England' has been issued in the *Standard Series*, and the ninth volume of 'Chambers' Encyclopædia' has appeared in the series of 'Fifty Cent Volumes,' issued by the American Book Exchange.

A work of some novelty and of no inconsiderable interest to lovers of English Literature is announced under the title of 'Four Centuries of English Letters,' to include, we believe, selections from some two hundred writers from the period of the Paston Letters to the present time.

'The New Parliament,' just issued by Messrs Cassell, of London, contains a History of the Dissolution, notices of the Party Leaders, and special biographies of the new members of the House of Commons, with a number of Election Incidents of more or less historical importance.

'Lacrosse, and How to Play it,' by Mr. W. K. McNaught, from the press of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., will, we doubt not, meet with kindly and deserved reception at the hands of its many devotees in Canada, who, in these summer months, extract so much pleasure from the game on the 'tented field.'

Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson have brought out, by arrangement with the copyright owners in England, a Canadian edition of the 'Memoirs of the late Frances Ridley Havergal,' whose hymns and devotional songs are well-known and highly appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic.

A young writer of the sister-province of Quebec, Mons. L. H. Fréchette, has just had the honour of being enrolled a Laureate of the French Academy, in recognition of some volumes of verse which he has recently published. In

our next issue we hope to be able to give some notice of his works, which have thus earned for him the distinction of his kinsmen in Old France.

A timely and sensible essay on the subject of 'Money and Paper Currency' has recently appeared from the pen of Mr. Geo. E. Casey, M. P. for East Elgin. It will well repay perusal, and particularly just now, when so much fallacy is current on the subject of which the little volume treats.

'Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives,' an interesting addition to the literature illustrative of Pre-Historic Man in Europe, is the subject of a new work from the pen of Principal Dawson, LL.D., of Montreal, some portions of which appeared in one of the religious Magazines of England.

The long promised and important work of Principal Caird, of Glasgow University,—'An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion,'—has just appeared from the press of Messrs Macmillan & Co., and will doubtless receive that attention to which its great merit and the author's able treatment of the subject entitle it.

Messrs. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, have done a service to students of English Literature in reprinting the Rev. Dr. Brewer's 'The Reader's Hand-book' of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories, a volume which, with Adams' 'Dictionary of English Literature' furnishes a comprehensive index to 'Who's Who' among English writers and the characters that figure in their works.

Messrs. Nimmo & Bain, of London, (Mr. Bain, we may observe, is a Canadian, the son of a Toronto bookseller,) are about to publish, under the title of 'The Modern Foreign Library,' a selection of the best novels of all foreign countries, to be edited by Henry Van Laun, the translator of Taine's English Literature and of the recently issued Edinburgh edition of the Works of Molière.

A delightfully-written essay on 'English Chimes in Canada,' from the scholarly pen of our local antiquary, the Rev. Dr. Scadding, has just been issued in form for preservation in collections of native historical and ecclesiastical literature. Though written for a specific local object, its learned and genial author manages to import into the essay an old-world flavour and the interest that attaches to the Cathedral shrines of the Motherland.

Mr. Mahaffy's two volumes on the 'History of Classical Greek Literature' have been reprinted by Messrs Harper & Bros. The same firm has just re-issued Mr. J. A. Symonds 'Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe,' and the first two volumes of Mr. Ward's 'Selections from the English Poets,' with critical introductions by various writers, and a general introduction by Mr. Matthew Arnold. The present volumes of Mr. Ward's series cover the period from Chaucer to Dryden; two additional volumes will complete the issue, Mr. Goldwin Smith contributing the critical introduction to Scott.

Canadian Literature is of late notably increasing both in extent and range, a fact which it is gratifying to us to record in these pages. The following works have recently appeared from native publishing houses: 'The Treaties of Canada with the Indians of Manitoba and the North-West Territories,' by the Hon. Alex. Morris, Q. C., M. P. P.; 'Reminiscences of the Early History of Galt and the Settlement of Dumfries, Ontario,' by James Young, M.P.P.; and 'A Trip to Mexico: notes of a Journey from Lake Erie to Lake Tezcuco and back,' by Mr. H. C. R. Beecher, Q. C.

Our native Literature is about to be further enriched by the early publication of two volumes of verse of exceptionally high merit—one entitled 'Forgotten Songs,' by Mrs. K. Seymour Maclean, of Kingston, and the other, 'Orion and other Poems,' by Mr. Chas. E. D. Roberts, B.A., of Chatham, N. B., both writers being contributors to our pages, and well dowered with poetic gifts. We look forward with unfeigned pleasure to their appearing.

Many readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY will appreciate the compliment which has recently been paid by Mr. Herbert Spencer to Mr. W. D. Le Sueur, B.A., of Ottawa, one of the most cultured and esteemed contributors to this Magazine, in Mr. Spencer's having warmly commended a recent paper of Mr. Le Sueur's which appeared in these pages and which, under the title of 'A Vindication of Scientific Ethics,' has been reprinted at Mr. Spencer's request in the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly*.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

MANY men think that an offence can always be nullified by a defence.

It is easy to run down the accomplishments of your neighbour, but harder to run ahead of them.

A good boy may not become a handsome man, but a nice bonnet surely becomes a pretty woman.

But few men can handle a hot lamp-chimney, and say there is no place like home at the same time.

A little girl being asked by her grandfather where cotton grew, replied, 'In old gentlemen's ears.'

Cosmetics are to the face what affectation is to the manners; they impose on few, and disgust many.

A conscience is like a corner lot. Everybody would like to have it, but few are willing to pay the price.

It is a great deal easier to build castles in the air when you are young, than it is to live in them when you are old.

The young man who invites his mother-in-law to go up in the balloon should be watched. There's murder in his head.

Time is infinitely long, and each day is a vessel into which a great deal may be poured, if one will actually fill it up.

If a man can be happy and contented in his own company, he will generally be good company for others.

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo! the ragged atoms will fit like a smooth mosaic.

An old lady says she hears every day of civil engineers, and wonders if there is no one to say a civil word for conductors.

Evil can make promises, but it has no power to keep them. Virtue, on the other hand, always gives a little more than is due.

It is not the number of promises a man makes, but the number he keeps, which gives him a position among respectable people.

A familiar instance of colour-blindness is that of a man taking a brown silk umbrella and leaving a green gingham in its place.

There is no good in this world without an accompaniment of evil. The revival of business has increased the sale of accordions.

Wisdom and truth are immortal; but cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment, must pass away.

A poor woman who had been supplied with bad tea by the grocer, said it was just as the Scripture said, 'To the poor all things are poor.'

A young lady, being asked by a boring theologian which party in the Church she was most in favour of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

No life is wasted unless it endeth in sloth, dishonesty, or cowardice. No success is worthy of the name unless it is won by honest industry and brave breasting of the waves of fortune.

The poor old negro preacher was more than half right when he said, 'Bredderin, if we could all see into our own hearts as God does, it would mos' skeer us to death.'

A man went into a butcher's shop, and finding the owner's wife in attendance, in the absence of her husband, thought he would have a joke at her expense, and said: 'Madame, can you supply me with a yard of pork?' 'Yes, sir,' said she. And then, turning to a boy, she added: 'James, give that gentleman three pig's feet.'

All should select some noble aim, philanthropic, religious or otherwise; because we have splendid opportunities of reaching our desired end. We have means every day of getting good and doing good. One of these is by books which we may read and thus improve in mental culture. Another is through living characters, whose presence is an inspiration.

When Mr. John H. Burton, the historiographer of Scotland, visited Ireland and made his first trial of an Irish jaunting-car, he sententiously remarked to his fellow-traveller: 'Now you perceive that we have arrived in a country where property is scarce, and therefore valuable, but where human life is redundant, and therefore of no account. Here, you observe, they put the wheels under the seat, and protect them with the legs of passengers.'

Bishop Wilberforce once spoke to a gamekeeper upon a neighbouring estate, where he sometimes spent a quiet day shooting, about not going to church. The man pleaded guilty to the bishop's impeachment, but added that he read his Bible on Sunday afternoons. 'And, my lord,' said the keeper, 'I do not find there that the Apostles went shooting.' 'You are quite right,' replied the bishop; 'but it was because there was no game in the Holy Land. They went fishing instead.'

A correspondent of the *Hour* has a story at the expense of the oldest Unitarian church in Boston: 'An Englishman who happened in there, the other day, was so struck by the adherence to the forms of the establishment and the retention of the name 'King's Chapel,' that he thought they were hopeful signs of attachment to the crown of England. 'By Jove,' he declared, 'it wouldn't be hard to bring you republicans back to monarchy, all you want is some more Denis Kearneys.'

A friend of the writer's spent a part of last summer in a sequestered village in the valley of the Tweed. Before she returned home she had become acquainted with a number of the village folk, among the rest with one quaint old lady whom she frequently met during her walks. One day she encountered Mrs. Blair at some distance from the village, and as usual stopped to say a few words. 'I've just met some grand people in their carriage, Mrs. Blair,' she said. 'The Countess of Eskdale and her daughter.' 'Ay, ay, mem, I ken them. The daughter's Lady Westmuir the noo, I'm thinking.' 'No, no, you are a little wrong there, Mrs. Blair,' said Mrs. A. 'The Countess of Eskdale's daughter is not Lady Westmuir; she's Lady Brabazon.' 'Ay, ay, mem, ye're quite richt; that's just the name, "Lady Brawbizzon"' replied the old lady.

A canny Scotchman in Brechin, after having spent a year or two in the married state, had the misfortune, the other day, to lose his wife. No sooner was he bereft of the partner of his cares than he consoled himself with a review of his worldly circumstances. 'I had,' said he, 'but a shilling in my pocket when I was married, and now that my wife is dead I have ninepence, so that I have only lost threepence.'

SIRENS, ANCIENT AND MODERN,

A Song of 'Society.'

In his ship stood Ulysses close-bound to the mast,
Till the perilous rocks of the Sirens he passed;
His crew of grim sea-dogs each tugged at his oar,
Their ears stopped with wax to all voices from shore,
Each stolid, gray wave-worn old face turned away
From the reef where those treacherous song-stresses lay.
At the mast stood Ulysses, all eye and all ear,
Secure mid temptation, the temptress to hear.

He saw them—three girls, that, waist-high in the wave,
To his gaze all their glory of loveliness gave,
Each shape like a statue the King could behold,
Half hid by her tresses of garlanded gold,
And they chaunted this song to Ulysses the wise,
With voices as sweet as their lips and their eyes,—

'Oh come, great Ulysses! come hither, we know
Of the home that you sailed from ten long years ago,
In the dim misty morning, while wailed from the shore,
The women who wept you returning no more,
And we know all brave deeds that the Heroes have done,
Of the fair, faithless Queen, and of Troy lost and won;
Come hither and rest thee, tired Hero, wise King,
For of all that has charm in the wide world we sing.'

He heard with delight, and had yielded at last!
But his crew were stone-deaf, and the ropes held him fast,
So those dangerous damsels he safely got past.

Old Homer's quaint tale has a moral quite new,
And Society's Sirens are dangerous too—
Though one thinks oneself safe-tied with bonds that are fast,
One gets wrecked on the rocks of the Sirens at last.

Toronto. M.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

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BRITAIN'S FUTURE CORN SUPPLY.

BY ROBERT WILKES, TORONTO

(Late Member of the Dominion Parliament.)

GREAT BRITAIN'S adverse balance of trade has long been a special subject of discussion, some regarding it as of no serious importance, while others recognise in it symptoms of commercial decline. The steady increase of this unfavourable balance not only in volume, but in its proportion to exports and to the increase of population, is specially deserving of attention. Twenty years ago, the total exports of one hundred and fifty-six millions sterling were eighty-seven per cent. of the amount of the imports, while in 1877 the exports were but sixty-four per cent. of the amount of the imports. Taking two decaded periods, 1859-68, and 1868-77, the average of the first period was, imports, two hundred and fifty millions, exports, one hundred and ninety-six millions, or seventy-eight and one-third per cent.; and of the second period, imports, three hundred and forty-six millions, exports, two hundred and seventy millions, or seventy-eight and one-third per cent., being a slight gain, but comparing with 1876 or 1877, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter part of the period. When viewed in relation to population, the first period shows imports, *per capita*, of eight pounds, eight shillings, exports, five pounds, four shillings, or sixty-two per cent.; and in the latter period, imports, ten pounds, sixteen shillings and sixpence, exports, six pounds, fifteen shillings and eightpence, or sixty-three per cent. —a gain of one per cent. On the last two years of the period (1876-77) the exports only averaged fifty-three per cent. of the amount of the imports *per capita*.

These large and increasing imports consist chiefly of two classes, *Food Staples*, and the *Raw Materials of Manufactures*. During the second decadal period referred to, the former class of imports were as follows:—

Wheat, Corn and Flour— annual average	£46,000,000
Tea	11,000,000
Sugar	20,000,000
Annual average total	£77,000,000

or about twenty-two and one-quarter per cent. of the total importations. The latter class during the period was

Cotton, annual average	..	£57,000,000
Wool, " "	..	20,000,000
Silk, " "	..	9,000,000
Total annual average	....	£86,000,000

These three raw textile staples amount to twenty-five per cent. of the total average import. If to the above be added timber, averaging say twenty millions pounds per annum, the results in all amount to over fifty-three per cent. of the total imports. To the Food Imports has now to be added, meat from America, live and dead, which will bring the total for these classes to about sixty per cent. of the average imports.

I propose for the present to consider chiefly the item of Corn Supply and its principal sources, and whether there be no alternative for the United Kingdom but to continue to pay gold to strangers for her bread-stuffs, in excess of her immense exports of manufactured articles. Protectionist writers on the American side often attribute the unfavourable balance of British trade to the supposed decline of English supremacy in manufactures; whereas it actually results from the enormously increasing consumption of food and raw material of foreign growth.

During a period of years, the supply of corn has come chiefly from Russia and the United States. As far back as 1854, the latter country sent almost one fourth out of a total of eight millions of quarters. In 1859, Russia supplied about one-fourth of a total of ten millions of quarters. But since then the proportions have been remarkably reversed. During the five years, 1873-77, the total Corn imports averaged a value of fifty four millions sterling. Of this Russia sent a little over four millions, or $7\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., while the United States furnished nearly twenty-one millions sterling, or $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., per annum. During the first nine months of 1879, the United States is reported to have sent the enormous proportion of about sixty per cent. of an unprecedentedly large importation.

In 1877, the total imports from the United States were seventy-eight millions, and the exports to the United States, sixteen millions, or about 20 per cent; showing a balance of trade against the United Kingdom with the United States of over three hundred millions of dollars. The total excess in the United States of exports over imports in 1878 is returned at two hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars—so that more than their total excess is with Great Britain.

Russia, in 1877, sold Great Britain to the value of twenty two millions sterling, while she bought of strictly British produce, only a little over four millions, or about 18 per cent. of the value of her exports to Great Britain. Few will dispute the maxim that, in so far as it can possibly be guarded against, no nation should be dependent for her vital supplies on either hostile or rival nations.

In ships and the material of war, Britain constantly supplies her rivals; she herself never depends for these upon foreign assistance. Indeed, she does not depend upon private domestic sources; the nation maintains vast establishments for the manufacture of her own armaments of war.

However numerous the enemies of Britain may be, her danger of armed invasion is not imminent. Her defences by sea and land are her security. Britain's danger rather consists in being compelled to buy her food and raw material from rival nations, and to pay for them in gold, while these nations not only exclude her manufactures from their markets, but compete with her in countries where they could not sell their raw materials.

While England thus pays vast sums to strangers for natural products, the wages to produce which in no way be-

nefit her own people, she has, on the one hand, an immense home population, insufficiently employed, and, on the other hand, accessible territories, won by the bravery and enterprise of her sons, and still held by the Crown, suitable for the production of all the food and raw materials that she can possibly consume. The problem for British statesmen to day is, how to utilise those resources, so as to benefit the nation and make the empire absolutely independent of foreign countries for its vital supplies, in peace no less than in war.

Hitherto, the great colonies have been peopled through the necessities of the individual emigrant. Badness of trade, failure of crops, or personal misfortune of various kinds, have induced persons in the mother country to emigrate. They brave the ocean passage, and the greater risk of obtaining employment or finding a settlement under new and often uncongenial circumstances. During a visit to Manitoba, last summer, when nearly a hundred miles west of Red River, I met a ribbon weaver from Coventry. He had toiled with his little effects in ox carts, for five days over the wet prairie from Winnipeg—and had yet several days further to travel before settling his family on a free 'homestead.' Emigrants, such as this, endure great privations, but they ultimately succeed; yet I could not but feel that as a representative of the class of voluntary immigrants by whom the great North-West is destined to be peopled, the Coventry weaver was suffering disadvantages, to a large extent, due to the *system*.

Mr. Froude, in the *Edinburgh Review*, some time since urged assisted Imperial emigration to the Colonies, instancing the result of the opposite policy in the case of the Irish exodus to America. But no Government has hitherto been found prepared to favour such a scheme; nor has it been influentially advocated by the press or in Parliament. Emigration hitherto has been individual, not National or Imperial. It is, therefore, very unlikely that the British taxpayer will consent to an outlay in which he has no direct advantage, merely to relieve the home labour market, to benefit the unsuccessful surplus population, or to people Colonies, that in return may exclude his manufactures by protective tariffs.

To gain the consent of the British people to an expenditure for emigration, it must be shown that the outlay will be beneficial to the home population; and that while the Colonies are being developed, increased trade and greater independence of foreign nations will result to Great Britain.

The imports of foreign and colonial cereals have now reached the enormous value of over sixty millions sterling, per annum. The growth of this vast product has furnished no employment to the British people, nor has the profit upon it, in any way, benefited the British taxpayer. It has, indeed, been landed at the ports, chiefly in British bottoms, and so has yielded employment to Great Britain's unrivalled commercial fleet, but there the commercial benefit has ended, for the price has to be paid in gold.

Instead of thus paying strangers and rivals for her breadstuffs, why should not Britain produce them herself from lands of the Crown? If the manufacture of their own ships and war materials by the British Government can be justified on sound principles of political economy, is it unreasonable to produce the food of the people? The alternative is no longer avoidable, Britain must continue to enrich rival nations from which she purchases her corn, or she must produce it for herself as a national enterprise. In the history of nations, the opportunity seldom arises to utilize vast tracts of fertile Crown Lands, within easy access to the mother country. Britain enjoys this rare opportunity to-day in the Dominion of Canada!

Within fifteen days of Liverpool there is an unlimited area of fertile

prairie land, as yet uncultivated, belonging nominally to 'The Crown.' In less than five years this territory could supply the whole British market with grain of a quality unsurpassed in the world. All reports by competent judges concur in the opinion that the great fertile belt of British North America—stretching westward a thousand miles from Red River—will in time become the wheat-field of the world. In a few years it will have railway communication with the seaboard, as well as unequalled water highways. It, therefore, only requires labour and capital for its development, and for placing the entire British people, who are its inheritors, in complete independence of all foreign food supply.

Individual colonization must naturally be slow, and as such settlers cannot be expected to have Imperial objects in view—no matter how great may be the tide which flows towards this 'illimitable wilderness'—it cannot result in such timely development as to overtake the demands of the British markets, and so to outstrip foreign competitors.

Instead of such fitful and tardy settlement, I propose that the Imperial Government re-acquire extensive tracts of land in Manitoba and the North-West territories, and that such lands be cultivated exclusively for the growth of corn and cattle directly by the Crown. By arrangement with the Canadian Parliament, the lands—some of which are held as railway reserves—could readily be acquired at a fair valuation. British labourers could be sent under labour contracts to cultivate them, and the entire surplus product could be profitably sold in Britain on Government account.

These lands are now held at prices varying from one dollar (4*s.*) per acre to five dollars (20*s.*) per acre, the latter being for the belts nearest to the Canada Pacific Railway, now under contract from Winnipeg westward; the reserved belts might be left to unassisted settlement, for there are thousands of square miles within reasonable reach of outlets that are fertile beyond conception, and that could be acquired for the maximum price of one dollar per acre.

The descriptions which have been published concerning the resources of this northern territory have naturally been received in Britain with considerable incredulity. Preconceptions of a country only known as the former domain of a vast fur-trading company, could not naturally be favourable, and actual observation, on any extensive scale, has been so recent that the British public may well be excused if they have thought of it not as a fertile, but as a frozen wilderness. I may, therefore, quote some remarks here concerning it, from sources exceptionally well informed, or not likely to be unduly prejudiced in its favour. The *Pioneer Press*, a paper published at St. Paul, Minnesota, makes the following statement:—

'Within the isothermal lines that inclose the wheat zone west and north-west of Minnesota, which is being, or is to be, opened to cultivation, lies a vast area of fertile lands, from which might easily be cut out a dozen States of the size of New York.'

The lands referred to are all within the British American North-West. Mr. Wheelock, the official statistician for the State of Minnesota, remarks, concerning the wheat area of the United States, that—

'The wheat-producing district of the United States is confined to about ten degrees of latitude and six degrees of longitude, terminating on the west at the 98th parallel. But the zone of its profitable culture occupies a comparatively narrow belt along the cool borders of the district defined for inland positions by the mean temperature of fifty-five degrees on the north, and seventy-one degrees on the south, for the two months of July and August. This definition excludes all the country south of latitude forty degrees, except Western Virginia, and north of that it excludes the southern districts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, while it includes the northern parts of these States, Canada, New York, Western Virginia, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Red River and Saskatchewan Valleys. In general terms, it may be stated that the belt of maximum wheat production lies immed-

iately north of the district where the maximum of Indian corn is attained.'

And he remarks further :—

'1. That physical and economical causes restrict the limits of wheat culture to the seats of its maximum production, in less than one-third of the States of the Union, within a climatic belt having an estimated gross area of only 250,000 square miles, from which nine-tenths of the American supply of bread and a large and constantly increasing amount of foreign food must be drawn.

'2. That within this zone the same climatic and other causes tend to concentrate the growth of wheat in the upper belt of the North-Western States, always preferring the best wheat districts.

'3. That Minnesota *and the country north-west of it* is the best of these wheat districts, having the largest average yield, the most certain crops, and the best and healthiest grains.'

The whole wheat growing area of the United States is thus estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand (250,000) square miles, whereas the fertile belt of British America embraces an area of four hundred and fifty thousand (450,000) square miles, estimating nothing higher than 55 degrees north latitude. On the far western plains the isothermal line of wheat culture undoubtedly reaches considerably north of this limit. It can, therefore, readily be seen that the most extensive wheat fields of America are on the British Canadian side of the line.

Professor Macoun, during the past season, made an official inspection of a very extensive portion of the North-West. His opinions concerning the soil and climate are therefore not only the most recent, but they are undoubtedly the most reliable, yet published. He is reported to have spoken in a recent lecture as follows:—

'From the 102nd meridian, he had journeyed due west over 13½ degrees of longitude, the course embracing a little more than two degrees of latitude; in other words, he had travelled 650 miles west from Fort Ellice, on a line extending 150 miles from north to south. Within those limits were included 100,000 square miles—a territory of vast extent.

'In the country lying to the south of the Assiniboine, south of the Qu'Appelle and east of the 103rd meridian, there are 800,000,000 acres of land, scarcely any of which is second-class, nearly all being of the highest excellence. Nevertheless, being destitute of wood, all this land would remain unsettled for years to come, were it not for the abundant supply of coal. There will, without doubt, very soon be a rapid immigration from Rock Lake.

'North of the Qu'Appelle River, and extending westward as far as the 105th meridian, lies a region containing not less than from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 acres which can with certainty be pronounced of excellent quality. There is not a finer region in the North-West than that extending along the southern base of the File Hills and the Touchwood Hills.

'The facts concerning the rainfall are these:—As the heat in the spring increases, the rains increase; then, shortly after the summer solstice, they decline, and by the last of August, or earlier, they cease altogether. After that a period of six months commences, during which there is very little fall of rain or snow; and, with this period, the year ends. The operations of the season of vegetation are as follows:—As soon as the warm weather of the spring commences the snow melts. Then, when the frost is out of the ground to the depth of five or six inches, the farmer sows his seed. During this time there is scarcely any rain, but the frost underneath keeps melting by degrees. The roots of the young plants keep following down, after the frost, and increasing in size, till the latter part of May. In June and July, both the air and the earth are warm, and everything rushes to quick maturity. Next comes the dry fall, when the grain can be harvested without injury. These general characteristics apply to the climate of the whole of the North-West, and the same results are everywhere observable over tracts embracing 300,000 square miles. One important result is that hardness of the grain which comes largely from the dryness of the autumn. Another important result is the adaptation of our immense plains to the raising of cattle. The whole of the south-western plains, which formerly yielded food for the buffalo, will, in our day, become covered with cattle. Many persons have said that the vast plains to the south of Battleford are too exposed for the raising of stock; but God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. The admirable adaptation of the climate renders the successful raising of cattle practicable where, under other circumstances, it would be impossible.'

The special adaptation of the soil and climate of this vast territory to supply the food requirements of Great Britain cannot be disputed. All that is necessary to attain this result are CAPITAL and LABOUR, and these Britain commands without limit.

I will assume, what is certainly within the mark, that, for an outlay of twenty millions sterling, a territory larger than England, Ireland and

Scotland could be secured. Out of one hundred millions of acres, tracts adapted for cultivation could be acquired equal to the full area of the whole United Kingdom, which contains about seventy seven millions (77,000,000) of acres—a large percentage of which, especially in Ireland and Scotland, is not under cultivation.

Important drainage works, and the building of rail and tramways, might cost two millions more. The conveyance, shelter and first maintenance of an army of contract labourers from Britain, and the necessary implements for their work, would probably bring the whole capital outlay to twenty-five millions sterling. This at three per cent. would entail a charge upon the Consolidated Fund of six hundred thousand pounds per annum.

For this outlay the Crown would hold in fee through a Royal Commission a veritable 'New Britain' in the heart of the continent. All the appliances for agriculture on the most extensive scale, entrusted to a male and female labouring population of over half a million, which with such soil and appliances would show results that would astonish the world.

In ten years, lands brought under such cultivation could be sold, if need were for, from two to five pounds per acre, to the very persons sent out to cultivate them, if to no others. The investment would, therefore, undoubtedly yield a profit on a large scale whenever it was considered prudent, on the part of the Crown, to relinquish the enterprise, and this profit would be a direct gain to the home taxpayer.

As the result of actual enquiry upon the spot during the past summer, I estimate the cost of wheat to the individual producer in Manitoba to be about thirty-five cents per bushel—equal to 1*s.* 5½*d.* To make full allowance for outlay on a large scale, I would estimate wheat grown as proposed to cost sixty cents per bushel—one dollar (4*s.* 2*d.*) per cental—or say one half-penny per pound. Such wheat is grown, and can be grown, yielding forty bushels to the acre. As soon as railways now under construction are completed, the average cost for carriage from any central point to Liverpool *via* Montreal and Quebec, would be about from sixty to seventy-five cents (2s. 6d. to 3s. 2d.) per cental, making the cost at Liverpool 6s. 8d. to 7s. 4d. per cental—equal to 28s. 9d. to 34s. 6d. per quarter. If to this calculation five per cent. for commissions and charges be added, it would still leave the cost of wheat in British ports from 30s. to 36s. 6d. per quarter. The enterprise would thus almost from the first be self-sustaining, yet if ten years' interest were added to the capital outlay the profit would still be large.

If it be said that the delivery of wheat so produced would be ruinous to the British farmer, it may be answered that it would be sold only at the market price, as now, but with this important difference between it and foreign wheat, that it was grown by British labour on British soil, and that the profits on its sale would accrue to the British taxpayer. There can be no question but that the immense imports of American wheat into British ports of recent years, coupled with deficient harvests, have greatly discouraged British agriculturalists. They feel that land, stimulated by artificial manures, and costing an annual rental of from 30 to 40 shillings per acre, cannot ultimately compete with virgin soil costing in fee simple but a nominal sum. It is true that the yield per acre of wheat lands in England is greater than in any other part of Europe, averaging about 26 bushels per acre, which is greatly in excess of the average yield of North American lands; still, in the face of increasing imports, the average wheat cultivation in England of three millions of acres is likely to decline. This does not necessarily imply a permanent reduction in the value of English lands, but merely a change of products. In the colonial

times, over a hundred years ago, wheat was extensively grown in the valley of the Connecticut River, in New England, and less than 50 years ago the Genesee Valley, in the State of New York, was celebrated for its wheat. Now its cultivation is almost abandoned in these districts, for they cannot compete with the western prairies. Still the lands are more valuable than ever ; for tobacco, fruit, and other products are now profitably cultivated on the former wheat fields. In England similar changes must occur with the growth of population. She is likely to become a *gardening* rather than a farming or stock-raising country. Thus the decline of wheat culture is more likely to increase the value of British lands rather than to lessen it.

Some discussion has taken place concerning the adaptation of the North-West for stock raising; it is claimed by many that cattle may be wintered in the shelter of the wooded streams in the severest weather, and that, like the Indian pony, they will scrape the dry snow from the grass. I think that no reliance can be placed on such statements as applied to cattle-raising on any important scale. In all the northern and eastern sections of the territory, cattle would require winter housing; yet, as during the winter months farming operations proper are suspended, abundant labour would be available for profitable employment in attending to the stock. The true test is the cost of food. At present hay can be obtained from the natural meadows without limit. I have heard the value of the saving estimated at two dollars (8s.) per ton, but consider this too low. It can, however, be safely estimated at not more than four dollars (16s.) per ton, delivered at reasonable distances from where it is cut. Root crops are grown in great perfection, averaging, it is said, a thousand bushels to the acre. Coarse grain can also be grown, producing the highest yield. There is, therefore, no room for doubt that fat cattle could be raised at a low expenditure on the very territory chiefly devoted to wheat growing.

Beyond this, however, the plains of the South-West are specially adapted for grazing. Concerning a very large district, Professor Macoun is reported as saying :

'The suitability of the Bow River country for stock-raising is attributable, in a great measure, to the Chinook winds, which, coming from the south-west from Arizona, Wyoming, etc., greatly tend to modify the climate, sometimes raising the temperature 60 degrees in two hours. The dry atmosphere is regarded as a cause of the low temperature not interfering with vegetation.'

These western plains could be stocked with young cattle from the Texas herds, and a cross could soon be obtained which would yield cattle better adapted for the British markets than any now raised in the American territories.

Under competent overseers, no better herdsmen could be found than the native Plain Indians. The buffalo is fast disappearing before their indiscriminate slaughter by the white man and the Indian. The only salvation for the Indian is to employ him as a herdsman of cattle, and thus ensure him maintenance. The Indian tribes on British territories have generally been peaceable and always loyal. If kindly treated and wisely employed they will remain faithful. The attempt to convert these nomads of the Plains into farmers is an unreasonable one. After a long period some, no doubt, may be induced to cultivate the soil; but the true and profitable employment for the Prairie Indians is cattle raising. Concerning them the writer above quoted says :

'The Blackfeet and the Sioux were the finest men, physically, in the North-West. The Sioux at Prince Albert ask for work that they may earn something to purchase food. When men talk about danger from Indians, they do it for place or for plunder ; for, wherever there is an Indian war or scare there is place, and, when supplies are scarce, there is plunder.'

Professor Macoun mentions in-

stances of actual starvation having happened among the Indians by the failure of the buffalo, while the crops of settlers in the neighbourhood were left undisturbed. The Indians on both sides of the line respect Englishmen and Canadians, both of whom in the west they call 'King George Man.' The British people owe it therefore to these faithful tribes, whose titles have been ceded as far as the Rocky Mountains, to furnish them with a means of livelihood, by the investment of capital in stock-raising, from which it is certain that the return will be tenfold.

Of the millions who have emigrated from Great Britain and Ireland, many have carried, rightly or wrongly, a memory of by-past wrongs; others a consciousness of neglect, and of disadvantages and privation, suffered in the struggle for existence. In the peopling of this, the last fertile region within reach of the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon races, it is of great importance to reverse the former feeling. Men conveyed by the nation to distant fields, assured of employment, and a bright future opened for themselves and their children, would certainly entertain for the mother country not only the feeling of loyalty, for which all colonists are distinguished, but a warm sense of gratitude which would bear practical fruit in later years.

The vast North-West offers a free area for all peoples—for the Icelanders, for the Russian Mennonites, for the Norwegian, the Swede, the Dane, and the German; but above all, it offers a home for the British people. For them it affords an unequalled opportunity of developing British Institutions on a grand scale, believing, as they do; that, under such institutions, there is enjoyed civil liberty and social order, unequalled by that of any other system on the face of the earth.

In the settlement of the older Provinces of the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes, the lands being chiefly wooded, an unnatural system was adopted. The townships were surveyed and laid out in farms of two hundred acres, on each of which, one or two solitary families settled, to hew a home for themselves out of the forest. The early settlers were absolutely isolated, and were thus partly deprived of social, educational and religious advantages which might have been otherwise enjoyed. To this day, even in the well settled districts, this isolation prevails, and has the injurious effect of tempting a large percentage of the youth to forsake the farms for the towns. The unparalleled town growth of America can largely be accounted for in this way. There is no excuse for the repetition of this error in the settlement of the prairie lands of the west. Nevertheless, such is still being attempted, both in the Western States of the Union, and in Canada. The traveller by rail or water may anywhere descry on the horizon the solitary dwelling of the pioneer settler, probably separated by miles from his nearest neighbour. The intervening tract may be held as a railway reserve at a fancy price, or by speculators for a rise in value.

The rational mode of settlement is the *Dorf* system of Europe, only on a grander scale. The sites of agricultural towns should be selected by competent engineers, located not only with reference to the tract to be cultivated, but also with reference to the facility for drainage, the adjacency of coal or wood, and the general adaptation for healthful occupation. In this way, many of the sites chosen would become populous cities during the present generation, and would, in contrast with the accidental locations of the great centres of population, be absolute sanatoriums. The construction of cheap sectional rail or tramways over the prairie would meet all the requirements of transit to labour and the removal of crops; but even without those there is no natural

road in the world to compare with the prairie in the harvest season.

It may be supposed by some that the Canadian Government and people would view with jealousy such a vast Imperial establishment carried on in direct competition with their home agricultural industry. At first, no doubt, such objections might arise, but they would be based neither on justice nor on expediency. All public lands in the Empire are called 'Crown Lands,' *i. e.*—held by the Crown in trust for the *people*. 'The People' surely means more than the residents of any particular colony—the emigrants of yesterday. It must be held to mean *the whole British people*, by whose enterprise and valour these lands across the seas were won.

'They, too, were created heirs of the earth and claim its division.'

The British emigrant of yesterday has, therefore, no exclusive rights as against the British immigrant of to-day, they have each claims upon the lands of the Crown, and the Crown has a claim on their services for the furtherance of Imperial interests. But the Canadian people have more than reasons based upon right and equity to cause them to acquiesce in a scheme of Imperial colonization. They are absolutely committed to the vast undertaking of a railway across the continent from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. The interest on this outlay must be paid by the colonial taxpayers, or else the land reserves must be sold. No system of individual settlement can occupy these railway lands in twenty-five years; the 'free grants' will attract actual settlers, even to places remote from railways, so that no large sales will be speedily made.

The advertising of the lands by a public company of contractors or otherwise would, no doubt, assist their settlement; but the continent has already had enough of 'company' monopoly to lead to such a system being regarded with favour, and to incline Canadians to prefer any well considered Imperial scheme to one of grasping manipulation of the fair lands now held in fee simple for the whole British people. The conveyance of large tracts to the Imperial Government would, therefore, be at once a solution of the railway problem, and would also ensure a development of the country in ten years such as could not otherwise be obtained in fifty. All this would be immensely advantageous to Canada, at the very time that it secured the highest interests of the Mother Country.

Population is the great need of the Dominion of Canada. The outflow of British emigration during the past fifty years has mainly benefited the Great Republic. The future tide of unassisted immigration will tend to follow in the wake of its predecessor. Nothing, therefore, can so rapidly people the Canadian North-West as an Imperial scheme, mainly based upon Imperial objects.

A large majority of the Canadian Parliamentary constituencies (although a small one of the Canadian people), has in 1878 declared in favour of a protective tariff. Such a policy to be successful, above all, requires consumers; these would be furnished by the proposed scheme. All the implements of husbandry would find an immensely increased demand, and in such the Canadian makers are not surpassed in the world. Domestic woollen and cotton clothing, blankets, boots and shoes, and numerous other staple supplies are almost exclusively produced in the Colony for local use, and the trade in these would necessarily be benefited. The Lake and Maritime Provinces would in this way become to the North-West what the New England States are to the Western States, and the stimulus would produce an unprecedented development in all the Provinces. The products of the Imperial colony would not be offered in the local markets, and could not

therefore depress them. The fruit of this new industry would of course meet the colonial exporter at all British ports; but he would then have only to compete with Imperial wheat, as he now does with American and Russian grain; while on every cental of the former his country would make an indirect profit, and the Empire to which it is his pride to belong, would become independent of the foreign wheat fields of the world.

The Canadian Liberal press and its leaders predict an early reversal of the protective policy. This is not likely to be realized. Following the precedent of the United States, the manufacturing interests will acquire increased political influence; and the agricultural majority are, for the most part, indifferent to questions of this nature while they themselves enjoy moderate prosperity. If the Imperial colonization scheme were carried out, the dominant province would soon be neither Ontario nor Quebec, but Manitoba, or provinces to the west of it. These would be largely peopled by men of British training, and of British trade ideas; colonial manufacturers would, therefore, soon have to compete with British goods without regard to tariff, for the wheat and cattle growers of the West would never consent to the artificial exclusion of the better value products of the mother-country by a protective tariff. This view might tend to prejudice the present dominant Canadian party against the scheme; but their necessities, and probably their patriotism, would assure their concurrence.

Beyond all mere questions of trade policy, I advocate the speedy settlement of British America with a people loyal to the British constitutional system, as a counterpoise to the Republicanism of the United States. One hundred years ago the population of the revolted American colonies numbered about four millions. North of the lakes and the St. Lawrence was almost unbroken forest; the population, including the French colonists, hardly numbered five per cent. of the successful revolutionists. To-day, after the lapse of a century, during which the peoples of the world have been thrown into the lap of the Republic, the then Canadian wilderness numbers a loyal people, about equal in number to those lost by George III., that is about ten per cent., instead of five, of the present population of the Great Republic. These have built cities, established factories, created canals and railways, raised cattle and developed agriculture, in a ratio which compares most favourably *per capita* with the Republic. They maintain a commercial navy not only beyond that of the States, but fourth in rank among the nations of the world. A country showing such results under many disadvantages, deserves to receive a trial on an ample scale. It may then demonstrate to the world that material prosperity can be obtained under the well-tried British system, equal to that which is witnessed under a Republic, if not even greater: the system of government often erroneously receiving praise which rightfully belongs to a virgin soil and unexampled variety of natural resources.

Great Britain possesses in Canada the chief element that she lacks at home—an unlimited fruitful soil. Its most southern boundary is the forty-second parallel, and more westwardly the forty-ninth. In Europe this latitude would place Niagara Falls and Toronto on the southern boundary of France, and Winnipeg in the position of Dieppe. Nor are these localities actually belied by the summer heat, or the perfection of their fruits and cereals. The peaches ripened on the Niagara River and on the south shore of Lake Ontario are not easily surpassed in France; and the wheat of the Red River district is certainly not excelled in Normandy. During the past summer I experienced heat in August on the Assiniboine River, a hundred miles west of Winnipeg, that

I never knew exceeded in Paris. The vastness of the American Continent, stretching far towards the North Pole, does indeed give a far colder average winter than that experienced in the same latitude of Northern Europe, but this severity, does not retard, but rather increases the fertility of the soil.

The immense territory from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains has a northern slope. The Nelson River, which empties into Hudson Bay from Lake Winnipeg, drains the valleys of the North and South Sascatchewan, rising in the Rocky Mountains; the Assiniboine rising in the Touchwood Hills, 52 degrees north and 7 west of Fort Garry; and the Red River, which rises to the south, in the American territories. This area is almost one-fourth the size of Europe. In the far west the Peace River flows east, through a canyon of the Rocky Mountains, watering an immense upland on which wheat is said to ripen admirably. The Peace River is a tributary to the Great Mackenzie River, through Lake Arthabasca and the Great Slave Lake, also draining the Great Bear Lake, and emptying into the Arctic Ocean, carrying the waters north of 55°, from a vast area of which but little is known, but admitting of immense possibilities in the hands of a hardy pioneer race. While the elevated regions to the south of the line are saline deserts these northern territories, owing to the lowness of level, are well watered, covered with deep vegetable mould, and abundantly fertile. There is, therefore, a British territory half as large as Europe, within the wheat-growing isothermal lines, that is capable of producing in abundance the products of the temperate zone. This country only awaits the occupation of it by a hardy population to be able to supply all the corn and cattle required by the mother country, and to develop British institutions on a scale beyond all previous possibilities.

'I hear the tread of pioneers of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where yet shall roll a human sea.'

In the history of the world there is no parallel instance where a race and a system of Government have thus enjoyed a second opportunity such as is now within the reach of the British people. America, with its broad, free acres, is apparently the chosen field for the development of the Saxon and Celtic races, as the British Islands, clouded by the sea fogs, and washed by the northern ocean, were their cradle.

Through false conceptions of the rights of the colonists, and the lack of appreciation of their importance to the empire, the original thirteen colonies, with their flourishing western offspring, were lost to the Crown. Stretching from Massachusetts Bay to the Gulf of Florida, what fairer field could be desired for the growth of the tree of liberty; a plant which flourished in its island home during ages when it was lost to other nations?

The colonists of those days rather than struggle longer to right a temporary injustice, flung away the constitutional system which was their priceless birthright.

Thoughtful men alike of the North and of the South now admit that there are fearful risks to the ark of liberty tossed upon the stormy ocean of a Republic of manhood suffrage, and guided only by the helm of a parchment scroll.

On the northern, but larger half of the continent, there is yet a splendid field for the development of the British system, administered by a British people, who will be the yeomen proprietors of the soil. Municipal government is already established; Provincial and Federal organizations exist that admit of unlimited application, and a system of national education is founded, that will compare favourably with any in the world.

Here, then, is a great opportunity

for English statesmen. By a moderate investment they can inaugurate a system that will furnish desirable employment to a large section of their own people; and that, in a few years, will produce from British soil, breadstuffs, provisions, and cattle enough to support Britain's utmost necessities, and make her mistress of the food markets of the world.

Britain can thus relieve herself from dependence, either in time of war or peace, on hostile or rival nations. She can witness in one generation the unprecedented growth of a prosperous and loyal people sprung from her own loins, and enjoying the legitimate development of her own institutions. She can thus span the American Continent, and afterwards girdle the earth with a chain of British peoples, speaking her language, enjoying her literature, her institutions of civil and religious liberty, and, in spite of her faults and the calumnies of her detractors, become more than any other nation a blessing to her own race and to all the peoples of the world.

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

BY MYLES O'REGAN, MONTREAL.

'TIS a sweet September evening and the sun is sinking low;
In a hundred gorgeous colours the Canadian forests show;
Streamlets murmur through the valley, song-birds warble in the trees,
There is glory in the sunset, and there's perfume in the breeze.

* * * * * * *

'Tell us, grandpa,' said young Charley, as his wooden sword he swung,
'Tell us of the famous battle that you fought when you were young;
How that scar came on your forehead; how it is you were not slain?
For the folks say you did bravely in the fight at Lundy's Lane.'

Gaily smiled the tall old farmer as he stroked the golden head
Of his fair and favoured grandchild, 'You're a tease, my boy,' he said,
'But if Angus cease his drumming, and if Will from noise refrain,
And if Alice sit beside me, I shall tell of Lundy's Lane.'

Silent, all, they crowded round him when the veteran thus began:—
'I belonged to the "Glengarrys," true and loyal every man;
At Niagara we joined Drummond, on the morning of the fight,
And with the Royal Scots were posted upon the British right.

'Ah! I never shall forget it, 'twas an evening in July,
Not a ripple stirred the river, not a cloud obscured the sky,
Swallows skimmed along the ridges, cattle browsed upon the plain,
Where, but thirty minutes after, lay the wounded and the slain.

'How the fight began I know not, but the sun had just gone down,
When the Yankees charged our centre with their leaders Scott and Brown;
"Steady, boys," cried our Commander, "when you fire at all, aim low,"—
Which we did with dire disaster to the still advancing foe.

'We could see (so close they pressed us) their fierce eyes, and faces pale;
We could hear their execrations when they found their efforts fail:
When they bay'netted our gunners other gunners took their place;
Breast to breast we fought each other though we were of kindred race.

'Like the billows of the ocean they came on with mighty force;
As the rocks receive the billows, so we checked them in their course;
And our shot and shell ploughed through them, when defeated they fell back,
Making lanes in their battalions, leaving ruin in their track.

'Light departed, but the combat flashed and thundered all the same,
And the muskets sent forth volleys and the cannon sheets of flame:
As the hour wore on the fighting grew more desperate than before,
And the terrors of the battle hushed loud Niagara's roar.

'On came Scott, who threw his columns 'gainst our front and on our flanks,
But our Drummond, ever wary, met the shock with serried ranks;
On came Brown with levell'd bay'net through the smoke, and through the night
We could see his steel-line gleaming like a streak of morning light).

'Scott and Brown and the valiant Miller, they were baffled one by one,
And their bravest fell in hundreds with the chiefs who led them on:
Still the odds were telling 'gainst us (we were fighting one to three),
Till the cheers of fresh re'nforcements gave us hope of victory.

'Now a lull came in the battle, and the armies drew their breath,
And the moon from out the low'ring clouds shone on the field of death.
Oh! my children! you could never, never wish for war again
Had you seen that field of carnage—heard the groans of wounded men.

'They were strewn along the valley, they were bleeding everywhere,
While the dying cried for water in the depths of their despair—
"Here am I," mocked near Niagara, with its deep resounding roar;
"Here am I, a mighty volume, falling water evermore!"

'Havoc paused but for a moment—soon the foe he charged again,
Making one last desperate effort, but in vain, 'twas all in vain;
For, though numbers sore oppressed us, still our hearts and steel were true,
And we kept our ground as firmly rooted as the sturdy maples grew.

'Threw we then his shattered columns down the thrice ensanguined slope,
"See, the moon uprise," said Drummond, "now my boys, no longer grope,
Charge!" oh how we cheered, and charged them till they broke and fled amain,
And they left us in possession of the field at Lundy's Lane.'

'But the scar grandpa,' said Angus, 'tell us how you got the scar?'
'From a Yankee's flashing sabre, 'twas an accident of war;'
'But they say, Grandpa, you killed him,' little Alice breathless cried:
'It is getting late, my children, let us home,' the veteran sighed.

IN THE HIMALAYAS.

A STORY.

BY PROF. WILSON, KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.

WHAT subaltern could keep his heart from leaping with pleasure when, after a long round of weary barrack duty, he mounts to the hill station of Bengal, in the month of May? I know well those white bungalow roofs, that soft, placid valley. Even the long walls of the hospital were refreshing.

Anticipations of jolly pic-nic life—of evening dances; of merry makings, with no guard duty to interrupt, and many a hand-shaking from those who had already left the plains, filled my mind. No school-boy at his summer 'breaking-up' ever felt in such spirits.

I entered the town with a few stragglers from the more imposing hosts of government officials, who had left Calcutta in April.

Bob Gardner, I knew, expected me. He would be on the look out at the well-known bungalow that stood on a declivity at the wayside, embowered in oleanders.

But my heart jumped as, at that tender age, it was apter to do than now, not at the thought of comrades; not at the thought of the moon-light dances, the pretty partners, who were never wanting, grass widows of many charms, and new European arrivals, formidable from their freshness, and devoted to make life sweet for us at Simla. I may as well say at once, I only thought of *one* face and *one* form.

It was absurd for a youth with my experience to be in love—seriously in love—yet, upon my faith, I am not ashamed to avow that the sweetest and best of little girls was all I cared for in Simla.

Ada Swan was the only child of a colonel in the Bengal army—a full colonel, let me say—for that was an important consideration in Calcutta. Her father was a good-natured fellow, somewhat a slave to short whist and wellbrandy pawnee; and she—if ever there was an angel—bright as as day, fair as an English-born girl, good tempered, graceful—how can I describe her, excepting that half our men were crazy about her. Didn't every human being of the other sex flutter round Ada in a ball-room, or a promenade, as if she had some supernatural charm to captivate them! While the handsome, the tall, the dashing girls of Calcutta counted their one or more admirers, *she* was pet of the garrison. 'A perfect pocket Venus, sir, 'pon my honour, sir,' said old Major Brown. And to think that I was the lucky man. Of course all my friends saw how matters stood, and I was come to Simla to be envied. I had told her rather awkwardly what I thought about her.

'Don't be a goose, George,' she answered, 'I love you very much, but wait until we meet at Simla, in the spring, before we come to anything serious.'

Before I had dismounted and ordered my servants to carry up my

traps, my hand was grasped, and a bearded face was gazing into my eye. It was Gardner.

'Well, old fellow, glad to see you at the Hills,' he said, rather abruptly, 'come up, my orderly will take your pony.'

I followed him up the little steep, and as we reached the threshold of the bungalow, he paused and waved his hand towards the Sutlej valley.

'Lovely! by Jove,' he exclaimed, and lovely it was.

The vast range—peak, ice-field and glacier, shone beyond, over a mass of dark forest and black rock, and the grey current of the classic Hesydrus flowed in silence through the valley at our feet. The evening was calm. In the distance sounded soft strains from the row of buildings where the band was discoursing sweet music to military loungers. There was otherwise no sound of living creature. The demeanour of my old friend was less hilarious than I had noticed before. Gardner had been the genial friend of ten years, the life of our men, the cheerer of many weary hours to me; in fact, my chief friend in India.

I missed the news he generally gave me—gave with twinkling eye and kindly smile—news conveyed with playful tact.

Could anything have gone wrong? I started at the thought. His eyes, as I darted a glance at him, were fixed on me.

'And Ada,' I almost gasped as if I had read his thoughts.

'Come in,' Gordon, he said, taking my arm kindly, almost tenderly. 'Come in; why do you ask? I have hardly the heart to tell you.'

'What is it; let me know the worst. Dead?'

'No, married! married to day at noon—old Goldie—the rich cotton man, of Bombay.'

I was utterly stunned for two days. 'Another of those cursed invitations,' I muttered, as some one entered.

The orderly made a salute, and laid the long, thin envelope on the table one evening. I took it up, was about to throw it into the fire. Gardner entered at that moment, and fearing to provoke remark, or betray to him my irritation and anxiety, I thrust it almost mechanically into my pocket.

I had only been in Simla three days, and had made up my mind to leave it at next day-break.

'I shall be dreadfully disappointed to be without you this summer, old boy,' said Gardner, 'my fun will be pretty well spoiled; but I don't blame you. There'll be inquiries for you this evening at half dozen places,' he continued, after a pause, 'but I suppose if you're packing up we must make excuse for you. Who are you taking with you?'

'I'll take Price and a few coolies, but only these latter as far as Kotgarh. I trust to find a fresh relay there.'

'But what a funny idea to tramp through the Himalayas? why not stay at some other station?'

He saw that I had made up my mind; and, like a good fellow, didn't persist. I was too wretched to stay where I was, and had planned by a sudden impulse to start on a tour that I had long promised myself to the Hindoo Kailas, high and scarcely accessible peaks, where the full splendours of 'The Roof of the World,' not without accompanying dangers, would be seen. In the perils and toils of the ascent, I thought my mind would be distracted. At any rate, I felt inclined to rush off some whither. I could not bear to look in the face of any one who was conscious of my disappointment, and I had not fortitude enough to brave out life in Simla. Youth and soft-heartedness are the only excuses I can give for this.

Gardner had offered to accompany me. This I would not hear of, knowing what attraction the place had for him, and moreover preferring in very truth to be alone.

I had spent a day or two in preparation, and the last night in seeing my little mountain tent put in good order; in packing up a plentiful canteen; in stowing away in canvas bags a quantity of *soupe à l'ognon gras*, a French arrangement for traveller's fare.

'Tho' you aren't in the Terai, George,' said Gardner, as he dropped in upon me at one in the morning, 'take plenty of cartridges and your rifle. Would you like to have Bounce? I warrant you he'll be the boy for tigers and panthers.'

Bounce was a thorough bred English bulldog, who had been the terror of my Maratha body-servant, since our arrival at Simla. Never had the fierce look of my ivory attendant so thoroughly disappeared, as when the white monster, as he called him, clanked his chain and made violent but futile bolts towards Price from the side of the compound.

'As to the dog,' I said, smiling, 'I'd rather be excused, but, of course, I'll take arms.'

After a couple of hours' sleep, I woke to hear Price ordering the attendants about in a most peremptory manner. He appeared at last with my cup of coffee. I was struck with his ferocious air as he swaggered off, his moustache tied up, and his chin in the air, evidently he was proud of his authority over the coolies he had enrolled in my service.

Getting up early in the morning is not a cheerful thing, but on this occasion, I confess, my spirits fell to zero. The jokes of Gardner, and his kind and hearty words did nothing to relieve my dulness. Then I felt it was almost absurd of me to run away as I was doing. Irresolution, however, did not induce me to give up the journey.

I would not change my mind in spite of pain and almost disgust at the recollection of that *petite* form—those dark eyes—lips that rivalled coral in freshness of tint, and then the soft tender tones of her voice, and the playful words with which she often concealed what I had once thought were deep and true feelings of love.

'Your equipment is complete,' said Gardner, as I mounted my pony, and the coolies took up their loads,—bottles, bedding, tent and provisions, and after them my fat Kunaite cook—last of all then strutted the Maratha, the butler and shikari of the expedition.

'Whatever you do,' shouted Gardner with a laugh, as we started along the bridle path which has been quarried out of the mountain side with a labour that almost justifies its pompous name, 'The Great Hindusthan Tibet Road.' 'Whatever you do, keep shy of the Thibetans, who have a fashion after breakfast of employing the heads of their guests to decorate the central pole of their tent roof.'

Sick as I was of Indian travelling, it was a relief to me even to get away from the jokes and forced cheerfulness of my friend. The brightness and fair prospects of Simla scenery were painful to me. There is nothing so exhilarating to the bright and hopeful, as the perpetual smile of a subtropical region; but to one in sickness of body or mind, the sunshine is a bitter and cruel irony.

The road from Simla to the valley of the Sutlej was merely a shelf some seven or eight feet wide,—sheer precipice on the one hand, and a wall of hill on the other. Along this, I ventured to ride, trusting to the well-known disposition of my old and steady horse, although many travellers dismount and lead their horses through the hills. Accidents have so frequently happened, as to render such a course prudent; but I was reckless.

The day came out bright and glorious overhead as we advanced toward our mid-day resting place.

Gardner had given me plenty to think about.

He had described the wedding. The lovely, frail-looking bride, supported by her red-nosed father, and the yellow bloated groom, the old chaplain stuttering through the ser-

vice :—Ada had fainted when the ceremony was over.

He had given me these particulars without my asking, but in a kind, unobtrusive manner, that made me love the old fellow more than ever.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldie were to go to Europe in the spring—Paris and London. Goldie would buy a place in England. There he would dress her out like a doll, said rumour, and drive her about to show her off, and feel himself glorified by the admiration she would excite.

I don't think I took much heed of the scenery as I chewed these bitter thoughts. I cursed my ill luck, and had some difficulty in refraining from the usual reflections on the sex—'Frailty, thy name is woman,' and so on; but I did not blame Ada, though her conduct was a mystery, and then her last letters had been so tender.

Spurring my horse, at last I mounted to a hillock on the right of the road, and gazed around me. I must have been in an impressionable mood, or I should never to this day remember as I do that marvellous scene.

Glimpses of snowy peaks across the Sutlej; peaks rising 26,000 feet, and in contrast to these, gorges, narrow, black, precipitous—thousands of feet below us. Here were hamlets, flat-roofed and scattered, set on rocky ridges or in green sloping meadows; and, in wild variety, there alternated jumbled fragments of the mountain side, and steeps of shingle. Close above were the verdant heights with magnificent trees, whose outline and foliage traced itself against the unutterable blue of the sky, setting off the darkness of the over-shadowing precipices.

In the midst of this lovely scene I pitched my tent under a splendid deodar.

The Kunaite grilled me a chop from the stores I had brought from Simla—ah! delicacies too short-lived among the Himalayas! Price opened the pale ale, and after my luncheon I lay in the shade, smoking my cheroot and lost in reverie. The coolies meanwhile amused themselves with trundling boulders to the edge of the hillock on which we were encamped. Then they laughed and clapped their hands as the large stones bumped on the road below, and thence with a rebound over the precipice with clattering thunder, which was re-echoed a thousand times by the neighbouring rocks and cliffs.

'Better a stone than you or me, Sahib,' said the Maratha, pursing up his lips with a comic expression as he busied himself in taking to pieces the tent for our onward march.

I indolently nodded. I don't think then that I should have cared very much if some one had flung me down to death amid the tropical shade and quivering leafy verdure of the ravine below, with its cool and rippling waters. I was restless, and my mind was in a fever.

Our journey was continued in short stages. I was beginning to grow tired of sublime scenery. One can get used even to sky-pointing snowy peaks, and dark precipices. The gigantic deodars which cluster at intervals upon the mountain's side almost failed to strike me, as they had done at first, with the idea of grandeur and perfect beauty in union. I was becoming *blazé*.

One morning, however, an incident occurred. I was seated still and quiet in the narrow nook where we were encamped, not twenty yards from the edge of the precipitous road. I had been reading by a lamp. On trying to light my pipe I thrust my hand into my breast pocket and pulled out a letter: where had it come from? It was unopened; but directed in Ada's hand. It flashed across me that it was the note I had put out of sight of Gardner, at Simla, thinking it an invitation.

I eagerly opened it and read its contents:

'DEAR, DEAR GEORGE,—Forgive me; can you? I have acted as I thought best—not for myself, but for others. Ought not a daughter to do all she can for a ruined father? I dare not write more.

'Your wretched

'ADA.'

My heart beat violently, and the scene seemed to swim before my eyes.

At the same moment some one touched my shoulder. I turned suddenly, dropping the letter.

It was a strange figure that confronted me; a man of about forty. His features keen, bronzed, smiling; a Hindoo; but his costume a caricature of the British gentleman.

The insinuating smile with which he bowed and took off his battered white hat was irresistible. At the same time he handed me a card, on which I read 'Rajah of Bettihur, M.A., Oxon.' I shook hands with him; of course I had often heard of him. Although the pest, he was also the amusement, of travellers. He had spent ten years in England, had been classically educated, and piqued himself on having the remains of an English wardrobe. He would quote Horace, and boasted of having kept hunters at Christ Church. I believe that the most prominent feature in his character at present was his love of brandy. The purchase of this latter commodity, together with the expenses of dancing girls, devotees and beggars, had exhausted his ready-money pretty thoroughly, although the nominal revenues of his estate were reckoned at some 40,000 rupees, Government, of course, having a good pull at these before they passed through his hands.

I took his card and begged him to be seated.

He did not seem at all stiff, Rajah as he was, but lit his pipe and talked politics, speaking with a rather good English accent and swearing most correctly. I was glad of any companion, and encouraged him to tell of his practical jokes, his examinations, his horses, and his wine parties at the great University.

'Bring in a little fresh water, Price,' I said to the Maratha, who had stood in half-amused, half-indignant silence at a distance of about five yards from us.

I don't know how it was, but as night wore on the Rajah became uproarious. I forget how many bottles I opened. I recollect that when we thought him asleep, he suddenly started up and sang some very strange songs. Heaven only knows what part of England he picked them up in. I was relieved when he settled down into 'Black Eyed Susan' and the *Te Deum*.

'By-the-by, I want to show you how good a shot I am,' he said at length.

The dawn was breaking as he spoke, and I was longing for a nap. 'You have a rifle I see, and he took from behind me the breech loader.

'Allow me; now Price set up that *marine*—empty bottle—put the cork half way in—fifty yards.'

I made a sign to Price to obey. In an instant the Rajah had shot away the upper half of the cork without injuring the glass.

After various other displays of his skill, which was certainly admirable, though he could only steady the rifle by leaning against a tree, so drunk was his highness—he asked for more cartridges.

My coolies were trembling with fear already, and the sun was up, and I—well, I was pretty well tired out.

'I have no more,' I replied.

'What would we have called that at Oxford, do you think,' he said, sneeringly, 'A man who tells lies is sent into Coventry-cut.'

He may have spoken half-jestingly. I knew he piqued himself on his use of English phrases and his knowledge of English social slang. I pretended not to notice his remark.

Without saying another word he shouldered my rifle, and with rapid though unsteady steps, went down towards the road that led to Simla.

'He'll not come back again,' said Price, decidedly.

My first impulse was to let him go, and perhaps in his blind drunkenness be dashed to pieces. The next thought was for my rifle.

There were no other arms in our cavalcade, excepting an old flint-lock belonging to the Kunaite, and a horse pistol of ancient workmanship which Price sometimes flourished, but had never ventured in the memory of man to discharge.

The Oxford graduate glanced over his shoulder, and cast at me a look of mingled triumph and malice.

What should we do in case panthers and wild elephants paid a visit to our halting grounds in the small hours of the morning? This was a serious consideration.

I hurriedly roused myself and rushed down to the road.

Now I was reckoned one of the best runners in days gone by. Perhaps residence in the hot plains had impaired wind and limb, or it may be the watching and talking of the past night had wearied me. Even the encouraging yells of the coolies, the cook, and the Maratha, who had rushed to the crest that overlooked the road to witness the race, did not seem to lend speed to me. I was distanced.

On coming round the first turn in the road, I beheld the Rajah, some hundred yards ahead, moving in a long shambling swing, with the glittering barrel of the rifle sloping over his shoulder, and the white hat stuck on the back of his head.

The absurdity of this race never struck me. Thanks to my stars, there were no brother officers or special correspondents to report it.

I slackened my pace after a mile of it, and the Oxford man very knowingly slackened his.

Suddenly the road crept round a steep and perilous part of the mountain's breast. Above the 'Great Hindusthan and Thibet Road,' and parallel to it, ran another narrower shelf, once the only path. An easy declivity connected the old and the new thoroughfare.

The Rajah disappeared round a projecting spur of the mountain at an easy pace.

I was getting out of temper as well as out of wind, and immediately doubled my speed, thinking thus to gain upon and catch him unnoticed.

On arriving breathless at the turn, and casting my eyes down the long sweep of the rocky path, the Rajah was nowhere to be seen.

Here for many a mile towards Simla extended a range of the most frightful precipices. Had he slipped over the verge and been dashed to pieces?

The road was narrow, and of hard slippery rock. Nothing but a low parapet separated it from the sheer descent, whose depths could only be conjectured from the faintness of the grey tree-tops and shapeless crags which lay below, bathed in morning vapours. There was the hum of awakening insect life in the air, and the sky was breaking into blue spaces as the clouds parted into dappling fragments and birds cried and swung themselves from crag to crag, and from tree to tree.

Perhaps the Rajah has turned to the right, and mounted on to the upper pathway.

I sauntered down the road. My attention was the next moment attracted by a moving mass coming up the path; patches of white and brown. At last I could discern horses.

It occurred to me that some English officers were on their way to Kotgarh, a favourite resort of those seeking a change from the gaieties of Simla.

My first impulse was to go back; or to conceal myself by retiring to the walnut-trees above the road. These might be people I knew, and I never felt less inclined to meet people I knew at Simla.

I was walking towards the strangers down the road, and the distance between us rapidly grew less.

Suddenly I heard a hoarse voice from the heights on my right hand, and evidently not far from the cavalcade of travellers. I could detect the words and air of the 'Te Deum;' a loud drunken rendering of the double chant so dear to the choir-masters of Christ Church.

As the strangers came on, I thought I could discern a girl on a pony, and an elderly gentleman, evidently her father. A troop of coolies, with a palanquin, followed.

The girl—she appeared almost a child—rode close to the rock-wall. The gentleman seemed to follow more to the outside of the road. He rode a large and powerful chestnut. He seemed to press on a little, with his horse's head overlapping the flank of the girl's pony, as if wishing to protect her on the side of the precipice, but too much afraid of the narrowness of the road to ride abreast.

My practised eye saw this much. I was also near enough to see that the Oxonian was sending down pebbles into the road before them.

What followed took place in a moment of time.

I set off full stretch, shouting at him and shaking my fist. I don't know that my words reached him.

Another shower of stones fell within a few yards of the horses' feet. I saw the man on the chestnut forge forward, placing his horse between the lady and the brink of the precipice.

They came excitedly for a few paces neck to neck, as if anxious to make a run for it.

'Yes, ride hard past,' I shouted, almost losing my head with excitement and horror.

I had scarcely spoken, when down fell a heavy boulder which broke into splinters against the horses' legs.

The horses stopped for an instant. Then, wild with terror, the chestnut began to back, and, in doing so, the rider tightened one rein, turning his head towards the rock. This drove back the white pony, and for an instant both horses stood pawing and tossing their heads side by side, with their heels almost on the deadly brink.

The chestnut reared and plunged as as if he had felt the spur. His rider, spurring and jerking the rein, only backed him towards the parapet. Nearer and nearer he drew; one hind foot, then another went over.

I was almost up to them as the horse, with starting eye and snorting nostrils, hung for an instant on the slippery edge. His rider's face grew white; he seemed paralysed with fear. There was quite time enough for him to have extricated himself, even then, from the doomed horse, whose forequarters were strong. While, with lashing tail and foaming mouth, the animal struggled, his rider was motionless with clenched teeth and tightened rein.

Down they went, with a thud, to the crags below.

I was just in time to seize the girl, drag her from the saddle of her plunging pony as, wild with fright and temper, he also backed over the cliff.

It all happened, as I said before, in an instant.

I laid the girl in the palanquin, and loosened her veil. I started with a strange pang.

Great heavens! it was Ada. She was insensible, and, perhaps, as yet unconscious that she was a widow.

. . . .

Ten years have passed away.

Since I left Kotgarh, Fortune has sent me all—wealth and affection. I have sold out of the army, and we live in England, on our own place. Col. Swan died soon after sacrificing his daughter to pay his gambling debts.

I am sitting by a window that overlooks the Thames as it flows, placid and clear, by neat copse and smooth meadows. The scene is bathed in summer sunlight.

'I think that Switzerland would be nice.'

The person who answers me is a lady, beautiful above all others to me. She arranges flowers in a vase on the breakfast table. I never look at her without feeling that the least of the blessings she brought me was that big Bombay cotton fortune.

'No, not Switzerland,' she replies, 'I cannot travel again among mountains after that day in the Himalaya. No, let us go to Rome or to Florence.'

'Rome in July, Ada?'

'Well, anywhere you like, darling.'

I did not answer her. Perhaps it was that the arrival of the post interrupted us. Perhaps it was that her words had sent me back to the Himalaya, and I had recollected how triumphantly Price had pointed to the horse-pistol with which he had shot through the heart the drunken Rajah, as the latter was on the point of pushing down upon the palanquin a hanging rock that would have added many more to the victims of Himalayan travelling.

THE NUN'S PRAYER.

BY FRANCES E. SMITH, LUCAN.

KIND Father, take Thy child again,
For penitential tear-drops flow;
My heart is breaking with its pain,
And weary with its weight of woe.

I cannot chain the wandering thought,
Nor bid my spirit cease to yearn;
To break earth's ties I vainly sought—
For *all* my thoughts to earth return.

Loved voices come to me in sleep,
Dear faces make the midnight fair,
And when I wake—the silence deep
Is more than even Faith can bear.

So far away, Thy countless stars
Look down with brightly beaming ray,
I, gazing out from prison bars,
See earth a star as fair as they.

If it be sin to seek in dreams
The sparkling rill, the flowery wood,
Or crave from Memory lingering gleams
Of all that e'en to *Thee* seemed good—

Then take away this longing heart,
And let it be no more distressed;
If darkness be life's better part—
Then let me love the darkness best.

If I have missed Thee by the streams,
Nor knew Thee in the flowery dell,
Nor felt Thy presence in the gleams
Where Evening bids the Day farewell,

And sought Thee in the narrow room,
The unadorned and cheerless cell,
Oh, visit me amidst the gloom,
And with me in the silence dwell:

If from the path by others trod,
I turned aside secure to rest,
Forgetful that the feet of God
That thorny way unmurmuring pressed.

Thou knowest all—I only meant
To fly from vain and dazzling art,
To where its light Thy spirit lent—
To still communion with the heart.

If I in ignorance have spurned
The dearest gifts Thy hand bestowed,
And from life's joyous banquet turned
Unmindful whence its beauty flowed,

To all things sweet, and bright, and fair,
For Thy sake—have I said Farewell?
Then make my lonely heart Thy care,
And in its vacant temple dwell,

Like some dark lake, that far away,
Shut in by rugged mountains, lies,
Reflecting all the summer day
No image but the azure sky's;

And if a sky-lark in its flight,
A moment cast a shadow there,
It may not on the wave alight,
But, singing, soars afar in air;

So let this spirit bowed to Thee
A rest so far from earth be given,
That in its depths Thou shalt not see
A single thought unmixed with Heaven;

And if earth's wishes, weak and vain,
Like shadows o'er my pathway stray,
Oh hold my heart above the pain,
Until they melt in Heaven away.

METHOD IN READING.*

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE, BARRIE.

IN a time like the present when verily and indeed there seems to be no end to the making of books, and when serials and 'dailies' meet us at every turn, so that 'literature becomes more a source of torment than of pleasure,' it is a serious and almost awful question, *what* and *how* shall we read.

At first sight one fancies that a nice discrimination which will enable us to pick out the veritable jewels, amongst many imitations, is all that is necessary, and the perfect acquirement of which seems an easy task. But as we proceed in our investigation we soon discover that clouds and darkness envelope us, and that we stumble at every step.

One of our first difficulties we find to be owing to the doctrine of the relativity of things; for what is a good book for us may be distasteful to our brother, daughter or friend; for which reason it is with fear and trembling that we venture to recommend what has delighted and charmed us.

The receptivity of the mind is another obstacle to rapid decision in the choice of books, for opinions that we may imbibe freely at one time and amalgamate into our system at another period, fall upon a barren and unfruitful soil.

Then again, the question opens before us—ought we to choose such books that only please us? Is it not more needful that we should consider the advisability of building and adorning with propriety the structure of the mind?

Mental dieting is surely as important as physical, and we should certainly be as careful not to over-feed, to avoid indigestion, to take the most nourishing, most supporting food in the one case as in the other. Stimulants to excess in lieu of wholesome diet are as much to be excepted against mentally as physically. The brain suffers as greatly from drams of railway novels containing poisonings, secret marriages, and horrible discoveries, *ad infinitum*, as it does from the too frequent glass. Newspaper reading, especially such papers as contain long accounts of fashions, and tedious descriptions of weddings and 'at homes,' might be compared to the effect of a too large meal of suet pudding, or of any other fatty compound, for it is followed by the same state of lethargy and the same unwillingness to be 'up and doing.'

We know to a nicety how many grains of nitrogen and how many of carbon our systems require to repair the daily waste; but, unfortunately, we have no conception how many new ideas and thoughts the healthy individual is capable of receiving each day without prejudice to his retention of them. No Liebig has yet arisen in the literary world to say—here is the essence of all thought and imagination, past and present—here is the expression of Greek Art and Oriental Parable—here is the summary of Italian Poetry and German Metaphysics—here is the cream of French Philosophy and English Dramatic writing—here it is—all in this small spoon; take it down; read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it, and you will rise

* A paper read before the Toronto Women's Literary Club.

up a new creature—an artist, a poet, a philosopher.

True, we have a weak imitation of this at the present, a kind of beef-tea; a concoction of which the principal ingredient is water—in magazine articles which try to save one the trouble of studying an author by giving a list of all he has written, a criticism of his style, and a few extracts from each book, long enough to enable any one with sufficient tact to appear as if deeply read in the master's works.

But this solution must not be confounded with the genuine Liebig, as it by no means assumes to possess all the properties of the original. And if it did, still it could only be the concentration of one individual, whereas we want the essential spirit of all human thought since the pre-historic period. We want it, we say, but we know we shall not obtain it, so the question still remains—how shall we pursue a course of literature—how keep up with the times, and yet not neglect the great departed?

I met with a small volume some years ago, but little known now, which professed to deal with this troublesome subject. Amongst other ideas, I remember it suggested that to avoid scattering the attention over an unlimited range of subjects, it would be a good plan for each person to choose for himself a certain period in history, and to confine himself solely to the literature of that time.

It struck me that very likely it might be beneficial in some ways to the individual, as it would prevent loss of time from desultory reading; but putting aside the fact that such a system would tend to narrow the imagination and to render the ideas exclusive, I cannot think the general result would be good.

Imagine a person deeply read up in Elizabeth's period, meeting a friend equally imbued with the ideas prevalent in Queen Anne's reign! The moment one started the subject to bring in some lately investigated fact, the other so far from attending, would instantly try to turn the conversation so as to give himself some chance of displaying his own knowledge, each one deeming it utterly unnecessary to have the facts of each other's reign brought under his notice.

In general society, too, this plan would not work; for any one would tire of the most instructive companion if he could speak intelligently of only one series of events. The idea of concentrating the attention is most certainly a good one, but it must be carried out some other way to be universally useful. It is indeed almost as important an acquirement to learn what to miss, as what to read, and it is a great art to know how to 'skip' judiciously—to take the cream of a subject and to leave the rest.

'Skipping,' however, is a dangerous license, and should only be done by those who are certain of their motives, and who have learnt how to read. It should never be recommended or even allowed to the young, as it leads to a careless, mindless way of reading, and is exceedingly hurtful. The old-fashioned idea prevalent amongst young readers, that whatever is in a book *must* be true, is, I am persuaded, a very healthy one. They should be taught that the words of great thinkers are almost sacred, and should be received as such.

The tendency among the growing generation is certainly and unfortunately towards irreverence. The foolish want of belief expressed now-a-days by our young people does not arise from careful thought, but from sheer ignorance, and an innate want of respect for the opinions of those wiser than themselves, and is best treated by a severe snubbing. It is a totally different thing from the painfully awakened doubts and laboured opinions of thinking men and women.

To miss out, when reading, what is mere 'padding' requires some knowledge of the author and of the subject, and of course should never be attemp-

ted when we are studying the works of master-minds, every atom of whose thought and expression is priceless.

When, however, it can be done, without doubt, it renders the book more enjoyable, and is a great conservation of our energy. A living writer on devotional subjects tells us in one of his works, that we all of us have only a certain amount of zeal, and that it is a great pity to waste our excitement on the cut of a chasuble or the colour of a vestment, when we need all our poor little store for graver matters. In regard to reading, the same thing may be said; we must not squander our modicum of attention on trashy books, fit only for the waste-paper basket. Most of us have only a small portion of each day that we can devote to reading, and it is therefore of the greatest necessity that we should learn to use that time well.

Our hindrances are many; in some cases, lack of books or difficulty in getting the right sort; in others, a want of solitude, and there are many duties which often prevent us from studying when we wish.

But taking it for granted that our studies are made tolerably easy to us, and that a requisite number of books are at our disposal, we must then turn our attention to some plan of reading in order to prevent us from wasting our time and brain power in what will never be of any real benefit to us in our daily life.

After much consideration, I have come to the conclusion, that with regard to our literary studies, we should ask ourselves most earnestly—what is my *aim* in acquiring fresh knowledge? —*why* do I read? On the answer to these questions, I believe, will depend our whole system of study. Once be sure of your reasons for learning, and all you learn will be conducive to the wished for end and everything will tend gradually to build up the desired structure.

Thus, say your aim in reading is to help you in educating your sons and daughters; to form their tastes and influence their lives; with this desire strongly in view, your mind will gravitate naturally to what would be useful to you in that way. Or suppose you foresee a future of travelling—you will then make your course of reading take such a direction, that when you visit the great continental cities, you will not be an unappreciative spectator. Persons whose nearest relatives or closest companions have already chosen out their favourite pursuit, will naturally (unless their intellect is of a higher order) prefer to render themselves companionable, rather than to branch out for themselves in a new path. The most intimate friend of a painter, or a poet, will delight in rendering himself in some small way capable of understanding their dreams and aspirations, so that they may hold 'sweet council together,' and may 'gladly learne and gladly teche'—for

> 'what delights can equal those
> That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
> When one that loves, but knows not, reaps
> A truth from one that loves and knows?'

De Quincy gives us a test by which we may find out whether we are studying usefully or not.

'A good scheme of study will soon show itself to be such by this one test —that it will exclude as powerfully as it will appropriate; it will be a system of repulsion no less than of attraction; once thoroughly possessed and occupied by the deep and genial pleasures of one truly intellectual pursuit, you will be easy and indifferent to all others that had previously teased you with transient excitement.'

One word as to the spirit in which to read; we should read in earnest; we should 'do it with all our might,' and with a true desire to learn; we should, in fact, all take for our motto ere we begin a book, Bacon's grand ever-to-be-remembered words: 'Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find Talk and Discourse, but to *weigh* and *consider*.'

AN IDYL OF SWAMPVILLE.

(A SONG WITH ACTION.)

BY F. R.

'Is there not room enough in the world for you and me?'—*Uncle Tobit.*

THOU little graceful thing,
Whirring thy gauzy wing
And pluméd horn,
Where wast thou born?
What feelings of fine scorn
Hast thou for man and all his fleshly ways?
Compassionate dispraise
Thou metest out to him, and hummest by,
Fragilest, fairest thing that flits beneath the sky!

What dost thou here?
What whisperest at mine ear?
Still is the eve,
And yet I fain must grieve
(While sinks the sun, mist-hidden in the west)
At thy departing. Vain were any quest!
How could I single *thee* again, thou dearest, from the rest?

For round the marsh
With drummings weird and harsh,
Scores of thy kind hover 'twixt pool and brake:
E'en, if I knew
How could I overtake
You,—only you!
Angelic visitant, fair being of an hour,
Thou who alone hast power
To rouse my deepest self, my inmost I!
Thou delicatest insect, flitting flower!
Sweet, tender, wandering blossom of the night!
Soft sprite!

—(*Squashes the mosquito on his left temple.*)

Ah! so you thought you'd come again and bite me on the eye!

BARRIE.

CANADA AND HER INDIAN TRIBES.*

BY WM. LEGGO, TORONTO.

IT was fitting that the young barrister of Montreal, who in 1855 was the winner of the second prize awarded, upon a reference from the Paris Exhibition Committee of Canada, by Sir Edmund Head, then Governor-General of British North America, for an Essay on 'Canada and her Resources,' who in 1858 delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Montreal a lecture on 'Nova Britannia, or the British North American Provinces,' which was considered so able that it was published under the auspices of that body, and who, in 1859, delivered another one before the same institution on 'The Hudson's Bay and Pacific Territories,' should in 1872 occupy the high position of Chief Justice of Manitoba, a portion of the country in which he had exhibited so deep and intelligent an interest; that he should, subsequently, have been raised to the higher position of Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, the North-West Territories and Keewatin; and that in 1880 he should publish the valuable work with which we are about to deal.

Much, nay most, of the romance of Canadian history centres in its Indian life, and we are apt, in reading the highly-coloured pictures of savage character, found in Campbell's 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' in Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' in Cooper's Indian stories, and in Richardson's brilliant tale 'Wacousta,' to be led away from the deep social and high political interest surrounding the Indian population of British North America. Until Mr. Parkman had pulled aside the veil which poets and novelists had woven, and with which they had hidden the real character of the Indian, he *posed* before us as a noble creature, an Apollo in beauty of form, a Hercules in strength, a Mercury in swiftness. We were taught to admire his bravery in battle, his gentleness in peace, and his tenderness to the captive. His eloquence in debate was a favourite theme, and the pathos of Logan's appeal was supposed to be exhibited by all Indians whenever occasion rendered it fitting to be shewn. Cleanliness in person, truth in speech, and honesty in dealing, were, of course, universal virtues, and until Parkman appeared, the Indians of the North-Western portions of North America were popularly supposed to be the happy possessors of all these qualities. But many years passed in their midst, and a close study of the Indian in his native forests, where he roamed, uncontaminated by what is sometimes improperly termed 'civilization,' enabled Mr. Parkman to paint us a true picture of poor 'Lo,' and the account of the dealings of Mr. Morris with the chief tribes of our North-West savages, incidentally supports some of the views of the brilliant American writer. From Mr. Parkman's books we gather that the North American Indian is cowardly, treacherous, cruel and vindictive, a liar and a cheat, filthy—physically and morally—weaker than the Englishman, slower than the

* *The Treaties of Canada, with the Indians of Manitoba and the North-West Territory.* By the HON. ALEXANDER MORRIS, P. C., late Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, the North-West Territory, and Keewatin. Toronto: Belfords, Clarke & Co., Publishers, 1880.

Irishman, and less persevering than the Scotchman—an idler, and vainglorious—too proud to work, but not too proud to beg, or, if need be, to steal. When, therefore, the British emigrant found himself face to face with this owner of the rich soil which the one desired to preserve forever as a hunting ground, and the other wished to convert into a garden, he found that the Indian of the Actual was a creature very different indeed from the Indian of the Imaginary. The question to be solved was momentuous. As a rule, the French, who were the precursors of the British in these regions, had treated the Indians with kindness, and the chief complaint laid to their charge was that the Jesuit missionaries were too fond of burning their converts immediately after baptism, to prevent them from falling from grace. The French power, however, was destroyed by the British before it had become necessary to take possession of any considerable portion of the Indian territory for the purpose of civilization, and, therefore, it had not been compelled to consider the policy by which it should obtain control of the immense landed possessions of the Aborigines without incurring their ill-will, or invoking their armed resistance. When the fall of Quebec destroyed the French dominion on this continent, and gave to Great Britain possession of almost a continent, the kindliest relations were kept up with the Indians, and when England needed aid in the struggle with her Colonies, her Indian allies were never found wanting. After the independence of her rebellious subjects had been acknowledged by Britain, many Indians were transferred from their hunting grounds, now the property of the Americans, to the British possessions north of the St. Lawrence and the great Lakes; and the lineal descendants of many who had roamed through the wilds of what now constitutes the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio may at this moment be found quiet and happy on the rich reserves of the Bay of Quinté, the Grand River, or the Thames.

The policy of the British and Canadian Governments in the treatment of the Indians has always been kind and paternal. Its object has been to civilize, and Christianize. They have always been treated justly and generously—in striking contrast with the conduct of the Americans, whose policy has always been, and still is, one of extermination. Of course, no American will admit the fact, but there can be no doubt that the policy of their Government, supported by the quiet, though unexpressed concurrence of popular opinion, is that the sooner the Indian population disappears, the better, and whether it disappears through the ravages of war, or small-pox, firewater, or starvation, is to the American a matter of little consequence.

The Indians of the country now forming the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island have never been very numerous since the conquest, and the British and colonial authorities have had but little difficulty, and have been put to but little expense, in dealing with, or caring for, them. The plan of setting off for them certain portions of good farming land, called 'reserves,' and inducing them to settle on and cultivate these allotments, was adopted, and has proved eminently successful. As the Government holds the title to these lands, the Indian can neither sell nor mortgage them; and as each band receives an annual sum of money, and yearly gifts of clothing, farming implements, and materials for hunting and fishing, the Indian of these Provinces never suffers from cold or hunger, and if he be prudent and industrious, he may become relatively rich. By the kindness of Col. Dennis, the indefatigable and most able Deputy-Minister of the Interior, I have before me the reports of his department for the years 1875, '6, '7, '8

and '9, from which I find that the Indians of Ontario now number 16,000. Of these the Oneidas, are on the Thames Reserve—the Chippewas, Moravians, and Munsees are also there —the Wyandotts are at Anderdon, the Chippewas, the Ottawas, and Pottawattamies at Walpole Island, Snake Island, Rama, Saugeen, Nawash, the Christian Islands, and on Lakes Superior and Huron. on the north-east shore of Georgian Bay, Garden River, and on Manitoulin Island; the Mississuagas are at Scugog River and Mud Lakes, the Credit and Alnwick; Mohawks in the Bay of Quinté; the Six Nations on Grand River; the Algonquins at Golden Lake, Carlton, Renfrew and Nipissing. In the Province of Quebec there are 12,000, consisting of Iroquois at Caughnawaga and St. Regis; Algonquins at the Lake of Two Mountains and in the country north of Ottawa; Abenakis at St. Francis and Becancour; Montaignais at Lake St. John and Betsiamits; Amalicites at Viger; Micmacs at Maria, Restigouche, and Gaspé Basin; and Naskapees on the Lower St. Lawrence.

The Province of Nova Scotia has 2,000, all being Micmacs. New Brunswick has 1,400, being Micmacs and Amalicites; and Prince Edward Island has 266 Micmacs. It may here be added that Manitoba and the North-West Territories contain 30,000 Chippewas, Crees, Saulteaux, Blackfeet and Sioux. The Athabasca District has 2,000 Crees, Assiniboines, Chipwagans, and Beavers. British Columbia has 35,000, and Rupert's Land 4,000, making a total of the Indians of the Dominion to be about 104,000, of whom about 72,000 are found west of the boundaries of Ontario.

Mr. Morris, after a successful career as a barrister in Montreal, obtained a seat in Parliament in 1861, where he represented his native county of Lanark until Confederation, and thence to 1872, when he accepted the position of Chief-Justice of Manitoba. He took an active and leading part in the negotiations which ended in the Confederacy of 1867. In 1869 he took office under Sir John A. Macdonald as Minister of Inland Revenue until 2nd July, 1872, when, his health failing, he was induced to try the climate of the North-West, and, taking the office of Chief-Justice of Manitoba, he discharged its duties with credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the people, until the 2nd December, when, on the retirement of Mr. Archibald from the rule of the Province, he accepted the Lieutenant-Governorship of that Province, and having been appointed commissioner for Indian affairs for Manitoba and the North-West Territories, he took the leading part in negotiating the treaties with the Indians, the history of which he now gives us in the interesting book just published.

Until the Dominion obtained control of the enormous region known as the North-West Territories, the Indians of the country had been under the mild and satisfactory rule of the Hudson's Bay Company. But when this rule terminated, and the Riel troubles of 1869-'70 arose, the Indian mind was much disturbed, and when in 1871 and subsequent years, efforts were made by the Dominion Government, through Mr. Morris and his associate commissioners, to obtain the Indian title for the purpose of enabling the emigrant to secure peaceable possession of the rich lands of the country, he found the Indians difficult to deal with. Time pressed. The erection of a new Province in the newly acquired tract; and the rush of emigrants anxious to settle in the North-West compelled the Government to use the utmost expedition in securing the title to the lands which the incomers would require—for it would have been to the last degree dangerous to give the Indians occasion to say that their lands had been seized upon, and their rights invaded. The Indian has always had a nervous dread of white immigration,

and a sharp intellect in bargaining for the sale of his title—for he claimed the whole continent as his by preoccupation and the decree of the Great Spirit—jealous, grasping and apprehensive he required the most delicate handling, for the appearance even of a surveyor with his theodolite and his chain was sufficient to set on fire a whole tribe. The whites of Manitoba were involved in the wretched troubles connected with the Riel affair; party spirit ran high between those who looked upon Riel as a rebel and a murderer, and those who considered him, though rash, still the exponent of sound political views, since he was resisting what we may as well now confess was the ill-advised policy of the Government in sending up Mr. Macdougall as Lieut.-Governor, with a fully equipped staff of officers, without consultation with the people he was sent to govern. The Indians saw that their invaders were at war with each other, and the arrival of the armed force under Colonel, now Sir Garnet Wolseley, intensified their alarm; they were preparing to take sides in the approaching conflict for they knew that soon their hunting grounds would be occupied by the resistless European. No step had been taken by the Government to purchase their title, and the result of all these circumstances was that they were in an agitated state, and it soon became obvious that the Commissioners at last sent by the Dominion authorities to make the necessary treaties, would find their task extremely difficult and fatiguing.

Before proceeding to describe the work so skilfully performed by Mr. Morris and his associate commissioners, it will be interesting to notice the sketch given by him of the treaties by which the rights of the Indians had been secured in the western portions of Upper Canada.

It will be remembered that, in 1811, the Earl of Selkirk purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company a large tract of the territory, then known as Rupert's Land. This tract was very much larger than the territory forming the present Province of Manitoba, which it included, but the settlers brought from Scotland by the Earl planted themselves chiefly on the banks of Red River, the centre of their operations being the present city of Winnipeg. In 1817 Lord Selkirk visited his immense domain and bought the Indian title to a strip on either side of Red River of two miles in width and extending from the mouth of the river to Great Forks. The Indians were made to comprehend 'the depth of the land they were surrendering by being told that it was the greatest distance, at which a horse on the level prairie could be seen, or daylight seen under his belly between his legs.' For this tract, now worth many millions of dollars, the Earl agreed to pay to the owners, the Chippawas and Crees, each one hundred pounds of tobacco annually. In 1836 the company bought back the whole tract from the heirs of Lord Selkirk for £84,000, and were then able to give the Canadian, or rather the Imperial Government, a clear title in 1870.

Valuable minerals having been discovered on the northern shores of Lakes Superior and Huron, the Government of the Province of Canada commissioned the late Hon. W. B. Robinson to negotiate with the Indians holding these lands, and that gentleman, in 1850, made two treaties, which formed the models on which all the subsequent treaties with the Indians of the North-West were framed; their main features being annuities, reserves, and liberty to hunt and fish on the lands until sold by the Crown.

In 1862, the Government of the old Province of Canada obtained the surrender of the Indian title to the Great Manitoulin Island. In 1871, the Dominion Government, being pressed in the manner already mentioned, set seriously to work to quiet the Indians by arranging with them solemn treaties. It was considered desirable to

begin with the Ojibbewas or Chippewas found between Thunder Bay and the north-west angle of Lake of the Woods. Mr. Wemyss McKenzie Simpson was appointed Indian Commissioner for the purpose. Having issued a proclamation inviting the Indians to meet him at Lower Fort Garry, or the Stone Fort, on 25th July, 1871, and at Manitoba Post, a Hudson's Bay Fort at the north end of Lake Manitoba, on the 17th August following, Mr. Simpson, accompanied by His Excellency the Hon. A. G. Archibald, then Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and the North-West Territories; the Hon. James McKay, and Mr. Molyneux St. John, attended at these points, and, after much negotiation, succeeded in completing two treaties—known as Nos. One and Two. The principal features of these treaties, for they were identical, were the absolute relinquishment to Her Majesty of the Indian title to the tracts described; the reservation of tracts sufficient to furnish 160 acres to each Indian family of five; provisions for the maintenance of schools; the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors on the reserves; a present of three dollars to each Indian, and the payment of three dollars per head yearly for ever. Roughly, these treaties secured the title to a tract of country extending from the present easterly boundary of Manitoba, westerly along the boundary line between Canada and the United States—the 49th parallel—about 300 miles, and running north about 250 miles, including the present Province of Manitoba and forming an area of about 60,000 square miles of admirable land.

In the same year (1871), it was found necessary to obtain the title to the area from the watershed of Lake Superior to the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, and from the American boundary to the height of land from which the streams flow towards Hudson's Bay. This step had become necessary in order to render the route known as the "Dawson route" secure for the passage of emigrants, and to enable the Government to throw the land open for settlement. Messrs. W. M. Simpson, S. J. Dawson and W. J. Pether were appointed Commissioners, and, in July, 1871, they met the Indians at Fort Francis. Difficulties arose, and no treaty was effected. The matter was adjourned, and the Indians were asked to consider the proposals and meet again during the following summer. But they were not ready then, and the negotiations were indefinitely postponed. In 1873, it was determined to make another effort, and a commission was issued to Mr. Morris, then Lieutenant-Governor; Lieutenant Colonel Provencher, who had in the meantime been appointed Commissioner of Indian affairs in the place of Mr. Simpson, who had resigned; and Mr. Lindsay Russell, but the latter gentleman being unable to act, Mr. Dawson, now M.P. for Algoma, was appointed in his stead. The Commission, as now organized, met the Indians at the North-West angle late in September, 1873, and after protracted and difficult negotiations succeeded in completing the treaty No. Three.

The treaty was of great importance. It released that portion of the North-West between the westerly boundary of Ontario and the Province of Manitoba, and extending north about 250 miles. Its width is about the same, and a territory of about 55,000 square miles was released from the Indian title. It was of the utmost consequence that those lands should be speedily secured because the Dawson Road runs over them; the Canada Pacific Railway in its progress from Fort William to Selkirk on the Red River passes through them, and they are believed to be rich in minerals. The cupidity of the Indian, and his acuteness in bargaining, were conspicuously exhibited. Mr.

Morris conducted the palaver. The demands of the Indians were so unreasonable, and their obstinacy so dogged that the negotiations were several times on the point of being broken off, and nothing but the fortunate combination of skill, patience, firmness and good temper on the part of the Lieutenant-Governor enabled him to achieve the diplomatic triumph which was of the greater value since it struck the key-note of all the subsequent treaties, and taught the savage that though the Government would be generous, it would firmly resist imposition. Several days were consumed in fruitless talk; the Indians demanded a payment down of $15 for every head then present; $15 for each child thereafter to be born forever; $50 each year for every chief, and other payments amounting to an additional $125,000 yearly, and that in addition to their reserves of land, and the right to hunt and fish. They had a very high estimate of the value of the territory. They evidently supposed it contained the precious metals, as during the council a speaker in the poetic style, peculiar to the Indian, exclaimed: '*The sound of the rustling of the gold is under my foot where I stand:* we have a rich country; it is the Great Spirit who gave us this; where we stand upon is the Indians' property, and belongs to them.'

The following are the chief articles of agreement: In consideration that the Indians surrendered to the Dominion, for Her Majesty, all their rights, titles and privileges to the lands described; Her Majesty agreed: 1. To set aside reserves for farming and other purposes not exceeding one square mile for each family of five; 2. To make a present of $12 for each man, woman and child in cash on the spot; 3. To maintain schools on the reserves whenever desired; 4. To interdict the introduction of all intoxicating liquors into the reserves; 5. To permit the Indians to hunt and fish over such parts of the surrendered tract as may not be sold by the Government; 6. To take a census of the Indian population, and pay yearly, at points to be selected and notified to the bands, the sum of $5 for each man, woman and child; 7. To expend $1,500 annually in the purchase of ammunition and net twine for distribution among them; 8. To supply to each band then actually cultivating the soil, or who should thereafter commence to cultivate it 'once for all, for the encouragement of the practice of agriculture among the Indians,' the following articles, viz., 'two hoes for for every family actually cultivating; also one spade per family as aforesaid; one plough for every ten families as aforesaid; five harrows for every twenty families as aforesaid; one scythe for every family as aforesaid; and also one axe, and one cross cut saw, one hand-saw, one pit saw; the necessary files, one grindstone, one auger for each band, and also for each chief for the use of his band, one chest of ordinary carpenter's tools; also for each band enough of wheat, barley, potatoes and oats to plant the land actually broken up for cultivation by such band; also for each band one yoke oxen, one bull and four cows; 9. To pay each chief $25 per year, and each subordinate officer, not exceeding three for each band, $15 per annum, and to give to these, once in every three years, a suitable suit of clothing; and to each chief, 'in recognition of the closing of the treaty; a suitable flag and medal.' The treaty was executed by Mr. Morris, Lieutenant-Governor, J. A. N. Provencher, and S. J. Dawson, Indian Commissioners, and by twenty-four chiefs representing the Salteaux tribe of the Ojibbeway Indians inhabiting the tract transferred, and it is attested by seventeen witnesses of whom one is a young lady, a daughter of Mr. Morris, who after proving her ability, gracefully and effectively, to discharge the elegant, social duties of Government House until the arrival, in Winnipeg, of her mother, was courageous

enough to accompany her father on his rough journey to the North-West angle, and challenge, in their own camps, the admiration of the handsome young 'warriors' of the Ojibbeways.

The next treaty is known as the Qu'Appelle (Who calls!) treaty, or No. Four, and is named from the Qu'Appelle Lakes where it was made. The Indians treated with were the Cree and Saulteaux tribes, and by it 75,000 square miles of most valuable territory were secured. It includes a portion of the far-famed 'fertile belt,' and was the first step taken to bring the Indians of that splendid territory into close relations with the Government. It extends from the westerly limits of No. Two, westerly along the American boundary about 350 miles, and runs in a north-east direction to the head of Lake Winnipegosis, about 300 miles north of the international boundary. In his report for 1875, the Hon. Mr. Laird, then Minister of the Interior, pays a high compliment to Mr. Morris, for he states, 'that it is due to the council to record the fact, that the legislation and valuable suggestions submitted to your Excellency from time to time, through their official head, Governor Morris, aided the Government not a little in the good work of laying the foundations of law and order in the North-West, in securing the good will of the Indian tribes, and in establishing the *prestige* of the Dominion Government throughout that vast country. A commission was issued to Mr. Morris, Mr. Laird and Mr. Christie, a retired factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a gentleman of large experience among the Indian tribes. These gentlemen met the Indians in September, 1874, at Lake Qu'Appelle, three hundred and fifty miles nearly due west from Winnipeg, accompanied by an escort of militia under Col. Osborne Smith, C. M. G. The Commissioners were met again by the excessive greed of the savage, and their difficulties were intensified by the jealousies existing between the Crees and the Chippewas but by firmness, gentleness and tact they eventually succeeded in securing a treaty similar in terms to No. Three. The conference opened on the 8th September, and the first three days were entirely fruitless; the Indians seemed unwilling to begin serious work, for they were undecided among themselves and could not make up their minds to put forward their speakers. On the fourth day, Mr. Morris addressed them for the fourth time, and his speech, given in full in the volume, shows the style of thought and language which was found so effectual with these children of the forest.

The account of the conference is exceedingly interesting. The pow-wow extended over six days, and the subtlety of the Indian mind is strikingly exhibited in the speeches of the orators who strove in every possible way to dip their hands deeper and deeper into the Dominion treasury. No epitome can do justice to the minute accounts of them and the other conferences in which Mr. Morris was engaged while securing these valuable treaties, and the reader must be referred to the highly entertaining and instructive book itself.

Mr. Morris subsequently made a similar treaty at Fort Ellice with a few Indians who could not attend at Qu'Appelle, and he also in July, 1876, settled troublesome difficulties which had arisen out of Treaties One and Two.

In September, 1875, the Winnipeg or No. Five treaty was concluded. This covers an area of about 100,000 square miles. The territory lies north of that covered by Nos. Two and Three. Its extreme northerly point is at Split Lake, about 450 miles north of Winnipeg, and its width is about 350 miles. The region is inhabited by Chippewas and Swampy Crees. A treaty had become urgently necessary. It includes a great part of Lake Winnipeg, a sheet of water three hundred miles in length, having a width of

seventy miles. Red River empties into it, and Nelson River flows from it to Hudson's Bay. Steam navigation had been established on it before the treaty. A tramway of five miles was in course of construction to avoid the Grand Rapids, and connect that navigation with steamers on the River Saskatchewan. The Icelandic settlement, visited by Lord Dufferin, where he made one of his best speeches, was on the west side of the lake; and until the Pacific Railway supplies the want, this lake must, with the Saskatchewan, become the thoroughfare between Manitoba and the fertile prairies of the West. For these and other reasons the Minister of the Interior reported that 'it was essential that the Indian title to all the territory in the vicinity of the lake should be extinguished so that settlers and traders might have undisturbed access to its waters, shores, islands, inlets, and tributary streams,' Mr. Morris and the Hon. James McKay were thereupon appointed commissioners to treat with the Indians. They performed the work partly in 1875, and it was concluded in 1876 by the Hon. Thos. Howard, and Mr. J. L. Reid under instructions from Mr. Morris. The treaty was made at Norway House at the foot of the lake, and its terms are identical with those of Nos. Three and Four, except that the quantity of land given to the families is smaller, and the gratuity was reduced from twelve to five dollars per head.

The treaties Nos. One, Two, Three, Four and Five comprised an area of about 290,000 miles; but there was still an immense unsurrendered tract lying east of the Rocky Mountains, between the American boundary and the 55th parallel, containing about 170,000 square miles, which, it was essential, should be immediately freed from the Indian title. This was effected by treaties Nos. Six and Seven. No. Six was made at Forts Carlton and Pitt. The great region covered by it—or rather by the two, forming together what is officially known as No. Six—embraces an area of about 120,000 square miles, and contains a vast extent of the most fertile lands of the North-West. The Crees were the owners of this magnificent territory. They had ever since 1871 been uneasy about their lands, and had frequently expressed their desire to treat with the Government. The Hon. Mr. Mills, Minister of the Interior, in his report for 1876, thus alludes to the matter: 'Official reports received last year from His Honour Governor Morris and Col. French, the officer then in command of the Mounted Police Force, and from other parties, showed that a feeling of discontent and uneasiness prevailed very generally amongst the Assiniboines and Crees lying in the unceded territory between Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains. This state of feeling, which had prevailed amongst these Indians for some time past, had been increased by the presence, last summer, in their territories, of the parties engaged in the construction of the telegraph line, and also of a party belonging to the Geological Survey. To allay this state of feeling, and to prevent the threatened hostility of the Indian tribes to the parties then employed by the Government, His Honour Governor Morris requested and obtained authority to despatch a messenger to convey to these Indians the assurance that Commissioners would be sent this summer to negotiate a treaty with them, as had already been done with their brethren further east.'

A commission was accordingly issued to Mr. Morris, the Hon. Mr. McKay, and Mr. Christie. These gentlemen first met the Indians near Fort Carlton, on the Saskatchewan, in August, 1876, and succeeded in effecting a treaty with the Plain and Wood Crees on the 23rd of that month, and with the Willow Crees on the 27th. The negotiations were exceedingly difficult and protracted, and

the temper, discretion and firmness of the Commissioners were put to the severest test. On the conclusion of the treaty at Fort Carlton, the Commissioners proceeded to Fort Pitt, where they met with no difficulty, and the treaty was soon concluded. The Commissioners discovered among these Indians a strong desire for instruction in farming, and for missionary and educational aid. The detailed account of these transactions is one of the most interesting portions of Mr. Morris' attractive book, but the want of space prevents full quotations, and meagre ones would spoil the subject. Treaty No. Six extends from the westerly boundary of No. Five to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of about 600 miles, and from the northern boundaries of Nos. Seven and Four to the 55th parallel, the greatest width being about 300 miles. The projected route of the Pacific Railway passes through nearly its entire length. This was the last treaty in which Mr. Morris took a part. His term of office expiring in 1878, he left Manitoba and returned to Ontario. A comparatively small territory, however, lying between the Rocky Mountains and Nos. Four and Six was still unceded, and as it was important to obtain the Indian title as soon as possible, a commission was issued in 1877 for the purpose to the Hon. David Laird, then Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, and Lieut.-Col. McLeod of the Mounted Police Force. This region was occupied by the Blackfeet. They met the Commissioners at the Blackfoot crossing, on the Bow River, on the 17th September, 1877, and after five days of tedious pow-wowing, the treaty No. Seven was concluded. The terms were substantially the same as those of Nos. Three and Four, except that, as some of the bands desired to engage in pastoral instead of agricultural pursuits, they were given cattle instead of farming implements. The Minister of the Interior well observes in his report that 'the conclusion of this treaty with these warlike and intractable tribes, at a time when the Indians, immediately across the border, were engaged in open hostilities with the United States troops, is certainly a conclusive proof of the just policy of the Government of Canada towards the aboriginal population'—to which Mr. Morris adds these significant words: 'And of the confidence of the Indians in the promises and just dealing of the servants of the British Crown in Canada—a confidence that can only be kept up by the strictest observance of the stipulations of the treaties.' The area covered by the treaty is about 35,000 square miles.

This imposing series of treaties secured to the Dominion the rights of the following Indians: Chippewas and Crees, of Treaty No. One 3815; do of No. Two 971; Chippewas and Saulteaux of No. Three 2657; Chippewas, Saulteaux and Crees, of No. Four 5713; of No. Five 2968; Plain and Wood-Crees, of No. Six, 6744, and Blackfeet, of No. Seven, 6519; a total of 29,027 They covered an area of 460,000 square miles of land whose richness is unsurpassed by any tract in the world, and were effected without a blow or a bitter word. They have been faithfully observed by all parties, though very recent events have placed a great strain on the prudence and good faith of several tribes affected by them, and they stand monuments of British justice and mercy, the sources of untold blessings as well to the original owners of the magnificent territories they convey, as to the teeming thousands of emigrants who may now till their lands in security, while their brethren across the border sleep with their rifles at their sides, prepared at any moment to hear the fearful war-whoop of the Indian, whose lands he knows have been stolen, and whose most sacred rights have been trampled on by a government whose policy to them is injustice, and whose object is their utter extermination. Besides the mutual advantages secured by these treaties a very import-

ant one must not be overlooked. They have caused a complete cessation of tribal warfare. An intelligent Ojibbeway Indian trader said to Mr. Morris, that the change in this respect was wonderful. 'Before,' he said, 'the Queen's Government came, we were never safe, but now I can sleep in my tent anywhere and have no fear. I can go to the Blackfeet and Cree camps and they treat me as a friend.'

Mr. Morris's chapter on the 'Sioux in the North-West Territories' is especially interesting, and just now that Sitting Bull's stay in Canada threatens to involve us in complications with the American Government, it is extremely valuable. Thus far they have given us no cause of complaint, for they have not made Canada a base of warlike operations against the Americans, as it was feared they would. This observance of international law is due to the great influence obtained over the Indian mind by all British officers—for the Indian has so profound a respect, and so warm a love for their Great Mother over the sea, that he will at any time restrain his strongest passions to please her.

Mr. Morris closes his work with a chapter on the 'Administration of the treaties, the Half-breeds, and the future of the Indian tribes.' The advice and opinions of a gentleman so well acquainted with the Indian character as the late Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, cannot be otherwise than highly valuable. It appears that the policy of the Government is meeting with great success. Band after band, and tribe after tribe, seeing that the buffalo must soon fail them, are at this moment anxiously and industriously turning their attention, some to a pastoral, others to an agricultural life, and there is every reason to believe that before many years the large Indian population of the North-West will have buried the hatchet, and settled down to the calm of civilized life. This notice of Mr. Morris' admirable and most opportune book cannot be better closed than by a reproduction of his own final words on the

'FUTURE OF THE INDIANS.

'And now I come to a very important question, What is to be the future of the Indian population of the North-West? I believe it to be a hopeful one. I have every confidence in the desire and ability of the present administration, as of any succeeding one, to carry out the provisions of the treaties, and to extend a helping hand to this helpless population. That conceded, with the machinery at their disposal, with a judicious selection of agents and farm instructors, and the additional aid of well-selected carpenters and efficient school teachers, I look forward to seeing the Indians faithful allies of the Crown, while they can gradually be made an increasing and self-supporting population.

'They are wards of Canada. Let us do our duty by them, and repeat in the North-West the success which has attended our dealings with them in old Canada for the last hundred years.

'But the Churches, too, have their duties to fulfil. There is a common ground between the Christian Churches and the Indians, as they all believe, as we do, in a Great Spirit. The transition thence to the Christian's God is an easy one.

'Many of them appeal for missionaries, and utter the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." The Churches have already done and are doing much. The Church of Rome has its bishops and clergy, who have long been labouring assiduously and actively. The Church of England has its bishops and clergy on the shores of the Hudson's Bay, in the cold region of the Mackenzie and the dioceses of Rupert's Land and Saskatchewan. The Methodist Church has its missions on Lake Winnipeg, in the Saskatchewan Valley, and on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. The Presbyterians have lately commenced a work among the Chippewas and Sioux. There is room enough and to spare for all, and the Churches should expand and maintain their work. Already many of the missionaries have made records which will live in history. Among those of recent times, Archbishop Taché, Bishop Grandin, Père Lacombe, and many others of the Catholic Church; Bishops Machray, Bompas, Archdeacons Cochran and Cowley of the Church of England; Rev. Messrs. Macdougall, of the Wesleyan, and Nisbet, of the Presbyterian Churches, have lived and laboured; and though some of them have gone to their rest, they have left and will leave behind them a record of self-denial, untiring zeal, and many good results. Let the Churches persevere and prosper.

'And now I close. Let us have Christianity and civilization to leaven the mass of heathenism and paganism among the Indian tribes; let us have a wise and paternal Government faithfully carrying out the provisions of our treaties, and doing its utmost to help and elevate the Indian population, who have been cast upon our care, and we

will have peace, progress, and concord among them in the North-West; and instead of the Indian melting away, as one of them in older Canada tersely put it, "as snow before the sun," we will see our Indian population loyal subjects of the Crown—happy, prosperous, and self-sustaining—and Canada will be enabled to feel that in a truly patriotic spirit our country has done its duty by the red men of the North-West, and thereby to herself. So may it be.'

A SPRING CRY.

OH come, Spirit, come,
While the day-star is sinking
Behind the red curtains, low down in the west;
While warm mists are lying
In the vales, and are flying
The doves to their copses, and night-homes of rest.

Oh come, from the stars,
To thy Earth-home, my darling,
And sleep, calmly sleep, in thy soft couch once more:
And, as in thy childhood,
By the brook, near the wildwood,
To-morrow pick violets with me, as of yore.

Oh come, Dora darling!
And cheer this heart aching,
What love is reveal'd in those dark eyes divine—
I see golden tresses—
I feel sweet caresses—
I know thou art near me—these hands they are thine.

Oh rest for a day, dear,
While Spring-flowers are blowing:
I'll not keep thee longer away from the skies:
The Cherubs may miss thee,
Yet, greeting, shall kiss thee
Returning—wipe all the Earth-tears from thine eyes.

How blest were the moments
Her spirit-hands gathered
The arbutus, daisies, and violets rare:
Transparent, and shining—
Though shade-like-entwining
Her silver-bright wings, with her golden tress'd hair.

When parting, she whisper'd
'Dear Father, Immortal
These blooms are we, yester, pluck'd down by the stream:
Wreath'd round us, forever,
Like souls link'd together:'
In the great blue she vanish'd—Alas! but, a dream.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BUCKLE.*

BY FRANCIS RYE, BARRIE.

'I have a spark of liberty in my mind, that will glow and burn brighter and blaze more fiercely as my mortal remains are passing to decay.'—HONE.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE was born at Lee, in Kent, on the 24th November, 1821, and died at Damascus on the 29th May, 1862, after passing a singularly uneventful life of literary endeavour and attainment. A recently published biography reveals to us for the first time some few details which light up for us the long years of concentrated study and repressed ambition that resulted in the publication of what we possess of his great work. Even those readers who do not feel personally interested in Buckle may learn something by investigating the peculiar manner of his education.

For this man of monumental learning was, strange to say, innocent of regular schoolmasters and of college tutors. He bent not his back to scholastic discipline, nor subjected his mind to the imposition of any method of study. His teachers were not clad in flesh and blood, but were the spiritual, moving thoughts of the great departed, that came down to him

'Ranging and ringing through the minds of men,'

and embodied and embalmed in all the precious heritage of books.

Buckle was a delicate boy, and so much did his parents dread the effect of overstudy on his constitution that on the only occasion of his being sent to school—at Dr. Holloway's, Kentish Town—express stipulation was made that he should learn nothing unless he chose. He appears to have exercised this prerogative by learning nothing but mathematics, for which he obtained a prize. His parents, surprised and pleased, told him to name his own reward, when he astonished them still more by asking to be removed from school! As they were 'probably as much frightened as pleased at what he had done,' they granted his request, and he left, never to return, being then of the mature age of fourteen. One other attempt was made, at a private tutor's this time, but again his health gave way and he had to return home. When he was nineteen years old, his father died, commending his mother, to whom indeed he was passionately attached, to his care. From that time forth his self-education was uninterrupted.

He was now in the enjoyment of an income of some £1,500 a year, and his health steadily improved. 'To this moment,' he writes, 'I had read little except Shakespeare, the Arabian Nights, and the Pilgrim's Progress, three books on which I literally feasted. . . . From the age of nineteen, I have worked, on an average, nine to ten hours daily. My

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* *The Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle*, by ALFRED HENRY HUTH. New York: D. Appleton and Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1880.

The History of Civilization in England, by H. T. BUCKLE. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1878.

Essays, by HENRY T. BUCKLE. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1863.

An Attempted Philosophy of History. LESLIE STEPHEN, *Fortnightly Review*, May, 1880.

method was this: In the morning I usually studied physical science; in the forenoon, languages (of which, till the age of nineteen, I was deplorably ignorant), and the rest of the day, history and jurisprudence; in the evening, general literature.' †

At another page (p. 24, quoting from his diary of October, 1842), we learn that his first plan was to write a work on the history and literature of the Middle Ages. His idea was to run over the history of each country as related in the best standard works, 'in a hasty and superficial way,' and then, attacking the more elaborate books and unpublished material, to make himself 'as much a master of the subject as possible.' This projected history, as his biographer truly says, 'included germs which must inevitably grow,' and, as his knowledge widened, the 'History of the Middle Ages' became too cramped a field for 'his bold views and sweep of generalization.' Then it was that he commenced the seventeen years of incessant work which bore fruit, in 1857, in the first volume of his 'History of Civilization in England.'

These were years of unbroken quiet, varied only by journeys for the benefit of his mother's health and his own. The mutual love of this mother and child was beautiful to behold. She it was whose tender care had protected his childhood from all the risks attendant on such a frail constitution. Having preserved his bodily health, she had seen with delight his mind, too, grow up robust and active. There can be no doubt that he attributed much of his love of learning and many of his noblest thoughts to her sympathetic leading. We cannot read the passage in his lecture on the 'Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge,' ‡ in which he describes the principal phase in which that influence is manifested, without feeling that he is stirred by the memory of his own youth. After referring to the question of hereditary influence, he remarks, 'I believe, in regard to the relation between men of genius and their mothers, that the really important events occur after birth, when the habits of thought peculiar to one sex act upon and improve the habits of thought peculiar to the other sex. . . The understanding of the boy, softened and yet elevated by the imagination of his mother, is saved from that degeneracy towards which the mere understanding always inclines; it is saved from being too cold, too matter-of-fact, too prosaic, and the different properties and functions of the mind are more harmoniously developed than would otherwise be practicable. Thus it is that by the mere play of the affections the finished man is ripened and completed. Thus it is that the most touching and the most sacred form of human love . . . becomes an engine for the advancement of knowledge and the discovery of truth.'

Mrs. Buckle lived to see her son's fame established beyond question by the reception which his volume met; but her life was ebbing fast. She had followed the thread of his work as chapter by chapter it was finished, and her heart had almost failed her, lest she should die before it was completed. The only words in it which she was unprepared to read, writes an intimate friend, were the few that served to dedicate the volume to herself, and these she could hardly behold for tears of joy. 'The second volume was dedicated to her memory alone.'

On the 1st of April, 1859, Mrs. Buckle died, and, save for a few friends, her son was alone in the world. What he felt, it would be impossible to tell; for, strange to say, this man, so generally regarded as a machine for the grinding out of arguments, as a superficial generalizer, as a hardened atheist, had a spirit very

'human at the red-ripe of the heart.'

† 'Life,' p. 137.

‡ Delivered at the Royal Institution, March, 1850, 'Essays' (*ubi sup.*) p. 230.

Perhaps the most impassioned piece among his writings is the noble passage,* written at this time, in which he vindicates his belief in the immortality of the soul. He pictures there the happiness of being with those we love. Our affections heed not fears nor risks. But sickness comes on, and 'other and yet essential parts of our affection come into play. . . . To note the slow but inevitable march of disease, to watch the enemy stealing in at the gate, the strength gradually waning, the noble faculties dwindling by degrees,—to see this, is hard indeed to bear. But when even this is gone; when the very signs of life are mute; when the last faint tie is severed, and there lies before us naught save the shell and husk of what we loved too well; then truly, if we believed the separation were final, how could we stand up and live?'

It was in the essay from which our last quotation is taken that Mr. Buckle made the attack upon Mr. Justice Coleridge which led him into the only personal controversy of his life. It may be interesting in these present days, when an English House of Commons is attempting to re-impose a religious test upon its members, to see what views were held by Buckle in 1859 on such subjects. Two years before, Thomas Pooley, a poor half-witted Cornish labourer, of honest and industrious habits, had scrawled upon a gate a few words expressive of his dislike for Christianity. A clergyman laid an information against him, a clerical magistrate committed him for trial, and Mr. Justice Coleridge sentenced him to no less than twenty-one months' imprisoment—a punishment 'which he soon exchanged for the mad-house.'

This arbitrary act of bigotry, as indefensible on principle as the worst cruelties of the inquisition, called forth Buckle's sternest indignation. These men will die and be forgotten, he said, but the principles they represent are enduring. 'The powerful and intolerant judge, seeking to stop the mouth of the poor and friendless well-sinker, is but the type of a far older and wider struggle. In every part of the civilized world the same contest is raging; and the question is still undecided whether or not men shall say what they like; in other words, whether language is to be refuted by language, or whether it is to be refuted by force. . . . In this great warfare between liberty and repression, Sir John Coleridge has chosen his side and I have chosen mine.' Again, in answer to the argument that men of this stamp shock and offend the majority of people, Buckle reminds us that we can never be sure the opinion of the majority is true. 'Nearly every opinion held by the majority was once confined to the minority. Every established religion was once a heresy. If the opinions of the majority had always prevailed, Christianity would have been extirpated as soon as Christ was murdered.' Pushing his argument for liberty of speech to the utmost, he urges that, even if the heretic be admittedly in the wrong, it is well to hear him. He points to the life and energy displayed by Christianity, while it was yet struggling amidst a thousand enemies. Look at it now, established, protected, guarded on all sides, the recipient of a cold and lifeless assent. 'All hail, therefore, to those who, by attacking a truth, prevent that truth from slumbering. All hail to those bold and fearless natures, the heretics and innovators of the day, who, rousing men out of their lazy sleep, sound in their ears the tocsin and the clarion, and force them to come forth that they may do battle for their creed. Of all evil, torpor is the most deadly. . . . It is the cold spirit of routine which is the night shade of our nature. It sits upon men like a blight, blunting their faculties, withering their powers, and making them both unable and unwilling

* Essay on 'Mill on Liberty.'—*Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1859. 'Essays' (*ubi sup.*), p. 153.

either to struggle for the truth or to figure to themselves what it is that they really believe*.'

On the publication of his second volume Buckle's health entirely broke down, and after an enforced idleness, which must have been peculiarly distasteful to him, he decided to try foreign travel. Even then his unselfishness induced him to take with him two boys, the sons of a friend, one eleven and the other fourteen years of age, with the view of expanding their minds. They started in October, 1861, visited Egypt, went up the Nile to the second Cataract, saw Sinai and Petra, and were at Jerusalem by Easter. Here Buckle is supposed to have caught the typhoid fever of which he died. He would not however give way, but struggled on to Nazareth and Akka, getting worse all the time. Instead of resting there, he pushed on for Damascus, where he finally broke down. A fellow traveller, who afterwards tried to make a little literary capital out of their accidental companionship, was heartless enough to leave Buckle there to die alone while he rode on to Baalbec. The only familiar faces round the dying man's bed were those of the two boys, one of whom now writes this biography in affectionate homage to his memory.†

Few writers have been more criticised, attacked, and answered than Mr. Buckle. If the magazines did not hesitate to fall, pell-mell, upon his views whilst he yet lived, we need not be surprised to find that his opponents are even more ready for the onslaught since his pen was laid down for ever. So opposite indeed are the different charges brought against him that one can, to no inconsiderable extent, allow the adversaries to cancel and answer one another. Thus it was that Buckle, after being exhaustively refuted and strenuously condemned by one set of magazines for his assertion that we must look to intellectual laws rather than moral laws for an explanation of the progress of civilization and for the main propelling power that has forced mankind onwards, was ardently supported in this same theory by the *Saturday Review*, and abused by yet another organ for dwelling on so self-evident a truism.

Thus again it is that we find the terms 'hasty generalizer,' and 'superficial theorizer' are hurled at his head, while on the next page we find him labelled as a man bowed down under the crude weight of undigested facts and caught in the meshes of his own manifold references and authorities. Let us shortly examine this last charge.

One of the earliest things which strike a reader who takes up the history for the first time, is the vast amount of labour expended in the notes and the almost encyclopædic knowledge which must have been employed to amass so much detail of illustration. To a superficial student these notes may appear out of proportion to the subject treated of in the text, and such an one will hasten to agree with the general charge that Buckle was nothing but an indefatigable collector and expert stringer together of stray out-of-the-way facts. But, so far from this being the case, the historian would gladly have dispensed with these arrays of long drawn authorities had he been able to count upon generous candour from his adversaries. Too well he knew that, owing to the startling nature of the views he was about to propound, he could not be too precise and methodical in giving chapter and verse for every historical incident upon which he relied, and in vouching for his assertions by the evidence of credible witnesses. It was in

* 'Essays' (*ubi sup.*), p. 112.

† Messrs. Appleton's reprint of this book is carefully executed, as far as it is possible, without the aid of an editor. The mere printer of course blindly copies (p. 356) the reference to a non-existent frontispiece, and commits some blunders, as on p. 310, where a fine passage from Corneille is spoiled by a misprint. It is rather amusing, too, to find the publishers innocently making the world aware (without the slightest excuse) of Mr. Buckle's views upon their appropriation of his first volume.

no spirit of display that he piled up, collected, compared, and re-compared his references. His views on the value of facts are too clear and well-defined to be mistaken. The man of facts, and nothing but facts, he despised. 'Such men there are who will tell you that all knowledge consists of facts, that everything else is mere talk and theory, and that nothing has any value except facts. Those who talk so much of the value of facts may understand the meaning of fact, but they evidently do not understand the meaning of value.' Taking the example of a coin, he shows that its value does not reside in the piece of stamped metal but in the relation that the piece bears to other things. 'Just so in regard to facts. Facts, as facts, have no sort of value, but are simply a mass of idle lumber. The value of a fact is not an element of that fact, but is its relation to the total stock of our knowledge. . . . . Facts therefore have merely a potential value, and the only advantage of possessing them is the possibility of drawing conclusions from them. . . . Real knowledge consists not in an acquaintance with facts, which only makes a pedant, but in the *use* of facts, which makes a philosopher.'*

So much for the charge that Mr. Buckle was a man who prided himself unduly on the number of facts at his beck and call, while unable to control and master the genii his magic had raised up.

Let us now pass to the other charge, and ask whether the author and his critics should plead guilty to the charge of superficiality. Mr. Leslie Stephen, a writer of some note in these days, is the latest in the field,† and his review is full of such expressions as serve to show a pitying contempt for 'Buckle's softness of mental fibre,' and 'the superficiality and arrogance, trying to one's soul, that often marks Buckle's writings.' It does not need any gladiatorial skill to point out, as I will now point out, that this doughty assailant is himself so superficial that he has either never read or cannot understand the views which he so hastily and flippantly condemns.

When a writer is more than usually overbearing on men of far higher calibre than his own, it is peculiarly pleasant if the impartial observer can detect him, in that very moment, falling into a pleasant pickle of his own devising. To approach the present case more clearly—when we see Mr. Leslie Stephen trying to sit down at once upon Lord Macaulay and Mr. Buckle, we feel more apprehension for the safety of the would-be annihilator than for the men he means to grind to powder. The matter is brought about in this way :—

Mr. Leslie Stephen is anxious to show that Mr. Buckle (dreadfully overrated man, I assure you!) is really ignorant (fancy his conceit!) of at least one large branch of what he wrote about. He is 'a half-hearted philosopher.' 'His references to metaphysical problems betray the amateur.' Our critic finds in him 'plenty of short-comings,' and by way of wind-up (finding himself scarcely breathed by a round with such a feeble antagonist) 'he is a kind of philosophical Macaulay.' And Mr. Leslie Stephen evidently considers that this is very cutting abuse, tantamount to calling him a crabbed old hypothenuse, and having, as he imagines, got Macaulay's and Buckle's heads both in chancery, proceeds to ram one against the other in the most accommodating spirit. The 'little mill' goes on pleasantly enough; we are told with complacency that 'both represent that sort of one-sided common sense which is alternately irritating and satisfactory.' But at this stage the gods interpose. Some evilly disposed power of the air suggests to Mr. Leslie Stephen to 'give an in-

* 'Essay on Influence of Women' (*ubi sup*), p. 173.

† *Fortnightly*, May, 1880.

stance,' and to that temptation he succumbs. Intent upon his parallel he proceeds as follows: 'Buckle would have taken Macaulay's view of Bacon and the inductive philosophy, and Macaulay,' . . . but here we must stop the triumphant champion, and come to a clear understanding with him.

There can be no mistake as to Mr. Stephen's meaning. He is trying to prove Buckle's ignorance of logic and metaphysics and the general 'half-heartedness' of his philosophy. Before he finishes his paper, he demonstrates, to his own satisfaction, that Buckle really did not know a deductive from an inductive chain of reasoning. It is with this aim that the present assertion is made.

Our first question to Mr. Stephen will be this: why does he say Buckle '*would have* taken' such views? Is the critic unaware of Buckle's real views on the subject? Before speculating from the premises afforded by Stephen's ideal Buckle, as to what that shadowy being's view of Bacon's philosophy might or might not be, would it not been have as well to have searched in the works of the Buckle of flesh and blood and seen what they really were? It is possible that this condemner of superficiality has not taken the trouble to do this? He needed not to have searched long before he found it.

Macaulay's views are well known, and are generally admitted to be couched in far too strong a language. He crystallizes them in the following sentence: 'Bacon stimulated men to employ the inductive method, . . . the *only* one by which new truth can be discovered.'* If you can succeed in saddling Buckle with that opinion, your task, Mr. Stephen, will be well accomplished. But, alas! we have nothing but assertion for it, and bushels of proof to the contrary.

For, unfortunately for our critic, one of the finest passages in Buckle's miscellaneous works is entirely devoted to an exaltation of the deductive method of reasoning! Three or four great instances he gives of noble discoveries made by this despised instrument since the days when (according to Lord Macaulay) Bacon taught the world to throw it by for useless. Although the digression may threaten to be a little lengthy, I cannot refrain from extracting part at least of the passages I refer to.

The first instance is the discovery of the law of gravitation by Sir Isaac Newton. 'Observe how he went to work. He sat still where he was, and he thought. He did not get up to make experiments concerning gravitation, nor did he go home to consult observations which others had made, or to collate tables of observations; . . . but he sat like a man entranced and enraptured, feeding on his own mind, colouring idea after idea. He thought that if the apple had been on a higher tree, if it had been on the highest known tree it would have equally fallen. Thus far, there was no reason to think that the power which made the apple fall was susceptible of diminution; and if it were not susceptible of diminution, why should it be susceptible of limit? If it were unlimited and undiminished, it would extend above the earth; it would reach the moon and keep her in her orbit. If the power which made the apple fall, was actually able to control the moon, why should it stop there? . . . His mind, thus advancing from idea to idea, . . neither experimenting nor observing, but heedless of the operations of nature, he completed the most sublime and majestic speculation that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive.*

Haüys discovery, by the *à priori* method, of the regularity that governs the growth of crystals, Goethe's twin discoveries, revelations we may almost

* 'Essay on Bacon'—Longman's Edition of the Essays. 1869, p. 410.

*Lecture on the Influence of Women, &c., 'Essays' (*ubi sup.*) p. 185.

call them, of a flower being a modified leaf, and the human skull a modified vertebra, these are next related. Speaking of the law of the metamorphosis of plants, Buckle asks: 'Was it discovered by some inductive investigator, who had spent years in experiments and minute observations of plants, and who, with indefatigable industry, had collected them, classified them, given them hard names, dried them and laid them up on his herbarium? Not so. The discovery was made by the greatest poet Germany has produced. And he made it, not it spite of being a poet, but because he was a poet.'

One more illustration he gives, and it is too beautiful to omit. 'You remember that wonderful scene in the churchyard, when Hamlet walks in among the graves, where the brutal and ignorant clowns are singing, and jeering, and jesting over the remains of the dead. . . . His speculative faculties begin to work. Images of decay crowd on his mind as he thinks how the mighty have fallen and have passed away. In a moment, his imagination carries him back two thousand years, and he almost believes that the skull he holds in his hand is indeed the skull of Alexander. . . . Then it is, that suddenly he passes into an ideal physical world, and seizing the great doctrine of the indestructibility of matter, that doctrine which in his age it was so difficult to grasp, he begins to show how, by a long series of successive changes, the head of Alexander might have been made to subserve the most ignoble purposes, the substance being always metamorphosed, never destroyed. "Why," asked Hamlet, 'why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander?" when, just as he is about to pursue this train of ideas, he is stopped by one of those men of facts, one of those practical and prosaic natures, who are always ready to impede the flight of genius. Horatio. . . objects that "'twere to consider too curiously to consider so." What a contrast between the idea and the sense, between the imagination and the understanding! Even thus was Goethe troubled, and thus, too often, speculation is stopped, genius chilled, and the play and swell of the human mind repressed, because ideas are made subordinate to facts, because the external is preferred to the internal, and because the Horatios of action discourage the Hamlets of thought'†

It is tolerably clear, from these quotations, that Mr. Leslie Stephen, in imputing to Buckle exaggerated views of the advantages of the inductive method, either spoke in utter ignorance of his real opinions or sought to score a point by presuming upon the prejudices of many of his readers. This is far from being the only instance of such carelessness (to give the critic the benefit of the doubt) to be found in his pages. No parodist, wilfully bent on distorting the meaning of an author, could have produced a more ludicrous mis-statement than one which Mr. Stephen stumbles upon, no doubt innocently, at the very commencement of his paper. 'The general reader of Buckle's history,' he states, 'was agreeably thrilled by the statement that a mysterious fate might at any moment force him to commit a murder in order to make up the tale required by the laws of statistics.' The reader of Buckle, if he be indeed a reader, will seek in vain through his pages for the verification of the 'tale' thus made up by Mr. Stephen. Pasing by the crude and unscientific expression 'laws of statistics,' we would merely note that all Buckle taught was that 'in a given state of society a certain number of persons must put an end to their lives,'‡ or commit murder. He very carefully guards himself from the misapprehension into which Mr. Stephen falls, by stating that this is the general law, 'and the

†Ibid. p. 196.

‡ 'History of Civilization,' vol. 1, p. 28.

special question as to *who* shall commit the crime, depends, of course, upon special laws.' In effect, our critic entirely fails to see that throughout his 'History' Mr. Buckle is dealing with the primary laws that govern men's actions, that in all cases he rejects the derivative and proximate springs of actions, and postpones their consideration until he has laid down the highest generalizations possible, and has exhaustively enquired into the fundamental governing and controlling principles. These wider laws affect mankind as a whole; the narrower and more exceptional rules are more liable to be varied in their operation by circumstances and, as we descend the scale, have a more and yet more limited sphere of operation, until we come to the petty influences that merely affect the actions of individuals. If Mr. Stephen could not have discovered this for himself, by a perusal of the history, he would have had no difficulty in finding it laid down in Buckle's correspondence, as quoted by Mr. Huth in his biography. §

I must regret that the exigencies of space prevent my exposing at length another instance of Mr. Stephen's favourite game of killing two birds with one stone, the victims on this occasion being Mill and Buckle. It might be an interesting puzzle to hunt up an authority for the statement that a negro differs from a European, 'only as a man in a black coat differs from one in a white.' But in spite of our critic, I would not advise any one who was in a hurry to find these views, to look in either Mill or Buckle for them.

Buckle's views on the effect of physical conditions upon man's civilization always were, and appear to be still, a hard mouthful for the Horatios of action to swallow. Possibly less dust would have been raised about it, had Buckle completed more of his history. As the fragment now stands, it may be thought that too great stress is laid upon the power of nature, and there is considerable force in this argument, —with those who will persist in looking upon a torso as a finished statue. Another point that is much overlooked, and which, had it been appreciated, would have saved the necessity for much needless sarcasm, is that the force of the external aspects of nature is felt most by the savage, and next to him by the savage who emerges into civilization. It is easy to point a sneer at the 'storms and mists, the darkened sky flashed by "frequent lightning" that combine to make Scotland a most demoralizing place of residence.' But it is not with the Scot of to-day that Buckle is dealing, except in so far as the canny man inherits the instincts, the manners, and the tone of thought that were implanted in his remote ancestor by such wild scenes of desolation as these. That sky and wind and sea did influence men's minds of old, all must admit who compare the sunny gods of Greece with the wild forms of Thor and Odin, or the rosy clouds around Olympus, with the vast stern Valhalla of Scandinavian mythology.

Under the same head Mr. Stephen attacks the position laid down by Mr. Buckle that in Europe 'man is more powerful than nature,' and elsewhere the reverse. Now this is an extremely wide generalization, as it may well be when one deals with quarters of the world for one's units. It is absurd, therefore for Mr. Stephen to treat it as though it professed to be a definite test of civilization, and it is no less absurd to try to explain it away as altogether nugatory. The critic points to America as an exception. It is, at least, doubtful at present how far he is correct in saying that the 'Yankee conquers the natural forces, which were too much for the Ojibbeway.' The old race of mound-builders and Aztecs were highly civilized but they have succumbed; and if it were not for the incessant pulse of immigration it might be doubtful how long Ameri-

§ See 'Life,' pp. 127-8, &c.

ca would present flourishing civilization to our eyes. Certainly in the face of the torrents and tornadoes, the drought, the frost, and the storms, the grasshoppers and swarms of insect pests that assail mankind on this side of the Atlantic it would be hardly wise to contend that the human race is not more severely handicapped here than in the more temperate countries of Europe.

It is time for me to draw to a close, and among a dozen other instances I will only select one. The concluding words of Mr. Stephen's paper are to the effect that Buckle did far less solid work than many a less gifted man 'who has brought all his abilities to bear upon some narrow, definite and managable problem, and therefore really enlarged the circle of our knowledge.' Luckily we can let Mr. Buckle answer for himself, and so close our paper in his own well-chosen words. He is speaking of the rapid widening of the field of thought, and how impracticable it will soon become for any one person to 'cover the whole of that enormous and outlying domain. Already the division of labour has been pushed so far that we are in imminent danger of losing in comprehensiveness more than we gain in accuracy. In our pursuit after special truths, we run no small risk of dwarfing our own minds. . . . Look at the language of those who profess to guide public opinion in the scientific world. According to their verdict if a man does something specific and immediate, if, for instance, he discovers a new acid or a new salt, great admiration is excited and his praise is loudly celebrated. But when a man like Goethe puts forth some vast and pregnant idea, which is to revolutionize a whole department of enquiry, ... a storm is raised about his head, he is denounced as a dreamer, an idle visionary, an interloper into matters which he has not studied with proper sobriety. Thus is it that great minds are depressed that little minds may be raised.' *

* 'Essays' (*ubi sup.*) p. 200.

A MADRIGAL.

(*From the French of François Coppée.*)

BY ALICE HORTON.

I BADE the dove: Go, fly, and bring in thy beak
From the Ganges river, where such wonders are,
The love-compelling herb that lovers seek;—
The dove replied: It is too far!

I said to the eagle: Thy wing doth not tire,—
For the cold heart wherein love's flame doth die,
Bring me one kindling spark of Heaven's own fire;—
The eagle said: It is too high!

Then cried I to the vulture: From my heart
Tear out the name thereon engraven by Fate,
That so forgetting, I may lose my smart;—
The vulture said: It is too late!

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

II.

PROCEEDINGS OF SECOND MEETING, REPORTED BY THE JUDGE.

WE met this time at the house of Lily Cologne. The house and Lily resemble each other so much that one description ought to serve for both of them. They are alike small, light-coloured, and set off by a superabundance of ornament. When you enter the house you are shown into a charming little room, with light-tinted walls and carpet, over which are scattered numberless little pictures and trinkets and objects of vertu; when you meet the daughter of the house you see a charming little person, with very light complexion, eyes and hair, over whom are scattered numberless small puffs and ruffles and frills. She has curls on her forehead, rings on her fingers, and bows on her toes—that is when her toes are encased in her slippers. I have a great regard for Lily. She does not pretend to be anything but ornamental, and she is always that, and often more. I don't pretend to be anything but useful, and I am not always that, and never more. Grum and I were talking about her the other day, as we were walking down Yonge street. 'I don't know what to make of young Cologne,' said Grum, putting up her shoulders in that aggravating way she has when anything does not suit her. 'She seems to me to be half angel and half simpleton.'

'My dear Grumbler,' I replied, 'you are flattering the sex. Do you really think that most girls have *more* of the angel than the simpleton in their composition?'

She looked at me a moment, and then said: 'You can't corner me in that way!'

I thought myself it would be odd if I could get Grum to acknowledge that there was any particular good in anything.

Lily came to meet me last night with extended hands. 'Last but not least,' said she.

'I was first,' remarked the Duchess.

'First, but not greatest?' said Doc, with a little conciliatory laugh.

'It's no new thing for the Duchess to consider herself first,' said Smarty. 'She always did that.'

'It *would* be a new thing for Smarty to consider herself impertinent,' was the calmly uttered retort. 'Everyone does that for her.'

Smarty, for a wonder, made no reply. She was lounging, as usual, in a very unladylike position, her cheeks full of colour, and her eyes bright with fun. Her face looks small for her head, or perhaps it seems so because her hair grows thick and low over the forehead. The girls were all talking together, except the Poet, who stood a little apart at an open window, looking toward the street.

'What is the matter with our literary friend?' asked Grum. 'She appears to be under a cloud. Do you think she is heart-broken?'

'Oh, no; just a little pensive,' said Doc.

'She doesn't look jocund,' asserted Smarty.

'What is the trouble, Poesy?' she called out. 'Has the Lady Godiva been acting up?' This was in reference to the heroine of the novel which the Poet is supposed to be writing. But the Lady Godiva's originator seemed not to hear the question.

I said that some one ought to plead with her against the folly of trying to illuminate the whole street with the light of her countenance, but my heart was not so unconcerned as my words. There was something pathetic in the lonely figure, in its slender black draperies, with the soft, black waves of hair pressing against the pane. There was no bright hue about her, unless the pale blue ribbon around her throat could be considered as such.

'It's a bad sign for the Poet to put on a dress the same colour as her hair, and a necktie the same colour as her eyes; it shows that she feels as gloomy as black, and as blue as blue.'

This profound observation was the utterance of Lily Cologne.

Without intending any harm, the girls began to make a target for their wit of the solitary figure at the window. I slipped over to the Poet's side and asked her if she were sick.

'No,' she said, slowly. And then, turning around and facing us all: 'The fact is, I'm *hurt!*'

Doc thought she had cut herself with the penknife she had been toying with, and sprang instantly to her side.

'Oh, it isn't my fingers,' she said, with a melancholy smile. 'It's merely my feelings.'

The tense expression of her face made me think she was going to cry. I hoped she wouldn't, for if there is anything to be shunned and dreaded it is a burst of emotion from the emotional sex. The awkward pause that followed was broken by the Duchess. Generous soul! She was going to apologise for us all.

'I am so sorry,' she said. 'We had no idea that you would——'

'Why, Poet!' cried Smarty, interrupting, 'what can you be dreaming of? You know well enough that we don't mean one per cent. of what we say.'

'Of course, I don't mean you at all,' exclaimed the Poet, drawing the Duchess down to a place beside her. 'I mean the person who wrote an article in this week's paper, severely criticising a sketch in last week's issue, which sketch,' she added sarcastically, and with uplifted chin, 'was written by her majesty myself.'

'If I were you,' said the Duchess, in her soft superior way, 'I would not allow such insignificant things to trouble me.'

'That is just what you couldn't help allowing if you were me. Be thankful, my dear Duchess, that you are yourself. The more I say I don't care, the more I do care. I feel a little rasped, and irritable, and nervous, and disagreeable. Don't you think, Grum, that these facts are sufficiently apparent?'

'I think,' answered Grum, 'that it would be well for you to cultivate a little hardness of heart and a good deal of indifference. Learn not to care about things.'

'Oh, I don't think I could do that,' said the Poet gently. 'By the time I had learned to be insensible to pain I might find myself insensible to pleasure also. You see it would not pay. Tell me what to do about it, Judge.'

I was glad she appealed to me; I like people to have faith in my willingness to help them, though my ability to do so is a doubtful matter.

'Doc tells me,' I said, 'that when a person is, as we say of animals, in good condition, that is when he is thoroughly healthy, a scratch or bruise is a matter of small moment, and quickly heals over; but when he is debilitated, and his blood impure and weak, a slight flesh wound is apt to lead to serious and most unpleasant results. Now I believe if you were spiritually strong and sound, and in the best condition, a hurt like this would heal over easily. You are in a morbid state, my dear.'

'I know it,' she said simply, raising her wistful eyes to my face, at the end of this little tirade. 'But it is necessary and right that I should suffer a little under this attack. Some of the things my critic says are nearly

true. He denies me even the poor satisfaction of calling him an owl. I I know I have faults,' she added in a melancholy tone.

'It must be a great shock to you to discover that you have faults,' said Smarty, sympathetically, 'but don't let that trouble you. A great many people are like you in that respect. Few, very few, in this world of ours, are the fortunate souls who are entirely perfect, and they, it is also unnecessary to add, are so only in their own estimation.

'Oh! this is balm to my wounded spirit,' said the Poet.

Smarty eyed her with the look of a discerning and benevolent physician inspecting his patient. 'I didn't know what to make of your case at first,' said she. 'You showed some symptoms of inflammatory egotism—very inflammatory—but I'm happy to see it was a mistake. You are much better than I took you to be.'

'Oh, don't credit me with too much,' said the sufferer. 'When I was younger than I am now I used to soften unripe apples by pounding them against a post. It made them soft, but it did not make them good. I feel as if I had passed through a similar process; I'm softened but not improved.'

There was a moment's pause and then she continued:

'I don't want to think about it, or let it trouble me, but when you are cut by a knife, or burnt by the fire, or wounded by a word, it is not a question of whether you will allow yourself to be hurt or not. You simply *are* hurt and that is an end of it.'

'No,' said Doc, 'that is the beginning of it. The end of it is to be perfectly cured, and feel well and happy ever after.'

A faint smile crossed the Poet's face, like a wan outbreak of sunshine on a cloudy day. She mused a moment with her cheeks in her hands, and then suddenly blushed and rose to her feet. 'I am prodigiously selfish!' she cried. 'I have been spoiling all our meeting with my paltry tale of woe.'

'Do you remember that Scripture text,' asked Grum, 'We that are strong should laugh at the infirmities of those who are weak, and always please ourselves?'

'No; I don't remember it, and I don't believe there is such a text.'

'Well, then,' was the carping rejoinder, 'if you don't believe there is such a text, what makes you think we would act in accordance with it?'

'She does not think so,' broke in Lily Cologne, 'she's merely afraid you will.'

'And upon my word, Grum,' said Smarty, 'you're enough to make anyone afraid; you are the most outrageous member of the Coterie; I've a good mind to shake you for it!'

'That,' replied Grum, looking down upon her comparatively short and slender adversary, 'requires good muscles rather than a good mind.'

In the momentary struggle that ensued, Smarty was carried across the room and deposited among the sofa pillows at the further end. Here she lay for a short time in peace, and then exclaimed: 'This is what you might call a triumph of matter over mind.' Conversation now became general, but was suddenly terminated by the unconscious Miss Cologne, who, seated at the piano, began to chant that new and lovely song beginning:

'Do not trust him, gentle lady,'

the very first notes of which forced us to stand, not upon the order of our going, but to go at once.

THE RECTOR'S FLIRTATION,

A TALE OF THE CANADA CENTRAL RAILWAY.

BY FLORENCE FAIRFAX, TORONTO.

THE Rev. Jack Lindsay was the rector of a large but poor parish in the Diocese of Oratorio; the poverty of his barn-like old church, ruinous parsonage and scanty income being in sharp contrast with the palace-houses, splendid churches and large incomes of the Bishop and clergy of the flourishing city of Bye-and-Bye-Town, fifteen miles from Jack Lindsay's residence at Skitsville; not that these favoured ecclesiastics were Lindsay's superiors in birth, education or industry. There were few of them whose preaching was not a subject of chronic weariness to their congregations; whereas Lindsay's extempore sermons, at all events, never failed to rivet the attention of his audiences. But the habit of reading all sides of a question, instead of one only, had produced a breadth and outspokenness in Jack Lindsay's teaching which, though it was very popular with the laity on the few occasions when Lindsay was invited to occupy the pulpit of one of the great churches of Bye-and-Bye-Town, made him the most unpopular of clerics with the clergy. He was accused of all manner of heterodox enormities; he was guilty of eating sausages on Friday, pork and beans in Lent—the orthodox red herring was in his profane estimation literally a *bête noire*—he was on dangerously friendly terms with the Methodist minister, with whose congregation his own fraternized only too well; his pretty wife, Lizzie, was a welcome visitor to the wife of the Rev. John Knox, D.D., at the Manse, and these heretical associations were not redeemed by what otherwise might have raised Lindsay in the opinion of his brother clergy, his being also on terms of cheerful acquaintance with Father Tom O'Flannigan, of the Church of the Blessed Bridget at Bye-and-Bye-Town.

Jack worked hard at his parish, though he did not pull a long face over it, or puff himself up in the columns of the church party papers. But, though interested in his duties, there were seasons when a change was needed, and a visit to town gave relief to nerves sated with the drone of harmoniums, the monotonous cadences of chants, the perpetual drive into farmers' yards, the sameness of the conversation of those agriculturists, and the ever-recurring pork chops that were as beef steaks, and pies that were as circular saws. The time would come, ever and anon, when Jack would feel that, like Gallio, he cared for none of these things. Then he would propose a visit to town, generally quite suddenly, at the breakfast table. To this Mrs. Lizzie had always a hundred valid objections, which were, however, over-ruled for the most part: the children, Mary and Maggie, were consoled for Mamma's departure by a promise of good things to come on her return by the evening train; they were confided to the able-bodied damsel who acted as maid-of-all-work in the humble establishment, and a short walk brought the Rector and his wife to the Skitsville Railway Station, when the noon train car-

ried them in half-an-hour's time to Bye-and-Bye-Town. Then came dinner at a hotel. Ladies who have much domestic cookery to superintend and take part in, find it a pleasant change to sit down at an hotel table with the furnishing of which they have had no part. Then a little shopping, a few economical purchases at the dry-goods stores, a visit by Mr. Lindsay to the public library or the book-store. This done, it was their custom to return home in time for tea, which Jane was wont to set ready on the table as soon as ever she heard the whistle of the evening train.

One winter's day, just as they arrived at the Prince's Hotel, on Bank Street, Bye-and-Bye-Town, a violent snow-storm came on unexpectedly—for in those days Vennor was not, neither did weather bulletins scare people into misery by predicting for the day after to-morrow the storm of the day before yesterday; but no shopping could be done, for the snow was already a foot deep on the side-walk, and the sky dark with the incessant fall of huge snow flakes. John June, however, had met Jack at the book-store, and his adventurous wife, Mary Anne, had donned her seal-skin jacket and driven away in her cutter to fetch Lizzie Lindsay to dinner at their house.

June was curate at one of the city churches; his great abilities had also procured him the position of Inspector of Schools, so that he was independent of clerical dictation, and was able to live in that state of comfort which is symbolised by the sacred herb clover; he was honest, friendly, hospitable; like Lindsay, a Broad Churchman, he shared with him the hatred of the orthodox. The ladies sat by the parlour stove and talked mysterious things of 'bias' and 'trimmings,' of the silk that was sold at a sacrifice by Fleecher and Shoddy; of the Valenciennes lace which little Mrs. Flossy continued to procure out of Flossy's six hundred dollars yearly in the civil service. The gentlemen talked politics and literature over their pipes in the study: clerical topics of dogma or ritual, it must be confessed, they dwelt not on, though of some clerics they told anecdotes or expressed opinions which those ecclesiastics would hardly have wished to see printed in the 'columns of the "High Church Rhinoceros and Steeplebang Advertiser.'"

Dinner passed over, and the afternoon was spent in the luxurious enjoyment of a pleasant drawing-room's warmth and fragrance, Mary Anne and Lizzie singing and accompanying each other at the piano, with voices not yet spoiled by the weary process of dragging a country choir into something like time. Their husbands were both passionately fond of music; they listened while enjoying the Lucretian happiness of watching the umbrella-less passer-by struggling with the storm. As evening came on, Mary Anne and her husband begged the Lindsays to be sensible beings, and stay with them till the next day.

'Do persuade that husband of your's that the salvation of Skitsville is a matter that does not require him to go out into the snow-storm like a St. Bernard dog,' said June to Mrs. Lindsay.

'Rest you with me, snow fills the side-walks wide,
You couldn't catch the "six" train if you tried;
Your children all quite safe, your girl will see,
Indeed, indeed, you'd better stay to tea'

sang Mary Anne June, as she sat at the piano, with a pleading glance at Jack, from eyes which it was very difficult to resist, the sort of eyes which Swinburne calls—

'The greyest of things blue,
The bluest of things grey.'

But Mrs. Lindsay was not to be persuaded; whenever absent for two hours from her children, she was in a state of perpetual commotion about theso

most remarkable of little girls. Her husband would have been only too happy to accept their friend's invitation, but Lizzie carried her point with a rush, hurried on her things, and, going through with Mary Anne that unconscionably irritating, and inconsecutively purposeless process of kissing, in which women are given to indulge, the Lindsays were hurried off to the railway station, and were soon seated in a car; Lizzie flushed out into a lovely colour with the cold and excitement; Jack over his newspaper rather sulky at having lost a pleasant evening with his friends.

The snow-storm had bated none of its fury. Great drifts of snow were reported on the line. Indeed, Jack heard, with a feeling of grim satisfaction, a remark made by the brakesman to the conductor, that the chances were that the train would be snow-bound on the way.

'If only we should have the luck to be stopped where the train could be backed to town, and Lizzie would have to stay here, what a lovely time we should have,' thought Jack, 'but it would not be at all lovely to be snowed up further on, with no pleasanter companions than those horrid-looking old maids opposite,' he continued to soliloquise, as two elderly damsels of the prehistoric period entered the car, of which, except the Lindsays, they were the only occupants. They sat on the seat opposite the Lindsays, of whom they were seemingly anxious to take observations. Each sister—for sisters they evidently were—was the counterpart of the other. Their maiden figures, off whose bony framework Shylock himself could not have cut a pound of flesh, were encased in grey cloth dresses, with rich feather trimming. Their grizzled, scanty tresses, were gathered under black velvet hats, from which nodded, hearse-like, a black feather, funereal, gorgeous to behold. Such were the Misses Griffins, dealers in Berlin wool and fancy work, who, as Jack did not know, although he might have had the sense to guess it, were the two boss gossips, and the most energetic and conscientious circulators of scandal in all Bye-and-Bye-Town.

There were some minutes—*a mauvaise quart-d'heure*—before the train was to start. One grey sister made advances by some harmless imbecilities about the cold, to which Lizzie replied civilly in the same strain. Jack went on with his newspaper.

Jack's *vis-à-vis* was evidently disposed to make his acquaintance. 'I see you are a clergyman by your dress,' said Miss Griffins the elder, which was rather creditable to her penetration, as Jack, though he sometimes wore the regulation white tie which the proprieties ordain for clergymen and hotel waiters, disliked the constraint of clerical uniform. 'Are you one of the clergy of our city churches?'

Jack explained in the briefest manner consistent with civility, that he was only a country parson.

'And of what parish?' said his fair interviewer.

'Skitsville,' again replied Mr. Lindsay with all conciseness.

'*Oh, indeed,*' was the response—the words were not much, but the intonation conveyed a good deal, accompanied with a pious snuffle and a side glance at the other Miss Griffins.

'And pray, Mr.—I do not know your name, but I suppose you are the Mr. Lindsay I have heard of—which church party do you favour, are you High or Low?'

'I have no sympathy with party spirit in religion,' said the hard-pressed parson, 'and I really must decline to discuss such matters with a total stranger.'

This reply, for the moment, abashed her. Just at that time the train began to move very slowly through a snow-drift about a mile from the town. The conductor passing through informed them that this was to avoid the danger of upsetting the car, and said that if they could not get through,

he thought that they would return to the station for a snow-plough. The ladies were much alarmed, but Jack assured them that, with a snow-plough, there could be no difficulty in making their way. At the same time an idea occurred to him. He would endeavour to mystify somewhat the two inquisitive old maiden ladies. He resolved to address Lizzie in that tone of affectionate deference which men too seldom address to wives—at least to their own wives.

'I don't offer you this stupid paper,' he said, 'because I know there is nothing you would care to see in it.'

'No, indeed,' sighed Lizzie, who was thinking of her Mary and her Maggie.

'And now that I see the train is backing to the station, do let me persuade you to stay with me till to-morrow; believe me it is not safe for you to go on to-night.'

'Impossible! Oh, how I wish I was at home!' murmured Lizzie, a vision of Mary eating too much orange jelly, and Maggie running riot among indigestable pie crust, crossing her thoughts.

'Your ideas of home duty do you honour, Lizzie dearest, but really you should allow your life some few gleams of pleasure. You can get this chance of enjoyment quite safely—no one at home will blame you. I will give you a lively time—there are two concerts and a theatre,' the tempter added, pointing to the notices in the advertising columns of the paper.

Lizzie, who was still deep in tragic meditation of the mishaps of her infants and the neglect of the hired girl, only shook her head.

Jack then whispered, 'I have got ten dollars in my pocket that you don't know of, and if you will stay to-night I will give you them to-morrow to buy dresses for the girls.'

This turned the scale. Lizzie smiled her consent. The two old maids took in the situation, and moved away in horror from the clerical Lovelace and his victim. Just then the train arrived. Jack and Lizzie jumped into a sleigh and drove to their friend's house, where they were warmly received, and Mary Anne and her husband rejoiced to hear the story of their encounter with their fellow-travellers. A pleasant evening was spent by the friends, and next day, after a little shopping with the promised ten dollars, Jack and his wife returned home to find the children all right and Jane a model to that part of her sex who condescend, for a pecuniary consideration, to preside in the kitchen.

A week passed and the visit to Bye-and-Bye-Town was forgotten. But one Sunday evening when Jack drove home from his latest service at an out-station ten miles away, his wife gave him a letter. It was from an old college acquaintance who was incumbent of a church in town.

'I did not like to give you this, Jack,' she said, 'till the Sunday work was done, fearing it would worry you. Read it—it is all some mistake or some mere trifle.'

The letter was as follows :—

'Rectory of Saint Sepulchre's, Bye-an-Bye-Town. Feast of Saint Symphorosa, 1875.

'DEAR LINDSAY,—There is a most dreadful scandal current in this town about your having been seen a week ago in the cars persuading a young lady to stay away from home and go with you to theatres and other haunts of vice. Your own conscience must judge you. Perhaps you are innocent, but, as one of the primitive Fathers has so acutely said, *experientia docet*. It may calm your troubled spirit to know that we have got up a brass lectern and two more candles in the chancel at Saint Sepulchre's.

'I am, yours truly,
'BLANK ASTERISK.'

Lindsay did not know what to make of this till he visited the town next day, and heard the names and descrip-

tion of the authors of the story, when he at once perceived its origin. Both the Bishop of Oratorio and the Rev. Blank Asterisk, D.C.L., were much amazed at the innocent basis for so large a superstructure of scandal, and agreed that a clergyman's love of flirtation might be innocent enough if exercised only with his own wife.

LOVE'S DREAM.

BY M. A. MAITLAND.

I HAD a dream of thee at early dawn,
Yet not a dream—as some might understand,—
For from my couch the 'drowsy god' had flown,
And lifted from my eyes his fairy wand;
But just a vision that shut out the world,
And every presence saving thine alone,
Which, like a phantom bark with sails unfurled,
Bore down upon me from a port unknown.

So near thou wert that I could feel thy breath;—
Not like the flutter of the unseen wing
That comes—they say—upon the cheek of death,
But like the lifeful breath that later spring
Breathes on the folded petals of the flower,
Till leaf by leaf it opens, to expand
Its waxen calyx to the genial shower,
And to the sun-born glory of the land.

And thy near presence at the flush of morn,
So filled my life, so flooded all my heart
With ecstacy of love, that I seemed borne
From earth away, and from the flesh apart.
And now I know what means that mystery,—
The life that has no portion with the clay,
For what at morning may be 'thee' and 'me,'
Can be beyond the stars ere shuts the day.

STRATFORD.

A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

BY D. B. READ, Q.C., TORONTO.

A NOTE of timely warning may be of service to those who are really desirous of preserving the liberty of the subject against grinding oppression or autocratic power. In a former contribution to the CANADIAN MONTHLY the writer pointed out the dangerous power confided to Police Magistrates and County Court Judges in Interim Sessions. In the article referred to, I did not go far enough in describing the extent of the power. I then limited the power of sending those convicted to the penitentiary *for years*, I should have said *for life*. Before the law was made giving such extensive powers, an accused party had some protection; previous to being subjected to the ignominy of an arraignment in the dock for trial, a grand jury had to carefully investigate the charge, and on their oath say whether or not the accused should be put on his trial. It is true the law requires the consent of the accused to be summarily tried by the Police Magistrate or Judge of Interim Sessions. But what value can be placed upon a consent given by a timorous woman, for the first time brought before an austere judge? How much may she be supposed to know of the importance of having the facts of the case first inquired into by an independent tribunal, such as a Grand Jury, with the view of ascertaining whether she should or should not be placed on her trial. On her trial for what? On a charge made, it may be, by a constable or by an enemy, the poor unfortunate is dragged into the prisoners' dock as if she were a convicted felon, instead of a woman being, placed there on a charge of which she may be wholly innocent, without investigation had by any one but the constable and her accuser? A half idiotic man is placed in the dock and subjected to the same ordeal. Neither the man nor the woman have counsel to explain their rights; they may be too poor or too ignorant to be able to avail themselves of the advice of counsel; hence witnesses against them give a colouring to facts, which, if sifted by counsel, might bear a wholly different complexion; the prisoner is dazed, bewildered before the majesty of the law; his trial goes on undefended; he is doomed not because he is guilty, but because he is suddenly accused, suddenly arraigned, suddenly tried, and suddenly convicted, when, if a responsible tribunal, acting on evidence given before the accused was placed on trial, had examined the merits of the case, the accused would have been spared the disgrace of being placed in the dock, and the judge or magistrate would have been saved the unpleasant duty of trying a man, with, as it were, his hands tied behind his back. This kind of trial is not safe; by it the liberty of the subject is jeopardized every day. A Police Magistrate of a certain provincial town in Ontario not long since convicted two persons of an offence of which they were accused. The convicted ones, branded as felons, were in charge of a constable several miles on their way to the penitentiary, when it was discovered they had been improperly convicted! Here was a dilemma! A higher power was appealed to and an

order obtained for their liberation! Great injustice was done to these parties by their trial and conviction; how much greater would have been the injustice had they actually been imprisoned in the penitentiary, even for an hour. It was only by the merest chance that they were saved from this disgrace! May there not be at this present moment, languishing in our jails and penitentiaries, persons convicted of crimes of which they are innocent, and for which they never would have been tried if twelve impartial men, called a Grand Jury, had but had an opportunity of examining into the case? An excuse or apology is made for this kind of summary *injustice*, viz.: that it saves expense; but what is expense compared with the liberty of the subject? Taking into account the frequency of Interim Sessions, and the expenses connected therewith, the difference of outlay between the two modes of trial, that by jury and that by summary proceeding, is not so great as fairly to warrant a departure from the time-honoured practice of allowing a man to be tried by his peers. Eminent Judges in their charges to Grand Jurors, in late years, have been invoking an expression of opinion as to the propriety of abolishing themselves (*i.e.*, the Grand Juries) altogether, or modifying them so that their numbers shall be reduced. The press has discussed the subject, and on the whole, fully and fairly, so that there remains not much to be said. As my purpose, however, in writing this article, is to draw the attention of readers to the rude manner in which the liberty of the subject is dealt with, I may be permitted to ask one simple question, namely: Why not let well alone? The Grand Jury for centuries has been a bulwark of British liberty! It is a tribunal which protects the weak against the strong. It is a tribunal which in times of danger to the State, in times of revolution, has stood as the guardian of the innocent against the minions of oppression! While the Grand Jury system lasts, every accused man knows that his life or liberty is safe till twelve sworn jurors have pronounced he shall appear before the bar of justice. He knows also that he cannot be convicted until twelve other men have, on their oaths, pronounced him guilty. This is old time law, a law made as well for the protection of the innocent as for the punishment of the guilty. Let us hope it may be retained intact, and saved from the hand of the spoiler. The tendency of our Legislature in Ontario has of late years been altogether judgeward; in civil matters this may be well enough: in the administration of criminal law a full, perfect and impartial trial, not by a judge alone, but by a judge with the aid of jurors drawn from different parts of a county is the safeguard for the liberty of the people. A man condemned by the verdict of his fellow-men will be content; a man condemned by the voice of a single man is apt to feel that the wheels of justice do not run even. A Judicature Bill, which for the most part sweeps away the trial by jury, in most cases, may have its virtue; a Criminal Judicature Bill, with a similar effect, would have no virtue in it at all.

I have ventured to head this article a 'Tragedy of Errors.' I have done this because of the errors committed, if not foreseen. In 'The Comedy of Errors,' the situation of the brothers Antipholus is at times painfully but ludicrously absurd. Antipholus of Ephesus, imprisoned under mistake, was no doubt the cause of much anxiety and trouble to his Antipholusship.

The imprisonment of an innocent man as a convict is at all times a mistake; it becomes doubly onerous if the convicted one feels that his imprisonment is caused by injustice and wrong. He may be content if accused by a dozen men and found guilty by another dozen; he will not be so content if only one man even though a judge, much less a police magistrate, has pronounced his doom. The convicted one

in such a case might be disposed to answer enquiry in much the same manner as Ægeon, the father of the twin Syracusans answered the Duke of Ephesus:

DUKE—'Well, Syracusan, say in brief the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.'
ÆGEON—'A heavier task could not have been imposed—
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, *not by vile offence*,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.'

How many may be imprisoned in Canadian jails whose end has been wrought by nature, 'not by vile offence.'

NONDUM EST.

A PSALM.

BY CHARLES RITCHIE.

THROUGH the force and the fury of weariness
As the swift years onward roll,
In the hours accursed with dreariness
Sobbing o'er my own sad soul,
I dwelt, and 'wildered by the sunless sky,
Cried out, as unto Eternity,
How long, O Father, to the final day,
And He with answer thundered: ''tis not yet; delay.'

But wherefore? Thou art lovely as the light,
Deeper than ocean caves, and as the wind,
The master of the strength that bringeth night
Most awful, yet most kind;—
Lo! all we toil and smitten by our grief
Lapse out of time, and fall as every leaf
In the autumn sere, when parched breezes
Wither and the laughing water freezes,

For all our worth is as the grass that fades
Sudden and soon,
Our honour and our power fate overshades
And blasts our noon.
Thou choosest each from out the smoke of toil,
Lest each man faint encumbered by turmoil,
And givest to a hero love's most choicest boon.

Thou art a mover over land and sea,
Controller of the fountains
That flow from rugged mountains,
And like as they grow grand in mighty rivers,
Thy hand an humble slave for aye delivers
And blesses with the peace of found felicity.

Now murmurs and new voices call aloud,
Because Earth thou hast bowed
And humbled, for Thou humblest all the proud.
One saith, and speaketh as a comely seer :
'The Lord is great ; He is a man of war ;
Bow down before Him and do ye revere,
From near His glory cometh, and from far
The astounded world hears of His mighty name ;
Forever is He, and shall be, the same.'

'For God, being perfect, cannot change, and ye
Striplings of Time doomed to eternity,
Ye cavil at the mournful moving Death
That smothers you in anger with his breath,
And many mindless ancients call the time
A paltry age o'ergrown with spiritual slime.'

As a precious and priceless gift
The souls of men Thou dost hold,
Evil and good dost Thou sift,
And we think that the age grows old,
And we sigh as a woman who loses
Her darling in the hour of glory,
And thunder at him who chooses
The simplest, most stainless story.

Weakness hath borne us from out her tears,
Changing yet hating what changeless appears,
Toys of to-day and to-morrow we leave,
But God flatters never and cannot deceive,
Nor doth He smite, when we cannot believe.

Forever, yet never ! and the sleep of a slave
Is sweeter and better than rest in the grave.
Blest are they who to virtue restored,
Seek not for wisdom but look to the Lord,
He giveth Life by the power of His Word,
Wings to the wingless, and a crown to the brave.

MONTREAL.

THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.*

BY PRINCIPAL HUNTER, M.A., BRANTFORD.

IN the instruction of the blind, the problem to be solved is, how far we can replace the lost sense of sight by the special cultivation of the hand, the ear, and the memory. It is popularly supposed that a child, when blinded, becomes thereby endowed with a more sensitive touch, with a finer ear, and a stronger memory. Unhappily this opinion is quite erroneous, and it often causes most unreasonable expectations to be formed of the blind. The attainments of blind persons are the result of close application on the part of the student, and of great skill and inexhaustible patience in the teacher. We too often find the constitutional weakness that has quenched the sight, to have also impaired the hearing, or the vocal organs, or even the mental powers. The sense of touch in neglected blind children is strikingly deficient!

In an educational view, there are two entirely distinct classes of blind persons: 1st, those blind from earliest recollection; 2ndly, those who have become blind after some years' distinct remembrance of the visible world. The latter are very much in the position of seeing persons blindfolded. In such cases the loss of sight is an affliction, whose magnitude those born blind cannot even distantly realize. But at the same time, after the distractions of the visible world are gone, the quality of the brain-work may actually improve. Most musicians prefer Beethoven's Ninth Symphony to any of the preceding, though the great master's absolute deafness precluded the possibility of his having ever heard a single note in the whole of that sublime composition. When he attempted to play it himself, his fingering of the softest passages left the music *more* inaudible to his listeners than to himself. To them the keys were often absolutely silent, but his mind was doubtless filled with 'touches of sweet harmony.' So Milton, during several years of his blindness, appeared to gain constantly, not only in majesty of expression, but what is very remarkable, in descriptive power. 'Paradise Lost' appeared after thirteen years of total blindness; and what was Milton's loss was probably the gain of English literature. In our own day, Heinrich Heine's influence on German politics, or on French or German literature, did not certainly decline as his sight receded. The mental exaltation which is seen highly magnified in minds of such exceptional power, is also perceptible in cultivated blind persons of humbler gifts; and it is doubtless due to forced employment of the reflective faculties.

When we approach the class who have been blind from early remembrance, we enter a sunless world where there is no colour, no form, no space. Yet the dwellers evidently enjoy life more than those who have seen, and are now blind. The first insight into the true blind man's world was afforded by the observations of Cheselden, an eminent English surgeon of the last century. Through the operation of couching, he was, in 1728, so fortunate as to give distinct vision to an intelligent boy who had been born blind, and who was then fourteen years old.

* In the following article I have drawn freely on my published Official Reports. J. H. H.

The surgeon minutely observed from day to day the growth of visual *interpretation*, and recorded the results in the Transactions of the Royal Society. The boy failed at first to identify even the objects that were most familiar to his touch. For some months a cube or any other solid, seen in perspective, gave him the impression of a set of separate and differently-coloured planes. His ideas of form, space and colour were all wild and fantastic. Among those who have in recent years studied this most interesting, and, for our purposes, most important subject, are Dr. Appia, of Geneva, and Dr. Louis Fialla, of Bucharest—both ophthalmic surgeons. Their researches confirm and extend Cheselden's observations. Dr. Appia had operated for congenital cataract upon a young girl with the effect of giving vision. A knife, a spoon, a pair of scissors and other objects perfectly familiar to the girl's hands were held up before her now unveiled eyes, and, though the objects were distinctly *seen*, she completely failed to identify any one of them or to conjecture its use. Dr. Fialla's monograph (published in 1878), embraces observations made on no less than six similar cases—the ages ranging from 10 to 25 years. One patient could not recognise intimate friends until he had heard their voices. Formerly, as a blind man, he could find his way alone through his native city; but on the restoration of his sight he was for a time utterly bewildered, and was compelled to ask his way. Another patient completely failed, on seeing the surgeon's hand, to conjecture what it was, and only after an evident struggle against unbelief, did she recognise her own hand. A pathetic scene was witnessed when a peasant girl of seventeen was for the first time brought within view of the parents that had so tenderly cared for her all her life. The poor girl could recognise her own mother only by passing the hand over her features! In all these cases, it is very important to observe that, when persons or objects were once interpreted by the hand or the ear, the sight was on every subsequent occasion sufficient for identification. This clearly shews how vastly important the memory is in the effective use of the senses.

By no means yet discovered can we substitute one special sense for another, so as to furnish *the same conception*. It is not known that light, heat, electricity, &c., are molecular movements, merely differing in velocity, and that they are interchangeable. But as yet, we have not succeeded in exhibiting those coloured rays that are visible to even the unaided eye, as heat rays distinguishable to the touch. Something approaching this is seen when a blind person applies his tongue to the surfaces variously coloured, and can, perhaps, distinguish white from black, or even blue from red. This is really due to the different capacities for absorption possessed by different colours, and the blind man is really contrasting different shades of temperature without obtaining any idea of different shades of colour. The reputed distinction of colours by the once-famous blind poet, Blacklock, could have amounted to no more than this: his life like descriptions of the tints of flowers and landscapes were certainly, as Dr. Johnson insisted, derived at second hand. Blacklock, when but six months old, had been blinded by small-pox, and no remembrance of visual impression could have survived. Yet, vivid pictures of landscapes and natural objects abound in his poems, which furnished to his friends, Hume, Burns, and other *litterateurs* of Edinburgh, new problems of the greatest interest. Take the followings tudy in flowers:—

'Let long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violet languish, and the roses glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline;
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.'

From the earliest years the sight-

less child had listened to the choicest morsels in English literature; and, even if we did not know that Spenser and Milton and Thomson had been habitually read to him we might safely have inferred it from such passages as these :—

'For, oh! while others gaze on Nature's face,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods and streams,
Or, with delight ineffable, survey
The sun, bright image of his parent, God;
The seasons, in majestic order, round
This varied globe revolving; young-eyed Spring,
Profuse of life and joy; Summer, adorn'd
With keen effulgence, brightening heaven and earth,
Autumn, replete with Nature's various boon,
To bless the toiling hind; and Winter grand
With rapid storms, convulsing Nature's frame;
Whilst others view heaven's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumbered worlds; and lost in joy,
Fair Order and Utility behold;
Or, unfatigued, the amazing chain pursue,
Which is one vast, all-comprehending whole,
Unites the immense stupendous works of God,
Conjoining past with past, and through the frame
Diffusing sacred harmony and joy:—
To me those fair vicissitudes are lost,
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods and streams
One horrid blank appear; the young-eyed Spring,
Effulgent Summer, Autumn decked in wealth
To bless the toiling hind, and Winter grand
With rapid storms, revolve in vain for me:
Nor the bright sun, nor all-embracing arch
Of heaven, shall e'er these wretched orbs behold.'

Blind persons generally allege that they possess a peculiarly sensitive tract in the face immediately beneath the orbits of the eyes. Persons destitute not alone of sight but of eyeballs can assuredly distinguish obstacles in their path when these obstructions rise to the level of the face; and in some cases they will even define closely the dimensions of objects held up before them. To this singular sensibility the name of *facial perception* has been given. Some writers refer this faculty to the recognition of varying sounds reflected from the surface of the object. But very deaf blind appear to possess it equally with those that hear. I am disposed to consider this perception of objects, like the distinction of colours, as the recognition of various degrees of radiant heat. We know how even a thin stratum of fog intercepts heat rays, and it is not then surprising to learn that a blind man can become befogged, as well as a seeing man. This "unrecognised sense" can be *trained* to an extreme degree of sensibility: on credible evidence, we are assured, that the great mathematician, Saunderson, had so educated his facial perception that he could distinguish clouds on the horizon. We must, however, remember that, even if we could make the faces or the fingers of the blind as sensitive as Melloni's pile, or Edison's tasimeter, no visual conception of colour, or form, or space can arise from these sources of information. With the aid of this cultivated sensibility, various departments of natural philosophy are found to be quite accessible to blind students; and, under favourable conditions, there is scarcely one in which they may not attain excellence. As an extreme illustration, may be named Sir Isaac Newton's friend, Saunderson, above-mentioned, blind from eight years, unusually well versed in classics, but especially eminent in mathematics. To him Newton committed the exposition of the Newtonian Philosophy, and by Newton's personal influence he was appointed Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, Newton's own former chair. Saunderson's inaugural address was delivered in Ciceronian Latin. His lectures successfully expounded not merely the *Principia* and the *Arithmetica Universalis*, but even the *Optics*. Surely a strange subject for a blind lecturer; but never were lectures on optics so numerously attended or more profitably. Sir Isaac Newton will be admitted to be a supremely good judge of the exposition demanded by his own discoveries, and his opinion of Saunderson ought to make us very cautious

in debarring blind youth from any branches of instruction.

Persons born blind are related to objects affected by light much as we seeing persons are related to bodies affected by electricity and other invisible forces. Our present conceptions of the visible world are probably only one degree less erroneous than a blind man's! Are we surprised that a blind man, when first admitted to sight, cannot recognise his own hand? Well, if one of us that see were suddenly endowed with a sixth sense, revealing those now invisible forces, is it probable that he at first could even guess at the identity of his own hand? Would the simplest body, say a cube, be recognisable when vibrating under the swing of its restless molecules! Now, if we were placed under the instruction of a being endowed with this sixth sense, we should enjoy evident advantages, though accompanied by certain disadvantages. On the one hand, he would teach from a personal knowledge of the ultimate laws of matter, and would certainly reveal a world of wonders. On the other hand, with but our five senses it would be impossible to quite realize the significance of many of his illustrations. He would occasionally be talking above our heads. His *definitions* would probably perplex us most of all; and we should certainly have to accept many of his terms in a *mitigated*, or in a conventional, sense. Such an instructor would, in all likelihood, unduly neglect colour and appearance in his incessant pursuit after more essential properties; and it is quite conceivable that *we* may thus come to surpass him in fineness of vision, precisely as blind persons come to surpass seeing persons in fineness of hearing.

The practical application of all this is close at hand. Where a seeing teacher is instructing the blind, it is obvious that the perception of the blind must be accepted as the basis of the teaching. We must never go outside the mental process of our pupil. If we want to teach a definition, we must first place a representative object in the blind child's hand; and, from the impression made upon the child's touch, gather up the proper terms in which to frame a definition. Seeing instructors are naturally disposed to teach blind children their letters by commencing with the characters in very large outline. This is very natural and plausible, but very fallacious. Blind children cannot, in embossed characters as these are usually printed [3-16 inch square] distinguish angular from rounded outlines; and it is on the *collective* impression that they depend for identifying a letter. They never obtain the same impressions from the small letters occurring in books as they do from large anatomical alphabets; and, if they associate the two things, it is simply because you *tell them* that the characters are of the same form. In other words, the resemblance is to them entirely conventional, precisely as though we had before our eyes two photographs, one being a microscopical reduction of the other. We may accept the statement that the invisible picture is identical with the visible, but here we are evidently walking by faith, not by sight. Now, if we are to instruct blind folk by conventions and arbitrary letters—which we are forced to do,—why not begin just where we ended, and, setting the pupil's finger on the *a* that he will meet in his books, tell him from the outset, whenever you get that impression, call it *a*? And, as we are now in the way of using what to the learner are arbitrary characters, why not give him at once the arbitrary letters that best suit his touch, either the Roman type, or the point print characters, as the case may be?

With blind persons, as with seeing, the three great initial forces in education are reading, writing and [illegible] tion; and, in educational inst[illegible]tives,' a large share of our time and in[illegible] must always be devoted to the difficult

task of bringing these prime movers under the effective control of the blind. At the first glance, nothing appears much easier than to make educational or industrial appliances that *must* help the blind; but somehow the result is generally found at an enormous distance from success, and the experimenter is apt to become sadly discouraged. I believe that the fallacy underlying nearly all fruitless experiments in this field, is the assumption that a blind child is simply a sighted child in the dark, and that forms of instruction adapted to the latter will also answer the requirements of the former. Nothing could well be more erroneous or fertile of educational failures. Though he be in the dark, the sighted child's experience of the visible world *corrects his impressions;* he *thinks* as though he were in the light, and his mental horizon is unaffected. The uneducated blind child *thinks* as well as feels *blindly;* the horizon of his world is the circle described by his out-stretched arm. His instinctive apprehension of danger restricts his movements, and rooted to a particular spot like a tree, he is apt to take only such exercise as trees enjoy—a swaying of the trunk, or grotesque and weird movements of the limbs. When he does venture to change from place to place, that all-pervading apprehension betrays itself in his sliding, *feeling*, gait. His nervous organization appears in the sense above indicated, to have so re-arranged itself that certain duties of the optic nerve are vicariously performed by the facial nerve, and as Spallanzani found in sightless birds, the sightless child, when at length induced to venture abroad, soon recognises, without actual contact, obstacles that would injure him, and he swerves in his path. This mysterious sense exists in children who are at the same *deaf and blind*, and, as already urged, it cannot therefore be a [illegible] terpretation of varying sounds. refer t[illegible]ach and Spallanzani both revaryir[illegible]nilar observations made on [illegible]nds. The blind child's mental constitution exhibits peculiarities answering to those in his physique. He is rooted in his opinion with a pertinacity that it requires the utmost firmness to overcome; he is under an abiding apprehension that there exists some desire to mislead him, and he is therefore suspicious and distrustful. Even when asleep, the expression of his features shows that the mind is still on the alert. He rarely avows his real object, he advances to his design with a shuffling gait; while too often alleging some design entirely remote, even though there exists not the slightest cause for concealment. His impressions of the external world are bizarre and deformed —being nearly all of them second-hand and coloured by the peculiarities of the actual observer. Even his direct impressions are not correctly translated. His touch enables him, it is true, to say that A is like B and unlike C; but he has no correct, *i.e. visual* conception of A, or B, or C. It has been already shewn that blind persons, when restored to sight by surgical skill, have to completely revise their knowledge of even of the most familiar objects, though their *comparisons* of these objects remain quite correct. The intellectual process of a *neglected* blind child is so peculiar, that, by persons inexperienced in such matters, he is not unfrequently taken for an imbecile—especially when he happens to exhibit, in connection with his incoherent talk, rhythmical motions of the body. His acquired memory is usually prodigious. Assisted by a hearing of great depth and acuteness, he gains an inexhaustible fund of the most trivial recollections, which he pours forth with great volubility, but with slight application to the matter in hand. His knowledge is an ill-assorted fagot of quotations; his reasons are mere sounds,—mere echoes of some partially understood remark his acute ear has caught. His temper is apt to be unfavourably affected by his low degree of vitality, which is computed to be on the average fully *one-fifth* less than that of sighted

children. Such is the blind child as he is constantly brought to educational institutions. With such habits of mind and body, it can now be understood that his instruction must widely diverge, not alone from the instruction of seeing children, but even from the instruction of persons once sighted but now blind. This latter class is also represented and furnishes, as may fairly be expected, many pupils of great promise. The difficulties of teaching those, who at their birth, or at their earliest recollections, were blind, and who have since remained uneducated, are incomparably greater than where the eye and other educating influences have at any time been at work. Those neglected blind, though, in age, men and women, are frequently as helpless as infants; they are unable to wash, dress and sometimes to feed themselves; to ascend or descend a staircase. Their muscular system is so relaxed that they cannot lift even light weights; or, if they do succeed in lifting them, they cannot retain them in their feeble grasp. For a considerable time after their arrival they cannot guide or *hold* a lead-pencil, or even pass a wire through as wide an aperture as an ordinary key-ring. So deplorable a state of helplessness is not elsewhere to be witnessed among beings whom subsequent events prove to be capable of high culture and much useful labour. The training of the blind is thus a most extensive and a most difficult field of educational work; much of the soil being still unbroken or beset with weeds that are not *all* indigenous. To understand the present state of the soil we must learn something of the previous husbandry.

The systematic instruction of the blind—not alone literary, but also musical, and technical—is, by general consent, held to have begun in 1784 with the labours of Valentine Haüy, brother of the distinguished mineralogist. A poor waif, Francis Lesueur, blind since he was six weeks old, had strayed from Lyons to Paris, and one October day in 1784 while begging and shivering at a church gate, caught the tender-hearted Haüy's notice. Haüy *bribed* this unsavoury lad to abandon a beggar's life on trial, devoted himself for six months to his culture and produced educational results so novel and marvellous, that by the aid of the 'Societé Philanthropique,' he was enabled within two years to extend the instruction to twenty-four pupils. On the 26th December, 1786, he exhibited before the Court at Versailles the attainments of the pupils in general literary subjects as well as in music. The tender heart of Louis XVI. was fairly won when Haüy laid at the foot of the throne, as a souvenir of this memorable occasion, his now famous '*Essai sur l'Education des Aveugles*,' set up, printed and bound by these blind children, describing the process of their instruction, and ending with a most pathetic appeal to the monarch as their father and protector. Henceforward the youthful blind of France became the wards of the State; and the Royal Institution at Paris became the prototype of all other schools for the blind. Haüy's brilliant success set France, England, and presently all Christian Europe aflame with benevolent ardour towards this hitherto neglected class. English and Scottish institutions sprang up having their roots in private charity—at Liverpool in 1791; at Edinburgh and Bristol in 1793; at London in 1799. Within the next thirty years six additional institutions arose. On the continent as early as 1804, Dr. Klein became the director of a famous blind school in Vienna; and two years later Haüy, by special invitation, founded state institutions at St. Petersburgh and Berlin. This example was speedily followed by Dresden (1809), Copenhagen (1811)—at first a private charity—and other European capitals.

The cause of the English-speaking blind has, to this hour, been most seriously retarded by the erroneous departure taken in the early British institutions. These (except at York and

one or two other places), unlike the Continental Schools, took no higher view of the emergency than to provide some kind of manual employment for the indigent adult blind. They wholly missed the real pith of Haüy's experiments, which conclusively showed—what we are now finding to be universally true of all labour—that successful blind industry must rest on a basis of general culture; and further, that, after skilful training, the youthful blind ought not to require continued residence in any special institution. But, from the very outset, the British institutions were in most cases avowedly asylums, or even alms-houses, whereas the continental foundations were schools. This erroneous departure in Great Britain has confused the entire question, even in minds that understand the difference between the education of the young and the care of the infirm, and understand that the requirements of recruits at Aldershot differ materially from the requirements of pensioners at Chelsea.

Haüy's basis for his entire scheme was the creation of an embossed literature. Continuously since 1784, the blind youth of France have had a supply of relief-books representing a liberal course of culture. A printing press, worked by the blind themselves, has nearly always been busy within the institution walls. The choice of type was, of course, the very first difficulty. Haüy adopted an italic character, which was subsequently modified by both himself and the succeeding director, Dr. Guillié, superseded by Roman type in the hands of the director, M. Dufau; and this in turn was supplanted by the arbitrary point character arranged by M. Braille, which in France still maintains its ground.

For fifty years after these advantages had been enjoyed in France, the English-speaking blind throughout the world remained illiterate. The Asylum at Edinburgh was one of the best, if not quite the best in Great Britain. Yet, in 1826, Mr. James Gall found—and he might have found for years afterwards—the blind inmates there using cords and knots as a substitute for an alphabet. These string alphabets bore the same relation to literary training as wampum belts bear to historical narrative, and both belong to the same stage of intellectual culture. Mr. Gall undertook, at his own private charge, to lead the way to something better. On the 28th September, 1827, he published the earliest embossed book in the English language—*A First Book for Teaching the Art of Reading to the Blind.* Mr. Gall used small Roman letters with angular outlines, but unfortunately, in his earlier imprints, excluded capitals. He succeeded in forming influential committees in Edinburgh and Glasgow, in 1828, and in 1829 and in 1831, publicly exhibited in London the results obtained by blind children who had used his books. These exhibitions kindled a very remarkable outburst of energy throughout the entire English-speaking world. While the previous thirty years had established six Institutions in Great Britain, the next thirty added a score; and, in America, broke ground with the pioneer Institutions at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Columbus, Staunton, and Louisville. This intense activity sometimes wandered away into mischievous channels, and created many of the pitfalls that still lie in the pathway of the blind. The conflict of alphabets was a special disaster in both its near and remote results. Gall's angular alphabet, which excluded capitals, took deep root in Boston, where Dr. Howe, after reducing its size and pruning off its useless lines, adopted it as the vehicle of his splendid series of publications. Under Dr. Howe's influence, the printing presses of the Staunton Institution and the American Bible Society, also, adopted this 'lower-case' angular character. On Mr. Gall's Glasgow Committee was a Mr. Alston, who at first coincided in Mr. Gall's views, but afterwards became the foster father of a type that in

1837 had obtained for Dr. Fry the special gold medal of the Edinburgh Society of Arts. This alphabet proceeded in precisely the opposite direction from Gall's, excluding lower case (*i.e.*, small) letters and using nothing but Roman capitals. Mr. Alston's publications comprised the Scriptures, devotional works, and a few school books. Towards the printing of these, a subsidy of £400 was contributed by Her Majesty's Treasury. This Alston or Glasgow type found favour at the Philadelphia Institution, and became, through its printing press, the vehicle of a very valuable series of publications including a large *English Dictionary*, in three volumes. The further issue of books at Philadelphia was arrested by a mysterious theft of the entire fount of type. Roman capitals are still exclusively employed in the publications of the Printing Society for the Blind (St. George's Fields, London), which number many thousands of volumes, and commend themselves by their low price.

By the year 1838, Mr. Gall had learned that in the excessively angular outlines of his letters, and in the absence of capitals, he had wandered unnecessarily from the ordinary alphabet used by the seeing, and had placed positive impediments in a blind reader's path. In his subsequent publications, therefore, he retraced his steps, but the false lead he had given seems until lately to have exercised a controlling influence over the Boston press. The divorce of the capital and the small letters came, about this time, to be generally condemned by the blind themselves. We find them reunited in the private publications of Mr. Littledale, a blind gentleman of Yorkshire, and in other similar cases. The Rev. W. Taylor, who was at first one of the most strenuous supporters of Alston's characters, resorted to the combined type in the publications of the Worcester (England) Society for Providing Cheap Literature for the Blind, which was founded in 1868, and which is doing valuable work. The Paris Institution, under the Directorate of M. Dufau, restored the capitals and thus used a combined angular Roman type. In America, precisely the same conclusion has been reached, after trial of the two systems known on the continent as the Philadelphia (capital) and Boston (lower-case) letters.

The combined tppe is thus admitted to be the best of the line alphabets; but just here a serious obstacle comes into view. This alphabet though easily legible to blind persons of delicate touch, is, like all other line alphabets, quite illegible to the hard-handed blind who, unfortunately, are rather numerous, including nearly all who follow basket-making or other mechanical work. Thus at a very early stage, arbitrary alphabets in strong relief began to be devised. Of these the only important are the systems advocated by Lucas, Frere, Moon, Braille and Wait. The conflict of these alphabets with the Roman alphabet and among themselves, has materially retarded the educational prospects of English-speaking blind throughout the world.

Much of the energy that has been wasted in reproducing the same books in rival alphabets, might have been fruitfully applied to the extension of the blind man's library. After nearly a century of philanthropic effort, the embossed books now procurable in England, are sorrowfully scarce—consisting chiefly of the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, the Psalms in Metre, and a few school manuals and story-books. The Worcester Society has recently extended the literature of the English blind by publishing select works of Goldsmith, Gray, Shelley, Herbert, and Macaulay. The Society has also done excellent service by embossing the texts of Greek and of Latin authors. A princely bequest of £300,000 sterling was lately made to the blind youth of England by Mr. Henry Gardner, who left the particular intent of his benevolence undefined.

The question has come before the Lord Chancellor, and it is to be earnestly hoped that an important part of the bequest will be devoted to embossing in Roman type the masterpieces of our English literature. On this Continent, blind youth are more fortunately conditioned than in Great Britain, for here Institutions are regarded as educational rather than charitable. The range of excellent school-books is much wider, and the typographical execution is all but perfect. English Literature is represented by Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Midsummer Night's Dream;* by Milton's entire Poetical Works; by Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress;* by Pope's *Essay on Man*; by Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*, *Hebrew Melodies*, and *Childe Harold;* by Scott's *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake;* by Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, and *Dora;* by Dicken's *Cricket on the Hearth*, *Child's History of England*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop;* and by tales from Whittier and Hawthorne. In the first years of embossed publications, the work in America fell upon the Institutions themselves, and to this hour the Boston Institution continues to be a centre of publishing activity. The mechanical difficulties that beset this unremunerative book-work are so great that the American Congress last year invested $250,000 for the special assistance of the Louisville Printing House for the Blind, which has now for many years been issuing educational works of the greatest value and importance.

Music often affords to the afflicted an easement of their pain; but to the blind it also frequently offers a means of livelihood. For this latter purpose, the three important branches are tuning, teaching, and organ playing.

Tuning is pre-eminently a blind man's art. Claude Montal, a student of the Paris Institution, first clearly stated the scientific principles on which the art is based. His public lectures, delivered in Paris, were collected in a treatise, the first edition of which appeared in 1830; and a subsequent edition was awarded a special gold medal in 1862 by the Jurors at the London Exhibition. Siou, the present professor of tuning at the Paris Institute, is blind. At the Boston Institution, Mr. J. W. Smith, who is entirely sightless, conducts this subject with conspicuous ability and success. Mr. Smith's pupils have recently received a practical recognition in Boston, that might well be accepted as a suggestion by many other cities. The Boston School Board employs in its Public Schools, 137 magnificent pianos—45 of them being grand, large sized, and of the very finest construction. On the 1st May, 1877, the Board took the decisive step of entrusting the care of these costly instruments to the blind tuners of the Boston Institution, the contract being placed at $1,200 for the year. And so much satisfaction has been afforded to the School Committee and to the musical instructors, that the contract has been since thrice renewed.

Many of the ordinary piano repairs are also quite within the compass of blind persons; indeed, at Boston and Upper Norwood the construction and repair of pianos are made subjects of systematic training. Montal, the famous piano-tuner, became still more famous as a manufacturer. Indeed, some of the most valuable improvements in modern pianos are due to the training given to this poor, blind boy, at the Paris Institute. In 1842 he patented in France his first efforts for the improvement of the piano-forte. At the Great Exhibition of 1851, he attracted much attention by three cottage pianos of his own construction. He carried off a first-class medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1855. At the London Exhibition of 1862, he exhibited a grand piano and an oblique upright, for which he received distinguished commendation and a gold medal. In these two instruments were for the first time seen some of the most distinctive improvements in modern pi-

anos. His soft pedal *(pédale d'expression)* acted on an entirely new principle by diminishing the range of the key and the hammer. By pressing this pedal, the keys descend, and, simultaneously, the hammers rise, so that in two ways the range of the blow is decreased. The jury, which included such well-known musicians as Sterndale Bennett, Geo. Clerk, F. Gore Ouseley, used these terms in their verdict: 'The action of the mechanism is perfect, and the effect extraordinarily beautiful, as the tone may be diminished to the faintest audible sound, while the facilities of execution are perfectly well preserved. It is by far the most perfect means of producing piano and graduated effects that has yet been devised for the instrument.' Another decisive improvement was his *sustaining pedal (pédale de prolongement)* by which he succeeded in prolonging the sound of any desired notes or chords amid the *perfect stillness* of all the rest. This, up to Montal's time, had not been accomplished by any manufacturer. His instruments exhibited numberless other ingenious contrivances which have now become public property. All this surely vindicates the wisdom of the French Government in their ever-generous support of the Paris Institution. Montal's example has not only shown to Governments the wide world over, how public expenditure for blind men's instruction may be repaid to the public with enormous usury, but it has also nerved poor, despondent, blind youth everywhere to be up and doing. At this moment, in Paris, Krebs, another Institution pupil, is fast following Montal's lead. His piano, exhibited in 1878, received very high commendation. As teachers and organists, blind persons have frequently attained brilliant success. In the early part of the last century, Dr. Stanley, the blind organist of the Temple Church, was considered one of the celebrities of London. Händel himself constantly attended his playing. Within the first quarter of the present century, a dozen distinguished, but sightless organists, could have been counted in the Metropolis itself. Herr Pablasek, in a recent address, cited in a single breath, a group of eminent continental musicians—all blind from childhood—between the earliest and latest of whom scarcely fifty years intervened—Theresa von Paradis, Mdlle. de Salignac, Sophie Osmont, Dubon, Gauthier, Moncouteau, Labor, Lachner. We must not forget, too, that Händel himself was blind towards the end of his life, and that he had to be led to the organ to render his wonderful music. The great master's life had been embittered by the Philistinism of London critics, and, with seeming presentiment of the dread shadow that was swiftly approaching him, he made *Samson* the theme of an Oratorio; just as Milton, when blind and baited by political foes, poured forth his soul in *Samson Agonistes.* In our own day, Professor McFarren has had an experience not dissimilar to Händel's, but with him the darkness came in the morning. All honour to the minds that, when their sun is quenched, bloom in the dark; and like the night-blooming cereus, yield both fragrant and wholesome blossoms!

The industrial training of the blind is too extensive a topic to be discussed at the end of a brief paper. The mechanical skill and the artistic taste of which blind operatives prove capable, are constant matters for fresh surprise. It is quite remarkable how few occupations are really beyond the reach of educated blind persons. Even in art industry the blind have achieved distinct success! Kleinhaus, the famous sculptor of Austria, blind from five years old, was selected by the Emperor, Francis Joseph, to execute his bust. The blind artist's work is much visited at Vienna, and it forms the last of his long series of high-class art products. Kleinhaus died in 1853. In Paris, at the beginning of the century, a blind sculptor Buret obtained

much commendation from the French Academy. And to-day, in the *rue d'Enfer*, may be seen Vidal, a sculptor blind from early childhood, who has won celebrity for his groups in bronze. He particularly excels in scenes of the chase!

In every civilized country, education is now regarded as the birthright of the blind, and not as a charitable donation. The whole course of recent legislation has been in this direction. England has, by four different Acts of Parliament, provided for the literary and industrial training of indigent blind. If they are still neglected, it is due to the Poor Law Guardians who, unfortunately, are by these statutes allowed an option in the matter. The universal movement is now towards compulsory education and compulsory appropriations. In the Belgian Legislature, the blind had the good fortune to be represented by the distinguished orator and statesman Rodenbach, who shared their affliction; and now in both the governmental and municipal budgets of Belgium the education of the blind is an essential feature. The width and depth of the current was shown by the Congress at Paris in 1878. France summoned the nations to discuss the condition of the blind. The response was immediate and cordial. Nearly all the eminent educationists of the blind throughout the world attended. Scarcely a country, though far distant, remained unrepresented. Egypt was there; so was Japan. Even the 'heart of Africa' seems to have been touched by the appeal, for Abyssinia was there. Paris has well earned the right of leading this mighty movement. Away back in the 13th century, she founded, in conjunction with St. Louis, an asylum for fifteen score blind — the now venerable *Quinze-Vingts* which she still maintains and cherishes as a tender page in her long records. In the 14th century, Paris invented a new word, 'philanthropy,' a practical illustration of its meaning having already gone before. After nearly five centuries of reflection, Paris found that an asylum was not the best form of kindness for the blind, and she established the first school for their instruction. With all her levity, Paris has shewn herself a kind mother to the children of sorrow and affliction. By her charitable administration she now imposes on herself a burden of $5,000,000 annually. To the afflicted children gathered within her famous Institution for the Blind, she has offered great advantages. The results of this and of similar benevolence are everywhere visible. The public recognition of blind persons is emphatic. One of the most extensive and best managed railways in France, is administered by a blind man. The late Congress of Educationists at Paris, was presided over by M. Buffon, a namesake and a blind nephew (three generations removed) of the illustrious naturalist, who also in his later life wrote in darkness. In his *Popular Astronomy*, François Arago, after his sight had been eclipsed, conserved for French Science the ripe fruit of the renowned lectures by which he had charmed at the Observatory vast audiences for more than thirty successive years. His more afflicted brother, Jacques Arago, became blind before middle age; but exchanging his artistic pencil for an equally graceful pen, he pursued his explorations, and he has left us some delightful souvenirs of a blind man's wanderings round the world. I have already cited names eminent in music and in art. French literature has been enriched by the sacred orator, J. le Jeune, to whom Massillon owed great obligations; by the brother historians, Thierry; by the poets, Delille, Autran, Deschamps, Heine, and by many other brilliant writers whose misfortune it doubtless was to be blind at all, but whose good fortune it was to be blind in France.

In Ontario our seeing children are by law declared entitled to receive a liberal education. If, by a pitiless law

of statistics, a certain number of these seeing children are blinded in their earliest years, how does that change the obligation? Their minds are now more receptive than before; and now that the dominant sight is dethroned, the subdued senses of hearing and touch become exalted. These unfortunate youths are therefore a highly educable class, and so far from forfeiting that education which our School Law makes their birthright, they ought now to be drawn nearer to the public heart; they ought to become in an especial manner the children of the Province. A large number of youthful blind still lie without the Institution walls, neglected, and year by year sinking into lower mental and physical condition. Many of these ruined bodies and minds that we are now struggling to rebuild were once children of the fairest promise. They are now helpless and almost hopeless. What chance for such unfortunates in the stern conflict of life; and why, by delaying help to the young, furnish more recruits for the same forlorn-hope? Most of these sightless youths are *not blind of intellect*, but merely await timely light to unfold their powers.

'Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those not blind, who wait for day,
Though sitting girt with doubtful light.'

In this favoured Province it ought to be our ambition to lead the world in all educational matters! But let us not delude ourselves. Without more generous expenditure we cannot even keep abreast of the time. *In a fair race*, Ontario thinks her children at least a match for any. Has Ontario the courage of her opinions?

A TEMPERANCE EPIC.

(An Appeal for the Drunkard.)

BY G. G. PURSEY, TORONTO.

"Lead us not into temptation."—*Jesus.*

'TWAS centuries ago—Paradise lost!
Hope of regaining Eden, there was none.
Full many a harvest had been gathered in
Of bitter woe, remorse, disease and death—
Fruit of a broken law, both just and good.

Still leaning on a fragile, broken reed,
Still seeking aid from whence no succour comes,
Man straitened, cast his longing eyes around,
If haply he might find a remedy,
That would in some degree alleviate
Those dire results, and lull the pangs within.

A cruel Demon, on destruction bent,
Was stalking weirdly up and down the earth,
Watching his opportunity to work
A deadly and infernal scheme, well plann'd,
Which would detroy the last desire for good,
And seal man's destiny for endless woe.

This end in view, a cordial he'd prepared—
potent extract of inverted life,
Whose principle had been distill'd from death,
Which he alleged those properties contained,
That man in his extremity required,
To lubricate the earthclogg'd wheels of life,
Invigorate his spirit, heal disease—
At once the panacea for all life's ills.

With goblet running o'er with sparkling juice
Uplifted high—with fascinating smile,
Persuasive words, affecting sympathy
For man, beneath his burden groaning, sick at heart,
He readily secured an audience
And broached his deep-laid plan to willing ears.
And thus he spake:—'What means that furrowed brow,
That languid eye, that careworn countenance?
What mean those deep drawn sighs, that seem to reach
The inmost chambers of thy tortured soul,
Straining the tissue-fibres of thy throbbing heart?
Hast thou no friend to whom thou canst appeal,

Willing and able to repair thy loss?
Art thou content thus hopelessly to live,
A drudging beast of burden all thy days,
Perpetual toil, no respite, no redress?
Why e'en the elements are chartered to oppose,
And frustrate thy designs and enterprise:
When grisly want impels to delve the soil
And plant the wholesome seed, forthwith spring up
The noxious thistle and the bristly thorn,
Are these with timely thrift plucked by the root,
Straight is withheld the fructifying Sun;
Or else the fountains of the sky are closed;
And should thy husbandry, in spite of this,
Attain at length to full corn in the ear,
Comes then the cyclone or the thunder-bolt,
Crushing at one fell swoop thy cherish'd hopes.
Thy little ones are blighted at the breast,
The partner of thy bosom droops and dies,
And thou art left alone despised, forgot!
No comfort here, no hope of future bliss.

'Would'st, if thou couldst, avert thy dismal doom,
And taste of joys thou hast a right to feel?
List now to my suggestion; I have power,
By virtue of a secret I possess,
To change this gloomy aspect of thy fate,
And turn the tide of sorrow from thy gates,
Show thee bright rays of sunshine through the clouds,
The present light with joy, the future hope;
See! I have here prepared, a simple drink,
Pleasant to taste, delightful in effects;
'Twill nerve supply, and sinew for thy work,
Thy spirit cheer, remove thy load of care,
Bury in deep oblivion all the past.
Open thine eyes to all that's beautiful—
Cause thee to feel the measure of a man,
Come, drink, and prove me, if my words are vain."

Man was beguiled, and took the proffer'd cup,
And certainly the Demon's words were true;
For all the virtues that he claim'd were there,
And more, the long sought remedy was found;
Life, health, and pleasure, this Elixir gave,
Gloomy forebodings turn'd to joyous mirth,
Distracting fears gave place to brightest hope,
All anxious thoughts and pressing cares retired,
'Here's to our friend, who gave us wine,' he said,
'Henceforth our tutelary god is he.'

All this it did, and did it all too well;
When care was banished, banish'd too was love,
Except the love for that which wrought the change;
With love, all disposition to provide
For hearth and home; duty was push'd aside;
Under its influence, men could sit unmoved
And hear their helpless children cry for bread;
Mothers, erstwhile of tender heart, and fond,
Now, strange to tell, forgot their sucking babes;
Man would ignore his sacred nuptial vows,
Woman, incontinent, degrade her sex,
Sons, spurn their aged parents' rightful claims,
Daughters, to virtue lost, desert their homes.

Full well that wily Demon knew the power
Of that fell drug, t' enchain the appetite,
The passions rouse, excite to hellish deeds,
The conscience sear, retain its direful grasp,
And stir up baseness never dreamed before.

The weaker natures no resistance made,
The stronger dallied, and were overcome,
The pure and chaste gave up to wantonness,
Honour and innocence were undermined,
Each added draught from that insidious cup
Welded another link into the chain,
Wreck, spoliation, total ruin, Hell,
Follow'd the wake of that destroying fiend!

Was it not strange, that man with reason blest,
When such results as these had been produced,
Should not at once renounce the fatal cup
And brand the Demon as his chiefest foe;
Turn back again to God's pure gift and free,
The health-imparting, royal, sparkling brook,
In pristine innocence, enough for all?

But strong the manacle, the purpose weak,
And man a slave to sensuality;
Reason and judgment, moral power dethron'd,
His downward course an impetus received,
The wisdom of the ages cannot stay.
Look back through all the generations past,
And trace the record of this crying sin.
Were this the only evil rampant here,
It would alone the book of life deface
With many a blacken'd page of horrid deeds,
And throng the downward road to dusky [death.

All down the ages has this curse prevailed,
Leaving an awful train of woe behind;
Thousands of giant minds has it despoiled,
Sparing nor mitred brow, nor crowned head;
Ermine and chasuble together fall,
The priest and people, both alike have erred,
The stalwart yeoman and the brawny serf,
Resign their manhood to this treacherous [fiend.
What Empire, Kingdom, Principality,
Or State, this dread usurper overtakes
Will have to face a formidable foe;
A mighty conqueror, whose ruthless hand
Has left its millions reeking in their blood,
And dragged proud kings beneath his chariot wheels,
Emptied the coffers of the merchant prince,
Reduced the affluent to beggary;
And on th' escutcheon of our fair domain,
There is a spot most foul, a fearful blur—
It saps the revenue of any state,
To care for those who care not for themselves,
And yet we put a premium on crime,
To fatten the excise—and fill our jails—
Disease, Death's hydra-headed harbinger,
From this infatuation gathers strength,
Finding recruits in every walk of life,
Stamping out real enjoyment of that boon
So rare, yet so desirable, sound health.

Must this unhappy state of things remain?
Will man who subjugates the elements,

To this vile passion yield obedience?
Soar to the sky upon aerial wings,
Then wallow in the mire among the swine?
Can the vicegerent of this beauteous earth,
Barter his crown for a pernicious drug?
With powers well-nigh divine measure the [stars.
Then in the gutter lie a drivelling sot?

Christians, awake, friends of the fallen, rise
Lovers of right and freedom to the fore!
Advance and with a well directed blow,
Strike at this ruling evil once for all.
The Demon's fancied safe retreat alarm,
Where for long ages he has been enconsced,
Behind the social customs of the state,
Protected by the mighty arm of law,
At every vulnerable point lay siege;
Until this cruel enemy is crushed.

His votaries on 'liberty' declaim,—
Of 'Tampering with the rights of freeborn men.'
Of freedom, unadvisedly they prate,
And talk of what no real existence has.
Is he in freedom, born with appetites
In the ascendant o'er his moral powers,
Subjected, at life's start, to influences
Which drag him down below humanity?
Is such a one in equilibrium,
Free to choose righteousness, and shun the [wrong?
Once man was free, ere venom coursed his veins,
Before he yielded to the tempter's voice,
In balance then, 'twixt good and evil free;
But having made sad choice the poise was [lost,
Nor ever will that equipoise be gained,
'Till nature is redeemed, and sin subdued.

What thoughtful parent would obstructions place,
Before his child, essaying to be free
From leading strings? Or who would wilfully
Direct his brother, blind, too near a pitfall,
Saying, 'He's of age, and will his own steps guard?'
Man is but a blind child, his mind befogged.
And step uncertain, not quite safe alone;
E'en in his highest earthly state, much less
That poor unfortunate, that wreck of man,
Whose human is quiescent, and whose form
Is so distorted, as to seem but as
A soulless vehicle of morbid lust.

—But man is there, though hidden from the sight—
Away in the interiors of the soul,
Guarded by Heaven—sacred to holy things,
There is a secret chamber, closed to sense,
Upon whose plastic walls there are inscribed,
In characters time never can erase,
The innocence of childhood's simple loves,
Each pure affection, every tender thought
Cherished throughout the life, though now forgot,
The impress of a mother's matchless love,
The record of a father's guardian care,
All holy aspirations, good resolves,
However faint or transient they might be,
'Een though, but as the gentle breeze, scarce felt,
Fanning the soul's half wakened consciousness,
Or as the flickering taper on the sight,

All written there, treasured and guarded [there,
Nothing of good too trivial for His care,
For had not He whose will and purpose is
The world's salvation this provision made,
Man would have lost his humanness,
And ceased to be a man. Of mercy this,
For howsoe'er degraded he may be,
He still possesses, though to him unknown,
In charge of Heaven, the basis of a man;
Although the life apparent be as black
As Erebus, and no redeeming trait appears,
Yet in the stillness of deep solitude,
Or pressed by weight of woe, or trials sore,
That inner door will sometimes be unbarred,
A healthy recollection issue thence,
A gentle whisper from the buried past,
Another call from the now forgotten Heaven,
To turn aside and reason on his state,
And seek deliverance from the galling yoke.

He loudly calls for help; brothers respond,
Let all who love their neighbour and their God,
And seek our Father's kingdom to advance,
Whose daily prayer ascends before His throne,
That they from evil be released, and led
Not into such temptations as may press
Too heavily upon a weak unguarded spot,
Respond, and help to snap asunder bands
Which, from our apathy, enclose his soul,
And set him free, as love, and truth make [free.

THE HISTORY OF CONFEDERATION.

BY A. V. M'C., WOODSTOCK.

NOW that the last sad rites have been lately paid to one of Canada's statesman, and the lifeless form of one whose memory will long remain fresh in the thoughts of after generations has been restored to the inanimate dust of earth, it may not be uninteresting to take a retrospect of the past history of this country in regard to one of its essential features. It will be well to scan, with an unbiassed mind, the history of the past regarding the great question of Canadian Confederation. Nothing can be fairer than for the impartial observer to give to the statesmen, past and present, who have been instrumental in this great work their due measure of the praise belonging thereto.

It will be remembered that in 1840, a union of the two provinces, then Upper and Lower Canada, was made, with but one Parliament, and with an even representation for both provinces. Then there was no Home Rule, no Local Legislatures, but the entire machinery was worked from the capital. As we have just said, the union involved an equality of representation for each Province. This might originally have been fair, but it soon became a great cause of complaint with Ontario, as that Province pushed forward and excelled in material progress the sister Province. It was soon felt that Constitutional Reform was necessary, and that Representation by Population must be an essential element in that reform. As Ontario increased in material wealth, this was more and more forced upon the public mind and attracted the attention of the public men and the press—'the mainspring of public opinion and thought.' As Sir John Macdonald plainly put it in 1865, the political circumstances of the country had become such, that some remedy must be applied. The existing state of affairs was very unsatisfactory to Upper Canada. Its population had increased far beyond that of Lower Canada, to such an extent, that the system then in force of equal representation by the two provinces, presented somewhat of an anomaly. The late Hon. George Brown led the party from this Province who were clamouring for Reform, and the rugged eloquence and vigorous enthusiasm of that gentleman had awakened us to a sense of the existing defects. The cry of 'Representation by Population' was heard and proclaimed from every hustings in Upper Canada, and was just as vigorously answered by Lower Canada. The Lower Canadians felt that such a reform would entirely reform them out of existence. They felt that the outcome would be constant political warfare between the Canadas—and that one territory—and that their own dear Province—would be governed by another Province of entirely opposite instincts, and that the bitterest struggle that had ever taken place between the two provinces would ensue. There were suggested three modes by which the deadlock then existing, the anarchy then dreaded, and the ends which thus retarded our prosperity, could be averted. These modes, in the words of a Canadian statesmen, were—

First: A dissolution of the existing union, thus leaving the two Provinces as they were before 1841. In regard

to this, it may be said that no large party countenanced such a 'backward' reform, whereby the two Provinces would be put back into the very unsatisfactory and undesirable position they were in before the union in 1841, that our credit would be materially impaired, and that instead of one powerful and vigorous nation, it would create two weak and practically insignificant governments.

Second: Representation by Population, woven in with the existing state of Constitutional Government. The defects, as I have said, in such a system were many. It would have given Upper Canada a governing power over its sister Province; that, under such a state of affairs, it would, if it were to remain intact, slowly but eventually end in the complete overthrow of the peculiar French institutions which were the pride of Quebec, and the gradual assimilation of the laws, customs, rights and privileges of that Province to those of the dominant power, Upper Canada. The two races had thus, and still have, traditions and rights widely diverse in their nature, and it would have been harsh, if not cruel, to have thus bound down our sister Province. Nor could it fairly be expected that Lower Canada, with all her national pride—that pride which is the glory of the French race the world over—would have listened to such a scheme. Her public statesmen, such men as Cartier, Dorion, Holton, and others, who were revered by the French Canadian people, and who were relied upon to protect their interests, would not listen to it. It was felt on all hands, that to have effected such a reform, would have been the worst of tyranny, and would have been but a precursor of violent, nay bloody, conflict between the Two Races.

Third: The last mode, that of a Federal Union, presented the only practicable solution for the impending difficulties. The details, however, of such a union were not likely to be easily settled. Some were in favour of a Legislative Union without local Parliament whatever, while others strongly urged as a panacea for our troubles the existing form of government.

This brings me to the main question of this article. I have shown the great and impending perils that were threatening ruin and dissolution to our fair Canada. I have explained the several remedies proposed, and that the last one presented to the mind of our public statesmen the only full and complete solution for the troubles. I wish now to lead the reader to the consideration of the question, 'to whom is mostly due the credit of bringing to fulfilment this great national scheme.' In order to do this question proper justice, bear with me while I quickly pass in review the many steps taken by our statesmen and others, in which this great reform was ingrained.

The first public suggestion which contained the germ of our new constitutional relations was made by the Hon. Mr. Imlache, a leading politician of Nova Scotia, who submitted to the Imperial authorities a scheme of Colonial Union. But this was so far in advance of public opinion, and I may say, of public requirements, that it can only be looked at as an historical landmark in the study of this great question, and not by any means as having any influence on its growth.

In 1815, Chief-Justice Sewell, a leading lawyer, and public-spirited citizen of Quebec, also moved in the same direction. The year 1822 is the next historical date to which we have to refer, when Sir John Beverley Robinson, acting on a Commission from England, reported in favour of Federal Union.

I come next to a resolution passed in the Imperial Parliament in 1837, which had for its *motif* the remedying of the existing difficulties. Commissioned thereupon by the Government to formulate some scheme for the alleviation of the Canadian difficul-

ties, Lord Durham, in 1839, reported as follows :—

'I am averse to every plan that has been proposed for giving an equal number of members to the two Provinces (Upper and Lower Canada) in order to obtain the temporary end of outnumbering the French, because I think the same object will be attained without any violation of the principle of representation, and without any such appearance of injustice in the scheme as would set public opinion, both in England and America, strongly against it; and because when emigration shall have increased the English population in Upper Canada, the adoption of such a principle would operate to defeat the very purpose it is intended to serve. It appears to me that any such elective arrangement founded on the present provincial divisions would tend to defeat the purpose of union and perpetuate the idea of disunion.

. . . . .

'How inseparably connected I found the interests of Your Majesty's Provinces in North America, to what degree I met with common disorders, requiring common remedies, is an important topic which it will be my duty to discuss very fully before closing this Report. Again, on my arrival in Canada, I was strongly inclined to the project of a Federal Union, and it was with such a plan in view that I discussed a general measure for the government of the Colonies with the deputation from the Lower Provinces, and with various leading individuals and bodies in both the Canadas.

'But I had still more strongly impressed on me the great advantage of a mutual government, and I was gratified by finding the leading minds of the various Provinces strongly and generally inclined to a scheme that would elevate their countries into something like a national existence.'

After referring to the position of the United States along the whole length of our boundary on the south, and its consequent influence on this country, he proceeds :—

'If we wish to prevent the extension of this influence, it can only be done by raising up for our North American Colonist some nationality of his own, by elevating these small and unimportant communities into a society having some objects of a national importance, and by thus giving the inhabitants a country which they will be unwilling to see absorbed into one even more powerful.

'A union for common defence against foreign enemies is the natural bond of connection that holds together the great communities of the world, and between no parts of any kingdom or state is the necessity for such a union more obvious than between the whole of these Colonies.'

How wonderfully wise are these remarks, and how prophetically has he marked out the feelings of the present Canadian people in regard to our national status. He goes on :—

'The bill (which he recommends) should contain provisions, by which any or all of the other North American Colonies may, on the application of the Legislature, be, with the consent of the two Canadas, or their united legislature, admitted into the Union, on such terms as may be agreed upon between them. As the mere amalgamation of the Houses of Assembly of the two Provinces would not be advisable or give to all a due representation to each, a parliamentary commission should be appointed for the purpose of forming the electoral divisions, and determining the number of members to be returned on the principle of giving representation as near as may be in proportion to population. The same commission should form a plan of local government by elective bodies, subordinate to the general legislature, and exerting a complete control over such local affairs as do not come within the province of general legislation. The plan

so formed should be made an Act of the Imperial Parliament, so as to prevent the general legislature from encroaching on the powers of the local bodies. A general Executive on an improved principle should be established, together with a Supreme Court of Appeal for all the North American Colonies.'

How justly the disputed title of 'Father of our Confederation' should be given to Lord Durham, I will leave to the judgment of the reader of these sentences, written in 1839—twenty-five years before Confederation was actually completed by this wise union of the two contending parties in 1865. This remarkable Report certainly contains all the essential elements of our present system, and besides first suggests to our politicians the scheme of Representation by Population, as applicable to our position.

In 1838, the lamented Bishop of Toronto, John Strachan, writing to the Secretary of Lord Durham, who was seeking expression on the subject from Canada's public men, wrote as follows:—

'I have only to add, that it will be a great pleasure to me to contribute everything in my power, to the prosperous issue of Lord Durham's administration; and if Mr. Pitt considered the constitution which he conferred on the Canadas one of the glories of his life, *what glory must redound to the statesmen who gives a free constitution to the British North American Colonies*, and by consolidating them into one Territory or Kingdom, exalts them into a Nation, acting in unity and under the protection of the British Government; and thus not only ensuring them happiness, but preventing for ever the sad consequences that might arise from a rival power getting possession of their shores.'

Shortly after this, public attention was further called to the importance of the question of Federal Union, by a society which embraced many of our fervent and enthusiastic public men. The leading members of this society—The British Canadian League—were Hon. George Moffat, Thomas Wilson, Hon. George Crawford, Hon. Asa H. Burnham, Mr. (now Sir) John Macdonald, John W. Gamble, Ogle R. Gowan, John Duggan, Hon. Col. Fraser, George Benjamin, Hon. P. M. Vankoughnet, and Mr. Aikman. In November 3rd, 1849, at a meeting of the League, the following resolution was passed:—

'That whether protection or reciprocity shall be conceded or withheld, it is essential to the welfare of this colony, and its further good government, that a constitution should be framed in unison with the wishes of the people, and suited to the growing importance and intelligence of this country, and that such constitution should embrace a Union of the British North American Provinces, on mutually advantageous and fairly arranged terms, with the concession from the mother country of enlarged powers of self government.'

Symptoms of the growth of public opinion on this question now became more frequent, and amongst other expressions of the time I may instance the vigorous and able writings of Mr. P. S. Hamilton, of Nova Scotia, in his letters to the Duke of Newcastle, in 1855. In these letters the subject was very carefully and fully handled, and a good deal of information was brought to light.

We pass on to the year 1856, when the subject was first brought before the Canadian Assembly, by Sir Alexander Galt. This able statesman urged the Federal scheme upon the consideration of the House, in forcible and well chosen language, and by his able advocacy gave an impetus to the realization of the national idea which was generously acknowledged by all at the Quebec Conference. It had not, however, been made an issue by either party, but public thought had been unaltered, and it was being felt that it was the only legitimate remedy for

the inter-provincial difficulties which cropped up day by day. Hon. George Brown was, through the press and on the public platform, pressing upon the people the principle of Representation by Population, and Quebec looked upon that scheme as fatal to its national existence. Shortly after, a little book, 'The New Britannia,' was published by the Hon. Alexander Morris, then M.P., for South Lanark, now M.P.P. for East Toronto. The following quotation will shew the spirit which animates the whole pamphlet :—

'The dealings with the destinies of a future Britannic empire, the shaping its course, the laying its foundations broad and deep, and the erecting thereon a noble and enduring superstructure, are indeed duties that may well evoke the energies of our people, and nerve the arms and give power and enthusiasm to the aspirations of all true patriots. The very magnitude of the interests involved will, I doubt not, elevate many amongst us above the demands of mere sectionalism, and enable them to evince sufficient comprehensiveness of mind to deal in the spirit of real statesmen with issues so momentous, and to originate and develop a national line of commercial and general policy, such as will prove adapted to the wants and exigencies of our position.'

This little book called forth abundant expressions of sympathy and acceptance from the general public, and also received a very eulogistic recognition from the late Hon. T. D. McGee, who used the following eloquent language in noticing the work :—

'Whatever the private writer in his closet may have conceived, whatever even the individual statesman may have designed, so long as the public mind was uninterested in the adoption, even in the discussion, of a change in our position so momentous as this, the union of these separate provinces, the individual laboured in vain—perhaps, sir, not wholly in vain, for although his work may not have borne fruit then, it was kindling a fire that would ultimately light up the whole political horizon and herald the dawn of a better day for our country and our people. Events stronger than advocacy, events stronger than men have come in at last like the fire behind the invisible writing to bring out the truth of these writings, and to impress them on the mind of every thoughtful man who has considered the position and probable future of these scattered provinces.'

We now pass to the year 1858, when we see that great progress in the Constitutional Reform was made. In that year the short-lived Government of the late Hon. Geo. Brown was formed, and one of the planks and endeavours of that statesman and his colleagues was to remedy the existing evils and bring about a Federal union. But the Government's existence was so short that its plans were not fully matured and did not result in any measure or proposition. In the same year a famous despatch was sent to the Colonial Office signed by Sir Alex. Galt, the late Sir G. E. Cartier and Hon. John Ross, members of the succeeding government. This document stated that very grave difficulties now presented themselves in conducting the Government of Canada ; that the progress of population had been more rapid in the western section, and claims were there made in behalf of its inhabitants for giving them representation in the Legislature in proportion to their numbers, that the result is shown in an agitation fraught with great danger to the peaceful and harmonious working of our constitutional system, and consequently detrimental to the progress of the Province; that this state of things was yearly becoming worse, and that the Canadian Government was impressed with the necessity of seeking for such a mode of dealing with these difficulties as may for ever remove them.

In 1859, the Lower Canada Liberals of the Canadian Legislature is-

sued a very important manifesto from which we cull the following extract :

'Your committee are impressed with the conviction that whether we consider the present needs or the probable future condition of the country, the true, the statesman-like solution is to be sought in the substitution of a purely federative for the so-called legislative union ; the former, it is believed, would enable us to escape all the evils, and to retain all the advantages appertaining to the present union.

* * * *

'The proposition to federalize the Canadian Union is not new ; on the contrary, it has been frequently mooted in Parliament and in the press during the last few years. It was, no doubt, suggested by the example of the neighbouring States where the admirable adaptation of the federal system to the Government of an extensive territory, inhabited by people of diverse origins, creeds, laws and customs, has been amply demonstrated ; but shape and consistency were first imparted to it in 1856 when it was formally submitted to parliament by the Lower Canadian Opposition as offering, in their judgment, the true corrective of the abuses generated under the present system.'

* * * *

'By this division of power the General Government would be relieved from those questions of a purely local and sectional character, which, under our present system, have led to much strife and ill-will.

* * * *

'The Committee believe that it is clearly demonstrable that the direct cost of maintaining both the federal and local governments need not exceed that of our present system, while its enormous indirect cost would, in consequence of the additional checks on expenditure involved in the new system, and the more direct responsibility of the public servants in the Province to the people immediately affected by such expenditure, be entirely obviated.

* * * *

'The proposed system could in no way diminish the importance of the colony, or impair its credit, while it presents the advantage of being susceptible, without any disturbance of the federal economy, of such territorial extension as circumstances may hereafter render desirable.'

This manifesto was signed by Hons. A. A. Dorion, T. D. McGee, L. T. Drummond, and L. A. Dessaulles.

I come now to the great meeting of Reformers of Upper Canada, known as the 'Toronto Convention of '59,' comprising 570 delegates from all parts of the Province. Several resolutions were passed, many of them of not more than party interest or party purpose. Here are the two chief resolutions :

'5. Resolved,—That, in the opinion of this assembly, the best practicable remedy for the evils now encountered by the Government of Canada is to be found in the formation of two or more local governments, to which shall be committed the control of all matters of a local or sectional character, and some joint authority charged with such matters as are necessarily common to both sections of the Province.

'6. Resolved,—That while the details of these changes proposed in the last arrangement are necessarily subject for future arrangement, yet this assembly deems it imperative to declare that no government would be satisfactory to the people of Upper Canada which is not based on the principle of representation by population.'

From this, henceforth, the question came more prominently day by day before the Canadian mind, and more and more generally was this scheme receiving intellectual hospitality from all classes.

The provincial mind, in the words of the eloquent Mr .McGee, had under

the inspiration of this great question, leaped at a single bound out of the slough of mere mercenary struggles for office and was taking part on the high and honourable ground, from which alone this great question could be considered in all its dimensions—had risen at once to the true dignity of this discussion with an elasticity that did honour to the communities which had exhibited it, and which at once gave assurance that we had the metal, the material out of which to form a new and vigorous nationality. The people had been given some sound mental food, and thoughtful and intelligent men had been given a topic on which they could fitly exercise their powers, 'no longer gnawing at a file' and doing battle for mere party factions.

One motive in the expediency of this federated scheme, present to the mind of every Canadian statesman, was the fact that the policy of our American neighbours was always aggressive, and that the acquisition of territory seemed to be a feature of their ambitious existence. It was remembered that the acquisition of our country had been the first aim of the American Confederacy, and that though unsuccessful for the time, no one would venture to declare the continued emancipation of the British American Provinces distinct and disunited. In this connection let me quote the eloquent and statesmanlike words of one of Canada's patriots, Dr. Connolly, Archbishop of Halifax :—

'Instead of cursing, like the boy in the upturned boat, and holding on until we are fairly on the brink of the cataract, we must at once begin to pray and strike out for the shore by all means, before we get too far down in the current. We must at this most critical moment invoke the Arbiter of nations for wisdom, and, abandoning in time our perilous position, we must strike out boldly, and at some risk, for some rock on the nearest shore — some resting place of greater security, A cavalry raid or a visit from our Fenian friends on horseback, through the plains of Canada and the fertile valleys of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, may cost more in a single week than Confederation for the next fifty years; and if we are to believe you, where is the security even at the present moment against such a disaster? Without the whole power of the Mother Country by land and sea, and the concentration in a single hand of all the strength of British America, our condition is seen at a glance. Whenever the present difficulties will terminate—and who can tell the moment?—we will be at the mercy of our neighbours; and victorious or otherwise, they will be eminently a military people, and with all their apparent indifference about annexing this country, and all the friendly feelings that may be talked, they will have the power to strike when they please, and this is precisely the kernel and the only touch-point of the whole question. No nation ever had the power of conquest that did not use it, or abuse it, at the very first favourable opportunity. All that is said of the magnanimity and forbearance of mighty nations can be explained on the principle of sheer inexpediency, as the world knows. The whole face of Europe has been changed, and the dynasties of many hundred years have been swept away within our own time, on the principle of might alone — the oldest, the strongest, and as some would have it, the most sacred of all titles. The thirteen original States of America, with all their professions of self-denial, have been all the time, by money, by power and by war, and by negotiation, extending their frontier until they more than quadrupled their territory within sixty years; and believe it who may, are they now of their own accord to come to a full stop? No; as long as they have the power, they must go onward: for it is the very nature of power to grip whatever is within its reach. It is not their hostile feelings, therefore, but it is their power, and only their power, I dread; and I now state it, as my solemn conviction, that it becomes the duty of every British subject in these Provinces, to control that power, not by the insane policy of attacking or weakening them, but by strengthening ourselves—rising, with the whole power of Britain at our back, to their level; and so be prepared for any emergency. There is no sensible or unprejudiced man in the community who does not see that vigorous and timely preparation is the only possible means of saving us from the horrors of a war such as the world has never seen. To be fully prepared is the only practical argument that can have weight with a powerful enemy, and make him pause beforehand and count the cost. And as the sort of preparation I speak of is utterly hopeless without the union of the Provinces, so at a moment when public opinion is being formed on this vital point, as one deeply concerned, I feel it a duty to declare myself unequivocally in favour of Confederation as cheaply and as honourably as possible—but Confederation at all hazards and at all reasonable sacrifices.

'After the most mature consideration, and all the arguments I have heard on both sides, for the last month, these are my inmost convictions on the necessity and merits of a measure which alone, under Providence, can secure to us social order and peace, and rational

liberty, and all the blessings we now enjoy under the mildest Government and the hallowed institutions of the freest and happiest country in the world.'

The question now was ripening; the people had begun to look the matter fairly in the face, and were recognising in this scheme the only possible remedy for the troubles. Government after Government took the question in hand. Some were bolder than others, but all recognised in the federal idea the prominent issue before the Canadian people. In 1862 the Imperial authorities sent a despatch to the Governor of Nova Scotia, distinctly giving the British American Colonies direct authority to consider the question of a union, and desiring that the result should be communicated to England.

The Canadians acted on this despatch. The Reformers of Upper Canada authorised the Hons. George Brown, Wm. McDougall, and Oliver Mowat to join hands with their opponents, and coalesce for the common good and for the development of a fair and statesmanlike scheme for the union of the Provinces. The following is the resolution on which these gentlemen acted when they entered the Tache-Macdonald Government:

'Moved by Mr. Hope McKenzie, seconded by Mr. McGiverin:—That we approve of the course which has been pursued by the Hon. Geo. Brown in the negotiations with the Government, and that we approve of the project of a federal union of the Canadas, with provision of its extension to the Maritime Provinces and the North-Western Territories, as one based on which the constitutional troubles now existing should be settled.'

In 1858, Messrs. Galt, Cartier and Ross were sent to England to confer with the Imperial authorities on this question, and to press upon them the spirit of the Governor's (Sir E. Head) speech at the closing of the House that year, which contained the following paragraph: 'I propose, in the course of the recess, to communicate with Her Majesty's Government and the Governments of the sister Provinces on another matter of great importance. I am desirous of inviting them to discuss with us the principles on which a bond of a federal character, uniting the Provinces of British North America, may perhaps hereafter be practicable.'

This was the first time the question had appeared in the Governor's speech. The scheme was ably represented to the Imperial authorities by these gentlemen, and the result of this visit was duly reported to the Canadian Parliament.

When Canada proposed to move in 1859, Newfoundland alone responded; in 1860 Nova Scotia moved in the matter, but New Brunswick alone co-operated. The British Government was leaving the matter entirely in the hands of the Canadians for agreement. By a happy coincidence of circumstances, just when an administration had been formed in Canada to solve the existing difficulties, steps had been taken by the Lower Provinces for a conference on the question of a Maritime Union. Now was the glorious opportunity, and gladly was it seized. The public statesmen of British North America joined hands, forgot their old and bitter opposition, and by united action and generous compromise, the Confederation was practically made a reality. The members went back to their Provinces, and agitated and warmed up the people to a true sense of the great and noble work that had engaged their attention, and the treaty—for it can be called by no other title—was laid before the respective Legislatures.

At the Canadian Session of 1865, the Coalition Government, which had been formed to effect the great end, laid the result of their labours before the representatives for their approval. The Legislature was composed of the very cream of the Canadian intellect and statesmanship, and able and

vigorous were the addresses which marked parliamentary deliberation of the project. The scheme was persistently fought by Messrs. Dorion, Holton, J. Sandfield Macdonald, Dunkin, M. C. Cameron, not so much against the principles of Confederation, but on the question of expediency, of details, &c. I should here give the names of the Coalition Government which effected Confederation, as follows :

Hons. E. P. Tache, Premier ; John A. Macdonald, Atty.-General, West ; Geo. E. Cartier, Atty.-General, East ; Alex. T. Galt, Minister of Finance ; Alexander Campbell, Commissioner of Crown Lands ; Thos. D. McGee, Minister of Agriculture ; J. C. Chapais, Commissioner of Public Works ; Geo. Brown, President of the Council ; Wm. McDougall, Provincial Secretary ; W. P. Howland, Postmaster-General ; H. L. Langevin, Solicitor-General, East ; James Cockburn, Solicitor-General, West.

The debate lasted from February 3rd, 1865, until March 10th, of the same year, when the resolutions were agreed to by the Assembly by a vote of 91 to 33. A committee composed of Hons. Macdonald, Cartier, Galt, Brown, Robitaille, and Haultain, was appointed to draft an address in accordance with the resolutions, and on July 1st, 1867, the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were linked together by the silken thread of mutual love and interest.

'No pent up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours,'

words which we have as fair a right to use as our American cousins. The Confederation enables us to bear up shoulder to shoulder ; it gives us unity, strength and mutual interest ; it nationalises the inhabitant of our hospitable country, be he French, German, Scotch, Irish, English or of what nation soever he may belong ; it gives us a status in the world of nations and binds us closer and in more endearing relations to the Mother Country.

The words of the Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee, at the final debate, express so fully the position Canadians occupy that they are deserving of a place here.

'We have no traditions and ancient venerable institutions ; here there are no aristocratic elements hallowed by time or bright deeds ; here every man is the first settler of the land, or removed from the first settler one or two generations at the furthest ; here we have no architectural monuments, calnone of those popular old legends which ling up old associations ; here, we have in other countries have exercised a powerful influence over the Government ; here, every man is the son of his own works. This is a new land—a land of pretensions, because it is new, because classes and systems have not had that time to grow here naturally. We have no aristocracy but of virtue and talent, which is the only true aristocracy, and is the old and true meaning of the term.'

I have now traced the history of this question from the utterances of a Nova Scotian down to its final issue in 1865. I have shewn that to no one man is due the credit of this great work. The result had been brought about by a number of circumstances and the impending conflicts between the two sister Provinces, Upper and Lower Canada ; it was the work of mutual concession and compromise. But noble must have been the motive of our public leaders when old strifes were hushed in the urgent call for reform and when the Hon. George Brown and his colleagues joined hands momentarily with their old opponents for the common good. No mercenary thought stirred that manly action, and for many ages to come the names of the first men in the Confederation Government who brought about this result in a spirit of compromise will be indissolubly linked with Canadian history. But they are gradually passing away from this earth ; still a green spot will be kept in Canadian hearts for these patriots. Taché, McGee, Cartier, Brown—all

have gone to their last resting place and but few of the other leaders remain. These illustrious persons have passed away, some quietly wrapt in nature's soothing sleep; but two have fallen by the cruel hand of the assassin, without seeing the fruition of the great measure to which they had lent such a helping and generous hand.

'I vowed that I would dedicate my powers to thee and thine; have I not kept my word?' seemed to have been inscribed on the tablets of their minds and it is left to posterity to waft back the answer in kindness and fulness of heart.

Sir John Macdonald, Sir Alexander Galt, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. A. Mackenzie, Sir S. L. Tilley—these men remain to weld more firmly together the great superstructure of Confederation, and to rear upon it an edifice stately and enduring. May they live long to enjoy its shelter and its shade!

VOICES OF THE LOVED ONES.

BY ESPERANCE.

'On the shores of the Adriatic this custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza they listen awhile for the answering strain from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voices come borne on the tide, telling that the loved ones are almost home.'

BROTHERS, the sunset waneth,
And fadeth the Autumn day,
And soon from the purple hill-tops
The glory will pass away:
E'en now do the crimson streamers
Grow paler, and yet more pale,
And thus it is, also, brothers,
Far off in the dear home vale—
There, out of the humble homesteads
That hide in the valley's shade,
From each of the well-known dwellings
That throng in the hill-girt glade;
E'en down from the hill-side cabins,
In clusters of three and four,
Our loved-ones are flocking onward,
To join on the sanded shore;
There, whilst from the dark'ning hill-tops
The shadows steal athwart the plain,
They'll sing in the deep'ning twilight
To welcome us home again.
Haste, brothers, our nets are laden,
And over the water's breast,
A breeze from the Alpine summits
Is hushing the waves to rest;

Whilst, even as I am speaking,
The heavens grow dull and gray,
The crimson and gold that lit them
Have past from the world away!
For, up through the eastern portals,
Swift stealeth the Autumn night,
Whilst the day, on its downward passage,
Takes with it the crimson light.
Haste, brothers! for they will wait us,
And wonder we do not come;
I know there are two awaiting
To give *me* a welcome home!
The one is a blue-eyed woman,
Her hair in a shining braid,
And—type of its dark-skinned mother—
She holds in her arms a babe.
My cabin is on the hill side,
Inland from the wave-worn shore,
Yet never a night but, landing,
I find she is there before;
My baby will spring to greet me,
And I, in his cunning play,
Will deem that my earth is Heaven,
Forgetting the toilsome day!
But, hearken! across the water,
I fancied I heard the strain
Borne out on the wand'ring breezes,
But now it is still again!.....
Yet even again it riseth,
And now it is clear and strong,—
And O, to the weary fisher—
How sweet is that welcome-song!
It tells of the true hearts waiting
With love that can never die—
But, sing! for they cannot see us,
And wait for our glad reply!
Soon, soon we shall land amongst them,
Our children and faithful wives—
God bless them! that thus they lighten
The fishermen's weary lives.

CANADA'S PRESENT POSITION AND OUTLOOK.*

BY PRINCIPAL GEO. M. GRANT, D.D., QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

I HAVE tried to sketch Canada's development, down to the time when she emerged from the status of the ancient French Province, or the British colony hermetically sealed from the sea for six months of the year, into the present Dominion, with a territory about the size of Europe, her frontiers on three oceans, and in possession, for all practical purposes, of political and commercial independence. We have now—as a friend from Maine remarked —'quite a big farm, but it wants fencing badly.' What about the fencing, or the organization, for purposes of government, of our numberless arpents of snow and ice?

We have imitated both the United States and Great Britain in framing our constitution. It is on the federal principle, with the central authority strong, and tending to become stronger. The various Provinces preserve their autonomy for local and private matters, for property and civil rights, and for education. All other important matters are handed over to the General Parliament that meets in the City of Ottawa, and acts through a Cabinet, which, after the British model, may be considered a Committee of Parliament. The limits of the local and of the Dominion authorities, respectively, and the superiority of the latter as regards all questions on the boundary line between the two, are so clearly defined that questions of State rights, or rather Province rights, can hardly emerge, or at any rate become serious. The appointment of the Provincial Governors, and of the inferior and supreme Provincial Judges, as well as of the Judges of the Court of Appeal for the Dominion, is in the hands of the Central Government. All our lawyers look to Ottawa. Our Judges are independent, and are almost our only aristocracy. Though appointed by a Government representing one party in the State, they hold office during good behaviour, and have no temptation to carry their previous political bias to the Bench. The Central Government regulates trade and commerce, navigation and shipping, banking, and everything thereto pertaining. It has also entire control of the war power. If, as Carlyle puts it, 'the ultimate question between every two human beings is "Can I kill thee, or canst thou kill me,"' such ultimate question is not likely to be agitated at any time between a Province and the Central Government. There is no military or naval force of any kind to do the bidding of the Provincial authorities. The sword is indubitably in the hands of the Dominion as a whole. The powers of the General Parliament being so large, the necessity for local parliaments is sometimes questioned. Young men, ardent for a speedy unification of the country, and old men who would model all creation on the British Constitution, as if it had originally been let down from heaven, advocate a legislative union of the Provinces similar to that which binds together England, Scotland and Ireland; with one Parliament to take cognizance of everything not strictly municipal. Practi-

* The fourth of a series of articles on 'The Dominion of Canada,' from the graceful pen of the author of 'Ocean to Ocean,' appearing in *Scribner's Monthly*, with illustrations by Mr. Hy. Sandham, of Montreal. The series, we believe, is shortly to appear in book-form, with the *Scribner* embellishments.

cally, that would be as difficult in our case as the United States would have found it a century ago, or would find it now. The British Parliament, legislating for two small islands, finds itself overworked, though its members work—and without pay—like galley-slaves for more than half the year. It is easy to run up to London from John O'Groat's or the Land's End, but the expense of getting small local Bills through Parliament, is enormous. What would it be in our case! Provincial Legislatures are necessary, but certainly not such as those we have — which, like a well-known class of horses, are 'all action and no go.' Their work, except where it touches on education, is municipal rather than political, but they ape the paraphernalia of the Central Parliament all the same as when they had real power, and fight out trumpery matters as if political issues were involved. What with our Central Parliament and these seven local parliaments revolving round it like satellites round a sun, we Canadians have a governmental machinery as extensive and expensive as the heart of politician could desire. There are signs that even our patient people are getting tired of the burden, and a new party will probably arise on this issue. Very simple machinery would be sufficient for all that our local legislatures have to do. Their revenue comes chiefly from the Dominion treasury, and flows into them without effort. The chief items of expenditure are fixed. More business, and business requiring more thought, is done by many a mercantile house with two or three clerks than is done by several of them; but they maintain party lines with ridiculous tenacity, make political speeches for the electorate, vote themselves large indemnities, and cling to Windsor uniforms, black rods, ushers with swords and all the trappings that may be excused as the gilding of power, but are offensive as the symbols of nothing. A paddle in a birch-bark canoe is better than a steam-engine, and cheaper. The expense at present is incredible. Thus, the three Atlantic Provinces, with a population between them about that of Maine, have three Governors, five or six local houses of parliament, and I shall not venture to say how many heads of departments. Let us stick to the three Governors. Their salaries and the cost of keeping up their residences amount to about forty thousand dollars a year! Maine, I believe, gets a very good Governor—occasionally a duplicate—for one thousand dollars. When the Province of Manitoba was carved out of the unploughed prairie, the Central Government sent a Governor to rule over it with a salary equal to nearly a dollar per head of the population. Think of the poor little Province, not yet out of moccasins, with such finery! This was the doing of one Government. The next bettered the example by sending another Governor, with the usual salary, Windsor uniform, and so forth, to the adjacent territory before it had got even the moccasins on. The Dominion Legislature itself is on the same extensive and expensive scale. Few grudge the fifty thousand dollars that our Governor-General receives. He is the personal link between the mother country and Canada. We could not get the right kind of man for less. He is the crown and apex not only of our political edifice—which is on the King, Lords and Commons model—but of our social life as well. His indirect influence and functions are more valuable than those that are expressed in statutes. Having never belonged to either of our political parties, he exercises a powerful influence on both. He can bring the leaders of Government and Opposition together under his roof in circumstances where political differences have to be ignored, and where the asperities of conflict are softened. You see the good features of your adversary through the flowers of the dinner-table, or at bonspiel on the ice, far better than through the thundery

atmosphere of debate, and it is hard to play the irreconcilable with opponents when you ask their wives and daughters to toboggin or dance. Our Governors-General are expected to encourage art, education, and all that tends to develop the higher life of the country; and to diffuse charity as well as hospitality liberally. This they do at a cost that leaves very little of the fifty thousand dollars by the time the year is half over. So that few object to the salary, who consider the circumstances. But in everything else about our Legislature there is room for the axe or pruning-knife. When Dr. Chalmers surveyed the Cowgate of Edinburgh and saw the thousands of dirty, unkempt men and women streaming out of the whiskey shops, his eye glowed with enthusiasm, and turning to one of his city missionaries, he remarked, 'A fine field, sir; a fine field for us!' Certainly, were I a politician, I could wish for no finer field than that which Ottawa presents. The United States think a Cabinet of eight sufficient. We, with one twelfth of the population, surround our Governor-General with thirteen, giving to each of the baker's dozen seven thousand dollars a year, and his indemnity of another thousand. Eight thousand a year in a country where most clergymen have to be content with eight hundred or less, adjutants-general of militia with seventeen hundred, and where bishops, principals of universities, and such like celestial mortals live comfortably on two or three thousand! '"*Mori*," the more you get, "*pro patria*," out of your country, "*dulce est*," the sweeter it is,' says Mr. Samuel Slick. The thirteen Colonies began with twenty-six senators; we, with seventy-two. Our House of Commons starts with nearly as many members as your House of Representatives now has. At our rate of representation, your House should have some three thousand members. Every man of our three hundred and odd Senators and Commoners gets a thousand dollars for the two or three winter months he spends in Ottawa, besides mileage and franking perquisites. Some of them live the whole year on half the money. But I must not go on, or every politician in the United States will migrate to Canada.

Partly because the Queen has given titles to sundry individuals who are or were politicians, a suspicion seems to be arising in some quarters of the United States that a deep scheme exists for establishing an aristocracy in Canada. No one acquainted with our conditions of living, and with the temper of our people, would entertain such an idea. We are devoted to the monarchical principle, but any aristocracy, save that of genius, worth or wealth, is as utterly out of the question with us, as with you. We think it a good thing that the Queen, as the fountain of honour, should recognise merit in any of her subjects; but such recognitions have to stand the test of public opinion, and except in as far as the titles are upborne by desert, they give no more real weight than 'Honourable' or 'Colonel' gives in the United States. If men will work harder in the public service, inspired by the hope of getting a ribbon, it would be Puritanical to grudge them the reward. Knighthood bestowed on judges or nineteenth-century politicians does seem somewhat of an anachronism. But men are queer creatures and even when they care little for the title, their wives may care much. Educated as she is, the thought of being one day addressed as 'your Ladyship' thrills the pericardial tissues of the average woman. This is about all the title does for her or her husband. It gives neither money, place nor privilege. The idea of a privileged aristocracy, or a court, between the representative of the throne in Canada and our homespun farmers, no sane man would entertain. The fact is, that while we have strong monarchical predilections and traditions, and would fight to the death for our own institutions that recognise monarchical su-

premacy, we are, perhaps, more democratic than you. Our institutions reflect the national will, and our Executive can be unmade in a day by the breath of the popular branch of Parliament. The Executive is composed of men who must be members either of the popular or the senatorial House. There they are during the session, face to face with their opponents, obliged to defend every measure and to withdraw it if they cannot command a majority in its favour. If beaten they must resign, and the Governor-General at once sends for some one who reflects the views of the House more faithfully, and intrusts the seals of office to him. If no one can form a stable government, His Excellency dissolves the popular House, and the people have the opportunity of returning new men, or the old members back again, re-invigorated by their descent among their constituents. The Governor-General, the centre of our government, is fixed and above us. His responsible advisers may remain in office during a lifetime, or may be turned out after having tasted its sweets for twenty-four hours. We have no idea of throwing the central point of government periodically into dispute, and just as little of putting a yoke on our necks that by no possibility can be got rid of till after a term of years. We think that our present system combines the opposite advantages of being stable and elastic, and that there is nothing like it in the world.

When the Queen selected Ottawa as the capital of Canada, loud mutterings rose from cities like Toronto, Kingston, Montreal and Quebec, each of which had previously been the capital for a longer or shorter time, and each of which considered its claim superior to those of a city just being built of slabs away up in the backwoods. But time is vindicating the wisdom of the selection and at any rate Ottawa is certain to be the capital for a century or two, when it may give place to Winnipeg. Without comparing it with Quebec—the historical capital—the site of which is the finest in America, Ottawa can hold its own with most of our cities as regards beauty, accessibility, possibilities of defence, and central position. Two rivers winding through and around it, and tumbling over the picturesque falls of the Chaudière and Rideau, the broken wooded cliffs rising abruptly from the Ottawa, crowned with the magnificent Parliament buildings, the Laurentian range giving a well-defined back-ground of mountain forms, are the features that at once arrest a stranger's attention and that never pall. From the cliffs and from the windows of the Government offices above, a glorious picture is hung up that makes one anxious to be a Government clerk or deputy or employee of some kind or other—the Chaudière Falls, pouring a volume of water almost equal to Niagara into the broad basin below. This, and the view from the Sapper's bridge, redeem Ottawa in my eyes and reconcile me to its being the capital. Of course, I am bound to believe that Kingston should have been chosen, but that 'the king can do no wrong' is an axiom in British law and opinion. Canals, railways and the river give all parts of the country easy access to Ottawa; and though, ten or twelve years ago, it looked more like the back-yard of the Government buildings than anything else, it is becoming more and more a fit centre for the Dominion. In the winter months it is crowded with strangers, lobbyists preponderating, though Rideau Hall, first under the sway of the Dufferins and now with Lord Lorne and H. R. H. the Princess Louise, is a formidable competitor of the lobby, and attracts a different class of visitors. Lord Dufferin, as a wonderful advertising agent, was worth more to Canada than all her emigration agencies. A fair speaker in the House of Lords, the air of this continent, where every man naturally orates, made him blossom out into oratory that surprised those who had

known him best. Having begun, there seemed no end to him. He was ready for a speech, and always a good one, on every occasion. Unless his Irish heart and fancy deceived himself as well as us, he took a genuine pride and interest in Canada, and 'cracked us up' after a style that Mr. Chollop would have envied. Lord Lorne is not equally florid or exhaustless and we like him all the better. The mass of our people are very plain, matter-of-fact farmers, and it is questionable if they ever fully appreciated Lord Dufferin. They read his wonderful speeches and did not feel quite sure whether he was in fun or in earnest, whether he spoke as a business man, or post-prandially and as an Irishman. They only half-believed that they were the great, good and generous people he declared them to be, or that they had such a paradisaical country as he constantly averred. Never could man make a summer more readily out of one swallow, than Lord Dufferin. Under his magic wand long winters fled away, or forty degrees below zero seemed the appropriate environment for humanity; snow-clad mountains appeared covered with vineyards, and rocky wildernesses blossomed as the rose. Our terribly prosaic people were just beginning to get slightly tired of the illimitable sweetmeats and soap-bubbles, and even to fancy that the magician was partly advertising himself. Lord Lorne is commending himself to them as one determined to know facts, anxious to do his duty, and not unnecessarily toadying to the press. He and his wife are already exercising a salutary influence on Canadian society. I do not know if the citizens of a republic quite understand the feeling of loyalty that binds us to a House that represents the history and unity of our Empire, and how the feeling becomes a passion when the members of that House are personally worthy. A thrill of subdued enthusiasm runs through the crowd in whatever part of Canada the Princess appears, simply because she is a daughter of the Queen; and when it is known that her life and manners are simple and her own household well managed, that she is a diligent student, an artist and a friend of artists, and that her heart is in every attempt to mitigate the pains and miseries of suffering humanity, she leaps into the inmost heart of the people, and they rejoice to enthrone her there. The spirit of chivalry, far from being dead, has gone beyond the old charmed circle of noblesse and knights, and found its home among the common people. The influence of such a Princess, especially over our girls, before whom a worthy ideal is set by the acknowledged leader of fashion, is one that no true philosopher will despise. Many of us are grateful for such an influence in a new country where the great prize sought is material wealth, its coarse enjoyment the chief happiness dreamed of by the winners, and opportunities of selfish idleness and dissipation popularly considered the boons enjoyed by their sons and daughters; where the claims of culture are apt to be overlooked in the struggle against nature, and the laws of honour disregarded in the contest for place. What Shakespeare says of Queen Elizabeth we apply to our own Princess:

> 'She shall be * * *
> A pattern to all princes living with her,
> And all that shall succeed * * * Those about her
> From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
> And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.'

Whatever influences society in Ottawa, will reach over the country, for the capital is becoming more than the political centre of the Dominion. Our legislators come from the people, and we need not be ashamed of the *personnel* of either House. In Canada as in Great Britain, the best men are willing to serve the state, and a stranger who judges us by our legislatures will not go far astray. They are di-

vided into two great parties, and each party includes representatives of the various denominations and races that compose our people. The dividing line between them is neither race, nor religion, nor geography. It is sometimes difficult to know what the dividing line is, yet the necessities of party so completely prevent them from splitting up into the various sections and cross-sections to be found in the legislatures of France and Germany, that, as in great Britain and the States, independent members are few in number. With us, too, the 'independents' have the rather shady reputation of being waiters on Providence or sitters on the fence.

After confederation, the main question between the two great political parties turned on the best method of constructing the Canada Pacific Railway. During the discussion, the Liberal Conservative leaders fatally compromised themselves with a would-be contractor, and a general election in 1873, sent the Reformers into power with an enormous majority. In 1878, a fiscal question predominated over all others. The Reformers contended that Canada's industry and commercial policy should be determined generally by the principles of free trade. The Liberal Conservatives urged 'a national policy.' At the general election, all the provinces—New Brunswick excepted—voted heavily in favour of the national policy. Several facts indicate that this decision reflected more than a passing sentiment on the part of the people; and that, though details may be changed from year to year, the two principles will be kept in view of 'measure for measure' with all neighbours, and the adjustment of the tariff so as to foster industries suited to Canada. For instance, the great Province of Ontario, which always gave a majority to the Reformers, deserted its leaders on this question, and returned Liberal Conservatives in the proportion of three to one. Again, the Province of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are historically and naturally free-traders, but they, too, gave large majorities in favour of the national policy. To understand the full significance of the position taken, it must be remembered that almost all our public men had previously been free-traders. We have few independent thinkers, and are accustomed to take our opinions on most subjects from England. Probably nineteen out of twenty writers there are not only free-traders, but consider belief in protection, more absurd than belief in witchcraft. It is no longer

> 'Jew, Turk or Atheist
> May enter here, but not a Papist.'

Any one may enter good society in Great Britain but a protectionist. For all purposes of trade, it is held that nations do not or should not exist. Various causes predisposed us to hold the same views on the subject. Being in favour of maintaining our connection with Britain, there was no desire to adopt a radically different commercial policy. The desire was all the other way. Besides, the arguments in favour of free trade as the right system for all nations are demonstrable. Every one must admit that confining ourselves to the region of abstract principles, the protectionist has little to say for himself; that the truths of free trade are truths of common sense; that it would be well to have trade as free and unfettered as labour; that when trade is free the buyer and the seller are benefited, and that when it is shackled both are injured. Most persons also admit that protection is not a good thing in itself; that it is, at the best, only a weapon of defence or retaliation, and that it is intended to be temporary; that its general effect is to enrich the few at the expense of the many, and that its tendency is to form rings to control legislation in the interests of the few. All this was understood thoroughly, yet the Canadians voted protection with an enthusiasm quite perplexing when we consider what evoked the enthusiasm.

Bishop Berkeley once started the question of whether it was possible for a whole nation to go mad. In the judgment of an orthodox free-trader or an ordinary Englishman, the Dominion must have gone mad in 1878. The great aim of politicians and people in England is to get taxes reduced. A Ministry trembles for its existence if it imposes an additional tax. But here the general cry was 'Increase the taxes!' The great dread of the people was that the men they had returned to Parliament would prove false to them by not taxing them enough. And when new duties were imposed and old duties doubled, enthusiastic votes of thanks were sent from popular associations to the Cabinet Ministers for so nobly redeeming their pledges. It was altogether a very curious phase of national sentiment.

How did the thing come about? Temporary and permanent causes co-operated. Financial depression made many people willing to try a new policy. Some believed that it was possible to get rich, not only by the old-fashioned ways of working and saving, but by a new patent according to which everybody would take from everybody, and yet nobody be any the poorer. Then, with the debt and expenditure of the Dominion increasing and the revenue decreasing, we had the unpleasant fact of annual deficits to face. Since the formation of the Dominion, its debt has nearly doubled, and at the present rate of increase it will soon be equal per head of population to yours, with the important difference that in the United States the debt is becoming smaller, while the revenue shows remarkable elasticity, whereas in the Dominion prospective liabilities are indefinite, and revenue can be increased only by fresh taxes. Neither of the two political parties proposed to diminish expenditure, and as additional revenue had to be raised, a cry for re-adjustment of taxation, with the object of fostering native industries, could plead a solid basis of necessity as a justification. Two other causes co-operated. In this, as in all other important steps taken by them in political development, Canadians have been greatly influenced by the example of the United States. Half a century ago, the spectacle of a people on the other side of what is only a 'line,' self-reliant, self-governing and prosperous, had much to do with determining us to have a government responsible to ourselves. Again, the national spirit evoked in the United States during the civil war influenced us toward confederation. We saw on a grand scale that, where the dollar had been called almighty, national sentiment was mightier. Canadians, with such an example before them, could hardly help feeling that they must rise above petty provincialism, and aim at being a nation. In the same way, they felt that if a protectionist policy was good for you, it must be good for them. They are quite sure that, whether you can do other things or not, you can do business, and that you seldom get the worst of a bargain. Certainly, if imitation be the sincerest flattery, they ought to get the credit of being your greatest admirers. Along with the feeling that it would be wise to imitate, was a soreness begotten of the fact that they had tried to charm you into free trade or reciprocity, and had failed. You would not reciprocate their semi-free-trade attitude. The Canadian manufacturer waxed angry, and even the farmer became irritated. The manufacturer saw that if he established himself on one side of the line, he had forty-four millions of customers, and if on the other side he had only four millions; and, still worse, that his rival, who had forty millions as a special market, could afford to 'slaughter' him who had no special market at all. And the farmer felt that his neighbours would not likely tax his grain unless it was their interest to do so, and argued accordingly that it must be for his interest to tax their grain as much as

they taxed his. As a matter of fact, such notions influenced the average bucolic mind. Besides, there is a certain satisfaction to human nature to hit back, even though it may injure rather than benefit. Nations have not got yet beyond the spirit of the Jewish code of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. Perhaps few have got so far. Another cause that made the proposal of a national policy popular was the distinctively Canadian spirit that is growing stronger every year. Men in whom this spirit is strong believe that each country must legislate entirely with a view to its own interests; and that if Great Britain found free trade beneficial, and the United States found protection necessary, Canada might find a mixture of the two best adapted to its special position. These men were irritated at the patronizing language too often used by British newspapers, and at the inconsistent language of politicians of the Manchester school, who with one breath declare the colonies useless to the Empire, and with the next express amazement that they should presume to understand their own business, and to act independently in fiscal matters. The changes recently made in the tariff will have, at least, the one effect of teaching all concerned that Canada, like the mother-country itself, studies what it considers its own interests, and does so in the faith that what benefits it most will in the long run benefit the Empire most. Any other relationship in fiscal matters between Canada and the rest of the Empire, must be matter of special agreement. Until such is come to, the present relationship of commercial independence must continue.

It is interesting to note how the countries most concerned have taken this change of fiscal policy on our part. You, on the whole, have recognised our right to cut our coat according to our cloth and according to our fancy. You have been accustomed to do so yourselves, and must have wondered at our entertaining the question, 'Will other countries be offended if we act as if we were no longer in a state of commercial pupilage?' But Manchester has scolded as it never scolded before. Mr. John Bright declares that our present trade policy is not only injurious to the inhabitants of the Dominion,—poor children, who cannot take care of themselves,—but that, 'if persisted in, it will be fatal to its connection with the mother-conntry.' There is the shop-keeper's last word to his pastor—'If you don't deal at my shop, I will leave the church.' If the life of a man could be summed up in the one duty of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, a change in the Canadian tariff might break up that wonderful thing called the British Empire. But only Manchester thinks so and Manchester is not the Empire. You are far more guilty of the deadly heresy of protection than we. But of you, Mr. Bright writes more in sorrow than in anger. Of us, always more in anger than in sorrow.

Whether the change in our trade policy will prove beneficial to the Canadian people, or the reverse, I will not predict; but it is safe to say that in spirit it will be continued henceforth, except in so far as it may be modified by treaties. There is now on our statute-book a resolution to the effect that, as you lower duties on our products, we will lower duties on yours. We thus hold out the flag of peace. But the tendency of the present state of things is not only to hamper free intercourse between two peoples who should be one for all purposes of internal communication, but to build up new walls between them. The longer men build at these the higher they make them, until, at length important interests in Canada will be opposed to every form of reciprocity.

Besides, the Treaty of Washington did not settle the fishery question. And surely the time for a satisfactory settlement has come. All the points

in dispute, the question of headlands and bays especially, are as much in dispute as ever. After 1883, when the present term of occupation for which you have paid us terminates, they will crop up again. The responsibility rests upon you as it is your turn to take the initiative.

The commercial relations of Canada are simple and easily understood. Our trade is pretty much confined to three countries,—the United States, Great Britain, and the West Indies. The commercial capital is Montreal. A walk in spring or autumn along the massive stone wharfage that lines the glorious river, flowing oceanward with the tribute of half a continent, is sufficient to show its unrivalled facilities for trade. A dozen lines of ocean-going steamships are taking in cargo, and improvements are projected to afford indefinite expansion for others. But Montreal has the great disadvantage of a long winter to contend against. The contrast between October and January is the contrast between life and death. Quays, docks, sheds, and everything else up to the revetment wall have been wiped out. The ice-covered river has risen to the level of the lowest streets, and an unbroken expanse of ice and snow stretches up and down and across to the opposite side. Business has fled, except that which keen curlers delight in, with the thermometer at 20° below zero. In April, the ice begins to groan, melt and shove. Everything that resists has to yield to the irresistible pressure, and, therefore, everything had been removed in time. Huge cakes pile above each other, and, as the river rises, the lower parts of the city are often completely inundated. Scarcely has the ice commenced to move, when the labourers are at work fitting the sections of sheds, clearing the railway track, and putting the wharves in order for the spring work. The channels of trade open, and life throbs again in all the arteries of the city.

Montreal abounds in contrasts. Nowhere else in America are past and present to be seen so close to each other. Landing near the Bonsecours Market, from the steamer in which you have run the Lachine Rapids, everything speaks of nineteenth-century life and rush. You have just passed under Victoria Bridge, one of the greatest monuments of modern engineering skill, and steamers are ranged along the extensive wharfage as far as the eye reaches. But go up the lane leading to the quaint, rusty looking Bonsecours Church, hard by, and at once you find yourself in the seventeenth century. A small image of the Virgin, standing on the gable nearest the river, points out the church, which otherwise would be scarcely distinguishable from the ruck of old buildings built all around and on it. Pass the queer little eating-houses and shops, thrown out like buttresses from the walls of the church, and turn in from the busy market to say a prayer. The peasants who have come to market deposit their baskets of fish, fruit, or poultry at the door, and enter without fear of anything being stolen while they are at their devotions; or sailors, returned from a voyage, are bringing with them an offering to her who they believe succoured them when they prayed, in time of peril, on the sea. Inside, you can scarce believe you are in America —you are in some ancient town in Brittany or South Germany, where the parish church has not yet been desecrated by upholstery or modern improvements. The building, and everything in and about it, the relievos on the walls, the altar, the simple but exquisite antique pulpit, are a thousand times more interesting than the huge, stiff towers of Nôtre Dame and the profusion of tawdry gilt and colour inside, which everybody goes to see, while not one in a hundred has heard of the Bonsecours Church. The cathedral and the Jesuits' church are loudly modern; but the Bonsecours—though

the old church was burnt in 1754—takes us back to the past, and reminds us of Marguerite Bourgeoys, who laid the foundation-stone more than two centuries ago. The Baron de Fancamp gave her a small image of the Virgin, endowed with miraculous virtue, on condition that a chapel should be built for its reception in Montreal. Gladly she received the precious gift, and carried it out to Canada. As enthusiastically, the people of Montreal seconded an undertaking which would bring such a blessing to the city. From that day, many a wonderful deliverance has been attributed to our Lady of Gracious Help. No wonder that the devout French sailor, as he goes up and down the river, looks out for the loved image and utters a prayer to Mary as it comes in sight.

From the Bonsecours (the first stone church built on the island), a short walk along St. Paul Street (the street that constituted the city at first) leads to Jacques Cartier Square, where Nelson stands with his back to the water—the first time he ever stood in such a position, as an old salt grumbled when he saw the monument. Passing around the corner to the magnificent new City Hall and the old Government House opposite, where Benjamin Franklin set up a newspaper with the remark that, if Canada was to be Americanized, it would be only through the printing-press, a semi-subterranean smithy suddenly arrests your attention. The sight and the sounds are so unexpected in such a centre that you look down. Through the horses, carters, and rows of horse-shoes hanging from the low roof, you see that the modern blacksmith has taken possession of one of the old, strongly-built, arched vaults where the Government long ago kept its archives and other valuables. Here, too, the past and the present are clasping hands, for the current of life, running more strongly, has the same colour and direction as in Franklin's day. The French tongue is universally spoken, and the Ultramontane, conversing with his compatriots, still speaks of Englishmen in Canada as foreigners.

The west end is altogether another city. Formerly some of the best French families lived here, but gradually they moved away to the east end, drawn by the influences of race, religion, traditions and sympathies. The splendid mansions on Sherbrooke Street are occupied by English and Scotch merchants; and the Windsor is an American hotel after the best model. But, go where you will in Montreal, it is not possible to forget that you are in a Roman Catholic city. A group from the Seminary; a procession of Christian Brothers; a girls' school out for a walk, with softly-treading nuns quietly guiding them; a church near the Windsor silently taking form in imitation of St. Peter's; the Hôtel Dieu; the enormous and ever-growing establishment of the 'Sœurs Grises,' who care for every form and class of suffering humanity, from helpless foundlings to helpless second childhood;—thus by matchless organized bands, in mediæval garb, shaping the lives of the boys and girls, and by stone and lime on a scale that Protestantism never attempts, Rome everywhere declares herself, and claims Montreal as her own.

Toronto considers itself the intellectual capital of Canada, grudgingly acknowledging Ottawa and Montreal as, in the meantime, the political and commercial centres. University College is a noble building, and respectably endowed. The Act of Confederation left education in the hands of the respective Provinces, and as there is no uniformity in laws or practice, a separate article would be needed to do justice to the subject. The general principles of the educational system of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces are those that prevail in the United States. All public schools are free, are supported chiefly by local rates, and the rate-payers elect trustees to manage the schools. The main differ-

ence between the Provinces which I have specified, is that in Ontario education is not only free but—if the bull be permitted—compulsory, and that Roman Catholics who desire to establish separate schools with their rates may do so where they are strong enough to support them. In such localities, the school-rates of those who desire a separate school are collected for that purpose, and those schools share in the legislative grant in proportion to their attendance. In the Province of Quebec, the religious principle divides the public schools into two classes still more markedly. A council of public instruction appointed by the Provincial Government is divided into two committees—the one with certain powers as far as schools for Roman Catholics are concerned, the other with similar powers over the Protestant schools. Local boards are constituted on the same principle of division according to religion, but as in most parishes there is only the one church, and the masses are devout and submissive, the schools are practically in the hands of the hierarchy. Their condition is far from being satisfactory, except in the principal cities, where co-ordinate boards exist side by side, and where enough of wholesome rivalry exists to insure a measure of excellence.

In Montreal, the system, so far as the Protestant community is concerned, is as perfect as in the best cities in Ontario, the course from the common schools to the University being open to all, and free the whole way up to every promising scholar. While elementary schools have always been defective in quality and quantity in Quebec Province, it is otherwise as regards provision for the higher kinds of elementary and collegiate education. Classical, industrial, commercial and theological colleges are to be found in every centre, connected with one or other of the various educational communities that the Church encourages, and with every Bishop's See. In these institutions the children of the best families and promising boys obtain an education which, though neither comprehensive in range, nor scientific in method and spirit, equips them fairly for their proposed work in life, and enables them to appear to advantage in the world and in Parliament. The French members of the legislature are a better average in point of education than the English. They are certainly their superiors in precision and elegance of language. In founding institutions for higher education, the Protestants of Quebec have not shown as much liberality in proportion to their wealth as the Roman Catholics. The rich Montreal merchants, who have built palatial residences for themselves by the hundred at the foot of the mountain, have done comparatively little even for McGill College. The Scotchman who founded it more than half a century ago built for himself a monument more lasting than brass; but few of his fellow-citizens have been animated by his spirit. But with scanty means McGill has done first-rate work; and when Dr. Dawson became Principal it got something better than money.

Education in Canada is left to the respective Provinces. Religion, except in Quebec Province, where the Church of Rome reigns over homogeneous masses of submissive children and enjoys a semblance of State Churchism, is left to the individual. With us, as with you, the fruits of individualism are seen in the multiplication of sects, and in the keen rivalry existing between them that leads to the erection of half a dozen churches, and the genteel starvation of half a dozen ministers, in almost every village. It is instructive to note the different outcome of the principles of Protestantism in Germany, in Great Britain, and on this side of the Atlantic. We see how the same fundamental principles are modified by the character of peoples and by their historical developments. In Germany an almost boundless liberty of thought

in theology is allowed within the Church. The results of scholarship, and theories on the results, are published without fear of consequences, while in outward things the Church is bound hand and foot, and works simply as the Government's moral police. There is no dissent to speak of. The Church represents whatever spiritual force there has been, or is, in each kingdom or duchy; and the churches to-day are geographically and in all outward things, about as the Peace of Westphalia left them, though the state of theological opinion varies with every generation.

In Great Britain the established churches enjoy more outward liberty, and allow less liberty of thought than in Germany; they include great varieties of theological opinion, but this is made ground of serious reproach against them by vigorous dissenting organizations that constitute an important element in the spiritual life of the nation. There are religious circles in England and in Scotland that assume that the Church ought to be based on peculiarities of dogma, ritual and discipline, and not on the broad principles of Christianity, and that anything like breadth is inconsistent with moral and spiritual earnestness. In Canada, as in the United States, no Protestant church has any official recognition or advantage above another, and our boundless liberty of organization has led to the formation of sects representing every variety of opinion. Astonishing outward religious zeal and clattering activity has been generated by our 'fair field and no favour' plan. Each sect feels that, if it is active enough, the whole country may be won over to its side. Half a dozen zealous men, or half the number of zealous women, will build a church, with a mortgage on it, probably, and engage a minister who well knows that, whether he quickens spiritual life or not, 'them pews must be filled.' A competition among ministers is insured, in which the sensitive and honourable often come off second best. People who have made large money sacrifices for the sect are not inclined to belittle its peculiarities. The sect is 'the cause,' and the cause is the Lord's. The old idea of the Church as the visible body of Christ, including all who are professedly His, and all who are animated by His spirit, is lost. A church is merely a club, with its well-defined constitution and by-laws. If you think outside of these, you must leave the club, and form or join another, or live without connection with any club ecclesiastical. That our condition of things is favourable to the development of sects is undoubted. Whether, notwitstanding the advantage of free church government, it is more favourable to the growth of true religion than even the condition of things in Germany, may be doubted. The German army marched in the last war to the tunes of popular hymns as often as of patriotic songs. Their serried ranks swung into Metz singing a grand old hymn dear to the heart of every true son of fatherland. Would or could a British or American army do likewise? But the church of the future has not taken shape yet, in the old nor in the new world.

In Canada, there is little theological scholarship and less speculation. I am not acquainted with a Canadian author or volume known in Europe, so far as these departments of literature are concerned. It may be that the churches have too much rough missionary work on their hands to give their strength to scholarship; or that the conditions of things in the churches do not encourage independent thinking; or that nineteenth-century mental and spiritual inquietude has not yet influenced the Canadian mind. The people generally are attached to Puritan and evangelical theology, and possess much of the old robust faith. They contribute with extraordinary liberality to build churches, and, according to their means, to support the minis-

try. The trouble is that in many places they have too varied a ministry to support. Many of our ecclesiastical edifices, notably the Anglican cathedrals of Fredericton and Montreal, and the Scottish (St. Andrew's) churches of Montreal and Toronto, are as perfect specimens of architecture, after their kind, as could be desired.

Robust health characterizes the Canadians, not only religiously, but from whatever point of view you look at them. The world has no finer oarsmen than those of Halifax, St. John, and Lake Ontario. A look at the crowds who throng the fairs held every autumn near the chief centres, or at the army of the Ottawa-river lumbermen, or at our volunteer re views, is enough to show that they 'bulk largely in the fore-front of humanity.' That they preserve the military spirit of their ancestors, recent instances evidence. On the occasion of the last Fenian raid, companies of militia, supposed from their muster-rolls to represent ten thousand men, were called out. Making allowances for absentees, cases of sickness and other causes, a total of eight thousand were expected to appear at the rendezvous. Instead of eight or ten, fourteen thousand actually presented themselves. The explanation is that clothing is issued to the companies every third year. As new men take the place of those who from year to year drop out, the company is maintained at the regular rate; but, in every district, members whose names are not retained on the rolls keep their uniforms. When there was a prospect of service, these oldsters flocked to the standard, and companies appeared with double their normal strength. Two Irishmen were looking out for a good point from which to see a steeple-chase. 'Mike,' exclaimed one, as they came to the worst-looking ditch, 'here's the spot for us; there's likely to be a kill here, if anywhere.' Our volunteers are as eager to be in at the death as if they were all Irish. Four years ago, the Government established a military college at Kingston, on the model of Woolwich and West Point, for training officers. As we had no standing army, it looked like a case of putting the cart before the horse, and 'they' said that young men would not attend when no prospects of future employment were held out. But young men of the best class are eager to attend. The institution is well officered and has about a hundred cadets. I do not know what examination is required before entering West Point, but the standard at Kingston is lower than at Woolwich. The duty of self-defence has been imposed by the Imperial Government on Canada, as part of a predetermined policy, and the duty has been cheerfully assumed. This is simply another step taken in the course of our development from political nonage to the full responsibilities of maturity, and, like all the previous steps, each of which was thought dangerous at the time, it has had the effect of binding Canada more firmly to the Empire. The opponents of responsible government declared that it meant the creation of several little provincial republics. The opponents of confederation argued that it involved separation from the Empire. When Great Britain withdrew her regiments from the inland Provinces, and sold or shipped off even the sentry-boxes, people on both sides of the water asserted that this, at any rate, meant the dissolution of the Empire. And when a change is made in our tariff, or when an official has his salary diminished, Cassandras all round prophesy that this must lead to separation. Yet Canada is more in love with the old flag to-day than ever, and though the general commanding bitterly complains that the militia vote is always the one most easily reduced, the real reason is not indifference, but a sense of security. Some companies of mounted police to protect and watch the Indians in the North-West, two batteries of artillery stationed re-

spectively at Kingston and Quebec, and an effective militia of 40,000—the whole costing about one million dollars a year—constitute the present war power of the Dominion. In case of need the militia could be increased indefinitely. The warlike spirit of the people and their sympathy with the mother-country were shown two years ago, when the Eastern question seemed likely to culminate in war with Russia. Though it's a far cry from Canada to Constantinople, ten thousand of the militia volunteered for service, and had war broken out, their offer would have been accepted.

And what as to the probable future of this 'Canada of ours?' The preceding articles indicate the point of view from which I am likely to regard such a question. Attempts have been made to enlist popular sympathy in favour of schemes of independence, annexation, Britannic confederation and the like, but in vain. None of these schemes has ever risen to the dignity of the hustings or the ballot-box. They have all been still-born. No interest has been taken in them by the people. Canadians, like all liberty-loving people, are keen politicians. In this respect we err by excess rather than defect. We have too much politics. Our press takes up nothing else heartily. Give a practical question, and the country will ring with it to the exclusion of almost everything else. Let a statesman propose to the people a remedy for one of the evils of their present constitution or condition, such as sectionalism or over-government and they will deal with it intelligently. But they calmly ignore fancy politics. And just as a healthy man does not know that he has a stomach, so the best sign of their robust political health is that eloquent writers cannot persuade them that their present condition involves serious dangers, and that something dreadful will happen unless they tack, or back, or do something heroic.

Some years ago the Canada First party was supposed to favour independence, but they rid themselves of the imputation, and the common sense of the people rejected the scheme before it was formulated. To break our national continuity! Did any people ever do that in cold blood? To face the future with a population of four millions scattered over half a continent, whereas we now belong to an Empire of two or three hundred millions! Would we be stronger in case of war, or more respected in time of peace? Would we govern ourselves more purely or economically, or would there be more avenues of distinction open to our young men?

Mr. Goldwin Smith, who formerly advocated independence, believes that annexation is inevitable. Mr. Smith's literary ability is so marked that everything he writes is widely read; but in his estimate of the forces at work he has never taken full account of the depth and power of popular sentiment. One of his phrases indicates that he could understand if he would. Referring to extravagant English eulogies on Lord Dufferin, he remarked that Lord Dufferin had as much to do with creating Canadian loyalty, as with creating the current of the St. Lawrence. The illustration is a happy one. The force of the most deeply seated sentiment, like that of a mighty river, is seen only where something opposes itself to the current. Cotton is king, it used to be said. Every one thought so, but when action was taken accordingly, a kinglier power made light of cotton. Sentiment is the strongest thing in human nature. It binds the family and nation together, and rules the world. Where true and deep sentiment exists everything is possible. 'But see how—as in your trade policy—sentiment gives way to business considerations,' it has been said. It does not give way. A more vulgar fallacy was never put in words. Because a bank manager refuses to give special accommodation to his father, is he necessarily unfilial? Canadians are wil-

ling to entertain any proposals that the Mother Country may make with regard to closer political and commercial relations. These must be, not on the old basis of dependence, but on the present basis of equality. And such proposals may be made before long. If not, why then a century or two hence we may set up house for ourselves. In the meantime, we give affection for affection, and share the fortunes of the Mother Country and the dangers of our connection with her.

Toward the United States there is no feeling in Canada but friendship, and a desire for increased intercourse of every kind. It is not our fault that there are so many custom houses on the frontier lines. But, were there no other reasons, the one consideration that puts annexation totally out of the question with us is that it involves the *possibility* of our having to fight some day against Great Britain. I dislike to suggest such an unnatural possibility. The suggestion would be criminal in any other connection. But my object now is to go down to the ultimate basis on which our present relations rest. It is easy to declare that such a contingency is impossible. Improbable! yes. But impossible! no; as long as Great Britain and the United States remain separate, and human nature is human nature. Therefore, annexation is an impossibility to us until the grander scheme outlined by our Joseph Howe can be carried into effect —namely, some kind of alliance or league of all the English-speaking peoples. That would be a consummation worth hoping for, worth praying for, as men used to pray. It would be the first step to the 'federation of the world.'

> 'Then let us pray that come it may
> As come it will, for a' that—
> That men to men the world o'er
> Shall brothers be, and a' that.'

FORGOTTEN SONGS.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.

THERE is a splendid tropic flower, which flings
Its fiery disc wide open to the core—
One pulse of subtlest fragrance—once a life
That rounds a century of blossoming things,—
And dies,—a flower's apotheosis: nevermore
To send up in the sunshine, in sweet strife
With all the winds, a fountain of live flame,—
A wingéd censer, in the starlight swung
Once only,—flinging all its wealth abroad
To the wide deserts without shore or name—
And dying,—like a lovely song, once sung
By some dead poet,—music's wandering ghost—
Æons ago blown out of life and lost,
Remembered only in the heart of God.

KINGSTON.

ROUND THE TABLE.

SOME TALK ABOUT A RECENT BOOK.

LAST month P. E. B. gave us a continuous and connected review of Dr. Bucke's work on 'Man's Moral Nature.' I want to touch in a desultory way on a few other points.

The learned doctor apparently desires to test the metaphysical hard-headedness of would-be readers of his book, for the first of his chapters is decidedly 'tough reading.' Its title is 'Lines of Cleavage.' Lines of Cleavage? Yes, that is suggestive. I see a fair garden, into which many readers desire to enter, therein to pluck the fruits of knowledge. At the entrance stands a grisly armed figure, bearing on his shield the device 'CHAPTER ONE.' With him fight those who essay to enter the garden. Swinging a shining battle-axe, he inflicts 'lines of cleavage' on the unfortunate brains of those whose intellectual head-pieces are not of the strongest. Once past this formidable obstacle, however, the way is comparatively smooth.

In its simple earnestness, its breadth of view, its high moral tone, this book strongly recalls the old Swedish seer, Swedenborg. There is the same earnest love of mankind, the same substitution of wide-reaching, deep-rooted principles for narrow, arbitrary dogma. But Dr. Bucke builds his conclusions on solid premises of material fact, whilst the really great conceptions of Swedenborg are obscured by his mysticism and the strong demands he makes on his readers' credulity. Bucke's basis is fact: Swedenborg's basis is fancy. You adopt Bucke's conclusions because of his premises. You adopt Swedenborg's conclusions in spite of his premises. Amid much which an ordinary reader of Swedenborg is obliged to reject, here and there a great luminous principle shines out, and one feels, 'This is True.' Whilst the hardest of facts form the basis of Dr. Bucke's arguments, he is free from mere materialism.

The third chapter of the doctor's essay (headed "The Moral Nature and its Limits), is a great help to clearness of thought, and will well repay careful study. He analyzes our mental operations, and helps us to discriminate between the scope of our intellect and the scope of our moral faculties—two separate things which are too much mixed up in popular conceptions. Though closely related, they are distinct, and should not be confounded one with the other. Our churches insist on a certain *intellectual* attitude as being essential to salvation. Surely this is a mistake, and see how it narrows the ground of acceptance! Surely it must be the *moral* attitude that is all important. Take for instance a Roman Catholic, a Protestant, a Unitarian, a Jew, a Mahommedan. Each has a widely different intellectual attitude towards the Creator and the future life; but they meet on a common moral plane when each tries to fulfil the will of God, so far as he knows it. The intellectual basis must be the basis of the minority, for all cannot be intellectually correct in their views of the Infinite. The moral basis is wide enough to include faith and love wherever they are found. Surely the religious beliefs and convictions of the intellect are only of value as channels for our moral impulses to flow through, as giving them a concrete shape, as outward manifestations of the spirit within. A belief or opinion can have no real intrinsic value from a religious standpoint: its value comes solely from the moral quality of faith or love or conscience on which it is based and of which it is but the expression or manifestation. Hence the revolt against the idea of anyone 'being damned for his opinions.'

What will determine a man's lot in the next world? Not his opinions here: not even his actions here: but what he *is*, deep down in his inmost self, when stripped of all disguises in the next world; matured, no doubt, by the hard experiences of this world, but divested of merely fortuitous earthly accretions. So thought Swedenborg, and so think

many who never read him. Of the moral and intellectual elements which make up the inner self of a soul, the moral must be by far the more important one. Anything which enables us to realize more clearly the proper scope and province of these two parts of our nature, and the distinction between them, is of great value.

Dr. Bucke's definition of Faith as a moral quality is very interesting, though a little hard to grasp at first. He holds that Faith is not mere intellectual Belief, though the two are often so closely entwined that it is hard to separate them. Faith is to some extent synonymous with Trust, Courage, Confidence. A recent conversation with a heterodox friend of mine will illustrate this point. He said, 'Like Abou Ben Adhem, I had hoped to be writ as "one who loves his fellow man"; but as I do not believe in several things which orthodoxy says are essential, I have hitherto thought myself deficient in Faith. Even in regard to a future state, I can only cherish a hope that we shall live after death: I am not sure of it. Yet I have no fear at the prospect of my unclothed spirit meeting its Eternal Father. The possibility of a future state affords me only joy. Now it seems to me that if Dr. Bucke's definition of faith be correct, this trustful feeling of mine about the next world means that I have a respectable modicum of faith. What do you think?' I thought he was right. 'Your position,' said I, 'is very different from that of a man who hugs sceptical ideas in order that he may indulge in vice unchecked by the fear of future consequences, and who does not want to believe in a future life,—hopes there is none: in whom the wish is father to the thought.' 'This book,' said he, 'reminds me of a recent remark of Goldwin Smith's,—'Apparently, if the new faith is going to be a religion in a proper sense of the term, there must be in it an element which no learning or science can supply, but which must be the outcome of a moral and spiritual effort such as gave birth to Christianity.'

To anyone interested in scientific matters, chapter 3, 'On the Physical Basis of the Moral Nature,' will prove delightful reading. The doctor marshals fact after fact and argument after argument, with an easy flow of good, vigorous, expressive English, in support of the theory he holds: namely, that the great sympathetic nervous system, which clusters thickly around the heart, is the physical seat and organ of the moral nature; in the same way that the cerebro-spinal nervous system is the acknowledged seat of the intellect. If your physiology is a little rusty, get some elementary work on anatomy and read the chapter "On the Nerves"; that is all one needs to enable him to follow the writer's argument. When I am interested in a theory, I like to hear the other side of it, and I hope that some learned professional brother of Dr. Bucke will charge fiercely down upon this idea, if he will only do so in language that ordinary mortals can understand. Perhaps this has already been done: if so, I would like to hear of it. Referred to in this bald way, the subject may appear to be a dry one, but chapter 3 is not dry. Alas for poor Phrenology, already sorely discredited by the cold shoulder of the scientific world, here is another blow for it. Phrenology locates the moral organs of Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Veneration, Hope, and Spirituality in the upper portion of the brain, the great ganglion of the cerebro-spinal nervous system. If Dr. Bucke be correct, they are not there—not even in that system of nerves at all.

The peculiar charm of this book is the union of faith with practicability, of lofty aspirations with common sense, of enthusiasm with close reasoning. It is only rarely that the author becomes a little fanciful or impractical. It is perhaps hard to get into a sufficiently optimist mood to follow him to the full extent of the conclusions he arrives at in his later chapters. But we can follow him a long way, and it is pleasant to have our faces turned in the direction to which he points forward.

R. T.

LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

A DISTASTE for Literature and a dislike of men of letters, characterized one of the most despicable of English Kings, that Second George whose vices were unredeemed by the wit of the Second Charles; the courage and administrative power of the Second William, or the Second Henry. 'I hate Boets and Bainters,' was the character-

istic saying of the most un-English and un-kingly of English kings; and the policy of discountenancing literature was that of the most corrupt of English ministers, that Walpole whose name is a synonym for bribery, who with all his personal abilities as a mere party leader is only remembered for the utter baseness of his political morality. The cynical filth of his conversation one specimen of which—a thoroughly fitting one for the purpose of embalming such a character—survives the carrion of his memory, the maxim that 'every man has his price.' Alas! a similar attitude towards literature and literary men in a still more marked degree characterizes the leaders of both the great political parties in Canada. Sir John possesses all Walpole's faculty of personal influence, but like Walpole he is incapable of appreciating literary art in any form. The same indifference to literature and literary men is quite as cynically espoused by the leader of the opposition, the Moses who is to guide Gritism in its slow journey to the Promised Land of Office. Neither of these men,—the leaders of the two great parties,—care much about Canadian literature beyond what they hire for political use from party hacks. Fancy Sir John Macdonald, like Mr. Gladstone, or even his own prototype Disraeli, writing essays upon art, or society novels! Fancy Mr. Blake like John Bright, pausing in the midst of his denunciations of political foes, to quote a new book of poetry, a long passage from memory, and congratulating the nation and the language on possessing such a writer as the author of the 'Epic of Hades.' It would need an exceptionally vivid imagination to picture Mr. Blake showing a similar appreciation of any Canadian poet, however that poet's works might be commented on by English statesmen of the calibre of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright. Unlike England where every leading man on both sides of politics has made a name in Literature, political men in Canada are conspicuous for the absence of literary talent and literary sympathy. This is perhaps most strongly marked in the members of our local Government. For in the bestowal of such positions, connected with Education for instance, as in other countries would be the reward of literary merit, nothing is thought of but the effect on the vote market. Political hacks without any literary claims are put into such places as School Inspectorships, some of whom, as in late notorious instances, publicly disgrace the country by the display of ludicrous ignorance.

Signs of literary revival are not wanting in Canada. A new growth of younger and more vigorous writers is coming to the front. Would it not be worth while to conciliate the literary spirit? It is a somewhat bitter thought for a Liberal and a Republican, that the Government of this essentially Republican country fails to give to literature or art that amount of recognition which, in accordance with all the traditions of English political life, members of the English royal family have so frankly and generously bestowed. The influence for good on Canadian art of the Princess Louise has already produced a marked effect. One of the first visits paid by Prince Leopold on his arrival in Toronto was to the most distinguished man of letters resident in this country.

It is unwise in those in power to provoke the contempt and the hostility of a class of men whose support of any independent party may help to turn the scale against the Pharisees and Sadducees, who at present sit in high places. The elements of new political combinations are in the air; the younger men throughout the country are beginning to think for themselves, and to think on new lines. Nationalism in one form or other of its expression is likely to supersede the obsolete Tory or Grit Tweedledum or Tweedledee of Colonial politics. In any fight against Philistines in Office, the snubbed and neglected literary men may not prove the least formidable foes.

M.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Reminiscences of the Early History of Galt and the Settlement of Dumfries. By JAMES YOUNG, M.P.P. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

In this little volume Mr. Young has gathered with great diligence all the interesting *memorabilia* of the first settlement of his native town and of the enclosing Township of Dumfries. The original block of land, containing about 94,305 acres, was purchased in 1798 by one Philip Stedman (of the Niagara District) who, without paying a penny of the principal, sold it in 1811 for precisely the same sum to the Hon. Thomas Clarke, of Stamford, in the County of Lincoln; and he, after five years, sold it again to the Hon. William Dickson, but at an advance of £15,000—thus raising the purchase money for the entire block to about a dollar per acre. Mr. Dickson was a native of Dumfries in Scotland; and, arriving in Canada in 1792, he settled in Niagara, where he practised law. The new township he called after his Scottish home. For the development of his projected colony, Mr. Dickson induced Absalom Shade, an energetic young carpenter, to emigrate from Buffalo and attach himself to his fortunes. Shade soon became his employer's factotum,—his pioneer, millwright, architect, attorney, store-keeper. In its embryo stage the village was known as *Shade's Mills*, though its post-office had been called by Mr. Dickson after his early friend and schoolmate, the novelist Galt. The author of '*Laurie Todd*' and 'The Annals of Our Parish,' visited the settlement in 1827 as Commissioner of the Canada Company, and left so favourable an impression that the inhabitants concurred in Mr. Dickson's choice of name, and the village was christened in commemoration of the genial novelist's presence. Among the startling episodes in the youth of the settlement was a visitation of the cholera which, accompanying a travelling menagerie, decimated the village in a few days. The narrative of this dread visitation reads like a chapter in Defoe's 'History of the Plague.' The early history and subsequent development of the town are described by the author with a minuteness—a loving minuteness,—that shows the spirit of the Antiquary. Indeed, to Mr. Young's own energy, as a journalist and a citizen, Galt is not a little indebted for its prosperity; and his pleasant volume of reminiscences is at once of much local interest and of permanent value as material for our Provincial history.

Bunyan, by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE; Morley's English Men of Letters Series. New York: Harper Brothers; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

We naturally expect a good deal from so promising a subject as the life of Bunyan, treated by a writer like Mr. Froude. Nor does the result altogether disappoint us. We have here a carefully planned and clearly written record of the outward events of the life of probably the most dramatic and imaginative soul that ever graced the Non-conformist ranks. We have a fair account of Bunyan's inward struggles, and of course the biographer steers clear of that mistake into which most men fell before Southey's life appeared, the error, that is, of construing too literally the self accusatory expressions which the converted tinker made use of in his fragment of autobiography. But it is impossible to refrain from comparing the present work with the two little essays on the same subject from the pen of another modern historian. Macaulay has gone over the same ground, though with much less detail, and the contrast between the two results is very striking.

Macaulay and Froude may almost be looked on as men of the same generation, and yet what a change is to be remarked since the greater of the two was taken from us! Macaulay's views were clear and decided; an antagonist might persuade himself that they were even oppressively dogmatic; certainly no one, friend or foe, will allow that Macaulay

had any doubt upon questions which seem unfathomably dubious to Mr. Froude. To the historian of the Revolution it was no moot point whether Bunyan or his 'persecutors' were in the right.

There was no questioning about the horrors of Bedford Jail, the 'Den' in which Bunyan passed so many years. We feel that Macaulay sympathises alike with the man and with his cause, and our hearts, too, go out towards his in sympathy and compassion.

How few are the years that have passed since Macaulay wrote thus! and how has the spirit of the times changed in that short space, so as to cause Mr. Froude to look at Bunyan's sufferings from such an entirely different standpoint! In speaking of that cause and that religion which elicited Macaulay's admiration, why does the later historian adopt a semi-apologetic tone, why regard it critically as from a ground of vantage? In the first place the relative positions of religious parties have shifted with unprecedented rapidity in these last few years. Men of advanced thought see what Macaulay neither saw nor felt, that a great gulf lies betwixt them and the theology that formed the very atmosphere which Bunyan breathed. Macaulay would not have written these words, 'The conventional phrases of Evangelical Christianity ring untrue on a modern ear, like a cracked bell . . . we can hardly believe they ever stood for sincere convictions, yet these forms were once alive with the profoundest of moral truths.'

To Mr. Froude the cast of thought for which the Puritan fought and was imprisoned is become a dead husk, the truth it once contained and cramped is flitting freely round seeking a new embodiment. It is not our wish, nor would this be the place, to discuss these views except in their bearing upon the particular piece of literary work before us.

We have already said that Macaulay's sympathies are undoubted, and we would add that it is to this we must attribute much of the beauty which marks his appreciation of Bunyan's character and works. The shifting cloud-battlements of a modern Doubting Castle can hardly be expected to afford Mr. Froude so favourable a point of view, nor should we look into his sketch to see the colours laid on as brilliantly or with so firm a hand. The present obtrudes itself upon the vision of the past. Whilst we are abandoning ourselves to the wonderful introspection of Bunyan's conscience a reference to 'modern doubts about revelation and the truth of Scripture' (p 40) creeps in and goes far to break the spell. Nor is this all. Even in matters of history we find the absence of sympathy leading to unexpected conclusions.

Most men of liberal views are of opinion that no greater breach of common faith and honesty was ever committed than was involved in the revival at the Restoration of the penal laws against Dissenters. Without the aid of the modern Presbyterians, that Restoration (which has kept company with every adjective from 'glorious' downwards), would have been impossible. With an enormous Parliamentary majority of the Cavalier party, and with the vast preponderation of power thrown into the scales of the Monarchy by the forces of reaction, it would have been safe for the government to have fulfilled the promises to which it owed its existence. All the world knows on what specious excuses those pledges were broken, what feeble resistance was opposed at first to the church and parliament, and, when that was overborne, with what ill concealed alacrity Charles II, passed Act after Act for the persecution of his non-conforming subjects. All the world knows it, and Mr. Froude excuses it.

'It was pardonable, even necessary,' (p 67) in his view. Bunyan, who declined obedience to these laws, was mistaken; Mr. Froude evidently thinks he concedes a good deal in not altogether condemning him as 'too precise' (p. 71). But his exertions are devoted to prove that the so-called persecutors were harmless men. 'He was not treated with any roughness,' 'he compelled the court to punish him,' 'they were going already to the utmost limit of indulgence,' 'the most real kindness was to leave him where he was,—that is in the common jail at Bedford;—these are the expressions that rise to Mr. Froude's lips. Nor is he the man to shrink from riding his paradox to the death, as may be seen by his remarks on the trial of Faithful at Vanity Fair, as given at p. 162. The parallelism between the two trials was too close to be ignored, and as Mr. Froude has justified the judges who imprisoned the author, so My Lord Hategood, his congenial Jury, and Envy, Superstition and Pickthank, the witnesses for the

Crown, must need have his good word as well. 'It is difficult,' Mr. Froude says, 'to see how they could have acted otherwise than they did . . .

'Faithful might be quite right . .

'The revolution he desired might be extremely desirable . . . but the prisoner cannot "complain if he is accused of preaching rebellion."'

Most readers will agree with us that if originality of view is only to be obtained by means of such special pleading as this, it would be better to dispense with the charm of novelty and even to put up with the slur of humdrum dullness. It certainly shows some courage to accept a literary brief from Prince Beelzebub in support of the jurisdiction of his High Court of Injustice at Vanity Fair.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by EDWARD GIBBON, with notes by Dean Milman, M. Guizot, and Dr. William Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: James Campbell & Son, and Willing & Williamson.

This is a worthy edition of one of the greatest of the great books of philosophical history, one of those masterpieces of style and thought to read which is in itself an education; the work above all others, which has stimulated and informed the liberal ideas dominating the literature of to-day. It is quite true, as Mr. Morison has said in his admirable life of Gibbon, lately published in Morley's Series of English Men of Letters, that the 'Decline and Fall' can never be superseded; yet, since Gibbon wrote, many new sources of information have opened. Much has been said both on questions of scholarship and on matters of theological and historical criticism which made a new edition of this History desirable. This has been achieved in the beautifully printed volumes before us. And not a little of the facility, with which we read a great work such as Gibbon's, is due to the charm of pleasant type, paper and binding which does not degrade the subject matter of the writing. A work like the 'Decline and Fall' deserves all the honours and embellishments of typography and binding, and such honours it has received in the present edition. We suggest, however, to the future editors of Gibbon's Great History, that a series of maps, illustrating the territorial changes of the empire, would be a most valuable addition. The adoption of this plan has greatly increased the value of such books as Mr. Green's 'Short History of the English People.' The notes which are given from such writers as Messrs. Milman, Guizot and Smith, are of the greatest importance as a supplement to the text. In fact no edition of Gibbon's History is complete without these comments of modern thought and research.

Gibbon, more than any other great writer of the last century, has suffered from inadequate criticism. As Mr. Morison has shewn, the few weak passages in a life of rare unselfishness and virtue have been made the theme of the personal gossip which degrades and stultifies literature. His relations with his first love, Mdle. Curchod, honourable as they were to his self-denying sense of duty, have been twisted into an accusation of inconstancy. Yet few men's lives present such a noble picture of sustained intellectual effort, of love of truth for truth's sake, of personal amiability which retains the regard of a married sweetheart and the affection of a stepmother. Gibbon's style has been dealt with after the same manner. Even in Mr. Morison's book there is much that might have been omitted, as to the influences which contemporary writers exerted over Gibbon's methods of expression. Such speculation we believe to be valueless. No doubt the peculiar tone of irony in Pascal's 'Letters,' and still more in Voltaire's, may have stimulated a tendency to satire which we believe to have been a part of Gibbon's nature. His style is all his own, perspicuous as Livy, concise and epigrammatic as Tacitus, it is free from the ponderous Latinisms of Johnson, and escapes the tendency to historical paradox, the partisanship, the weight of rhetorical antitheses, which disfigure the burnished gold of Macaulay. As an example of this, we invite the attention of the student to the clear and lucid narrative of the Cæsars, from Commodus to Diocletian, in the first volume; to the irruption of the Goths, the cold grey dawn of Christianity, and the battle for existence of its sects, to the standing forth of such figures as Constantine, Julian, Athanasius. Many of the episodes are of marvellous beauty, told in language instinct with a sense of the poetry and the pathos of human life: for instance,

the story of the romantic vicissitudes of the Empress Valeria, in the first volume. Gibbon possesses one requisite for a just appreciation of History—a keen sense of humour. Hence he has been a subject of special hatred to ecclesiastical Philistines, to whom a sense of humour is of all things most dreadful. We have heard from this source a great deal about Gibbon's 'sneers.' His sneers, like those of Voltaire, are simply the expression of his thoroughly human sympathy in dealing with the otherwise inexplicable facts of life.

The least valuable portion of the new notes we find to be those of Dean Milman, in the two celebrated chapters in which Gibbon accounts, by purely natural causes, for the growth and success of early Christianity. As far as the religious question is concerned, we believe that Christianity has nothing to fear from the fullest criticism of the secondary causes which made it the success in its vigorous youth, for which we look in vain from its decrepitude to-day. If the faith of the Book and the Church is of Divine origin, the secondary causes of its success were divinely ordained; and Gibbon's estimate of these, no doubt far from exhaustive, is, as far as it goes, unanswerable. Dean Milman's first literary success was as the advocate of orthodoxy, his reputation was pinned on to that of the great writer to whom he constituted himself a literary parasite. But he learned from Gibbon broader and more honest views—and the 'Latin Christianity,' is no unworthy sequel to the 'Decline and Fall.'

We especially direct the attention of literary students to this illustrious writer as a model of style; and this in two respects. In the first place, as Mr. Morison has well said, Gibbon shews a master's command of his subject, co-ordinating, arranging, grouping together the complex multiplicity of his material. In this control of a vast subject, he is remarkable, when we compare his work with that of Mr. Buckle in the 'History of English Civilization.' But, in the second place, Gibbon's History is noteworthy for the purity, the fire, the force of his style. Whatever is to be seen he has eyes to see. Even in the superstitions which it is his duty to detest and his nature to despise, he can see 'the soul of good in things evil.' For instance, when he contrasts the good effected by the Bishop of Carthage, Deogratias, with the triumphs of Belisarius—Deogratias had turned the churches of Carthage to a good purpose little contemplated by their founders, by utilizing them as hospitals. Gibbon remarks, 'Can we compare the successor of Hannibal with the successor of St. Cyprian?' M. Guizot's notes are most valuable. This *edition de luxe* of one of the greatest books we possess brings Gibbon's History fully up to the stand-point of modern thought, and supplies, in the best form of type and paper, an intellectual enjoyment to which as yet modern literature presents no parallel.

The Virginia Bohemians; a Novel, by JOHN ESTEN COOKE; Harper's Library of American Fiction, No. 14. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

We really *had* thought they were dead. We thought so, because, you know, they really ought to be. Those virtuous wandering acrobats, in crumpled fleshings and tawdry tinsels,—how far have they marched along dusty pages! (roads, we should have said)—what untimely graces of character they have exhibited, what contrasts they have afforded to the viciously respectable spectators that look down upon them! Is it any wonder that we should have fondly imagined that the moral strain and physical wear and tear they have undergone, in even our limited experience, must have done for them? We had not seen them lately, and we did hope their circus performance was 'played out.'

But it was not to be. Here they are again,—the clown of better days, slightly idiotic and given to tears in his secluded moments, but a gentleman by birth and feeling, and perfectly game to turn up trumps in the line of recovered relations within ten pages of the end of the tale. Here is his son, a talented turner of somersaults, who saves a lovely lady twice, first from a carriage accident and then from a most accommodating and savage panther. We need not mention that he risks his life on each occasion or that he catches brain fever and deliriously murmurs out the secret of his love, which the young lady in question overhears just in the nick of time, or that he suffers pangs of remorse in hearing that she heard him; we do not mention these circumstances because

would be an insult to the perception of our readers to tell them anything so self-evident.

Then there is the heavy man, giant, lifter of weights, catcher of cannon-balls, who holds detectives (in the pay of the gentlemanly villain) over perpendicular cliffs at arm's length, until they disclose their employer's base designs. Surely it is unnecessary to say that this man, who begins the tale in a lively manner by smashing the circus manager, is at heart the most delicately gentle being, a compound of motherly gentleness and fatherly care, and that he is devotedly attached to a small tightrope dancer of tender years, named Mouse, whom he carries in his arms and generally adores. These qualities, as we well know, always hang together, and the appearance of a particularly vicious, beetle-browed man, given to drink and frowning, always makes us look out for the little girl who is going to twine her fingers round his brawny fist, and we have never yet been disappointed.

Then there is the nice old grey-haired pastor, needed to throw the unexpected virtues of the Bohemians into bold relief by the contrast of his more regular goodness. But we do not care for the little scene which the Rev. Mr. Grantham, the Lefthander and Mouse got up at p. 60. They must all have been reading *Les Miserables*, or the Lefthander would never have demanded shelter so brusquely or so much in the vein of Jean Valjean at M. Myriel's door.

'I am in distress, my child is sick.'

'Come in, friend.'

'I am a common man, a circus-actor, will you lodge us?'

'Yes.'

'You know nothing about me. I may be a tramp or a thief. You are not afraid?'

'Mr. Grantham took Mouse in his arms: "No, I am not afraid," he said.

'"I have money," said the Lefthander, "I will pay."

'As he spoke he took gold from his pocket, Mr. Grantham put it aside gently. "Are you hungry?" he said.

'"If you should require anything during the night, friend, you will find me in the room underneath, there is no bolt on the door."

'"You are not afraid of my robbing you?" repeated the Lefthander. Mr. Grantham shook his head.'

It is true that the acrobat does not steal the candlesticks, when he departs before dawn, which is the only stroke of originality about the scene. It is impossible, however, to say how things might have turned out if the candlesticks had been silver. But it will be readily admitted that it was too bad of these characters to go through this little farce and get good, innocent Mr. Esten Cooke (who never read Fantine—oh, no!) to take it all down as original!

The rest of the tale is on a par with this. The rich villain turns out to be Mouse's father, and after needlessly spending much money and planning several futile burglaries in order to get at the evidence of his marriage to Mouse's mother, suddenly and quite as needlessly goes round on the other tack, owns his crimes, acknowledges his child, and dexterously gets himself shot at the right moment in a fight between United States cavalry and illicit whiskey distillers. Mr. Cooke's style is very chaste. In an amorous description, such as this: 'The R. R. lips grew mournful, and the L. B. eyes were half closed, weighed down apparently by half-suppressed tears,' he is probably unequalled. A smaller minded man would have preferred to repeat the adjectives 'red, ripe' and 'large, brilliant,' rather than indicate them by their initials, but what a nameless charm would have been lost in the slavish process!

The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin, Vol. V. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1880.

ALTHOUGH we must readily admit that Kings, Princes, and Serene Highnesses can, even now-a-days, find much to do in the way of work, and can also succeed in doing it honestly and well, yet we see nothing in this elaborate memoir to lead us to believe that the lives of such illustrious personages will ever afford any instructive reading. The present volume, for instance, divides itself sharply into two different sections, one treating of the general Home and Continental politics of the day, and the other relating to the domestic life of the Royal Family. Now the first division is attached by the slenderest thread to the biography of which it forms so conspicu-

ous a part. We have a page or two of Napoleon's designs, of Cavour's intrigues, of Lord Cowley's despatches, or Lord Palmerston's speeches. At the end of all an extract from a letter to Baron Stockmar gives the Prince Consort's views on the subject, and forms the sole link by virtue of which a chapter of European history has been palmed off upon us as part of the life of Prince Albert!

This part of the book, however, is at least of some use, but the domesticities of the Royal family, which make up the other half it, are neither amusing nor instructive. Even the Court-news-man must prefer the less detailed, but more recent, news of Royalty to be found in his favourite corner of the papers.

It is no doubt highly satisfactory to be told on the unimpeachable authority of their parents that "Vicky" and "Bertie" were always very good, pious and affectionate children. It did not need this book to assure the public that Her Majesty and the Prince practised all the homely and domestic virtues. King George III. did the like, yet never had *his* private life embalmed in five volumes, with such perfection of detail as this,—"Time flies . . . to-morrow we leave "beautiful Balmoral. . . We shall "stay two days at Edinburgh, that we "may see a little of mamma, and travel "over night to Osborne, where, if we "leave Edinburgh about seven in the "evening, we shall be next morning at "breakfast about nine" (p. 162).

On one of two grounds only (neither of which exists in this case) can a royal biography be excused; either the royal personage must be so great a character that, like Napoleon I. we should have wished to see his life written, although he had never put on the purple,—or overwhelming misfortune must supply the place of true greatness of soul. The latter exception covers the case of the unfortunate Louis XVI. But what can we do but laugh at the pathos that finds the ceremony of the coronation of the present King of Prussia "very touching," and thinks "there was hardly a dry eye in the Church!"

Much is said in these pages with the view of exalting the Prince Consort's reputation as a European statesman. No one will deny that his continental training had opened for him many sources of intelligence and information which would lie outside the range of the ordinary Insular Minister of Foreign Affairs. He made good use of these advantages and placed his special knowledge freely at the disposal of the Cabinet. But we look in vain through this volume for any proof of that unerring sagacity with which his admirers are too ready to endow his memory. The charge of entertaining German feelings was, no doubt, pushed against him in his lifetime to an unfair extent, and it has been quite as foolishly entirely ignored by his flatterers ever since that time. The Prince himself never denied the existence of these German principles, which were, of course, part of his nature. On the vital subjects of the policies of Italy and Prussia, they clearly swayed his mind to a semi-unconscious state of opposition towards the prevalent English sentiment.

When Count Cavour was compelled, by the success of Garibaldi's rising in Sicily and Naples, to assume the control of that vast popular movement and to accept the fealty of Italy for his master, all England sympathised with him. But Prussia did not like this awkward recognition of popular rights and refused to recognise the government which had inherited the affection of the estranged subjects of King Bomba. Too clearly we see which side the prince was upon. All the difficult circumstances that had pushed Cavour on were, in his eyes, cunning devices of Cavour's own planning. Venetia was to be snatched next. The out-spoken dispatch in which Lord John Russell justified the course adopted by Victor Emmanuel's government was disapproved alike by Prince Albert and the Crown Prince of Prussia.

The same spring of action is seen in the readiness with which he believed that Italy, now consolidated, would become a vassal of France, and march under its banners to the destruction of Germany. This improbable forecast was enough to make him oppose the unification of Italy and to pen the complaint to Lord Clarendon, which we find at p. 326. 'Every *anti* German movement is received with enthusiasm here, viz., that of the Italians against Austria; of the Hungarians against the same; of the Danes against Schleswig-Holstein; of the Poles against Russia and Austria.' Of course, it was much to be regretted that in all these cases it happened to be the German Government and none other that was oppressing subjected and weaker nations,—but that could hardly be imputed as a fault to English public opinion, which

simply sided with the weaker party wherever it was to be found.

The excessively Prussian tone observable in all this has caught the biographer also, and we find him gravely stating that the King of Prussia was indisposed 'on moral no less than on political grounds, to establish an empire upon the spoliation of his brother Sovereigns' (p. 248). The political balance of convenience no doubt shifted, after the date referred to; and as for the *moral* grounds,—well, they do not appear to have troubled Prussia very much! It is strange that with all his sympathy for Prussia, the prince seems to have held the fixed opinion that that country was powerless for any great effort, although she was at that time upon the threshold of her greatest modern achievements.

Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists. Sir Peter Paul Rubens, by CHARLES W. KETT, M. A. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

The fact that immediately strikes one in reading the life of Rubens, is the independent freedom of his position. We cannot help turning to our own country and remembering that Hogarth was forced to paint tavern signs for a living, that Wilson could only obtain purchasers among Jew brokers, and nearly died of starvation, and that even Turner was unable to sell one of his finest pictures at the absurdly low price of one hundred and fifty guineas.

How this want of appreciation contrasts with the honours, titles and friendships lavished on Rubens and his free and bold way in dealing even with royalty—witness his letter to the Duke of Mantua's secretary, intended to be reported to his patron the Duke. His Highness wished Rubens to go to France to paint the court beauties there. Rubens answers 'seeing the kind of commission I cannot imagine the Duke will give their Majesties a full idea of *what I am*,' and a little further on he suggests that some one else should do the paintings and that he need not lose his time 'in works to my notion low, vulgar and open to all.' We cannot imagine Sir Joshua appealing thus to one of our own Royal Georges even through the filtering medium afforded by any number of secretaries. This, however, is the tone and magnificence of manner which Rubens adopted throughout his life, not that he was independent of his art; on the contrary, he had a keen eye to its business aspects, and complained bitterly when money was owing to him for the works of his brush.

Mr. Kett evidently does not thoroughly admire Rubens' works, and ever and again alludes to his want of the highest feelings in art. Colour and style are this master's characteristics,—of the latter quality Fuseli says 'he levelled his subject to his style, but seldom, if ever, his style with his subject.' Rubens can be understood and appreciated only on the continent and best at Munich.

This little volume has numerous illustrations of the artist's more celebrated pictures, but little can be said in favour of the woodcuts. Some in fact are wretchedly executed, noticeably 'The Triumph of Silenus,' 'The Lion Hunt,' and the 'Repose in Egypt.' The reproductions of portraits are decidedly the most carefully done.

Mr. Kett gets a little confused at times, as at page 7, where he speaks of a statue sitting in two provinces. The reader is compelled to stop and try to imagine what idea was really meant to be conveyed by this phrase. Even when told that the imaginary statue is by Michel Angelo and that the provinces are small ones, he feels it can't be done and simply has to 'give it up.'

The book is well indexed and carefully printed, and is on the whole a handy and interesting little work.

Clara Vaughan; a Novel by R. D. BLACKMORE. No. 120 Franklin Square Library. Harper Bros.: New York, 1880.

Mr. Blackmore informs us in his preface that this is his maiden attempt at novel writing; that it has been carefully revised and that it has been ranked (as he seems to think wrongly) by the 'indolent reviewers' in the class of sensation novels. We do not wish to boast a too extensive acquaintance with this class; but we should not hesitate to call a story which contains two murders (one real and one attempted), a kidnapping, a heroine who removes bricks with her taper fingers and a penknife in order to escape from an underground dissecting-

room in which she is immured, sundry other minor yet hair-breadth escapes, to say nothing of a full complement of broken hearts, assorted vows of revenge and various mysterious daggers,—we should not hesitate to call such a story, we say, a fair specimen of the tribe and quite up to the average.

Clara Vaughan is a heroine of the right sort. Though exquisitely beautiful she roams London alone, visits an underground cellar (by no means to be confounded with the before mentioned dissecting-room) in company with a detective to watch certain Italian conspirators; forces her way into the private room of her father's murderer and confronts him face to face. She is of course clever and knows everything, so we are not at all surprised at her elegant remark to her uncle: 'Child do you call me? *Me who am* seventeen and have lived seven such years as I have *and no one else!*'

The story turns upon the revenge she seeks for her father who was stabbed in bed when she was ten years old. Naturally everything comes right in the end, though she endures enough in the process to kill two or three young women of unheroic mettle.

Chaucer, by ADOLPHUS W. WARD. English Men of Letters Series; edited by JOHN MORLEY. New York, Harper Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son, 1880.

We may take it for granted that Chaucer's will be the earliest life, in order of date, that is to be embraced in this series. Before his time there is no one man of letters whose life and works could furnish out material for a small volume. Even in the case of Chaucer, Professor Ward has experienced some difficulty in collecting enough matter to fill his pages, and has to fall back to a considerable extent upon the delineation of the age the poet lived in; a process which has the effect of a somewhat sketchy portrait surrounded by an inordinate amount of gilt framing.

The knowledge we possess of this our earliest English poet, apart from the internal evidence presented to us in his works, is curiously scanty and it scarcely touches at all on the literary side of his character.

It is hardly too much to say that if Chaucer had not happened to have been a courtier, soldier, ambassador, controller of Customs and clerk of the works, we should barely possess a single record of his external life. Luckily the State Papers in connection with these offices still exist, in order to fix for us the salient dates and to supply the skeleton framework upon which his biographers hang (with more or less success) their delineations of the breathing and moving substance of his true, inner existence. No wonder that with such scanty data it is found somewhat difficult to adjust the ideal Chaucer with the ex-controller of Customs who had to forestall his annuities and even to obtain letters of protection from the king forbidding any one to sue or arrest him for the space of two years.

His relations with his wife, too, appear wrapped in some little mystery, and we can only conjecture how it was that he contrived to enjoy the favour of Richard II. without forfeiting that of his successor.

In dealing with the very slight material at his disposal, Prof. Ward does not seem to us to have been over successful. One short chapter would have held all the undoubted facts of Chaucer's life, which we now have to hunt for up and down the volume amid seas of conjectures and critical remarks upon his works. The general effect produced on us by this mode of mis-arrangement has been unsatisfactory.

It is pleasant to picture to ourselves the world that Chaucer lived in. Up and down the broad Thames, spanned by no bridge between the city and Kingston, go the barges of king and noble, whilst swan and cygnet plume themselves by osier beds and eyots. The fishermen spread their nets beneath the shadow of the Hall at Westminster, already grey with age, and quickly, sharply, ring the masons' trowels hard-by, where the clerk of the works, with his abstracted looks and down-cast eye, inspects the newly rising piles of fair, white Caën stone. London is in the country. The wide river, unimprisoned by banks, spreads its fenny meadows, rare places for wild fowl, right up to the ancient walls. The houses of great men, embosomed in trees, stretch in a long line down the windings of the river between the king's palace at Westminster and the city proper, their gardens running back to the clear pebbly strand. You may see King Edward start for

France, may hear high debate in Parliament, may ever and anon see a peasant revolution break upon those pleasant palaces and shiver them and itself into a thousand atoms, or you may watch Bolingbroke go by on Richard's favourite steed,—and yet, a hundred paces off, there is quiet, and a cool, green sward studded with the eyes of a thousand daisies and the voice of a nightingale ringing through the copses.

There lay the secret. England was fair, her men were brave, the tide of life ran through every channel of the State, but this was not enough. The young springtide woods, they, too, are fair, but, lacking the song of the bird, you cannot draw its full fragrance from the primrose bank or the sloping field where the cowslips nod and cluster. England lay mute, the beauty of its youth passing away unrecorded, when the voice of Chaucer broke the spell. Through him we see the splendour of a noon-tide chivalry, by his help we recognise the lowly worth of the poor Parson and his brother which would have passed unnoticed by any chronicle, and each movement of national life, for good or for evil, comes to him as it were with an appealing look to

"make its meaning good."

This he did, not didactically but dramatically, portraying in narrow space the different types he saw so plentifully around him, and never losing that air of freshness and that love of nature which are among his greatest charms. On turning to Chaucer after reading other poets, we feel as he felt at the return of the joyful spring season :

'Ful is myn hert of revel and solas.'

LITERARY NOTES.

A TIMELY and well-conceived Essay on the present 'Revision of the New Testament and its Probable Results,' has reached us from the pen of the Rev. James Wallworth Davis, B.D., bearing the imprint of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto.

Messrs. Appleton & Co., of New York, have, we learn, nearly completed arrangements for the publication of a series of 'American Men of Letters,' to match Mr. John Morley's English series, and of which the first issues will be Hawthorne, Washington Irving, and Poe. The series, we understand, is to be sufficiently comprehensive to admit statesmen, as well as political writers and literary men generally. Mr. Goldwin Smith has been asked to prepare the volume on Washington.

The Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., the cultured editor of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, has just brought out, in book form, a serial story, entitled 'Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher,' which has been appearing in the Magazine under his charge during the past year. The story deals with certain phases of Canadian life during the War of 1812, and portrays incidents connected with Evangelical Methodism and the heroic character of its early pioneer preachers, which give considerable historic value to the work.

We are in receipt of a pamphlet, bearing the date Toronto, 1928, purporting to be 'The Memoirs of a Canadian Secretary,' posthumously published, and relating the history of political events, particularly with regard to the National Policy, and other incidents in connection with Canadian affairs, happening previous to the year above mentioned. The *brochure* will be interesting to those who exercise their imaginative faculties in divining what is in store for us in the years to come.

The Calendar of Queen's University and College, Kingston, for the years 1880-81, has just been sent us by Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson, and is tangible evidence of the strides made by 'Queen's,' under its enthusiastic and hard-working Principal, Dr. Grant, since he assumed

the Presidency. The appearance of the Calendar is also indicative of the position the authorities of the College desire to assume for it in the race for first rank among the higher Educational Institutions of Canada. Appended to the Calendar are the Examination Papers in Arts, Theology, and Medicine for the past session.

Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal, have just brought out an interesting record of a journey undertaken by the Rev. D. M. Gordon, of Ottawa, from Victoria, B. C., by way of the Skeena River, the Peace River Pass, and the Lesser Slave Lake, to Fort Edmonton and Winnipeg, Manitoba. The itinerary makes a good-sized duodecimo volume, bearing the title of "Mountain and Prairie," and is embellished with a number of drawings from photographs taken by some members of the party—of the C. P. R. Engineering staff—with whom the author travelled. We hope to review the book at some length in our next.

Messrs. J. R. Osgood, of Boston, have with commendable promptness translated and published in book form, under the title of 'English Conferences,' the lectures recently delivered at the Royal Institution, London, by M. Ernest Renan, on Rome and Christianity. The volume comprises, in addition to the dissertation on Marcus Aurelius, four lectures on the following topics: The sense in which Christianity is a Roman work; The legend of the Roman Church—Peter and Paul; Rome, the Centre of the Formation of Ecclesiastical Authority; and Rome, the Capital of Catholicism. The work abounds with fine passages descriptive of the condition of Rome in the early Christian era, with graphic sketches of incident and character which can scarcely fail to enthral the reader.

The clever and genial cartoonist of *Grip*, we are glad to learn, is about to project a Portrait Gallery of Canadian journalists, *littérateurs*, and artists, to be produced in a wash of colour, somewhat after the style of the *Vanity Fair* cartoons, photographing the idiosyncracies of manner and bearing of each subject, without the exaggeration which, in the case of the English serial, frequently descends to caricature. The series is to be accompanied by well-written letter-press sketches of whatever is of moment in the biographical history of each of the characters treated of, with a critical study of their productions. This new enterprise of Mr. Bengough's will, no doubt, receive such favour as is the meed of one who has done so much to happily illustrate, in his peculiar department, native contemporary political and social history.

BRIC-À-BRAC.*

A sea-horse is a sea-horse,
When you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the *bay*,
A bay-horse then is he.

'I am afraid that I am going to have a stiff neck.' 'Not at all improbable, my dear: I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were married.'

'What pretty children, and how much they look alike!' says C., during a first visit to a friend's house. 'They are twins,' his friend explains. 'What, both of 'em?' exclaims C., greatly interested.

The teacher had been telling the story of David, and said in ending 'All this happened more than three thousand years ago.' Whereupon one little witch looked up and said, 'O dear ma'am what a memory you have got!'

A young lady surprised the gentlemanly clerk by offering him fifty cents in payment for a dollar purchase. 'It amounts to a dollar, if you please,' said the gentlemanly clerk. 'I know it does,' was the answer, 'but papa is only paying fifty cents on the dollar now.'

'What is the worst thing about riches?' asked the superintendent. And the new boy in the back class under the gallery, who only came in last Sunday, stood up and said, 'Their scarcity.' And in his confusion the superintendent told the school to rise and sing 'Don't be weary, children.'

In his current expositions of Scripture, an old Scotch minister had his own way —which may not have been a peculiar way—of dealing with passages hard to be understood. He would say:—'No doubt, my Christian brethren, there is a great difficulty here, as the commentators are agreed upon that; so let us look the difficulty boldly in the face and —pass on!'

A story is told of a sexton of Biggar, who, on one occasion, was staring and glowering at Sandy M'Latchie as the latter was zig-zagging his way homewards. This was evidently too much for Sandy's patience, for, turning round—'Ye auld gravedigger clodhopper,' exclaimed Sandy, on catching the sexton's eye, 'ye needna stare and tak' stock o' me; I gang to *Carluke* when I'm buried?'

A San Francisco man went into the country to avoid a predicted earthquake, and on his journey was run away with in a stage-coach, and, being thrown out, fell into the creek and barely escaped drowning. On getting ashore, he was tackled by a bear, and, when he finally escaped the animal and got to a ranche, the proprietor came out with his dog and gun and almost killed him, thinking he was a robber. He avoided the earthquake.

Dumas, the elder, had a weakness for placing himself and his friends at the service of every new acquaintance he made. Once upon a time he sent to a friend an ornament of the swell mob, as it afterwards appeared, with one of the most gushing of letters of introduction. 'Throw wide open to him the doors of your house and your heart; treat him as you would me,' and so on. Shortly afterwards Dumas encountered his friend who was decidedly frigid, and on his demanding an explanation of this coolness, his friend said, 'Don't you remember sending me a gentleman with a very enthusiastic letter of introduction?' 'Yes, yes; fine fellow—real heart of gold—full of wit—charming companion.' 'Yes, I dessay, but he stole my watch from off the mantelpiece.' 'What? Your watch too?'

THE SUMMER PARADISES OF TORONTO.

No. I.—The Island.

We have gone through 'I love' in all moods and all tenses,
Yet the false, foolish phrase, it still charms us to hear;
We're not tired of the pleasures that Hanlan dispenses
At 'The Point' with its programme—boats, bathing, and beer.

From the wharf, as we move, how the steamer is dashing
Through the calm of the lustrous, clear, mirroring lake!
See the diamond spray from the paddle-wheel splashing;
See what glory of emeralds gleams in her wake.

How they crowd, how they crush, as the pier we move on to,
Sure, the city's 'gilt youth' looks its gayest to-day,
The light, brown-haired, laughing girl-face of Toronto,
The lithe manly forms of the boys of the Bay.

And the light canoe sweeps around lakelet and inlet,
Each boy-captain king of his watery realm!
As he goes glad at heart with his girl for a pilot,
And Youth at the prow is, and Pleasure at helm!

And the children! each type of imp, sea-nymph, and fairy,
Bare legs in fresh water, bare heads in fresh air
Give them pop corn in handfuls, of buns be not chary,
Make each little face bright with all joy it can share.

Do we meet in the crowd—poet, publisher, printer,
Fellow-workmen who toil for the bookselling tribe?
Ho! bartender! quick! of the beer be no stinter,
To each other's good health which in turn we imbibe.

But the city, far west in the sun-setting glory,
The signal for homeward returning presents,
Of our trip to the Island this tells you the story,
Where to go and return only costs one ten cents.

M.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

GORDON'S 'MOUNTAIN AND PRAIRIE.'*

BY PRINCIPAL GRANT, D.D.

OUR North-west is a fruitful mother of authors. Her vast plains, billowing away to unknown horizons, give to the traveller an inspiration there is no resisting, and in spite of enemies, he must write a book. So was it in the days of the Verendryes, and of those equally gallant Highlanders—many of them broken chiefs and men from Culloden—who founded the North-West Company. So is it in our day. Milton and Cheadle, Hind, Butler, the Earls of Southesk and Dunraven, Horetzky, Dawson, and a multitudinous host who have been content to figure in newspapers, pamphlets, reports, or blue books, have told the story of the 'Great Lone Land' over and over, dwelling lovingly on every detail of what they saw, and how they lived, while trapping, travelling, and camping. There is a wonderful charm in the free life of forest and prairie, where a few words with an Indian guide take the place of newspapers, telegrams, and the tattle of society;—a charm of which, to judge by the circulation of the books describing the life, even readers at home get some faint flavour. For, though we ought by this time to be somewhat tired of the North-West, each new work about it is eagerly bought, even by a Canadian public that is not given to buying books. 'Mountain and Prairie,' just published by the Dawsons of Montreal, is therefore sure of a welcome. It is entitled to a special welcome because of its own merits, the trustworthiness of the author, and the absorbing political interest connected with the Canada Pacific Railway.

Mr. Gordon travelled over much of the old and some new ground. He writes naturally, without exaggeration of language and sentiment, and without invention of thrilling incidents. He almost apologizes for not having been scalped, or at least scared, by the Indians. He has not even killed 'a grizzly,' for the edification of his readers, nor filled a single chapter with minute descriptions of how his dog

* *Mountain and Prairie*; a Journey from Victoria to Winnipeg, *via* Peace River Pass, by the Rev. Daniel M. Gordon, B.D., Ottawa. Montreal: Dawson Bros.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1880.

looked while eating, sleeping, or skulking, and how his horse gazed upon him with unutterable poems in his large eyes, when drowning. We accompany him from point to point of his journey, feeling instinctively all the time that we are in the company of a reliable narrator, and a man so genial and ready of resource, that we would like nothing better than to camp with him. Like every one else who knows anything of the North-West, he has faith in its future; but he neither belittles the difficulties in the way, nor shuts his eyes to unpleasant facts. Enthusiasts about the great Peace River country will be annoyed that he gives his own experience instead of confining himself to theirs, and that he is content to say concerning the vast plateau with its millions of acres yet unbroken by the plough, that *probably* wheat will be a safe crop, inasmuch as it is cultivated on the river flats, whose elevation is 800 feet less; and they will simply not believe him, or insinuate that he has some sinister end in view, when he mentions that the wheat at the Mission adjoining Dunvegan and at Hudson's Hope were hopelessly injured by the frost last August. All the same, we are thankful to get the facts. Reasonable beings can be trusted to make their own deductions.

Mr. Gordon accompanied the party sent last year to examine Northern British Columbia, and the Peace River and Pine River Passes, leading from the Rocky Mountains to the prairies on this side. The party consisted of Messrs. Cambie and Macleod, of the Railway Engineering Staff, and Dr. G. M. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, whose notes on the general character of districts visited by him, as well as on his special department of their geology and natural history, are always valuable. Mr. Gordon's book is chiefly a record of the impressions made on him from day to day as he travelled from the Pacific coast to the Peace River country, and thence on the home-stretch to the Saskatchewan and Red Rivers. The illustrations are from photographs by Dr. Dawson and Messrs. Selwyn and Horetzky, and the maps from the most recent in the Departments of the Canada Pacific Railway, and of the Interior. These features may be considered essential to a book of travels. They certainly add greatly to its value, and make it attractive to all classes of readers.

My present purpose, however, is not to review or give extracts from 'Mountain and Prairie.' Books of its class can be judged of from extracts only as a house can be judged from a specimen brick. He that would form a correct idea of book or house must inspect the whole for himself. I would merely refer in passing to the description of what is, perhaps, the most successful mission to the Indians in the world, Mr. Duncan's at Metla Katlah, and at the same time take the liberty of advising all who are interested in our Indians on this side of the Rocky Mountains, to read the Hon. Alexander Morris's recently-published work, 'The Treaties of Canada with the Indians of Manitoba, the North-West Territories, and Keewatin.' In this paper I intend to refer only to two subjects suggested by Mr. Gordon's book, which are now occupying men's minds, and which, if I mistake not, are likely to occupy them still more in the immediate future. I refer to the Chinese question, and more particularly to our Pacific Railway problem, involving such points as the proper Pacific terminus, the expediency of beginning construction so soon on the Pacific slope, and the best route from the Saskatchewan to the Rocky Mountains.

The first of these questions has risen into continental importance this summer by the two great political parties in the United States elevating it to the dignity of a plank in their Presidential platforms. This tribute to their good cause must be gratifying to the hoodlums of the Pacific coast.

The other question is of more immediate interest to Canadians. It involves, in one way or another, all the issues now before us as a people, issues so great that our very existence is bound up with their determination. Such a question should surely be discussed on its merits, and as much as possible apart from political or party interests. Every man who has an intelligent opinion should express it calmly, if it be in him to speak calmly. If not, why then let him speak or write in the best way he can.

The Chinese question is a comparatively small one, so far as Canada is concerned. All the more shame to us, that an uncertain sound was given on the subject at the outset; and that one or two agitators, who pose as friends of the working man, were allowed to fancy that the idea of excluding Chinamen from our shores could be entertained for a moment by our House of Commons. In the United States, the agitation is formidable, though, even there, it is more formidable in appearance than in reality. However, as mere politicians never see beneath the surface, there is some excuse for them if they think that a tub must be thrown to the whale, when the whale takes the shape of the great States of California and Oregon. And so Republican vies with Democrat in courting Kearneyism even when Kearneyism is getting shorn of its locks. We could not expect anything else than an anti-Chinese policy from the Democratic party. Not having fugitive negroes to hunt, it naturally takes to hunting Mongolians. And when a man like Senator Bayard based his opposition to Chinese immigration upon patriotism and a philosophy of history, how can we blame the rank and file for taking up the cry more loudly than before, of 'the Chinese must go,' or 'no more Chinese must come.' Who could blame Legree for buying slaves, when the ablest Presbyterian clergyman in New Orleans defended in pulpits and church courts the divine right of slavery, with power and even with passion! But we expected something very different from the Republican party. It had taken its stand on human rights. Under that sign it marched to victory. And now it seeks, and will seek in vain, to conjure with the spells of its beaten foe. Its position towards the Chinese, combined with those proud boasts of what it did for the slave, with which the platform opens, is another illustration of the truth that a political party is apt to exhaust its strength in doing one great work. That done, its mission is fulfilled, and, —like the Corn law league—it should dissolve. If it determines to maintain its organization, it ossifies. Corruption follows, and then—the sooner the better—death and burial. However, as I have said, United States politicians may plead that they are under a strong temptation to speak ambiguously or immorally on the Chinese question. Canadian politicians can hardly plead even that. Everything is to be said in favour of bringing more Chinese into Canada. Nothing in favour of expelling those who are already in. And the anti-Chinese party with us is scarcely more influential than the tailors of Tooley Street in Great Britain.

The Chinamen in British Columbia are, as a class, 'sober, diligent, frugal and trustworthy.' My experience was the same as Mr. Gordon's. I never saw better servants, and only wish that I could have induced one to come east with me. They get good wages, and are quite willing to take all that they can get. They have no decided preference for a low wage. It must be admitted that, instead of spending their money on brandy and soda, or calling for tubs of champagne, in which to wash their feet, like the jolly miners who were welcomed so cordially into the Province, and who have left it much as they found it, Chinamen save as much as possible to take home to their parents and children, or as a provision for old age. Such patriotism, filial piety, and forethought, I have heard

indignantly denounced. 'They are objected to,' says Mr. Gordon, 'by the saloon-keeper,' who gets no custom from them; by the indolent, whom they prevent from exacting exorbitant wages for a minimum of work; by agitators, who try to win the favour of the white working-man, and by others who are more or less influenced by those objectors. And yet, remove the Chinamen, and you disturb every industry in British Columbia; exclude their future immigration, and you increase the cost of working your future factories.' Yes, exclude them, and your factories will be 'future' for a long time. If there is one thing that British Columbia needs more than anything else in the world, it is abundance of labour. It has physical difficulties of no ordinary kind to contend with; torrents roaring for miles through gloomy canyons, seas of mountains, magnificent distances. There is no hope of its resources being developed unless abundant capital flows in; and capital will keep away while cheap labour is excluded or threatened. Can capitalists who have to pay mechanics $3 a day compete with those who pay $2?

The anti-Chinese cry anywhere is absurdly and fundamentally opposed to human rights; but the absurdity waxes to the zenith when we consider the very small white population of the very big Province, and the fact that those few whites are themselves comparatively recent immigrants. There are about 30,000 Indians, 10,000 whites and 5,000 Chinamen in British Columbia. There would be some show of reason in the aboriginal inhabitants saying to the others, 'you white and yellow strangers must go.' But though the red man beholds his favourite fishing grounds seized and the very graves of his forefathers grudged to him, he gives all the children of the Great Spirit kindly welcome. It is a party among the recently arrived whites that steps forward with the cry, 'this country is ours; we cannot compete with the Chinese; the Chinese must go.' On what ground must they go? 'They are immoral,' it is piously answered. Why then do you not pass laws to exclude immoral people of every nationality? 'They work more cheaply than we.' But, though working men in former days smashed improved machinery on that ground, they do not dream of doing so now. Give then the Chinaman the same toleration that you extend to machinery. Do not smash him. Machinery is just what British Columbia needs. 'They pay in very little to the Government in the shape of taxes.' Lower Canadians have been accused of this same crime against Her Majesty's Exchequer. But both Chinamen and French Canadians pay more taxes than machinery at any rate. 'They will not become naturalized.' Do Englishmen, who go to China to seek their fortune, take out letters of naturalization there? Besides, what inducements do you hold out to tempt them to take such a step? 'They associate closely together and so control the market.' Is clannishness a crime, and rigging the market a Mongolian invention? 'They do not bring their wives with them.' If the men are insulted is it any wonder that they are slow to bring their women. I am almost ashamed to argue the question. One word on it ought to be enough. By what *right* do we propose to exclude from Canada men of any country who come offering to do honest work for us? Of all people in the world, how can we who believe in the unity of the race and the love of God for humanity listen with patience to such talk? And, with regard to what people can we entertain it with so little decency as with regard to the Chinese, who—to begin with—asked only to be let alone, and on whom we forced ourselves in the name of the rights of man. If the game of exclusion is to be played, the Chinese will be delighted. They have no doubt that they can get on better without us than

we without them. And they have only to stop giving us tea to bring us to our knees.

As to the phases of the Pacific Railway question which I have indicated, Mr. Gordon has come to the conclusion that Edmonton is a necessary objective point on the main line; and the most direct course from Edmonton is by the Yellow Head Pass, and thence by the Thompson and Fraser Rivers to Burrard Inlet. He is thus substantially at one with the present and former Governments in their location of the line and selection of the terminus; and though he says nothing on the expediency of beginning construction on the Pacific slope this year, it is clear that if the right route has been adopted, commencing now in the mountains may be premature but cannot be fatal. But, if Edmonton is not a necessary objective point, and if the northern route leading to Port Simpson be the one to which opinion is gravitating, then the ten millions of dollars we have undertaken to spend between Yale and Kamloops might just as well be thrown into the sea. What then should we do, instead, it may be asked? Do? We should do nothing towards building a mile of the line in British Columbia until at any rate there is practical unanimity among competent authorities as to whether it should go to Burrard Inlet or Port Simpson. We should on no account take a possibly fatal leap in the dark. Is it asking too much to plead for delay till some responsible engineer can tell us positively whether the northern or southern line is the right one, or is it now too late to ask? Formerly I asked in various public ways for a good deal more. Again and again I have maintained that we should not begin construction on the Pacific slope until we had from a million to a million and a half people in the North-West. That may have been an extravagant contention on my part. I do not think it was. It seems to me an eminently reasonable position to take, and a rough test that the people generally could understand as readily as experts.

Governments, however, are wiser than the people, and members of the House of Commons are more powerful than King Canute. They believe that they have only to vote millions, and that of course the millions will be forthcoming. This is not to be wondered at. But that a particular route and terminus for the Pacific Railway should be adopted by successive Orders in Council before the Chief Engineer, or any other engineer, or competent authority, would venture to say which of the two great competing routes was the right one, seems to me so wonderful that I am inclined to question my own sanity. For, of course, I cannot think of questioning the sanity of twenty or thirty Cabinet Ministers.

Mistakes are made in connection with every great undertaking. That is a matter of course. No one need wonder therefore that mistakes—some of them diplomatic, others engineering—have been made in connection with the Pacific Railway. As practical men, too, we have to look at recent, rather than at ancient, mistakes. Surely then the two mistakes for which least excuse can be offered were committed, (1) when an Order in Council was passed in July, 1878, adopting the Burrard Inlet route; (2) when another Order in Council was passed, in October, 1879, endorsing that decision. The route adopted may turn out to be the right one; but neither Government had the necessary data to decide a question involving issues of such magnitude. Consequently, no matter what the pressure in each case, the action was immoral. Political necessity is pleaded in justification. That is, we were politically compelled to take a step that might lead to an irretrievable loss of at least ten millions to begin with. Had we really drifted into so preposterous a position? The British Columbians, we are told, were resolved to have justice; resolved, that is, to

have performance instead of promises. They had been tantalized too long. They had come to believe that promises about the railway were made only to be broken, and they were determined to have a bit of railway somewhere, though it should cost the life of the Dominion. What was life without the railway? No doubt political British Columbia took this tone, and exerted pressure, and even used threats. But surely we are allowed to examine their position, and in doing so we are to assume that the people of British Columbia have the same kind of common sense that people elsewhere have. Now, in the name of common sense, what benefit are the bulk of the people of Vancouver's Island and of British Columbia to get from a railway beginning at an insignificant village in the heart of the mountains of the mainland, then winding away from them for an hundred miles or so, and ending nowhere; costing about $100,000 per mile; with a total population of two or three hundred souls along the whole hundred miles, and with no population, and no hope of population beyond? Certainly, no benefit, it will be answered at once, unless the hundred miles in question be a necessary part of the main line. But, if no competent authority ventures to say that the main line should take this route; if the Chief Engineer says, 'I am not in a position to decide, for it may be found in the course of a year or two that the main line should go hundreds of miles to the north'—what then? I would like an average British Columbian to give a reply. In his absence I may—with submission—suggest what might have been done.

The state of the case being as I have described it, could not a Cabinet Minister have been found in one Government or the other, wise enough and bold enough to have assembled the British Columbia representatives in some tea-room and have discoursed to them substantially as follows :—

'Gentlemen, we all—you as well as I—are anxious to preserve this Confederacy of ours; we know too that its various parts must be linked and welded together with iron; that organic filaments will weave themselves round those long iron rails, and make us truly one people; but look calmly and as practical men at the present position. Here we have Marcus Smith contending vehemently against this Burrard Inlet route; men like Selwyn, Horetzky, and others, declaring that we should cross the Saskatchewan, below Prince Albert, make direct for Peace River, and thence to the Pacific by the Pine River Pass; and above all, our Engineer-in-Chief repeatedly asserting that the facts under his hand do not yet warrant him giving a decided opinion, and therefore counselling delay. No sane man then will venture to say that it is clear that the main line should go to Burrard Inlet. If we adopt a route in ignorance, and it turns out that it is a wrong route, we shall not only have thrown away ten millions, but we shall have thrown away for ever all hope of getting a Canada Pacific Railway; for no Government would ever try it again, after such a gigantic blunder had been committed. Therefore, would it not be better all round for us to give you the interest of the ten millions for additional judges, dry-docks, wet-docks, dykes, pumping machinery, branch roads, subsidies to steamers, or anything else under the sun likely to benefit all Canada, and particularly your intelligent constituents, until we get more light, and are clearly and unmistakably in a position to commence construction?' If the representatives saw in some such proposal as this, only a snake in the grass, a cunning scheme to induce them to consent to further delay, and very likely they would, when the Victorians would not change a letter of the inscription on their arch at Lord Dufferin's request, and make it 'Carnarvon terms or Reparation,' instead of 'Carnarvon terms or Separa-

tion,' what then? Would it have been quite impossible for our hypothetical Cabinet Minister to have said, 'very well, gentlemen, we shall employ or allow you to employ the most skilled actuary in Canada. Let him make out a statement, showing the direct and indirect damages you have sustained by Confederation, and we shall pay the bill, and allow your Local House to spend the money. That, or anything else in reason, or a little out of reason, we are willing to do. But a leap in the dark that may imperil our national existence we will not take.' All this may have been politically impossible. I do not profess to be acquainted with how now to do things. But I submit that by some such straightforward proposals, British Columbia—if not the representatives—could have been satisfied. If not, the Dominion Government would have shown that they were resolved to do justly, generously, and wisely, but not madly. Standing on that ground, reasonable beings would stand beside them. And it would have mattered little whether there were a few score irreconcilables or not.

The foregoing argument is based on the fact that no competent engineer or observer, who has seen both Southern and Northern British Columbia, has—so far as known to me—declared absolutely in favour of the Burrard Inlet route. Many will think this incredible, but let there be no mistake on this point. The late Engineer-in-Chief always urged delay, on the grounds that neither British Columbia nor the Prairie country on this side was sufficiently known, and that the consequences of a mistake in the location of the main line would be deplorable. In his Report for the year ending, April 5th, 1879, he says: 'During the last Session of Parliament, I was called upon to express my views with regard to the question of a terminus on the Pacific Coast, and the location of the western end of the line. I submitted the opinion that it would be desirable to gain full and complete information regarding a northern route by Peace or Pine River, and the vast territory through which a northern route has been proposed, with respect to which little is now known. The Government, however, deemed it essential that construction should commence without further delay in British Columbia, and I was directed to state the route, which, under the circumstances, I would advise should be placed under contract. Accordingly, I recommended that if no postponement for further examination could be admitted, and if the immediate commencement of the Railway was imperative, that the choice should fall on the route by the rivers Thomson and Fraser to Burrard Inlet.' In other words, Mr. Fleming said, the Northern route has not been examined yet, and it should be examined before a decision is come to; but of all the routes proposed in Central and Southern British Columbia the Burrard Inlet is the best. He was right. Bute Inlet was the worst and Burrard Inlet the best. But the Northern route might be far better. He asked for delay, but delay could not be granted. A change of Administration took place, and the Chief Engineer again pleaded for delay. His plea was listened to, and the expedition which Mr. Gordon accompanied was sent, in the spring of 1879, to examine the unexplored regions on the coast, in the mountains, and along the Peace River. So great was the eagerness to have no unnecessary delay, that a synopsis of their reports was telegraphed, in September, to the Chief Engineer; and he, having considered it, addressed, on the 30th of September a communication to the Minister of Railways, declaring that enough was now known to justify still further delay. Pointing out that a line leading to Port Simpson would not only accommodate the Peace River country, but that the cost would be considerably less than that of the Burrard Inlet route, he

adds, in language which—coming from a man who is known to weigh every word he utters or writes—is most emphatic: 'There can be no doubt that the examinations made this year, of which partial returns only have as yet been received, go to show that the northern route possesses advantages greater than previously known. From what has been brought to light, I would consider it unwise at this stage to adopt and begin construction on either the Burrard Inlet or Bute Inlet routes.' Notwithstanding this decided opinion, an Order in Council was passed on the 4th of October, re-adopting the Burrard Inlet route. Parliament endorsed the action, and construction has commenced. How many notes of exclamation should be inserted here?

Not to speak of other work of various kinds, in other places, Mr. Sandford Fleming has given us in the Intercolonial Railway a road which it is scant justice to say 'ranks second to none on this continent,' built through a country where nature has interposed almost every conceivable obstacle to the engineer, and built at the cost originally estimated. Every reader of the history knows, too, that the credit for this great achievement cannot be given to the Government Commissioners. Claims connected with the work amounting to several millions, incurred through disregard of his remonstrances, official and unofficial, are still unsettled. He has been offered $6,000 a-year to adjudicate on these, and rejected the offer. He does not pretend to be a judge, least of all upon matters on which, having expressed strong opinions, he is not qualified to be a juryman. If ever man deserved well of Canada, Mr. Fleming does. But he never did more faithful public service than when persistently pleading for delay in locating the western end of the Pacific Railway. He is no longer Chief Engineer. Have we so many able and incorruptible public servants that we can afford to let him retire into private life? His right place now is in the House of Commons.

Mr. Gordon would probably ask, if the Railway goes by Peace River, do you not sacrifice Edmonton and the Bow River country? Not at all, in my opinion. A branch railway would be constructed from Prince Albert, to run between the two Saskatchewans towards the Bow River. This would be one of the most important feeders of the main line.

I do not advocate the Peace River route. All that I submit is that safety seems to lie that way; that there is no necessity for immediate action; and yet, that we are taking a leap in the dark, and in the opposite direction, and in a country full of precipices, because a few heated gentlemen clamour loudly that 'something must be done.'

I have said my brief say on two of the subjects suggested to me by 'Mountain and Prairie.' Writing about the Railway, I feel tempted to go on with the subject and ask, should a Company or the Government build the road? But perhaps it will be time enough to consider this question when offers are made by a Company. Some readers may accuse me of having wandered far from the book I am reviewing. I have allowed myself to do so, for this article is intended not as a substitute for, but as a guide to, Mr. Gordon's book.

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO.

BY ESPERANCE.

UNRUFFLED lay the moon-lit bay
When, from the pine-fringed shore,
We lightly stepped into the boat,
A merry band of four.
Our laughter rang upon the air,
Our words were glad and gay,
For we were blithe and careless then,
In youth's brief holiday.
My sister Grace, and Nell, her friend,
Together hand in hand,
With little Willie boy and I,
Made up the tiny band.
Wee Willie was but six years old,
He would be twenty now,
With black-brown eyes and floating curls
That swept across the brow.
We left the darkness of the shore,
Where, 'neath the water's breast,
The shadows of the drooping pines
Lay peacefully at rest.
The moon was low; and far ahead,
Upon the open bay,
Still wider as it neared the west,
A shining pathway lay.
Just where the waters kissed the sky,—
As white as driven snow,
And piled as high as winter drifts,
The clouds lay long and low.
O'er these the shining pathway climbed,
A golden belt of light,
Then, in the azure vault above,
It disappeared from sight.
But where it seemed to pierce the sky
The moon in splendour lay,
A fitting portal to the courts
Of everlasting day.
Wee Willie clasped his little hands,
And, on his baby face,
I saw a look of wondering awe,
The former smiles efface.
A moment silently he sat
And did not speak a word,

Nor did he hear us when *we* spoke,
Or answer if he heard ;
At last he turned with hands still clasped,
And pleadingly he said :
'O please do row us over there !
Please do, dear brother Ned !
Because you know—' He let his hands
Drop idly on his knees,—
'It might lead right straight up to Heaven,
Row quickly, brother, *please !*
See that *must* be the golden gate,
And if we're not too late,
We might perhaps get in to-night
And have no more to wait !
God must have opened wide the gates
That all who wished might come,
Perhaps He *knew* how glad we'd be
To see His lovely home !
O will it not be nice, dear Grace,
To sleep in Heaven to-night ?
It must be such a lovely place,
For there 'tis always light !
Row quickly, brother, *quicker*, *please*,
For I should almost weep
If after all we were too late
And found them fast asleep ! '
I could not bear to thwart the child
Whom best I loved on earth,—
A charge bequeathed me by the one
Who left us at his birth,—
And so I rowed with added speed
To please and humour him,
Nor ever hinted to the boy
How vain his foolish whim
As every now and then he cried :
(Did I my speed abate)
'Row quickly, brother, quicker, *please !*
We surely shall be late ! '
Alas ! poor Willie !—from the west,
In gold and crimson state,
The moon dropped slowly to the sea,
And God had closed the gate.
How Willie cried ! his little heart
Seemed breaking in its grief,
Nor yet could anything I said
Afford the child relief.
Nell stooped to part the sunny curls
And kiss the flushing brow,
'You *shall* go home, dear Willie, soon,
So soon, dear, though not now ! '
She only spoke to soothe the child ;
But Willie was not strong,

E'en from his birth we had not thought
To keep our darling long,
And now there flashed across my heart
A swift rebellious pain,
'What if the thoughtless words came true,
And all our care proved vain?'
A flower upon the water's breast
Which caught the childish eyes,
And Willie leaned across the boat
To grasp the floating prize.
Too late an arm was stretched to save,
The lily floated wide,
And we, without a warning word,
Were launched into the tide.
I was the only one could swim,
One could not rescue three,
And yet I knew not which to choose,
For *all* were dear to me!
But to my mind swift memory brought
The words of one long dead:
'My baby-boy I leave to you
To guard and cherish, Ned!'
And so I swam to save my boy,
And caught him in my arm,
And soon had placed him on the shore
Beyond the reach of harm,
But suddenly I felt that strength
Had left my every limb,
And for myself I feared not death,
But still I strove for him!
My Willie boy! so fair in form
And with such winning grace,—
He *must* be rescued—in the world
To fill some noble place!
But all in vain my frantic strife,
Although I fought the wave,
My little Will and I sank down
To fill one common grave.
Ah! so I thought—but ere the day
Had driven back the night
I woke and opened wide my eyes,
Then closed them at the light.
They nursed me back to life again
Though I had prayed to die,
Why *should* I live when all I loved
Had found a home on high?
Dear Willie! God had heard his prayer,
And, though we were too late,
Had not refused him entrance in,
Nor made him longer wait!
One, only, left of that wee band,—
I *would* that *he* had died,
And slept together with the rest

Beneath the waveless tide!
But God knows best! both life and death
Are His to deal at will,
And human hearts have only this:
To suffer and be still!
* * * * *
Why I was saved of all the four
I shall not know till when,
Beyond the golden gates of Heaven,
We four shall meet again!

YORKVILLE.

GOING ON AN EXCURSION.

(To Ladies only.)

BY E. A. W.

SOMETIME this summer you, who are the careful and tired mother of a comparatively care-free and untiring family, hear or read of a cheap excursion, which leaves your nearest railway station at an early hour on the morning following, for a not far-distant city, and returns in the evening. You feel very much like going on it, but there are objections to be considered and disposed of. In the first place, all excursions are cheap, and you are in the habit of considering them common. You are naturally, and on principle, averse to cheapness and commonness; but you will not let this aversion stand in the way of your pleasure, especially when you remember that these despised qualities are characteristic of some of the best things on earth. Secondly, of course, you have 'nothing to wear;' but, after musing upon the possibilities of your wardrobe, you discover a suit which will not be too cool for the dewy morning nor too warm for the burning noon, and which will not be strikingly inappropriate for either the farm-waggon, the railway train, the steamer, or the street-car. Then you think that, after all, perhaps you had better not go; there is so much to be looked after, and the family cannot spare you. But the family, upon being appealed to, assert, with cheerful and not very complimentary alacrity, that they not only can but will gladly spare you, and every one unites in saying that 'you need rest, and you ought to take a day.' Now that it is represented to you as a duty rather than a pleasure, all your objections vanish. The next point is to select a companion for your little journey, and your mind instantly reverts to the one friend who is not very wise, not very brilliant, not very handsome, but whom you are prone to regard in the light of an 'old shoe;" the easy, confident, faithful, affectionate soul, who doesn't know how to give or take offence. This friend's name we will take for granted is Jenny.

In the morning, while dressing, you make up your mind very seriously that you are going to take a pleasure trip, and a pleasure trip it *shall be.* No insect cares shall be permitted to

intrude, no trifling annoyances disturb you. The host of Lilliputian worries, which daily demand entrance at the door of your mind, must be gently but firmly given to understand that you are not at home to them. None of these things shall have power to cheat you out of the genuine holiday spirit, which is to the holiday itself what life is to the body.

The sleepy little youngsters come down stairs just in time to see you off, and I hope you are old-fashioned enough to tell them to 'be good children while mamma is gone.' When they are grown old they may look back upon it with the same half-smiling, half-pathetic feeling with which you recall the days when your mother said that to you before going away.

When you arrive at the depôt you are ten minutes before time, but the train is, of course, very much more than that behind time. You are on the point of exclaiming, 'How tiresome!' but, remembering your new resolution, you say, instead, 'How fortunate that we remembered to bring "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl" along with us.' Nevertheless, you have no idea of reading the book. It is nice to have it along in case of need, but the need is not apparent yet. You think what a dreadfully characterless and unsuggestive place a railway station is, and wonder why the people who hover round it and saunter in and out look as if they were made to correspond with it. Jenny tells you that the prettiest railway station she ever was in was the one where she stopped three or four summers ago. It was a common pine-board affair, but it was built apparently in a clearing of the woods, and it was profusely decorated inside with branches of cedar. 'It fairly smelled sweet and just as good as blossomed in the dust,' says Jenny; and then she goes on to tell about a pair of curtains in a parlour she once was in, which were dotted all over with sprigs of cedar, certain to keep fresh for five weeks anyway, and the effect of which was so cool and pretty. By this time the cars have come, and you are comfortably seated in one of them. You make a little joke about the train being no sooner in than you are in, too, and Jenny, who is looking after the flowers, and the tickets, and the 'Frivolous Girl,' still finds time to smile. That is one of your friend's good points—your little efforts are never thrown away upon her. You now talk about the different dresses in the car with head gear accompanying them, and alternately raise the window to let in the air, and shut it down to keep out the dust. On leaving the car there is a grand scramble for the boat. Everyone is terribly anxious to secure a good seat for 'His Majesty myself.' You protest against it, not verbally, but in actions, which are proverbially known to speak louder than words. In this case, however, they do not speak long enough to be heeded. It is impossible to *stand* on your dignity when the crowd behind are pushing you on, and the crowd in front are given to making sudden lurches and pushing you back. You feel heated and disgusted, but in the midst of it all, you are conscious of Jenny's eyes, blue, cool, smiling, surveying the scene with tranquil amusement, and then you suddenly remember which of you it was that made a determination not to be troubled by trifles.

After the hurry is over everyone discovers that there was not the slightest need to hurry. It is breezy and cool, and delightful on the boat. Presently the band on the upper deck let on a little music, and then as suddenly shut it off again. This by way of celebrating—economically—your departure from land. For all practical purposes, Lake Ontario might *not* just as well be the Atlantic Ocean, but for all unpractical purposes, it might just as well be. It is possible on either body of water to watch the land recede from view, or to speak prosaically, to

watch the land staying just where it was before, and know that you are receding from it. The surging waters, the free pure winds, the larger sky—these are not of earth—they belong to the lake and the ocean.

You will observe that though there are seats and to spare on the steamer, some restless spirits will persist in walking to and fro, among them one or two whom you have noticed several times before on the train, and in different parts of the boat, and whom you will very probably see many times again in the city, and on your way home. There is no reason for this rule of repetition in the meeting of strangers, but there is seldom an exception to it. About the middle of your voyage, the band deals out a little more music—with a frugal hand—and again when the spires of the city come into view, there is the sound of minstrelsy, and a suggestion of parsimony in its production. Everyone goes to the forward part of the vessel, and bends an attentive ear to the gentleman who is telling his own party the names of the different churches from which the spires arise, and the streets on which they are situated. With a sigh you exchange the dreamy cloud-like motion of the boat for the rattle and clatter of the streets. The sun glares down upon the hard sidewalk, over which the excursionists are poured like a short stream flowing into a never ending river. Then follows the usual routine—a search for a dining-room, a little sight seeing, a little shopping, and lastly, a visit to a friend in a far away street, whom you have not seen for years. She herself opens the door for you, and utters a long drawn, 'Why-y-y!' of amazed pleasure before she fully recognises you, and realizes that you are there. Then there are embracings and exclamations, and a thousand questions asked and answered. She is wrapped in wonder at your sudden appearance, until you explain that you came over on the excursion, when she seems to consider it natural enough. She is determined that you shall partake of an early tea. Jenny telegraphs to you that there is no time. You falter out—'There is no time!' but your hostess laughs at both of you. She speaks of time as though it were synonymous with eternity. You will mortally offend her if you go, and you will be in mortal fear of missing the boat if you stay. Of the two evils you choose the latter. Your visit is rather a warm, hurried and exciting affair, but you had a lovely time notwithstanding. You acknowledge that to yourself as you drift towards home over the still waters in the heavenly moonlight. In spite of being tired out, you are absorbing enjoyment now. Everyone else is tired too, but they do not all look happy. Some of them look resigned—and there are others who look unresigned. These last are doubtless poor rich people who are so accustomed to the lap of luxury that a moonlit sail on a smooth lake seems rough by comparison. You pity them from the bottom of your heart. Some of the more vivacious try to sing, but the attempt dies a natural and painless death.

When you reach home it is very late, and you firmly believe that there is a separate ache in every bone in your body. But that wholesome sleep-compelling weariness is in itself a novel sensation. You sit down in a rocking-chair and draw off your gloves, and lean back, and talk for quite a long time to your husband, whose paper dropped unheeded to the floor at the beginning of your narrative. You need not be surprised because he looks at you so often and seems so interested and attentive, because, as you know, it is a long, long time since he has seen you looking so tranquil, and talking so brightly, and sitting down to rest, without any fidgety fancy work in your fingers. I do not think you will regret having done such a very common thing as going on a cheap excursion.

THE ASYLUMS, PRISONS, AND PUBLIC CHARITIES OF ONTARIO, AND THEIR SYSTEM OF MANAGEMENT.*

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IN these years of advanced civilization, the moral and material standing of a nation or community is judged and determined by well-defined standards. If the morality of a community is low and vitiated, it follows that its religion is not that having the impress and approval of the Divine Master, whose whole earthly life and teaching were devoted to the elevation of fallen humanity. Or, looking at the converse of the proposition, if a country is possessed of a sound and effective system of education, we look for and generally find wide-spread intelligence, a large degree of social culture, and a marked development in all things pertaining to the arts and sciences ; and if, with wide-spread intelligence and unblemished morality, a nation is also blessed with large material resources, and its people are skilful and enterprising, we almost invariably find national greatness, together with the largest degree of comfort and contentment that such a condition of things secures.

There are also equally unfailing tests by which the status of a nation in the scale of civilized humanity can be determined ; and none is more certain than that afforded by an examination of the system designed by a country to supply the needs of its moral, mental, and physical defectives, and of its dependant classes generally. If a state, blessed with large national resources and other advantages of a material character, neglects to make proper and sufficient provision for its afflicted and offending classes it assuredly will, to the extent of such neglect, occupy an inferior position in the scale of civilized humanity ; and the more wealthy and powerful such a defaulting nation is, the greater will be the national shame attaching to such neglect. It is the solemn duty of the state, by some organization or other, to provide for her insane, her indigent orphans, and her homeless sick, and to care for those who have been so afflicted as to be unable to care for themselves. Moreover, with regard to offenders against the law, if for no higher object than that of public economy, it is in the direct interest of a community that they should be graded and classified in a properly devised system of prisons and reformatories.

Of all the vexed problems in social science, the one involving the care of the criminal and dependant classes, and relating to the systems of managing the prisons, asylums, and public charities designed for their accommodation, is, perhaps, the most intricate and the most difficult to solve. Apart from the financial and social difficulties which must always surround the question, the extreme sensitiveness of public opinion in respect to all matters relating to the care and custody of the classes coming within the scope of charitable and correctional systems, while being one of the greatest safeguards against improper treatment or

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maladministration, is at the same time one of the chief elements of danger that has to be guarded against.

That the inmates of our prisons and reformatories must be deprived of their liberty, and for the time being subjected to disciplinary control; that the insane in our asylums must be carefully watched and needfully restrained; and that the helpless poor in our refuges, and the orphans and abandoned waifs in our benevolent institutions must be subjected to wholesome rules and regulations, renders the care of these classes, under such conditions, a work involving the most delicate and careful management, and requiring, in its performance, the highest order of talent and executive ability. Moreover, even with these indispensable qualities, the honest and faithful administrators of a charitable and corrective system, and the executive heads of the institutions and organizations attached thereto, will always find cause for constant anxiety, continued watchfulness, and the exercise of the largest amount of discretion and well-directed zeal.

Having regard, therefore, to the difficult and delicate surroundings which must always attach to the care of the offending and dependant classes, it follows that the systems intended to supply their needs should, in the first instance, be devised with the greatest care, and should afterwards absorb all that is good in any other system which has stood a practical test.

It is neither the object nor the intention of the writer to enter into a critical comparison of the respective charitable and correctional systems in existence in the various civilized countries of the world; but rather to furnish a brief outline of that obtaining in the Province of Ontario; and at the outset it is proper to state the number and character of the institutions coming within the scope of the system to be reviewed.

The correctional, reformatory, and charitable institutions of Ontario comprise, in their relations to the Government and to the Provincial system of management, three distinct classes, as follows:—

Firstly.—Institutions erected solely at the expense of the Province, and, when founded and organized, entirely maintained and exclusively controlled by the Provincial Government. The institutions of this class comprise four hospitals for the insane and one asylum for idiots, an institution for the education of the deaf and dumb, an institution for the education of the blind, a central or intermediate prison for male offenders, a reformatory for boys, a reformatory for women, and an industrial refuge for girls, the two last named being now in course of erection.

Secondly.—Gaols erected and maintained jointly by the Government and the various counties of the Province, namely, thirty-seven county gaols, and eight district gaols in unorganized territories, the latter being built and maintained in the first instance by the Province.

Thirdly.—Charitable institutions founded and erected by cities and towns, and by private individuals in a corporate capacity, and which are only partially maintained by the Province, but whose affairs are under the inspectorial supervision of the Government. The institutions of this class comprise twelve general hospitals, fourteen houses of refuge, twenty-one asylums for orphans and neglected and abandoned children, and four magdalen asylums.

These one hundred and seven institutions are all comprised in and form part of the correctional, reformatory, and charitable system of Ontario, and in all their relations to the Province, and in their systems of management, are placed by law under the supervisory control and inspection of a Government official, known as the Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities. In order to convey a correct idea of the system of supervision and inspection, it will be necessary to define, as

briefly as possible, the duties of this official.

These comprise the statutory inspection three times a year of the asylums for the insane, of the institutions for the deaf and dumb and the blind, and of the prisons and reformatories belonging to the Province; twice a year of all the county gaols; and once a year of all hospitals and charities aided by Goverement. The designs for new buildings required in all branches of the service have to be prepared under the Inspector's directions, and all the repairs connected with the buildings owned by the Government are under his supervision, as is also their furnishing. Besides the general oversight and control of the maintenance routine of the institutions established by the Province, he has to frame the by-laws and regulations governing their discipline, management, and general economy, and to approve of the by-laws made by corporate bodies for the government of other charities. He is further empowered and required by statute, as a commissioner, to investigate upon oath into all irregularities which may occur in the administration of the affairs of the institutions, or in the conduct of their officials. He is charged with the letting of all contracts for supplies, and with the supervising of the purchase of goods required in the Government institutions, as well as with the monthly audit of the accounts incurred for their maintenance, and of the statements of their revenue. He has also to make an annual audit of the receipts and expenditures of all charities aided by Provincial grants. He has to make enquiry into the cases of all lunatics committed to the county gaols, and to arrange for their removal to the various asylums; and he has to direct the transfer from the county gaols of those prisoners sentenced to the Central Prison. He also has the charge of the estates of lunatics admitted to the asylums, who have no committee or guardian appointed by the Court of Chancery, and he is effectually empowered to deal with such estates as the statutory committee of such lunatics.

It is hardly necessary to point out that such extensive powers, the chief of which have just been detailed, would not be conferred upon any official without a direct check and partial control being exercised over him by the Government conferring the authority, and this is very simply but most effectively furnished. One of the members of the Ontario Government is the executive head of the Inspector's department, and with him the Inspector is in constant communication, consulting with and advising him respecting all matters pertaining to the institution service. This Cabinet Minister is of necessity a member of the Legislature of the Province. He is, therefore, both as a Cabinet Minister and as a member of the Legislature, together with his colleagues in the Government, directly responsible to the people for the proper administration of the affairs of the institutions referred to. He introduces and takes charge of all legislation required in connection with the public institution service, and obtains the requisite money appropriations for their maintenance.

Such being the method of supervision and control, we may now proceed to a review of the different branches of the system.

With regard to the correctional and reformatory institutions, it will be noticed that they form five distinct and separate grades, namely:—1st. Common or County Gaols; 2nd. Reformatory School for boys; 3rd. Reformatory School for girls; 4th. Central or Intermediate Prison for men; and 5th. Reformatory for women. In addition to this chain of prisons and reformatories, the Dominion Government maintains, in each of the Provinces, a Penitentiary for such adult convicts as have been sentenced for periods of two years and over. These

six classes of custodial institutions form one of the most complete series of prisons and reformatories that exists in any country, and constitute a system which, with respect to the grading and classification of offenders, is quite up to the highest standard that has yet been advocated by the most advanced reformers in this important branch of social science.

Each county in the Province has a gaol at its capital or county town, which is built and maintained conjointly by the county and the Province. These gaols, although managed by sheriffs and county councils, are largely under the control and supervision of the Government Inspector. That officer frames the regulations with respect to clothing, dietaries, labour, and all questions of internal economy; and when these regulations are approved of, as they have to be, by the Lieutenant Governor in Council, they have the same force as statutory law. Differing from the United States, the sheriff, gaoler, or gaol official is not allowed to have the slightest pecuniary interest in the prison dietaries or supplies, or in anything connected with its financial affairs. As the result of this provision, the average cost of the gaol dietaries is only ten and a half cents per day for each prisoner. If a gaol was faulty in its original construction, as many were, and requires alterations, additions, or repairs, the Inspector, with the consent of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, has power to order these to be proceeded with, and if the county neglects or refuses to comply with the order, the Government can compel the work to be done by *mandamus*. The good effects of this authority are shown by the fact that all the gaols of the Province, with one or two exceptions, are structurally up to the most approved modern requirements. Notwithstanding this, however, owing to the number of these gaols, their location in all parts of the Province, and for other obvious reasons, it was found impossible to provide hard labour for the prisoners whose sentences had that condition attached to them. In consequence of this, prisoners were left in almost absolute idleness, a condition of things which, even under a perfect classification, is the greatest cause of demoralization in a common-gaol system, and at once renders these necessary local establishments mere nurseries of crime and vice. To overcome, or to, at any rate, lessen the bad effect of these evils in common-gaol life, the Central Prison was founded and opened in 1874. This prison is an intermediate one between the common gaol and the Dominion Penitentiary, and is for the custody of adult male prisoners who are sentenced to prison under two years; for terms in excess of which, convicts are sentenced to the Penitentiary. Prisoners may be sentenced by the judiciary of the Province direct to the Central Prison, or any prisoner who is under sentence to one of the common gaols and is physically and mentally fitted to perform hard labour, may be transferred to it under the warrant of the Government inspector. The establishment is provided with the means of keeping every person committed to it employed at hard labour, having attached to it, along with other industries, a brick-yard, wherein upwards of one hundred prisoners are kept at work, a broom factory for one hundred more, and a shoe and tailor's shop, where all the boots and shoes and clothing required for the common gaols and all the public institutions of the Province are made. Notwithstanding the short period sentences of the prisoners committed, which, of course, very seriously affects the financial results of the prison labour, the Central Prison is fast approaching a self-sustaining basis. Altogether, after an experience of six years, the Central Prison may be reported to have been entirely successful in all respects in accomplishing the objects of an intermediate prison between the common gaols and

the Penitentiary, and it is now one of the most important links in our prison system.

In regard to the Reformatory for Boys, it is to be regretted that up to a recent period that institution very imperfectly fulfilled its design. During the last session of the Legislature, however, an Act was passed having for its object an entire change in the system, and an appropriation was also voted for alterations in the present structure and the erection of additions thereto. The changes in the administration of its affairs involve the complete reorganization of the institution in respect to discipline, interior economy, and structural arrangement, so that in its future operations the Reformatory may in the most effectual manner perform the great and important work for which it was designed. In short, it is intended that, instead of being a prison, with all the objectionable features and surroundings of such an institution, it shall become a reformatory school, in the most liberal sense of the term, for the education, industrial training, and moral reclamation of juvenile delinquents.

With regard to the reformatories for women and girls, both of these institutions are now being fitted up, and will be ready for the reception of inmates some time during the present month. In the construction of the Reformatory for Women, the most advanced designs have been introduced, so as to obtain as perfect a system of classification as it is possible to have in the various dormitories, shops, work-rooms, and other departments of the institution where the inmates associate. There are twelve distinct corridors or wards in the building, to each of which is attached a separate work-room, and, in addition, the general workshop is divided into two flats and five distinct compartments. Means are provided for serving the meals either separately or in partial association, as may be found most desirable; and there are also four distinct yards for airing and exercise. In fact, the structural arrangement of the building secures the means for as perfect a classification of the inmates as can be obtained under the partially associated system, and as effective and practical a method of separation, in my opinion, as under the silent or solitary system.

The building to be used for the purposes of the refuge for girls comprises a wing of the reformatory for women, from which it is entirely cut off. For all practical purposes, the disjunction of these two institutions, although they are under the same roof, will be as complete and effective as if they were miles apart. The rooms and other portions of this reformatory are well lighted, airy, and cheerful in appearance, the most distinctive feature of the whole structure being the entire absence of everything of a prison character. There are no cells, iron bars, or gates, and the sleeping rooms are all of the associated character, with space for from five to twelve beds in each.

With respect to that branch of the system relating to the care and treatment of the insane classes, I have already stated that there are in the Province four hospitals for the insane, and one asylum for idiots, the whole having a receiving capacity for two thousand seven hundred patients. All these institutions are entirely maintained and directly controlled by the Government, there being no private asylums whatever in the Province. In the Toronto Asylum, however, two wings are set apart and properly fitted up for the reception of the better class of paying patients.

The asylum structures are all plain but substantial. In providing accommodation for the insane, the largest proportion of whom are drawn from the lower classes, all expensive ornamentation and elaborate structural adornment have been carefully, and I think wisely, avoided. The entire cost

of these asylums, including their furnishings, amounts to $1,520,730, or a capital cost of $566 for the structural accommodation of each lunatic. At the London Asylum, where a large quantity of land is attached to the institution, the cottage system for the care of the chronic insane has been in successful operation for five years. The cottages are placed in groups upon the grounds, each group, of which there are three, having accommodation for thirty men and thirty women, which number of patients are looked after by a man and his wife and one attendant. The capital cost of these cottages is equal to $278 per inmate.

The four asylums for the insane have each certain counties allotted to them from which they receive patients. The sufficiency of the asylum accommodation to meet the requirements is best shown by the fact that while there is accommodation for 2,700, the number now in residence is 2,450, leaving at the present time vacancies for 250. No insane persons whatever are maintained in local houses of refuge, all being in the public asylums referred to.

There are three methods by which lunatics are admitted to the asylums, namely: First. Upon the certificates of three qualified medical practitioners, each stating that he has personally examined the patient, separately from any other medical practitioner, and that he finds such person to be insane, and specifying the facts upon which he has arrived at such conclusion. Second. When a person is committed to one of the common gaols of the Province as being dangerous to be at large, such person may be removed to an asylum upon being certified to be insane by two qualified medical practitioners and the County Judge. Third. If a person be charged with the commission of some offence, and, upon being arraigned, be acquitted by a jury upon the grounds of insanity, the certificate of the court to that effect will enable the prisoner to be sent to an asylum.

Like the asylums for the insane, the two institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb and of the blind are both maintained and controlled by the Government, the counties of the Province contributing nothing towards their support. The former has a capacity for two hundred and fifty deaf-mutes, and the latter for one hundred and seventy-five blind pupils, about which numbers are now under instruction. Board and education in the institutions are free to all deaf and dumb and blind persons between the ages of seven and twenty one, and indigent orphans are in addition clothed and maintained at the expense of the Province. The period of instruction is seven years, which may in special cases be extended. Besides a literary education, the male youths in the institution for the deaf and dumb are taught the trades of shoe-making, carpentering, and cabinet-making, as well as farming and gardening; while the females are taught dress-making, general sewing, and house work in all its details. At the institution for the blind, the male pupils, in addition to receiving literary and musical instruction, are taught basket and wicker work and cane-seating, and the females the use of the sewing and knitting machines, hand-sewing and knitting, and general fancy work.

Coming now to the last branch of work, namely, hospitals for the treatment of bodily diseases, refuges for the poor, orphanages, &c., only within the last six years has this class of institutions been subject to Government supervision and inspection. Before that time the Legislature annually voted funds in aid of their maintenance, but exercised little or no supervision over the administration of their affairs, leaving that in the hands of the local boards of management. The parliamentary grants in aid of these charities were not then based either upon the work performed,

or upon the number of inmates in the respective institutions, but an arbitrary sum was voted to each. Moreover, many of the structures used were quite unfitted for the purposes of the charities, and in some instances the administration of affairs was of the most lax character, and no proper or uniform method of obtaining tabulated statistical information was employed. To overcome these defects an Act was passed in 1874 to regulate the public aid to hospitals and charitable institutions, and to provide for their Governmental supervision and inspection. Under the provisions of this Act a certain fixed sum per day is paid by the Province for the maintenance of each patient or person admitted, and in order to stimulate and encourage private and municipal subscriptions to these charities, the Province gives, in addition to this fixed allowance, a further sum per day for each inmate, equal in the aggregate to one-fourth of the money received from all other sources than Provincial aid. The workings of this Charity Aid Act have produced the most satisfactory results. New and well-arranged hospitals have been erected, and old ones reconstructed ; private subscriptions have been largely augmented ; and greatly increased efficiency in management has been obtained in nearly every institution subject to its provisions.

I would now direct attention to a few of what I conceive to be the best features of the system I have been endeavouring to outline. I place first that which is common to the public service throughout Great Britain and her dependencies, namely, the permanent appointment, or, to use the ordinary term, the appointment during good behaviour, of all officers and employés connected with the service. I believe this to be an essential requisite to the faithful and effective performance of official duty ; but in no branch of the public service is it so vitally important as in that relating to asylums, prisons, and public charities. As mentioned in a former part of this paper, the care and treatment of the dependant and offending classes is a work requiring the most delicate and careful management, the detailed routine of which, apart from the various branches requiring professional skill, can only be acquired by close observation and matured experience. Given, on the part of an officer, the requisite ability, combined with a conscientious determination to perform his duty faithfully, and every year's service and experience adds to his value as a public servant. In this way permanency of tenure constitutes a bond between the State and the official, and in the compact I have no hesitation in saying that the State is the decided gainer.

Another point of almost equal importance relates to the supervision and inspection of the public institutions. Direct and sufficient authority is vested in the Government Inspector to deal promptly with all defects, irregularities, and troubles as they arise, no matter whether the defects are of a structural, administrative, or disciplinary character. Other methods of inspection may be equally, and perhaps more, effective, but unless inspectors, commissioners, boards of directors, or other officials or bodies of a like character, are, in addition to their inspectoral and recommendatory powers, clothed with sufficient executive authority to remedy defects and supply deficiencies, it appears to me that the prime requisite of a system is wanting.

The third point I would refer to is the direct association of a member of the Government in the administration of and control over the affairs of all the institutions comprised in the system. Only through this executive association of a Cabinet Minister, which, under a responsible form of Government, is the direct authority of the people, could such ample powers be delegated to the Government Inspector.

The fourth and last point to which I would direct attention is the cost of maintaining the Public Institutions under the Ontario system. The charge upon the Treasury of the Province during the fiscal year ending on the 30th September last, for the maintenance of such of those institutions as are exclusively owned and managed by Government, and the aid granted to hospitals and charitable institutions, were as follows, namely :—

Asylum for the Insane Toronto	$83,725.22
Asylum for the Insane, London	95,681.74
Asylum for the Insane, Kingston	51,345.85
Asylum for the Insane, Hamilton	37,186.42
Asylum for Idiots, Orillia	18,955.14
Total cost of maintaining asylums	286,894.37
Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville	$38,589.50
Institution for the Blind, Brantford	29,515.15
Total cost of maintaining Institutes D. & D. & B.	68,104.65
Central Prison, Toronto	67,071.75
Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishine	28,427.60
Common Gaol maintenance equal to $122,350.08, about ⅓ paid by Government	40,784.69
Total cost of maintaining prisons and reformatories	136,284.04
Aid to Hospitals	43,700.83
Aid to Refuges	16,609.19
Aid to Orphan Asylums	13,410.42
Total aid to charities	73,720.44
Total Provincial expenditure	$565,003.50
Less revenue derived from paying patients in Asylums and from Central Prison labour	865,829.42
Net charge upon Provincial Treasury	$499,174.08

A critical analysis of these figures will, in my opinion, shew that the strictest economy consistent with effective management is observed in the administration of the affairs of public institutions embraced in the system, a result which is largely due to the controlling supervision exercised by the Inspector's department over all purchases of and contracts for supplies. The daily average population was 2,208, thus making the weekly cost per patient equal to $2.48. The daily average attendance of pupils at the institution for the deaf and dumb was 215, and the annual cost per pupil was 179.40; and at the institution for the blind the daily average number in residence was 169, and the annual cost per head $174.20. In the Central Prison the daily average number in custody was 329, and the daily cost for food per prisoner was fourteen cents, and for clothing, salaries, wages, and all other expenses, twenty-five cents, or a total of thirty-nine cents for each prisoner. In the Reformatory for Boys, the daily average population was 208, and the annual cost per head was $136.24. The daily cost of dietaries in the common gaols was ten and a-half cents per prisoner; and of clothing, salaries, and wages, and all other expenses was thirty-seven and a-half cents per day, or a total of forty-eight cents per day.

No portion of the expenditure of maintaining the Government asylums is borne by the counties, but an annual revenue of about $30,000 is received from paying patients. I may here state that the cost of asylum maintenance in Ontario is very largely reduced by the products of the farms and gardens attached to the asylums and cultivated by the inmates. During the past year $30,000 worth of products were taken from the asylum lands, which caused a direct reduction in expenditure to that amount.

I have thus endeavoured to give within the compass of a necessarily brief paper such as the present, an outline of the charitable, reformatory, and prison system of the Province of Ontario, and the results of its working. That the Province is fully alive to the importance of the interests involved in the system is shown by the fact that during the past de-

cade, she has founded and erected at an expense of nearly two and a-half million dollars, three hospitals for the insane, an asylum for idiots, two institutions for the deaf and dumb and the blind, a central or intermediate prison, a reformatory for women, and a refuge for girls, which, along with the institutions established prior to Confederation form one of the most complete, charitable and correctional systems on the continent.

PER TOTAM NOCTEM.

BY CHAS. RITCHIE, MONTREAL.

I AM thy lover true, and seek for thee
Throughout the deathly silence of the night,
In time of darkness, half confused by light,
And plead as if thou still must sheltered be
From my keen gaze, Love of Eternity.
My prayers, my tears, my cries, are unto Right
Till morning heal mine oft-offended sight.

The blushing day, with murmurs of false peace,
Lithe rivalry and sharpness of a sting,
That troubleth though the veiled leaders cease
To scorn my song, and this my wandering
Comes with her meek fair-shining eloquence
And the strong-hidden language of the heart
Fulfilling all things, soothing by pretence
And wiles we know not either where or whence,
Save that our wounded souls crave to depart.

The chilly, dawnless season of my youth,
While I lose thee, a laggard from thy throne,
A fond creed-worshipper of scornful truth
Left to the wildness, bitterly alone
Blesseth but as a mourner from the grave
Of one beloved, praising his sad God.
Ah! spotless face of innocence now save,
Teach me the pathway that thy feet have trod.

For all my deeds and praises of thy name,
Mine efforts in the brightness of the sun,
Honours by man bestowed and widening fame,
Health purchased by dear Nature kind, and now
All that I think, or breathe, or utter fond
Hath been as foulness in thy wondrous eyes;
Bring forth, O thou most loved, in calmness done
The prize of Life, the rapture of the skies;
Kneel, O my sin-vexed soul, and look beyond—
In the eternal Heaven can dwell no mysteries.

OLYMPIA MORATA.

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

EVERY tourist who reaches Heidelberg,—from Mark Twain backwards,—visits, as a matter of course, the romantic old Schloss—the crowning glory of the charming hill-girt little city on the Neckar, with its massive relics of mediæval architecture and a life gone by; its picturesque position and delightful view;—its hoary ivy-mantled towers entwined with associations of which not the least interesting are those linked with the history of the noble and beautiful but ill-fated Princess Elizabeth, first of England, then of Baden, and last, though but for a short time, of Bohemia. But few travellers probably find their way to the quiet old university church, lying near the pretty *Aulage* and close to the unpretending group of buildings that compose the university; where, under a plain grey stone, lies the dust of a woman who was almost a contemporary of Elizabeth, as noble as the fair Electress, perhaps more noble in all that constitutes real nobility, and almost as unfortunate in the 'few and evil days' of the life that followed a tranquil and happy girlhood.

One sunny August Sabbath afternoon we had been listening in this cool, quiet *Universität-kirche* to a suggestive sermon from the University preacher, on the text, 'The kingdom of God is within you.' It was appropriate enough, as will be seen from the outline of the life which follows, that, after such a sermon, we should go to seek the monument, of which, years before, we had heard with interest—to the learned lady—Olympia Morata. The name seems, from association, to breathe the aroma of the culture and classical learning of the age following the Renaissance, when the literatures of Greece and Rome were enthusiastically studied, and their study was by no means restricted to the masculine sex. The old grey stone tablet, with its quiet academic surroundings, seemed to suggest an atmosphere of tranquil study and classic repose, in which a noble intellectual womanhood ripened into rich maturity, out of reach of all disturbing and distracting influences. Very different, however, was the real lot that fell to Olympia, at least during the last five years of her short life; but the real circumstances though far from the ideal contemplative life one could imagine as a fit setting for a thoughtful student, were such as drew out, in no ordinary degree, the faithfulness and devotion of a nature as morally noble and truly feminine as her mind was highly endowed and carefully cultivated.

Olympia Fulvia Morata—her very name having a classic ring—was born at Ferrara in 1528. It was a time when storms were beginning to gather threateningly in the religious and political hozizon. New thoughts were waking in men's minds, and the quickened intellect of the Renaissance was beginning to chafe restlessly against the still strong barrier of superstition and ecclesiastical tyranny; and the natural growth of opposing forces was preparing the inevitable conflict that culminated in the Reformation struggle. The father of Olympia, Pellegrino Morata, had come from Mantua to Ferrara as tutor to the brother of Ercole II., the reigning Duke, who belonged to that haughty family of D'Este, whose fair

but haughty Leonora and her tyrannical brother had, some generations before, so disastrously wrecked poor Tasso on his voyage of life. Renée, the reigning Duchess, had been educated with Queen Margaret of Navarre, and was, like her, accomplished in the science and learnings of her time; like her, too, a noted sympathiser with the holders of the 'new opinions' in religion, which were beginning to attract so much attention. Her court became a place of retreat for over bold theologians and suspected literary men. Calvin himself resided there for a time. Clement Marot, the poet, Languet, Amico Paleario, Celio Curione and Peter Martyr, were among those who enjoyed its liberal protection. Professor Morata's views, however, seem to have been rather advanced even for that liberal atmosphere, for we find that he was obliged to leave it for a time in consequence of some published theological writings and to teach for a time at Venice, Vicenza and other places. He was, however, interceded for and permitted to return when his daughter Olympia was about eleven years old. His unsettled life had not prevented his giving due care to her education, for in the following year the Duchess Renée selected Olympia to be the companion in study of her own daughter, the young Anna D'Este. Her proficiency at that time was already remarkable; for a girl of twelve. She could write letters in Latin and translate Boccaccio into the same tongue, had begun the study of Cicero and of elocution, and even of science and philosophy. The atmosphere of a court did not seem to interfere with her pursuit of study. She now attended regularly the university lectures, those of her own father, of Celio Curione and of the celebrated Chilianus under whom she advanced rapidly in Greek. She wrote dialogues in Greek and Latin after Plato and Cicero, and continued to study Cicero, philosophy, and the art of public speaking, which does not seem to have been thought at all out of place as a feminine accomplishment. Her father, at all events, took a warm interest in her progress in it, for he writes, at her request, a letter full of judicious advice, in which he tells her that 'pronunciation rather than action is the important point in speaking,' and closes with the exhortation to which all orators should give heed: 'Strive that your speech be made pleasant in the speaking. The seductive power of the Goddess of Persuasion, the suavity of Pericles, the bees on the lips of Plato, the chains of Hercules, the lyres of Orpheus and Amphian, the sweetness of Newton, nay, the grace of Christ Himself was nothing else than a sweet, soothing, cheerful, soft speech, not affected nor elaborate, but beautifully, delicately and subtly harmonised. The greatest orator will change the sound, not only in every sentence according to its sense, but in every word. I, for my part, would rather hold my tongue than speak harshly, inarticulately or unpleasantly.'

At sixteen, Olympia had prosecuted her study of Cicero and of elocution to such good purpose, that, at an age when most boys are only entering college, she was requested to give lectures in the University—a compliment which it would be difficult to match, even in these days of honour to female students. Behold, then, this actual Portia discussing, we may be sure with all due gravity and dignity, the Paradoxes of Cicero, in the halls where were accustomed to lecture the most learned men of the age! If any little growl of discontent arose among the gossips of that day, it has not reached us across the distant roar of turbulent centuries. We are told, on the contrary, that 'there was no notion of rivalry between the sexes, any more than between classes, in the State. All were at liberty to do their best, and they had an audience sufficiently critical to rate whatever was said at its real worth.' If it seem almost incredible that Olympia could at so early an age lecture on Cicero, be-

fore 'a critical' audience, let it be remembered that in those days of comparatively concentrated education, neither boys nor girls were tortured with a dozen 'ologies' and 'isms.' Modern science was not; modern history was in the future. Newspapers and magazines were unknown. There were no ever-changing Paris fashions, prolific in frills, and flounces, and shirrings and other devices contrived for wasting material and time. The school-girl was not being perpetually 'driven,'—now from mathematics to music, now from classics to cooking-classes! So it is not so much to be wondered at if a thoughtful, studious girl of that age should drink somewhat more deeply of the 'Pierian Spring' than her modern representative with all the most approved 'methods' is likely to do. And Olympia was by no means deficient in housewifely arts, as we find from her later history. But people were content to live more simply then, and housekeeping did not absorb so large a portion of a woman's vitality as it does now—in America especially.

For three years more, Olympia, continued to lead her tranquil student life at the Court and University, studying, lecturing, and, we may be sure, diffusing around her the elevating influence which a noble and highly cultivated womanhood must always exert. Her nineteenth year, however, brought unlooked-for changes. Rome was beginning to feel herself threatened by the growth of liberal thought, and the King of France joined with the Pope in urging the Duke of Ferrara to purge his Court of the heretics in whom it was known to abound. Ercole had not the strength of mind to resist the pressure, even though his own wife was a sympathiser with the obnoxious class. Olympia's opinions must have been decided and openly expressed; for she was obliged to leave the Court, and, even in the comparatively humble home where her father was fast failing in health, she was subjected to a worrying espionage, till she was almost afraid to be seen reading her Bible. In the year following, her father died, and Olympia was left the mainstay of the family, her mother being an invalid, and her three sisters and brother all younger than herself. But Olympia had learned to drink at purer fountains than those of mere earthly pleasure. 'I do not regret,' she writes, 'the short-lived pleasures which I have lost. God had kindled in me a desire to dwell in that heavenly home in which it is more pleasant to abide for one day than a thousand years in the courts of princes.'

But though Olympia's higher resources made her independent of the luxuries of courts, they did not in the least chill the womanly impulses of a warm and loving nature. A certain Dr. Andrea Grünthler, standing apparently in no awe of her erudition, fell in love with Olympia, and Olympia fell as honestly and thoroughly in love with the young German physician as if she had never dreamed of anything else than love and marriage. Soon after their union, when Dr. Grünthler had gone to seek a home where both could breathe more freely, Olympia's passionate devotion finds expression in a letter to the absent one. 'I greatly grieve that you are away from me and will be away so long; for nothing more grievous or more painful could befall me, and I wish, dear husband, that you were with me, so that I could show you more clearly how great is my love for you. You would not believe me if I were to tell you how I long for you; nothing is so hard or difficult that I would not willingly do it to give you pleasure, yet I could bear anything for your sake more easily than your absence.'

In leaving Ferrara, the young husband and wife were entering upon a life in which there was not henceforth to be much repose for either. Olympia took with her her little brother of eight years old, that she might herself

superintend his education. Their first stopping-place was Augsburg, where Dr. Grünthler's recommendation to the Archduke Ferdinand procured him the patronage of Herman of Gutenburg, whose physician he became for a time. Having but little society at Augsburg, Olympia found congenial occupation in translating the Psalms into Greek verse. Dr. Grünthler was subsequently offered a position at Linz, but declined it in favour of Schweinfurth, where he thought his wife would find greater liberty. It was, besides, his native home, and there the young couple decided to take up their abode. But the spirit of war and turbulence was abroad. Noble 'filibusterers' took advantage of the general confusion to make raids at pleasure to find spoil for themselves and occupation for their troops. One of these noble leaders, Albert Alcibiade, of Brandenburg, entered Franconia at the head of an army and billetted on unhappy Schweinfurth a part of his force. Oppressive exactions, siege, famine, plague, were the consequences to the innocent inhabitants. Numbers of the citizens died, Dr. Grünthler was struck down by the plague, and restored by Olympia's devoted nursing, to find bombs shattering the houses of the city, from which he and Olympia were obliged to take refuge in their wine-cellar. Soon after, Albert's army vacated the city, which it could no longer hold, and the Prince Bishop's army of defence entered and pillaged hapless Schweinfurth, as a punishment for having had the invader's force quartered upon it against its will! Olympia and her husband escaped to Hamelberg, where the inhabitants were afraid to allow them to remain for more than four days. At their next stopping place, they were arrested by an officer, under pretext of orders from the Prince Bishop to kill all refugees from Schweinfurth, but were finally set at liberty and found shelter at Rineck, whose Count received them kindly, and sent them on to the Court of Erbach. There they remained for some time, and the Count eventually procured for Grünthler an appointment in the University of Heidelberg. One of Olympia's first cares, when she found a resting-place for herself, was to seek a servant among the refugees from Schweinfurth. She and her husband had escaped from the burning city with barely their lives, and scarcely even clothing. Her books and manuscripts had been nearly all destroyed, though a few of the latter were, strange to say, rescued from destruction. A number of her friends, however, sent her presents of books to make up for her loss. That she was not likely to indulge in useless repining, we can be sure, not only from her unselfish character, but from the tone of a letter which she had written to a student friend full of wise counsel and sound philosophy. 'Do not,' she says, 'trouble yourself too much for fear lest these sad times interrupt your studies: you will not lose much by that, for there is as much good in securing whatever you have acquired, as in acquiring something new. Even if you go to war, you can find time to read some one book without a teacher, for everything cannot be got from teachers; they can only point out the way to the fountains. I advise you, therefore, to read some one book, to read it again and again, and weigh its meaning, for it is better to know one thing well, than many things moderately.'

At beautiful Heidelberg, then, Olympia, storm-tossed as she had been, found a brief season of rest under the shadow of the magnificent castle, no ruin then, but full of the knightly and martial stir of the Elector's Court. One can imagine with what delight Olympia's cultivated eye would rest upon its stately halls and rich architectural decorations, its beautiful gardens, or the superb view commanded by its broad terrace or *Altan*, while she, doubtless, recalled the still recent history of the unfortunate Princess and Electress Elizabeth, whose noble presence still seemed to

cling around her happiest home. But life had little more to offer to Olympia, either of sweet or bitter, though something of the latter was still to be mingled in her cup. It seemed as if misfortune pursued the refugees. The plague broke out in Heidelberg with all its horrors. Olympia again escaped the plague, but the trials and shocks through which she had passed had undermined her constitution, and she slowly sank under a wasting fever. During its progress she wrote to her old friend Celio Curione, in calm contemplation of her death: 'I commend to your care the Church, that whatever you do may be for her profit. Farewell, most excellent Curio, and when you hear the news of my death, do not grieve, for I know that my life will only begin after death, and I wish to be dissolved and be with Christ.'

Her dying hours were characterised by the same calm repose and dignity, the same realization of the higher unseen life, that had borne her through so many trying scenes. Her husband thus, with a tender eloquence, describes her death: 'When she was almost dying, waking a little out of sleep, I saw her look pleased and smile softly. I went nearer and asked why she smiled so sweetly. "I saw just now," she said, "a quiet place filled with the fairest and clearest light." When she could speak no more through weakness, "Courage," I said, "dear wife; in that fair light you will dwell." Again she smiled, and nodded her head. A little while afterwards she said: "I am quite happy!" When next she spoke, her eyes were already dim. "I can scarcely see you any longer," she said, "but everything seems to me full of the most beautiful flowers." They were her last words. Soon after, as if overcome by sweet sleep, she breathed forth her soul. For many days she had repeated that she wished for nothing but to be dissolved and be with Christ, whose great mercies towards herself she never ceased to speak of when the disease allowed, saying that He had illumined her with the knowledge of His Word, had weaned her mind from the pleasures of this world, had kindled in her the longing for eternal life. Nor did she hesitate, in all she said, to call herself a child of God. She was asked by a pious man if she had anything on her mind that troubled her. "For all these seven years," she said, "the devil has never ceased to try by all means to draw me from the faith; but now, as though he had shot all his darts, he nowhere appears. I feel nothing else in my mind except utter quiet and the peace of Christ."'

So passed away the gifted and learned Olympia Morata, at twenty-five years of age, in the first bloom of womanhood, and after five years of a married life, which, with all its outward trials, seems to have been, in itself, one of entire happiness and mutual trust. Such of her writings as escaped destruction at Schweinfurth were collected by her friend, Celio Curione, and published in a volume dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. It is, however, chiefly in her few remaining letters, that the noble simplicity and wisdom of her character reveal themselves. Here is a passage, which had theologians laid it to heart, might have prevented the schisms and divisions which have worked such havoc in the Christian Church: 'About the Sacraments, I know there is amongst Christians a great controversy, which would easily have been settled long ago, if men had taken as their counsellor, not their own vanity, but Christ's glory and the good of His Church, which is advanced by concord.'

The life of Olympia Morata is worth a dozen treatises on the 'higher education' of woman, illustrating as it does the value of the most thorough mental cultivation, in not merely elevating the character and taste above frivolous and transient pleasures, to those which can give so much nobler and truer satisfaction, to either man

or woman; but also in giving stimulus and direction to every true womanly impulse, and a more intelligent grasp and wider perspective to the most undoubting Christian faith. There are honest 'female agnostics' no doubt, but Olympia belonged to a higher class of minds and characters than they; and without relinquishing one iota of the reason God had given her, could rise in humble and devout aspiration to be further taught by Him concerning those higher mysteries of our being and truest life, which must forever evade and baffle the boldest efforts of the mere intellect of man, but which God has revealed to those who look to Him in love and trust.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

(*From the German of Goethe.*)

BY G. L. M.

I THINK of thee when the sun's golden glimmer
O'er the sea streams;
I think of thee when o'er its billows shimmer
The pale moonbeams.

I see thee when, upon the distant highway,
Clouds of dust arise;
The darkest night when the steep narrow pathway
The wanderer tries.

I hear thee when, with a dull, sullen roaring,
Billows foam high;
In silent woods, when scarce a leaf is stirring,
Thou still art nigh.

With thee I am, where'er thy wanderings lead thee
I still am near:
The sun sinks down, the bright stars beam upon me,—
Would thou wert here!

ONLY A LETTER.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON, B.A., TRURO, N.S.

A VERY little reflection would show anybody that an exhaustive category of the cases where the difference of a letter has had important results would be impracticable. In the history of many, perhaps of most, nations, religions, and sciences, there have been grave discussions hinging on a single letter of the alphabet; and myriads of disputes have arisen on the same narrow issue among the critics and editors of deceased authors. In their individual lives most people who read and correspond have seen anger or mirth, loss or gain, caused by the omission, addition, or misplacement accidental or designed, of one letter. Clearly there will be no systematic treatise on the subject, until another and more long-lived Bacon is born, who will consider 'all knowledge his province.' A few examples, however, may serve as well as a long lecture to awaken some people, in this careless age, to the folly of despising minute accuracy in speaking or writing.

The change of a letter was directed by Jehovah in order to make Sarai mean 'a princess,' a title befitting the mother of Israel. Other persons have exalted themselves by a letter without any warrant, human or Divine. Many a Smith or Brown has blossomed into a Smyth or Browne, perhaps about the same time that he has bought a carriage or appropriated a crest. Many an Irishman or Frenchman has veneered a plebeian name by the patronymic O' or D'.

'Not Angli but Angeli,' Pope Gregory the Great said the light-haired captives were to be, and the result was the christianization of Britain, if we are to credit the pretty, but disputed tale. Whether *Petros* was originally written with a capital or small initial letter, whether it should be translated 'Peter' or 'a stone,' is one of the points disputed between Catholics and Protestants in perhaps the most controverted passage of the New Testament. In another verse of the same volume there is a less famous dispute as to whether a word, which in most cases may mean either 'evil' or 'the Evil One,' should begin with a capital or not. Who the person and what the text, I forget; but I remember from my student days that somebody questioned the authority of an utterance of Christ, arguing with some ingenuity that the word 'Christ' in that particular passage was the translation of an error; that the true reading should be *chrestos* (the good or worthy man) and not *Christos*.

It was the difference of a letter between 'God' and 'good,' and of one or more letters between the cognate terms in every Teutonic language, that led Max Müller to dispute the etymological connection of the words. This is the converse of the reasoning of the ranting philologist who, by cutting off one letter after another from the first word, traced a connection between *devil*, *evil*, *vile*, *ill*, and *'l!*—and proved triumphantly that the Tempter's ordinary name was 'the wickedest word in existence!'

The conflict of opinion between the Semi-Arians who maintained the *homoiousia*, or similarity of essence, and their opponents who maintained the *homoousia*, or sameness of essence, of

the Father and the Son, agitated Christendom until the Council of Nice embodied its decision in the Nicene Creed, in which the crucial words were those that are translated 'of one substance with the Father.'

In Mr. Schuyler's 'Peter the Great' a more frivolous quarrel in the Greek Church is alluded to. In the reigns of Peter and his predecessor, people were found willing to suffer martyrdom for such puerile questions as whether the name of Jesus should be pronounced 'Isus' or 'Yisus.'

Every second school boy knows how prominently the digamma figures in the Homeric controversy. This letter, it is argued, still existed, or at least was pronounced, in the supposed time of Homer: otherwise the fact is unexplainable that in his poems a final vowel—contrary to the rule—is rarely elided before the initial vowel of any word which is known to have once begun with a digamma, or which in a kindred language begins with a consonant interchangeable with that letter. But the digamma was obsolete soon after Homer, certainly long before the poems that bear his name were revised by direction of Pisistratus. Therefore, it is reasoned, either they were not an accretion of separate ballads; or, if they were, these ballads must *all* have been written pretty close to the alleged date of Homer. It will be remembered that the letter *s*, appended to the word it, was a means of detecting poor Chatterton's literary forgeries; for the form *its* did not exist in Rowley's time.

A British M. P., who despised his *r*'s, was criticising the government in a speech, and alluded to 'the dissentients brought over by its peculiar modes of argument.' His 'brought' sounded so very like 'bought,' that he was promptly called to order, and even when he had explained that he had only said 'bwought,' members still doubted his explanation, so exactly did 'bought' appear to fit the passage. The climax in a very ludicrous incident was effected by another ill-articulated *r*. A little three-year old boy was taken by his parents for the first time to morning service in an Episcopal Church, in Nova Scotia. They sat in the front seat of the gallery in full view of the people in the nave and aisles, except for the very partial shelter of a railing. After some time, his father noticed the boy sitting while the congregation was kneeling, and fearing that the child would grow tired of the posture, he whispered, 'Kneel down,' and went on with his devotions. Now the child's idea of kneeling happened to be going down on one's hands and knees, as in his favourite game of 'bear.' A few moments afterwards, father and mother were simultaneously startled by seeing their son on all fours, facing the congregation and sometimes grasping a rail, as a bear in a menagerie might grasp the bars of its cage. It only remained for him to growl. At this juncture, unfortunately, came one of the prayers that are prefaced by the formula, 'Let us pray.' 'Let us pway,' read the clergyman. 'Let us play,' little Arthur thought it was. He was pleased at the invitation and growled 'Ow-w-w!' It was not a very loud growl, and it was not very long before his father stopped him; but some members of the congregation heard and saw him.

Another indistinctly sounded letter enabled a western assemblyman of elastic conscience to palm off a mock excuse upon an angry and insulted representative of the people. The latter rose to a point of order, and objected that the speaker had questioned his veracity. 'I never doubted the gentleman's *v*oracity,' explained the offending assemblyman, speaking with equal indistinctness; 'for I believe it is that very *v*oracity which has led him into error!'

A deacon in Maine, who had occasion to call at his pastor's house, noticed that the servant who opened the door looked particularly sulky, and

on entering the study he found the parson sitting moodily with his elbows on the table and his face buried in his hands. 'What's the matter?' asked the deacon, sympathetically. 'Help to pay, and no money to pay with,' muttered the clergyman. At this the deacon left the room and called a meeting of churchwardens, not to increase but to stop the minister's salary. For to his horrified ears, the poor man's moan had sounded, 'H—l to pay!'

Some of the embarrassing positions in which foreigners sometimes find themselves placed, arise from the mispronunciation of single letters. This was the case with the German who mortally offended a young amateur actress by saying she was the *pest*, when he meant to say she was the *best* of the association. This was also the case with Thackeray and Tennyson in Paris, at least, according to one of the 'Anecdotal Photographs' in *Truth*. 'Ne laissez pas sortir le feu,' was Thackeray's instructions, as he went out for a walk without his travelling companion. Now the waiter would doubtless have guessed the meaning of this British French, had not Thackeray pronounced *feu* as exactly like *fou*, that the man carried out his instructions to the letter, turning the key upon the indignant Tennyson, and treating his remonstrances and threats as the mutterings of a madman. What an opportunity to see 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling!' The English spinster who fell sick in France, and requested that the *médecin* might remain by her bedside, must have felt rather shocked when she discovered that the difference of meaning between *médecin* and *médecine*, was the same as the difference between 'physician' and 'physic.'

'What am I to do, if she bawls and shoots at me?' asked a Scotch bailiff who was ordered to serve a summons on a noted virago. 'You may shoot her in self-defence,' answered the justice, forgetting that the Scotchman's 'shoot' is the Englishman's 'shout.' The result would have been homicidal, had not the bailiff been armed with the flint-lock horse-pistol of the period. The piece luckily missed fire, and, before he could recock it, the myrmidon of the law was on his back, 'having his hair parted on both sides,' as he said, describing his discomfiture.

Half of the multitudinous mistakes of compositors are mistakes of a single letter. I have seen a correspondent's 'real friend' represented as a real fiend, by the type-setter; an indolent represented as an insolent character; the bugler as the bungler of the regiment; a girl waiting for her cousin, as wailing for him; an English poet as an English port; a boot-maker as a boat-maker. Most of these were probably harmless, but the last, being in an advertisement, may have put some intending customers to inconvenience. Some years ago the notice, NO CHARGE, instead of NO CHANGE, appeared in one of the advertisements of an industrial exhibition. Some of the simple people who were attracted and disappointed by the announcement, suspected it to be an accident with a purpose; and it certainly, but for the respectability of the management, would have looked uncommonly like ground-bait.

The mishaps and absurdities arising from indistinctly *written* letters, are still more numerous; for it must be remembered that a large proportion of compositors' errors, too, are traceable to careless handwriting. When the Conventicle and Five Mile Acts were in force in England, a young man was seized and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment for conducting a religious meeting. In announcing the news to his mother, a correspondent, either carelessly or ignorantly, omitted to specify the sentence of the Court, but ended his note with a reflection, intended to be soothing: 'He hath been condemned on earth, and lauded in heaven.' The *u* in 'lauded' looked exactly like an *n;* and the poor woman, fancying 'landed in heaven,' was

a gentle euphemism for 'put to death,' fell into a fit, and continued ill until she was relieved by a message from her son. A misunderstanding may occur from misreading even familiar handwriting. A physician, suddenly summoned to visit a paralytic woman, charged his sister-in-law, who happened to be in the house, to inform his wife, who was out. The former, having soon to go to her own home, wrote the following memorandum for her sister on the doctor's slate: 'Tom has gone to see a lonely woman, twenty miles away, on the —— road. Will likely be away all night.' The doctor's wife took the 'lonely' to be 'lovely,' and spent a night of sleepless jealousy. Next morning she hurried to her sister's for details and sympathy, and got details and raillery.

'If there are no chickens, kill the cock,' wrote a Southern planter, of the olden time, to his overseer. He was returning from Washington with an invalid wife, for whom he wished to provide some chicken broth. The second *c* in the last word looking exactly like an *o*, and there being no chickens available, the order threw the overseer into consternation, which might have ended in his actually killing the *cook*, according to his apparent instructions, had not his master been one of the kindest slave-owners in the State. 'Make the idiot close his month with a stroke,' was the command which an irascible merchant wrote to his confidential clerk, touching a raw apprentice who was temporarily in charge of the books. The recipient of the order mistook 'month' for 'mouth,' and the first time the luckless apprentice ventured to indulge in conversation, literally 'closed his mouth' with a smart slap. During the Irish Rebellion an English subaltern, placed on trial for remissness in defending the barracks under his command against a mob, made an unusual defence. Fearing a local disturbance, he had written to his colonel for instructions, and had been directed to 'keep the place at all hazards.' The accused officer alleged that he had taken the word 'place' to be 'peace,' and producing the colonel's missive in support of his plea, he was acquitted.

In both writing and conversation the literal errors proceeding from ignorance probably outnumber those proceeding from carelessness. Some of the former are just as amusing, and others just as serious, as any of the latter. A large number of genuine, as opposed to invented, Malaprop-isms are blunders of a single letter. In different private notes I have seen a professor styled a domino in all gravity and sincerity; a decidedly flippant clergyman styled a reverent gentleman; heavy artillery styled heavy ordinance; a venial styled a venal fault; cannibalism styled anthropophagi; a typographical styled a topographical error; and Acadia (more than once) styled Arcadia. This last reminiscence reminds me that many names of places are distinguished by a single letter, and that ignorance of such distinction must cause considerable worry to post office officials. Putting St. John's for St. John, Kingstown for Kingston, Norristown for Morristown, or Morristown for Moristown, has, doubtless, sent many a letter on a lengthy tour, never to reach its proper destination. In London alone thousands of letters are delayed, if not lost, every month from having no distinct letter, or a wrong letter, affixed to the name of the great metropolis. Some of those who admired and mourned *The Round Table* may recollect how ridiculous a figure a correspondent signing himself 'A Priest of the Holy Catholic Church' once played in its columns. The object of his letter, which the editor must have inserted with malice aforethought, was to criticize the expression, 'Protestantism has failed to be a religion suited to every kind of, even the Aryan, man.' The only effect of his letter was to show that he had confounded the ethnological

term 'Aryan' with the theological term 'Arian!' Other persons seemingly confuse the latter word with the name of a certain Greek musician: at least, one might suppose, from the current New York pronunciation, that the Arion Society's balls are gatherings of Arian heretics!

There are persons whom a simple spelling mistake, sometimes of a single letter, haunts to their grave if it does not prematurely send them there. Among these promises to be the official who in an evil hour wrote that he was 'a biger man than Grant,' and the lately elected French Academician who, immediately after his election, spelt *Academie* with two final *e*'s in a published letter. Through the persistency of the newspapers these men's 'sin is ever before them.'

A large, but, I fear, an uninteresting, volume could be filled with the simple record of passages in classical authors where critics and commentators have fought long and hotly over a vowel or a consonant. It is true that the alteration of a single word by a single letter may entirely change the meaning of a passage, and that the passage may be one adduced in proof of some important and disputed point. It is further true that much linguistic, antiquarian and historic lore may be garnered from the most trivial discussions of the learned. But in most cases it looks like a waste of ingenuity and pains to expend so much of them on such questions as changing or retaining a letter that can only mend or mar the sense of a single line. Endless disputes about the text certainly increase the difficulties disproportionately to the pleasures of students. Research in quest or in demonstration of a philosophical law affecting a particular letter is, of course, another and far from a frivolous mode of spending time, serving often to establish interesting facts in history or ethnology.

The mispronunciation of one letter in 'shibboleth' brought death to many thousand Ephraimites. Were the United States at war with Great Britain, there are several words that would distinguish uninformed enemies from friends, by means of a single letter. 'Clerk' would perhaps be the surest; but 'buoy,' 'gape,' 'depôt,' 'mercantile,' besides sundry *proper* names, would also be good oral shibboleths. Written shibboleths of one letter would probably be more numerous and sure. Their spelling of 'fulfil,' 'skilful,' 'Jennie,' 'traveller,' 'labour,' 'bazaar,' 'ambassador,' 'centre,' 'axe,' 'practised,' (which I here spell *à l'Anglaise*) would, however, distinguish many Americans from Englishmen, by one letter only in each instance. There are other words in which the articulation of one letter, though not marking a difference between nations or districts, would help one to guess a man's class and breeding in the dark. For example, it is almost universally true that the gentry of Great Britain and Ireland do, and the peasantry do not, omit a vowel in pronouncing, 'interesting' or 'medicine,' and change a vowel in pronouncing 'Derby' or 'Berkeley.'

'What harm can it do to omit a silent letter?' is asked sometimes by the more ignorant advocates of phonetic spelling. There are several answers to this question. A letter that is silent in one district, or among one class, is often sounded in another district, or among another class, and hence the written word would have two forms, each form strange to millions and unintelligible to thousands of people. Again, as Trench observes, a silent letter may stamp the lineage and descent of a word, may embody an interesting historical fact or moral lesson. Take the unsounded consonant from 'debt,' 'reign,' 'deign;' and the words have little apparent connection with 'debeo,' 'regno,' 'dignus.' Take it from 'Wednesday' and 'Lincoln,' and collateral records of the Scandinavian mythology and the Roman occupation of Britain will be lost or

weakened: it will no longer be easy for children to remember that the latter word meant Lin colony, and the former Woden's day. Without its mute *l*, nothing would remain to identify 'alms' as the offspring of *eleemosune;* and the wholesome lesson taught to many who now notice its derivation would be lost—that alms should proceed morally, as the word does etymologically, from *pity*, and not from a desire to increase the giver's credit in this world or the next. The retention of the silent *a* in 'deacon'—the accented letter of the parent word makes the fact more immediately patent that deacons used to be servants or attendants, not censors or moral guardians of the pastor and the flock.

Of course, many of the imaginary errors of Mesdames Malaprop, Ramsbottom, and Partington depend upon one letter. So do a large proportion of miscellaneous quips and jests, sarcasms and epigrams. It was Theodore Hook who grouped 'the Prince of Whales and the Dolphin:' it was an irreverent reporter who headed his copy, 'The Prince of Whales at the College of Sturgeons.' A Church of England divine, whose name escapes me, caustically observed that the Ritualists were 'Papists all but the P.' A Scotch professor (was it not Professor Blackie?) had occasion, after some interruption or other, to write on the door of his lecture-room, 'Professor ——— will meet his classes at the usual hour.' A venturous student changed 'classes' into 'lasses' by erasing the *c*; but the ready professor brought the laugh over to his side by rubbing out the *l* also. Every one has heard of the vindictive Quaker, whose principles forbade him to beat a mischievous dog; but who managed to have the beast chased and killed by his neighbours, by simply shouting, 'Bad dog! bad dog;' which was naturally mistaken for the warning cry of 'Mad dog! mad dog!' This literal subterfuge, it is to be feared, was hardly a more valid moral justification than the addition of an *r* in the expletive 'marry,' or the changes of a letter in 'darn,' 'gad,' or the Shakspearian 'chrish.' A relation of Mrs. Partington sent an amorous missive to his lady love, which he mal-appropriately headed, 'A Lover's Missile.' It was returned, with the following epigram:—

'You call this thing "A Lover's Missile:"
A *letter* gets you your dismissal;
For 'tis not thus, you dunce, Love's *dart*
Is wont to pierce a woman's heart.'

There was bitterness and truth in *Punch's* jest that the letter most injurious to Ireland was the absent *t*.

To know unusual as well as the usual modes of spelling words may sometimes prove useful. A very large sum of money was won by an English sharper upon a single letter in the word 'reindeer,' between fifteen and twenty years ago. It was the eve of a great race, and bookmakers from all parts of the country mustered in force in the smoking room of a certain hotel, drinking and betting and prophesying. All at once a stranger impressively stated his opinion that Reindeer would be the winning horse. Reindeer was an outsider, hardly mentioned in the betting, and the stranger's announcement was heard with smiles. 'What horse did you say?' asked one of the knowing ones. 'Reindeer.' 'Reindeer!' exclaimed the bookmaker, derisively. 'Yes, sir, R-a-i-n-d-e-e-r,' retorted the unknown, defiantly, as if nettled at the other's tone. 'And I don't see anything laughable in my opinion, either,' he added, as a ripple of laughter went through the room. 'The laugh is at your spelling, I fancy, not at your opinion,' said one of the sporting men. 'What's the matter with my spelling? Didn't I spell it R-a i-n-d-e-e-r?' 'Do you want to back your orthography?' 'If you like.' 'I'll bet you £100 you're wrong.' 'Done.' There were many lovers of 'a soft thing in the room; and the greenhorn (?) ac-

cepted all their offers. When all the money had been put up, somebody asked by what authority the question was to be decided. At that time Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries were not so commonly used in England as they are now, and one might calculate with confidence that either Johnson or Walker would be suggested. Johnson's Dictionary was proposed and accepted, and the stranger's unusual orthography was found to be endorsed therein. I am sorry I cannot determine, by reference, the stranger's aggregate winnings, or his name, or the name or date of the race-meeting. But the incident, though here told freely from recollection only, actually occurred. The English papers were considerably exercised over it; and some correspondents argued that the man had no right to the money, as he was clearly betting upon a certainty. But this was never proved.

AN APRIL DAWN.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.

ALL night a slow soft rain,
A shadowy stranger from a cloudy land,
Sighing and sobbing, with unsteady hand
Beat at the lattice, ceased, and beat again,
And fled like some wild startled thing pursued
By demons of the night and solitude,
Returning ever—wistful—timid—fain—
The intermittent rain.

And still the sad hours crept
Within uncounted, the while hopes and fears
Swayed our full hearts, and overflowed in tears
That fell in silence, as she waked or slept,
Still drawing near to that unknown shore
Whence foot of mortal cometh nevermore;
And still the rain was as a pulse that kept
Time as the slow hours crept.
The plummet of the night
Sank through the hollow dark that closed us round,
A lamp lit globe of space; outside, the sound
Of rain-drops falling from abysmal height
To vast mysterious depths rose faint and far,
Like a dull muffled echo from some star
Swung, like our own, an orb of tears and light
In the unheeding night.

But when the April dawn
Touched the closed lattice softly, and a bird,
Too early wakened from its sleep, was stirred,
And trilled a sudden note broke off, withdrawn,
She heard and woke. All silently she laid
Her gentle hands in our's, with such a look as made
A rainbow of the tears it fell upon,
Caught from another and heavenlier dawn,
Fixed—trembled—and was gone.

KINGSTON.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING.

BY A. G., M.A., TORONTO.

AT the present time this subject is somewhat prominently before the Canadian public, in connection with the appointment of an English graduate to one of our University chairs, and it may not be out of place to offer some remarks indirectly bearing on the necessary qualifications to be sought in a man who would fill the office of a University teacher with credit to himself, honour to the country, and benefit to his students. In making such remarks, I wish to look at the matter from the standpoint of the training such a teacher should undergo so as to be in the best possible manner qualified for his important work.

It will, I dare say, be readily admitted on all hands that the education of a professor, though in some measure identical with that of, say a High School teacher, is necessarily in a great many respects essentially different. Not only is this difference caused by the fact that the former has more mature minds to work upon, larger experience on the part of his pupils to aid him in their instruction, but the knowledge he communicates must of necessity be characterized by a larger grasp, a greater regard to the broad and general principles of his subject than is to be expected or, indeed, desired in the case of the pedagogue. He must also have a stricter regard to the *elegantiæ*—which, be it noticed, are not by any means the *minutiæ*, but rather inclusive of them—of the language or science he teaches. To use a familiar illustration—the schoolteacher lays the foundation, which he may lay roughly but still strongly, and with a due regard to the absence of any flaw that might be an element of weakness in the succeeding structure, but the canons of taste and architectural beauty he can afford to ignore, as elements with which he is not particularly concerned. The professor, on the other hand, to whom is entrusted the rearing of the visible and æsthetically important part of the edifice must be regulated by wider reaching and more scientific principles. A tyro may almost be entrusted with laying the foundation, provided he bring to the work painstaking and energy, and be governed by the easily intelligible directions of the ground plan, but the builder must have judgment, discrimination, and, above all, as we think, mature and extended experience. Without this, it matters not how great his reputation may be, his work will be comparatively worthless, and the structure he rears, a miserable and conspicuous failure.

Of course, in saying this, we do not forget that experience is not everything. There are natural qualifications, without which no amount of experience will make a man a successful teacher or professor; but let us suppose both teacher and professor, equally endowed with these, and even (for the sake of argument) possessed of an equal amount of erudition, we maintain that experience, and experience of the kind that is sometimes called, and not inaptly, culture, is the discriminating quality that fits a man for discharging properly the duties of a professorial chair. If he be deficient in this, he is nothing but a dominie in a professor's robes, and we do not know anything more utterly incongruous and practically inefficient, unless, indeed, a professor wielding the ferule.

Now the question emerges, where is this experimental culture to be acquired? The answer of a great many would be—practically anywhere; anywhere, that is, where educational matters receive anything like due attention. From this finding we must dissent absolutely. The conditions under which this highest form of education is cultivated are such as cannot be found apart from old established seminaries where, for years, it has been made a specialty, and where the modes of tuition and lines of study have been specially adapted for its acquirement. A moment's thought will suffice to convince most candid people that facts bear out this assertion, nor is it difficult to see why. Perhaps it is only in the universities of England and Germany that languages, for example, are studied philosophically. In those of Scotland, Canada, and America there is more of the student's attention directed to the minutiæ—the mechanical qualities of a language,—and hence it is that such a science as, for example, comparative philology is almost unknown, or only known in a very elementary degree in the Universities of these countries. They have produced many brilliant but, we venture to say, very few really profound classical scholars, and the greater number of their alumni who have risen to eminence in other sciences owed their success to the influence either of an English or a German University.

'But why should this be so?' is indignantly asked. The answer is more easily given in the one case than in the other. England owes her Universities rather to endowment liberally bestowed than to the far-seeing legislation of patriotic statesmen; and the honors they were enabled to confer, together with the substantial pecuniary benefits that accompanied them, supplied both a powerful incentive and a munificent reward to him who had the intellect and the industry to justify him, in his own mind, in aspiring to their possession. They, moreover, gave him years of leisure, and if he felt so inclined, a lifetime of 'lettered ease,' in which to follow out and enlarge his previous acquirements both in the way of personal study and the communication of instruction to others. In Germany, on the other hand, no such splendid inducements have been held out, but the natural bent of the Teutonic mind is towards acquisition and retention in this, as in more ignoble directions, and to that is to be ascribed the front position that race holds among the nations in point of education and culture. A plodding—or, as Dr. Johnson would call it, a doggedly determined—disposition, especially when there is thrown in an innate tendency to philosophical investigation, is bound to succeed in study as in everything else. So much for what we deem the causes of the pre-eminence of these two nations.

And now for the causes of deficiency in the others we have mentioned. Scotland derived many and substantial benefits from the Reformation, not the least of which was the system of education inaugurated by Knox, under which the sons and daughters of her poorest have, for centuries, received a far better practical education than those of the middle-classes of her richer, but, in this matter, far less fortunate neighbour, England. But the one drawback has been that her Universities were modelled too much after the fashion of her parish schools and their endowments made far too small to serve efficiently the object they were meant to accomplish. They are, therefore, to this day little more than the upper forms of her High Schools and Grammar Schools and feeders for real Universities. Conservative in matters like this Scotland certainly is, however Liberal she may be in politics, and there is little or no indication of change for the better in her Universities even in the present day. A partial exception might perhaps be made to this sweeping assertion in

the case of Edinburgh; but, as regards the others, we might apply to them all the sarcastic epithets used by the facetious Professor Blackie in speaking of Marischal College and University, Aberdeen (merely changing the locality): 'That bit schule i' the Broadgate,' or perhaps it was 'The Broadgate Academy,' we forget which.

With regard to the universities of Canada and the United States it is sufficient to say that they, in common with many other institutions in these countries, labour under the disadvantages incident to comparatively young countries and cannot be expected to reach the zenith of their strength *per saltum*. With any but the more mechanical, or what are called the exact sciences, they must be content to admit themselves as only developing an acquaintance. Perfect familiarity will by and by most surely come. But they must have patience for that time. Hence we argue, and surely not without reason, that the fitting place to seek for a thoroughly efficient professor for such a subject as classics, to occupy a chair in our Universities is, beyond question, Oxford, where it is well known their study is made an almost exclusive speciality and where proficiency in them is the surest and shortest way to the acquisition of university honors and emoluments. Without a doubt the possession of *experience in tuition* is a most essential pre-requisite to a professor and should be looked upon as almost indispensable, but, as a matter of fact, that qualification is not always attainable, especially where the emoluments offered are not so large as to command the market.

If any further argument in this direction were necessary we might add it in the form of an illustrative case. Leyden was, in the last century, and Edinburgh, Paris, and perhaps Vienna in the present are, considered the best medical schools in the world. If then an opportunity were offered us of obtaining one of the leading physicians or surgeons of those schools as a medical professor here in Ontario, would it not be almost ridiculous to raise the cry of 'injustice to Canada and native schools of medicine' when such a man was appointed?

We are not to be understood as depreciating either Scotland or Canada in what we have said. Both countries deserve the greatest praise for the systems of education they have adopted and are carrying out. They are unequalled by any nation in the world, with the exception perhaps of Germany, in elementary education. But for the reasons above indicated they have been neither of them, from circumstances, adapted to the growth of what we have called 'culture' or higher education. Not that they are, either of them, liable to be stigmatized as *uncultivated*, nothing could be a grosser libel, but it seems to us that *rem acu tangimus* when we say that Scotland has come short in this matter because she lacked partly the means and partly the inclination, and Canada simply and solely because she has not had the opportunity.

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

III.

PROCEEDINGS OF THIRD MEETING, REPORTED BY THE DUCHESS.

I CANNOT avoid thinking that our newly formed Coterie and its sayings have been thrust upon public notice in rather an unceremonious way. Had I been appointed reporter for the first meeting, I would have introduced each member, if not by her own Christian name, at least by some other Christian name; but Doc appears serenely unconscious of any impropriety in setting the heathen appellations which we have invented for each other before the eyes of polite society. This gives our Coterie an air of Bohemianism, which I should be sorry to think it possessed. For the sake of redeeming any evil reputation which we may have made, I should like to remark that we do not greet other girls of our acquaintance by calling out 'hello' at them in the street; we talk in low tones, we do not laugh aloud in railway cars and other public places; and, in general, we would as soon be seen with brass jewellery as with brazen looks and manners. I think I may go even further, and assert that we are guiltless in the slightest degree of the vulgar desire to attract attention. To these rules (except the last) my friend Smarty is an exception. It is not very polite to speak ill of the liveliest member of our Coterie, but then—truth is mighty and will prevail—at times even over politeness. Smarty says she isn't a bit boisterous—she is only girlsterous—but I see small difference between the two.

Our last meeting was informal enough. We had been summering in various parts of the country—fleeing to the mountains for shade or to the rivers for coolness—for, however perfect Toronto may be in other respects, it is unpopular as a summer resort—when the majority of our members, who were camping out near Lake Erie, sent a summons in our various directions for the rest of us to join them there. In response to the invitation, I started at once for the lake, but I tarried a few hours in Toronto, trying to persuade Grum to go too. There is really nothing to account for Grum's presence in the city in August, except pure perversity. If she were in a cooler place, she might suffer for lack of something to grumble at. I told her of what the Judge had written—that she wanted us all to spend our monthly meeting day in going across the lake to Dunkirk, and that a few miles beyond that place was the village of Fredonia, which she had heard pronounced the prettiest village in the United States.

'Prettiest grandmother in the United States!' said Grum severely.

This remark did not discourage me for I remembered that though Grum's actions always run parallel with her words, the line representing the latter makes straight for the north, while her line of action invariably tends toward the sunny south. She imagines that *both* lines run in the direction of bitter weather, but the rest of us know better. As a rule, when she sneers at anything, it has already found favour in her eyes, and when she

directly sets her face against it, it is only because that is the most favourable position for taking it to her heart.

'I'll not stir an inch out of this dear, dusty old town for all the pretty villages in existence,' she exclaimed vehemently. Accordingly, in a very short time, we were on our way southward.

It was highly delightful to be together again. The Poet said she thought 'together' was the most poetical word in the language. Doc's every-day expression of contented sweetness was perceptibly deepened. Lily was in exuberant spirits. I felt a little troubled at heart about meeting Smarty, for we had not parted the best of friends. My plan was to treat her with elegant formality and lukewarm reserve. But we all know what becomes of the best laid plans. Before I could deliver myself of a bow of just the right temperature, she seized impetuously upon me, exclaiming: 'Are this the Duchess? It were! It am! Sit still, my beating heart!' Of course it was impossible to be dignified after this ridiculous apostrophe, but I really think I should not have subsided into weak giggling and embracing, had she only spoken grammatically, and said, 'Be,' instead of 'Sit.' The Judge and Grum did not kiss each other, but there was a very impressive handshaking between them. They are both noticeably tall, but in every other way there is a marked difference in their appearance. The Judge would be called fine-looking, rather than good looking, and her eyes are full of sincerity, and faith, and purpose; Grum narrowly escapes being handsome, but she looks critical, questioning, unsatisfied.

The next morning we were as happy as sunny skies and smooth water could make us—that is, all except the Grumbler. 'Oh, dear!' said she, 'if I had only brought a chess board along, I might be playing chess now.'

'Oh, dear!' echoed Smarty; 'if I had only brought an orchard along, I might be climbing peach trees now.' She glanced round while speaking, and then broke into her stock phrase, 'Sit still, my beating heart!' This ejaculation was caused by the approach of a young gentleman—a Torontonian, with whom we are well acquainted. He was straw-hatted, linen-coated, cool, breezy and self-possessed. After the inevitable questions as to whether we were enjoying the sail, and whether any of us had been sick, he said:

'Do you object to my smoking?'

'Very much, indeed,' answered Doc.

The youth looked surprised. He had already produced a cigar, in the expectation that his query would receive the conventional reply. Doc being a hygienist to the core, of course, has peculiar views, but I think in this case she expressed the feeling of the majority. The words were blunt, but her tone and glance were perfectly sweet-natured.

'Then,' with a laugh, 'you must want to banish me to the other end of the boat.'

'Oh,' cried Lily Cologne, who was never found guilty of banishing a man from her side on any provocation, 'we object to your smoking at the other end of the boat.'

'Yes,' said the Judge, 'we object to your smoking anywhere, at any time.'

'Upon my word,' exclaimed the young man, tossing his just-lit cigar into the water, 'are you all disciples of Trask? Do you think it sinful to smoke?'

'No,' said Grum, who, as the smoker's own cousin felt no need to modify her usual plainness of speech, 'it's worse than sinful—it's senseless.'

Her cousin looked at her mockingly.

'Now, then, my illustrious kinswoman, you are in a tight place. Granting that it is senseless, how are you going to prove that senselessness is worse than sinfulness?'

'Hawthorne says,' replied Grum, 'that sin may be forgiven, but awkwardness cannot. What is true of

awkwardness, I think, applies with equal force to folly.'

'Mr. C——,' put in Smarty, 'you must excuse my fellow-travellers. They are generally much more polite than they are to-day; but that model of propriety'—nodding at me—'and myself are the only ones who really know how to behave.'

The insulted youth bowed several times in a gratified manner to both of us, and then withdrew to talk to the Poet, who at the other side of the steamer was absorbing the scenery, as she expressed it—drinking in the lake Smarty called it.

'There,' said Lily, 'we have driven him away. If we had been a lot of Women Righters, armed with umbrellas and spectacles, we couldn't have acted any worse. I hate strong-minded women,' she added, rather irrelevantly.

'And I detest weak-minded women,' said Grum, snappishly.

'We couldn't have acted differently,' declared Doc. 'I dislike tobacco, because it is a poison.'

I said I disliked it because it was unclean.

'And I,' said the Judge, 'because it so frequently enslaves its user.'

'And I,' said Smarty, 'because silly young men think smoking is rather a superior thing to do. But I wouldn't for the world,' she added with a laugh, 'have my gentlemen friends break themselves of the habit. It does me so much good to twit them about their little weakness. Not long ago at a picnic in the woods I told Tom L—— that hitherto I had always considered tobacco a very useless weed, but now I saw my mistake —I saw that even the meanest of created things was made for some good purpose. And then I thanked him for smoking a cigar—it kept the mosquitoes away so perfectly.'

'Did he laugh?' asked Lily.

'No. He preserved outwardly all the calmness of the sphinx, and never showed that he saw the point at all. It is really painful to me,' she added, pathetically, 'to have to waste a joke upon that sort of people.'

At Dunkirk our time was chiefly occupied in searching for the street cars that were to take us to Fredonia. 'It must ever be remembered,' said the Judge, with mock grandiloquence, as we at length seated ourselves in one of these conveyances; 'that we are now strangers in a strange land, and we must keep our eyes and minds open to receive new impressions.'

'Well,' said Doc, 'anybody with one eye and half a mind could gather a harvest of new impressions here.'

'And charming impressions too,' said the Poet.

'The States seem to be a pretty country,' observed L. Cologne.

We had previously laboured with this young person in regard to the impropriety of calling a small section of the State of New York 'The States,' but to no avail. She said, in justification of her course, that she knew several American girls who called Canada Canady, and she considered that much more incorrect than calling their country the States.

We passed a great many pretty houses with lawns, large and little about them, but all noticably well kept. There were children playing under the trees, and gentlemen reclining in hammocks, and ladies of different ages rocking and reading on vine-wreathed verandas.

'I always thought,' remarked Doc, that Americans were a peculiarly excitable, fast, and nervous people, but I know better now. This shows that an ounce of personal observation is worth a pound of book-talk.' The rest of us entreated Doc not to expose her ignorance by making any more such remarks, but it was no use.

'There is a place about half way between Dunkirk and Fredonia,' said the Judge, 'which is called the half-way house, and I have heard mention made of a park in connection with it. Now I have an idea that we cannot afford to

miss seeing this park. The great art in travelling is to skip nothing of interest or importance.' Accordingly we notified the driver of our intention.

When we discovered that the park consisted of a score of melancholy trees, keeping watch over one or two disconsolate benches, all power to express our emotions forsook us. Smarty was the first to regain her presence of mind. She said:

'Sit still my b—.'

'Ah!' interrupted the poet, 'my fancy pictured a scene majestic with the dignity of century-old oaks, adorned with marble statues of unsurpassable beauty, bedewed with the silvery spray of plashing fountains, and ravishing with the music of nightingales, but never even in its wildest flights did my imagination paint such a scene as this!'

'The reason,' said Doc, 'why so much is said of English parks and so little of American ones is that the latter beggar description.'

'Well,' remarked Lily, 'I've heard a good deal about the characteristic scenery of the States, but this is rather too characteristic for me.'

'Now girls,' pleaded our leader, with a heavy heart, 'be a little merciful, can't you?'

'Why, Judge,' I cried, 'this is the very best place we could have to eat our luncheon in.'

She smiled at this, and she looked even better pleased when Grum declared that she never cared for the royal privilege of exhibiting at mealtime; and, as the next street car would pass up in half-an-hour, we couldn't have had things arranged better.

We divided off into groups in Fredonia, and went our several ways in search of 'impressions,' turning all our experiences into a common fund in the evening, as we came back across the lake. We had all walked about a good deal, some in the cemetery, and some along the streets, and in the shops, and were all well pleased. But Doc and the Poet, who had been through the State Normal School together, were better pleased than anyone else.

'How does it compare with our Toronto Normal School?' I asked.

'Oh, it is not nearly so fine as ours, of course,' said they, with the natural pride of youthful Canadians. 'The grounds are not so pretty, and the museum does not amount to anything, but it was quite our equal in every other respect. There is a very interesting school of art in connection with it, and the lady artist in charge of it showed us some really good paintings—the work of her pupils.'

'Do you mean to say that the teachers of this Normal School do duty during holidays?' inquired Grum.

'No; we mean to say that one of the teachers does, because she is an enthusiast in art.'

'Who showed you round?' asked the Judge.

'We don't know,' answered the Poet, in deeply mysterious tones; and then both laughed. 'But we might ask somebody when we get home.'

'What do you mean?' queried Lily.

'Well, there was an excursion to Fredonia to day, and he said he believed he had shown all Canada through that building.'

'And who is he?' I asked, with pardonable scorn.

'We don't know,' they said again, and laughed more than ever. 'An American, probably.'

'For pity's sake,' exclaimed Lily, 'tell us all about it.'

'Well,' began Doc, 'it was this way. We asked a gentleman at the door of the hotel if he could direct us to the State Normal School. He offered to show us through, and was very obliging and polite. He borrowed keys, and showed us everything, and took all kinds of trouble in our behalf. Then, on our way back to the hotel, he invited us to be seated on his lawn, which was much plea-

santer than the hotel parlour; and when the Poet praised the appearance of a new kind of hammock in the next yard, he brought out his own and hung it for us. He shook down some harvest apples for us, and acted in all respects like the friendliest and best-informed of grandfathers. I suppose this is the American fashion of treating strangers. When the street-car came along he hailed it, and bowed his acknowledgements of our thanks, and the only thing that surprised me was that he did not say we must be sure to call at his house next time we chanced that way.'

'What did you talk about?'

'Oh, everything connected with Toronto and Fredonia and—and the park.'

'The park!' groaned the Judge.

'Yes; he looked real pleased when he heard that we got out there.'

'Well, I think,' said Grum, 'that you two have acted with just as little discretion and prudence as two American girls would have shown.'

'Which proves,' said Doc, 'that we are fully as capable of taking care of ourselves as any two American girls would be.'

'We'll not bicker about it,' said the Poet; and these were the only pleasant words between us during the rest of our voyage toward 'the better land.'

THEKLA'S SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

THE dark clouds gather, the forests roar,
The maiden walks on the verdant shore,
The wild wave lashes with might, with might,
And she sings out there in the gloomy night,
Her eyes all faded with weeping.

The world is empty, her heart has died,
No more a wish from its depths is sighed.
'O Father, thy child call back and bless,
For I have enjoyed earth's happiness,
A harvest of love I've been reaping.'

FERGUS. A. W. W.

MORALITY AND THE GOSPEL ONCE MORE.

BY FREDERICK STEVENSON, D.D., MONTREAL.

IT is impossible to read the article by Mr. Le Sueur in the June number of this magazine without feeling that the writer is thinking earnestly and, as it seems to him, clearly. There is no deficiency of intellectual vigour or of moral emotion, but on the contrary a refreshing amplitude of both. And yet I have seldom read anything that showed more instructively how an able man may throw himself into an important controversy and miss the points that constitute the key to the position to be carried. It is not too much to say that his criticisms of 'Fidelis' and myself are, in the full sense of the words, beside the mark. He does not meet us, he runs round us. His statements, in great part, may be true or untrue; they do not affect our positions, nor, as it seems to me, any positions for which we, or any one else, need care.

One word, before I go further, as to what the question in debate really is. It is not whether man is by nature a moral being. Both 'Fidelis' and I attest that he is, with all the energy we can command. Nor is it, as Mr. Le Sueur says, whether the 'doctrine of the Cross can alone keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt;' a form of statement which is complicated by questions as to what is the true doctrine of the Cross, and how it is to be discriminated from mistaken doctrines, as well as open to doubts as to the exact condition meant by 'altogether corrupt.' Mr. Inglis has spoken effectively, if a little severely, on the attempt to narrow, and even to confuse, the question by stating it thus: The real question is whether religion, in its form of Christianity, has done important things for the moral life of those who have accepted it, and whether these things are of a nature to constitute a strong proof of its substantial truth. If this is not the essential point in debate, it is not easy to understand why so large a portion of Mr. Le Sueur's articles should be occupied in minimising the moral results of the Gospel, or why he should call it immoral to believe a doctrine true because we know it to be good. A man says, 'I was untruthful and intemperate; I am now honest and sober; my belief of Christ's words and my love for His character have brought the change; I cannot, therefore, doubt that His mission is divine.' 'Fidelis' and I (and, as I understand him, Mr. Inglis) hold that such a man is probably correct in the account he gives of his change of character (supposing the change to be real), and if so that he is warranted in the inference he draws. We hold that it is a divine thing to bring about changes such as these, and a strong proof of the divine origin of the influences on the person that does it. Is this so or not? that is the important question.

Now I quite admit that Mr. Le Sueur is in a certain sense right when he complains of a want of definiteness in the discussion. A question like the one I have stated can scarcely be debated between 'Fidelis' and myself on the one side and him on the other, before certain preliminary terms are settled. These terms are, however, by no means what he supposed them to

be. It is not of any consequence that 'Fidelis' or I define our creed further than it is defined in almost every sentence of our writing. Christianity has not been in the world so long without men knowing its main outlines. And it is these alone that we are now concerned to defend. As much of Christianity as is common to Mr. Channing, for example, and the Pope, or, if we prefer a different type of orthodoxy, the Moderator of the General Assembly, will be sufficient for our purpose. When this is so, to create a diversion about accurate definitions is to trail a red herring across the scent. This is no question of nice interpretation, it is simply this: Is the Gospel of Christ a superfluity and a hindrance, or is it in its great central doctrines,—the being of God, the authority of Christ as His messenger and revelation, and the life of the world to come,—good in its tendency and probably true?

The definiteness needed is of another sort, and it is due from Mr. Le Sueur if it come at all. What is it that he wishes to effect? Is it to show that the ideal of God, of Christ, and of a future life, may be laid aside without loss to our moral consciousness? If it be, let him tell us so. Hitherto he has done two things, with an iteration which, if I may say so without offence, is getting a little wearisome. He has told us that Morality and Religion are separable from each other, and he has dwelt upon the fact, with a relish which brings him back to it again and again, that religious people are by no means perfect. All this may be true, but what then? I want him to tell us what are the elements in religion which he thinks may be removed without loss, and what will remain of Morality when they are gone.

For example, reverence for an ideal of perfection is an element of religion. Can we, without loss, lay aside that? Shall we be as pure, as unselfish, as philanthropic, when we no longer love and reverence Him whom we believe to be these in full measure? I do believe that when I try to live for others or when I endure scorn and reproach for the sake of truth and good-will, I have the approval and sympathy of One who knows the whole case, and whose approval is better worth having than that of the entire human race, because He is wholly good, and they are only imperfectly so. Will morality lose nothing if that belief be destroyed? Has the thought, 'Thou God seest me' never been a restraint upon vice or an inspiration to virtue? A question not to be answered, I must think, by tales about the unseemly conduct of young men at a funeral, but by a careful consideration of the laws of mind, and, if by an appeal to facts, then by a careful and widely extended induction.

Again, our moral consciousness includes the sense of obligation; we feel that as we say we 'ought' to do right. Those who believe in God hold that the special sense of obligation involves the power to which we are responsible, and of which it is an outcome and an inspiration. They have, therefore, a full and adequate explanation of that element of our moral nature. There is, as they think, no other explanation that does not sacrifice the fact to be explained. To make it, as Mr. Bain and Mr. Spencer do, the result of punishment is to put the cart before the horse, for punishment is deserved suffering, and, as distinguished from mere pain, involves the idea and the sense of obligation. It is equally impossible to get it out of the calculations of utility, because while these can guide us to what is prudent, they cannot, taken alone, show us the relation between the prudent and the dutiful. Why *ought* I to do what is beneficial to myself and to others? I know that I ought, and feel it in the form of a whispered 'thou shalt,' in the very centre of my soul. What is that command, uttered in the intimate structure of man's being? Is it the echo of an hereditary experience? If so, of what experience? Surely not of pain

simply, for it is wholly different from these instinctive shrinkings, from wild animals, for instance, or from darkness, which are the probable relics of times when our savage ancestors lived in the woods. and attacked each other under cover of the night. And if it is derived from the experience of moral pain, then we trace it back to earlier instances of itself, and its real origin is still to seek. Is it, again, the result of many generations of social approbation and disapprobation? But here, also, we are treading a circle, for disapprobation involves the sense that the thing disapproved 'ought' not to have been done.

But—and here I ask my reader's careful attention—a system of morals that does not explain the sense of obligation leaves a cardinal peculiarity of our moral consciousness 'out in the cold.' It is like the commentator who said he would look the difficulty full in the face, and—pass on. It is, in fact, not a system of morals at all, but simply of prudential directions for the conduct of life. Here, then, is a point of contact with religion with which a fair reasoner must deal. I am not the only reader who thinks that even so able a book as the 'Data of Ethics' fails to give us a satisfactory solution. Mr. Goldwin Smith has quoted that brilliant book as an illustration of the fact that duty as duty is inexplicable, except on the basis of theism. And Mr. Le Sueur will allow that when Mr. Spencer fails, it is not easy to succeed.

Yet, again, what is Morality but a life accordant with the fitnesses and tendencies of our nature, in a word, the life that man is adapted to? And what is Religion but an acknowledgment of God as the author of all things, including the nature of man? If, then, a God exists, Morality is the pursuit of ends that He has chosen by means that He has appointed. How, in that case, is it possible to separate Morality from Religion, even in thought? The acknowledgement and acceptance of duty as an appointment springing out of the character of God, and enforced by His will, is as plain a matter of moral right as reverence to parents, or honesty towards other men. God can be excluded from the sphere of duty only by the disproof of his existence, and all attempts to remove Him from it otherwise are a waste of thought and of speech. Duty is something we owe; the authority to whom we owe it, the idea of whom is therefore implicit in the notion itself, is God. Let God disappear from consciousness and, though convenience, elegance and prudence may remain, duty as duty, righteousness as right, virtue as virtue have no longer a meaning. On this point I permit myself to repeat, because it is that to which I wish my readers to give an especial attention, viz., it is not only that love and reverence for God supply motives and goodness additional to those involved in our relations with other men, it is that duty loses its distinctive character as duty if we are not under relations to a Being higher than man. It is possible that men may be kind and truthful, if the agnostic philosophy prevail, on condition always that it can be clearly shown that it is for their interest to be so. But the sense of duty, as distinguished from that of interest, will have lost its foundation, and, like other castles in the air, will gradually vanish when men awake to the consciousness of their actual condition. Will the moral life be uninjured when the feeling of duty is no more? Take away the gentle but inexorable 'I ought' of conscience, and, as some of us think, man will have taken many steps backward in the direction of his monkey ancestors. Exactly what he will be I cannot undertake to say, but he will be something quite different from what we now mean by a moral being.

This is my answer to Mr. Le Sueur when he asks for a definite issue. I say, that the issue is not confuted by

'Fidelis' or by me, but if it be confuted at all, it is so by himself, and that because he does not tell us plainly what he wished to remove and what exactly will be left to us after the process. We are asked to believe that 'Religion' is of very little consequence, and that 'Morality' is safe after it is gone. I ask to know more clearly how much is to be taken and how much left, that we may judge for ourselves.

Though it is desirable to avoid merely verbal criticism, I am almost compelled to notice some of the remarks in which Mr. Le Sueur replies to 'Fidelis' and myself, because he has taken positions which give completely mistaken views of what we maintain, and others which are, as I think, destructive to his own argument.

In a way that seems to me strange, Mr. Le Sueur alternately exalts and minimizes the effects of religious feeling on human life. Sometimes he makes morals of religion. Sometimes he tells us that it will not be missed if we take it away. But in one place he does both in the same sentence so as to contradict himself almost formally and in words, he says, 'I should be the last to deny that the thought of God is with many a powerful influence: that in some it dominates the whole moral life; but what I contend is that the development of morality follows its own course and that whatever is healthful in any morality that is strongly tinged by theology is of natural and human origin.' Now, does Mr. Le Sueur mean to say that the thought of God—that is of infinite perfection, moral and spiritual—is an influence merely harmful so far as it is real? Does it dominate the moral life simply to ignore it? Am I the worse man because I think of perfect love and goodness as my guide and my friend? If so, his sentence is intelligible, though his theory is a little paradoxical. But if he means that in some men the thought of God is an influence for good, then how can it possibly be true that, in this case, the development of morality 'follows its own course'—a course, that is, wholly independent of the belief in God—and that whatever is healthful in this morality is of purely human origin? I find in these utterances quite as much to puzzle me as in the darkest sayings of the most metaphysical divines.

Much is made of the fact that St. John asks 'he who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' and that St. Paul tells us that that which is natural is first and afterwards that which is spiritual. But all this has nothing to do with the question concerned, not with an order of ideas in time, but with their relations in reason. Many a man has seen that two pebbles equal in size to a third were therefore equal to each other who never heard of Euclid's maxim about equality. Yet that maxim was implied in the conclusion all the while; deny it, and the conclusion falls to the ground. So of duty; it is done often and for long without explicit reference in words or in thought to its basis in the character of the Absolute Being. And yet it is true that if that basis be denied the sanctity of duty is denied with it. My love for my brother, as an instinct, arises with my consciousness, but a time comes when I ask why my brother is to be loved and what is the meaning of the sentiment of duty which sanctions me in loving him. Is it, as history has been cynically called, 'a fiction agreed upon,' or has it a root in the unchangeable realities of the universe? Those who believe in God have an answer to these questions—those who do not will, I am afraid, ultimately find that they have none which the reason of mankind will accept as satisfactory.

I will not follow Mr. Le Sueur in his biblical comments. A writer who insists that to believe one's Bible is identical with believing in the 'eternal burning' of the majority of mankind may be worthy of all attention in many respects, but it will scarcely be found

that his *forte* is the exegesis of the sacred text. When, moreover, he distinctly refuses to weigh probabilities or to examine what it is 'reasonable to suppose,' preferring what he calls 'facts,' while the very matter of research is the meaning of the facts, and the relations in which they stand to the conclusions he draws, I do not see how any argument can place him in a more unreasonable position than he voluntarily assumed. A book, which on the face of it is a venerable monument of the eternal and religious thought which has moulded vast numbers of the *elite* among mankind, and which is held sacred by many of our own contemporaries, is assuredly worthy to be treated otherwise than thus.

Mr. Le Sueur charges 'Fidelis' with 'prejudice and passion.' With all respect, I ask is it wise to use such words, words which cannot but be painful, and which if used without good reason are irritating also. For myself I do not see why the charge is made. The only evidence of prejudice I can discover is difference of opinion from himself, and of passion I see no evidence at all, unless by passion be meant, an emotion of perfectly kindly regret at what the writer believes to be a position of mistake involving a serious moral loss. As between 'Fidelis' and Mr. Le Sueur I cannot help thinking that a majority of readers will be of opinion that 'Fidelis' is considerably the gentler and more forbearing in tone.

Mr. Le Sueur had said that 'worldliness is a vice prevailing chiefly among the so-called pious.' 'Fidelis' says this is a sketch 'certainly not flattering.' On this Mr. Le Sueur rejoined that, far from saying that all the pious were worldly, he plainly hinted that some of the worldly did not fall within the class of the so-called pious. I do not see the force of the words 'far from saying.' The two members of the antithesis to which they are prefixed are not contradictory, but quite consistent with each other. All the pious may be worldly, and yet there may be many worldly who are not pious. Every horse is an animal, but there are plenty of animals that are not horses.

I do not quote the passage, however, to make much of a momentary slip of thought which is a trifle after all. Of far more consequence is the assertion that Mr. Le Sueur used the words 'so-called pious' to avoid casting a stigma on the word pious, or meant them to be taken, therefore, in contradistinction to some such phrase as 'really pious,' or 'truly pious,' so that 'Fidelis' does him a 'great injustice' in supposing he referred to sincerely religious people, and especially in saying that he represents the worldliness he describes as a specimen of the fruits of Christianity. I cannot congratulate Mr. Le Sueur on his clearness of expression if his meaning really was as he has represented it. From the original passage no one would for a moment have dreamed that the phrase 'so-called' was used in any other sense than as an intimation that what people call piety was, in his mind, chiefly nonsense, or, as we say, moonshine. We are the more likely to attach that meaning to the words because it is in that sense, and in that only, that they have the least relevancy to his argument. If pious people are especially worldly, there is some reason to believe that piety and morality are wholly disconnected; but if the piety is only 'so-called,' that is if it is not piety at all, no possible conclusion can be drawn from their characters as to the relation between religion and morals. If real religion is inconsistent with worldliness—in other words, with vulgar selfishness—there is no longer any serious difference between Mr. Le Sueur and the rest of us. The power that lifts us above selfishness must be one of the mightiest and most necessary in the world. So far from having no connection with morality it is the 'ethereal and fifth essence' of the moral

life. If it is a falsehood that exerts such a power, I suppose it must be disbelieved, though in that case we are brought face to face with a fundamental vice in the structure of things —a vice which renders faith in the stability of law, or the continuance of human progress, or in anything else except paradox and chaos, a groundless, and therefore a fanatical, assumption.

Mr. Le Sueur's optimistic view of the world is very interesting, and I do not wish to disturb it. But he must not tell us that those who see a prevalence of toil and misery among mankind hold a view 'to cause indignation.' It is a question on which each man must speak for himself, and there is nothing to be indignant about if he speak honestly. A man of cheerful temperament and good health may think well of life, while one who takes things seriously, or has suffered much, will be likely to feel, as the elder Mill did, that 'the game is not worth the candle.' But the striking fact is that views of life cry out, if I may so put it, for another life beyond, and that to such a degree that I wonder any man can think with complacency of man's existence here apart from the hope of a hereafter. If the darker view be the true, and the march of humanity be to sad and solemn music, the procession seems meaningless as well as melancholy if there be not a life in which the imperfect shall be completed and the wrong set right. In that case, as 'Fidelis' says, it is a mocking consolation to tell the host of sufferers around that in a thousand years to come there may probably be a generation of equally transitory beings who will suffer less than they. If, on the other hand, human life is even now noble and rich, and tending to become indefinitely more so as time goes on, the thought that it must be cut off in the flood-tide of its splendour is simply terrible. To call the desire to live selfish when a man's life is not only in itself good and pure, but a source of good to others, is such palpable absurdity that only the exigencies of controversy can account for the use of such language by men of integrity and ability. The deeper and fuller life becomes the dearer will it be, and if the doctrine of social development be true, it requires the hope of immortality to redeem the prospect which it opens from harrassing the spirit of man with the tortures of Tantalus. If there be no future life, the cup is dashed from man's lips when his thirst is most intense or the draught most clear and refreshing.

Mr. Le Sueur tells us that it is a 'sad misunderstanding' of his position to suppose that he wishes us to think it an unimportant thing to lose Christ and life and immortality. He asks 'when and where did I so much as speak' of losing these. And then he goes on to say that he does not know what 'Fidelis' means by losing Christ, or in what sense 'life' is used. I wish to speak as gently as I can, but it seems to me verging a little towards a practising on our credulity to write in this way. A man loses Christ when he ceases to believe in him as the Son and Revelation of a God of Love, he loses the life Christ came to bring when he loses communication with such a God, he loses immortality when he ceases to believe in a life of personal consciousness beyond the grave. I do not think Mr. Le Sueur can deliberately say that he did not know this to be the meaning 'Fidelis' attached to the words. And if he did know it, he will know another fact also, namely, that the one object of his own articles has been to prepare us for resigning these beliefs by showing that we can live extremely well without them.

Having disposed of the paper of 'Fidelis,' Mr. Le Sueur turns to mine. I have anticipated much that would otherwise need to be said by the statement with which this article opens.

'To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion'

With every disposition to feel the force of an opponent's argument I cannot think that mine has been fairly met. When I say that the Gospel acted like a charm in changing the moral complexion of the ancient world I am met by the fact that Marcus Aurelius, a heathen emperor, was a good man, and that, Rabelais, Stern, and Dean Swift, Christian clergymen, were not. I quite admit it, but what then? Does the inconsistency of a solitary clergyman here and there prove anything about the moral tendency of the Gospel? Does anyone suppose that the robe of a clergyman can make a man pure and good simply by being worn? Mr. Le Sueur must be laughing at us. I almost think he was laughing, too, when he gave us the long extract from Dr. Newman, quoting me down, as he thought, by the use of that venerable name. The thoughtful reader will see that the quotation is only apparently and not really relevant. Dr. Newman does not deny the power of the Gospel to change the characters of men, though he draws a distinction—I think not a tenable distinction—between the more social and the more spiritual virtues, claiming these last as the especial fruits of Christianity. But the question is not one to be settled by the opinions of Dr. Newman or of any other authority however eminent. It is too late in the day to tell us that the name of Christ has no power to bless and heal. Every Sunday I look into the faces of men who are living proofs of that power, and vast numbers of other clergymen do the same. And even Dr. Newman says in this very extract, 'In barbarous times, indeed, the Church was successful in effecting far greater social order and external decency of conduct than are known in heathen countries; and at all times it will abash and check excesses to which conscience itself condemn us.' If this is true of the mere presence of the Church, what shall we say of a sincere belief in the Gospel?

I have contended that the Gospel, involving as it does the being of a righteous God, supplies a basis for the sense of obligation. That is, as I carefully explain, the belief in God gives a meaning to the peculiar form of consciousness expressed in the words 'I ought' and their equivalents. I go on to say that none can explain the sense of desert or ill-desert which is intertwined with the very fibres of our nature, none, that is, can vindicate the *rationality* of the moral impulses, but those who trace them back to the ultimate structure of the laws of nature; in other words to the character of the First Cause itself. And, I add, this is to make the First Cause not *it* but *he*, it is to clothe it with consciousness and will. All this my critic so entirely misunderstands as to suppose me to maintain that the belief in God is an infallible guide to right actions taken in detail. He asks what are our absolutely right impulses, and argues that we can only detect them by the study of results. Be it so, but I ask again what does right mean? Is it simply useful? If so, and a man asks why should I do what is useful, what are we to answer? If we say you are bound to do it, he will reply, who binds me? If my nature, then why should I obey my nature? If society, then what right has society over me? Power it may have but how has it right? And in like manner we may challenge in succession every human authority. But if I have a natural conscience, needing guidance indeed, but enforcing the right as right, and if that conscience be the echo in me, not of the 'arbitrary and unintelligble *placitum* of the First Cause,' but of the unchangeable character of that cause, then I know what my conscience is and whence its authority flows. Does Mr. Le Sueur seriously mean to tell us that the utterance of conscience, taken as the command of God, to do justice, speak truth, and love our fellow-men is an 'arbitrary and unintelligible *placitum*?' How is it arbitrary, or, what is the same thing, unreason-

able? Has not Mr. Le Sueur been laboriously proving that reason issues these very commands? And in what way can they be unintelligible? If, as we are told, we can discover them by our unaided common sense, surely we must be capable of understanding them. Or does he mean that they become arbitrary simply because God wills them, and unintelligible because He approves them? Of all the *placita* which can be ascribed to God I should have imagined the *placitum* which rests on human goodness to be the most obvious in its reasonableness and the easiest to understand. The fact is that a theist has all the grounds Mr. Le Sueur points out for the acceptance of moral truth, with this eminent advantage that he can trace it back to an origin which gives a reasonable and adequate account of its binding force.

In reply to my assertion that the character of Christ is a moral type of inestimable value, Mr. Le Sueur gives us an account of the virtues of the North American Indians as they struck the kindly appreciation of Father Théodat. One likes the good father the better for his love to the people of his charge, but he would have been a little astonished to find his pages quoted to prove that we can do very well without the influence of Christ. I have not much to reply to this part of the paper. There is no disputing about tastes, and if Mr. Le Sueur really thinks that the wigwams of the Hurons disclose a state of morals which renders the influence of Christianity superfluous, he must be left to the enjoyment of his, I should think, solitary opinion.

My assertion that love to Christ is an impulse toward good is met by the objection that 'virtue is safer when it does not aim so high, or at least when it takes a more reasonable survey of the difficulties it is likely to encounter.' I do not see what there is in love to Christ to prevent our taking the most elaborate survey of difficulties. We shall meet with no deficiency of these in the records of His biography, and apart from that we may think of them as much as we will. It is right and wise to count the cost of the higher life—a cost by no means disguised or minimised by Jesus himself. But when our critic says that the impulse derived from love to Christ is of doubtful character, 'in so far as it substitutes loyalty to Christ for loyalty to mankind,' he goes further, and takes a position which strangely illustrates the confusion of thought into which many able writers are just now falling. Who is Christ but the supreme lord of men? How can I love men less by loving Him more? Or if we regard Him as the realized ideal of moral perfection, will our loyalty to that render us insensible to the claims of practical goodness? Pointing to the poor and friendless, and speaking of benefits conferred on such, He says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me,' and now we are told that loyalty to Christ is to render us insensible to the claims of mankind! How much further is it to go, this new habit of placing our higher duties in contradiction to our lower? One half expects that before long we shall be solemnly warned not to love our mother because we cannot possibly indulge such affection in consistency with the duty we owe to our brothers and sisters.

Mr. Le Sueur says that I constructed a dilemma for him, but that there is 'nothing in it.' He is mistaken in both points. He 'constructed' the dilemma, not I; nor can I think it true that there is nothing in it, for it seems to me that Mr. Le Sueur is himself in it, and I am very far from thinking him nothing.

I shall only notice Mr. Le Sueur's complaint of my tone of 'jaunty confidence,' so far as to point out that he is a little hard to please. If we speak with caution, and refrain from strong assertion, we are asked 'what in the

name of honesty' our words mean. If, on the other hand, we express the conviction that the Gospel is true, and will be found, after all criticisms, essentially unaltered so as to prevail over its obstacles, we are told of our 'jaunty confidence' and our 'triumphant and least seemly tone.' It seems to be demanded of us that we be neither hopeful nor despairing, neither confident nor apprehensive. It may be owing to the extreme limitation of my abilities, which it would appear fit me more for the tea-meeting platform than for the literary arena, that I find it impossible to hit and to keep the delicate mean which appears to constitute my critic's ideal.

Mr. Le Sueur having alleged that it is one of the characteristics of our age that 'augurs try not to laugh in one another's faces,' I said that this implied a charge of dishonesty against clergymen as a class, and asserted with warmth that to my certain knowledge the charge was untrue. He meets me by quoting Dr. Phillips Brooks, as he says 'to very much the same effect' as himself. I reply that the 'effect' of Dr. Brooks's words on me is widely different. Dr. Brooks was reproving, and rightly, a want of frankness in dealing with difficulties, and in the confession of altered views, which he thought unwise and uncandid, but he never said or insinuated, as Mr. Le Sueur distinctly did, that the unbelief that he discussed had reference to the truth of Christianity itself. He speaks of the minister 'who tries to make people believe what he questions in order to keep them from questioning what he believes.' A sentence which implies that faith is still unshaken in all but what such a man esteems as non-essential positions. So I read Dr. Brooks, and so read I agree with him. But if he did not mean that; if he meant to say that it is characteristic of ministers, as a class, to be secret unbelievers in what they publicly preach,—then I say of him exactly what I said of Mr. Le Sueur. I know Dr. Brooks well, and admire him much, and have the most perfect confidence that he meant nothing of the kind. But I am not, as Mr. Le Sueur thinks I am, so pusillanimous as to be afraid of his 'reputation and influence.' The question is simply one of fact, and whoever speaks to the contrary, I must maintain what I believe and know.

And now let me join Mr. Le Sueur, as I heartily do, in the expression of my regret that so much of personal explanation and correction should have filtered into our debate. I can assure him that, although I have written with freedom, I regard him not only with sincere respect, but with very much of personal sympathy. His difficulties are mine, for I, too, am a child of our 'mother age.' I know what it is to to feel the earth shaking under my feet and to see the heavens themselves grow dark under the attacks of ghastly and benumbing doubt. I will not claim to have 'fought my doubts and gathered strength,' but at least I have 'forced them' till the light seemed to break. I find the light in the Gospel of Christ, purged of these accretions by which men have surrounded it, and brought back to the simplicity and comprehensiveness of the Master's Words and Work illustrated and enforced by Apostolic comments. It is because I believe that what is called 'agnosticism' is a solution that is no solution, that the human spirit can no more rest in it than the physical frame can be fed upon the east wind, while Christ is the leader of men for ever, that I have written as I have. Whether Mr. Le Sueur will ever come to think with me it is, of course, impossible to say, but it is a duty, not only to believe what we say, but to say what we believe, and I have spoken my thought for the benefit of whom it may concern.

Meanwhile that both Mr. Le Sueur and I may live bravely and die calmly, and may find that death is not the end but a glorious beginning, is my desire and hope.

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

ON thee, as yet, the hours have smiled.
Thy girlish grace adorning.
Oh! laugh and sing—be still a child—
Thou blossom of the morning!

Seek not the future to presage,
The sky may frown to morrow:
Man struts his hour upon the stage,
Accompanied by sorrow.

Our lot is hard, though few our days,
The eye, now brightly beaming,
That loves to shed abroad its rays,
With tears too oft is streaming.

Fair child! no grief its drops of gall
Within thy cup infuses:
Thine innocence enchants us all—
Thine ignorance amuses.

Pure lily, safe from storms and tears
That bow the heads of others,
Thy tranquil happiness appears
Reflected from thy mother's.

With thine enjoyment of the hours
No cares or troubles mingle:
In spring, thou sportest amid flowers.
In winter, by the ingle.

The poesy that glorifies
Thy life, thou dost inherit:
Thy mother has it in her eyes,
Thy father in his spirit.

Let thy sweet Maytime pass in mirth,
Joy flits, with scarce a warning—
The gloomiest of us all on earth
Have had our cloudless morning.

A blessing, then, receive from me,
Thy fate is only human:
Angel! a martyr thou must be,
Child! thou wilt be a woman!

MONTREAL. GEO. MURRAY, M.A.

A LEGEND OF THE UPPER OTTAWA.

BY P. A. X.

THE legend takes us back to fifty years ago. Then a tribe of the Blackfeet Indians was encamped on Hudson's Bay Territory, and at a short distance from one of the Company's out-posts. Big Moose was a stalwart young brave, and Little Fawn, a dark beauty of the tribe. They loved; the father of the girl had been negotiated with, the bargain struck, the oaths taken, and the marriage-day appointed. That saddest of courtships, an Indian courtship, progressed, and true love seemed to run a smooth course.

It was now in the fall of the year, and the frost was already on the ground, when Big Moose and others of the tribe, returning from the traps, came upon the body of a white man. They soon ascertained that he was not dead. He had sprained his ankle, and was unconscious from pain and exposure. When he had been brought to himself his hurt was tended, and the powerful young brave, lifting him up on to his shoulders as if he were a pappoose, strode with him into the encampment.

The Blackfeet are the most hospitable of the North-West nations. They are honest, honourable, and unsuspecting; and are friendly to the white man. Whatever of wrong has been done by individuals of the nation, has been done by the direct influence of the white man himself.

The pale-faced stranger was a handsome man, with fair hair, round sunburnt face, soft curling beard, and blue eyes, which now could brighten into joy, deepen and intensify in sympathy, and anon soften and beam into love. He shared the wigwam of Big Moose. He had but lately arrived at the Company's out-post, and while hunting had met with the accident which, but for the timely assistance of the Indians, would have proved fatal to him. The friendly Indians at once despatched a swift messenger to the out-post, with the intelligence of the safety of the subordinate.

The white man remained two weeks among the Indian wigwams. The handsome pale-face soon captivated the hearts of the simple Indian maidens. He had a callous heart. The red man is not patient under injury, and is quick to discover it. The young braves were jealous, but they did not forget the rites of hospitality. But the white man did. In vain Big Moose played on his melancholy reed in the soft moonlight around the wigwam of Little Fawn. It was the oft-repeated tale of a white man's selfishness and heartlessness; of his indifference and disdain for Indian purity and honour. When the Company's servant left the Indian wigwams, restored in health and sound of limb, he carried with him the heart and honour of Little Fawn.

Scarcely a week after the white stranger had returned to his post, the Indian ceremony, which made Big Moose and Little Fawn husband and wife, was performed. Very soon the tribe journeyed south. Big Moose hunted and fished, and supplied his wigwam with food and skins: and Little Fawn performed her hard and toilsome part as quietly, patiently, and uncomplainingly as Indian women do.

The brave loved his wife. They shared plenty, and they tasted hunger together; and when they could get fire water, they also drank that together.

The following summer found Big Moose and Little Fawn, with an aged squaw, learned in herbs and medicine, all alone, encamped by a small tributary of the Upper Ottawa. The Indian had sallied forth to fish, with a smile on his lip and joy at his heart; for had not the wise woman said that on his return he would be greeted with the cry of his new-born pappoose? and the Indian's heart was glad.

But on his return, the squaw received him with deep intonations and gesticulations, indicative of grief and anger. Little Fawn was dead. Before she died she had gathered her pappoose to her bosom, and had smiled on it. And the babe wailed out its short existence on the mother's breast. Big Moose looked and recognised the wrong that had been done him, and his heart was hot within him.

In the bottom of a little hollow they dug a grave, and there they buried the mother and child; and they heaped a cairn of stones over them. Over the grave, the Indian swore an oath to be revenged on the white man. E'er nightfall he was vilely drunk. But the oath of revenge was none the less deeply recorded for that.

Fifty years ago the village of the second shoot on the Bonnechere was not very large,—a few houses, a tavern, smithy, general store, and grist mill; a small church and school-house. It was situated a few miles above the confluence of the Bonnechere with the Ottawa, at the head of a beautiful cascade, with a fall of some thirty feet, where, during the dry season, the tiny stream sent its fallen waters shooting, dancing, and gleaming among the smooth, worn boulders—now disappearing, again reappearing, ever playing hide and seek. Or, during spring and summer, the swollen tide rushed onward, regardless of impediment, carrying many a trophy of its headlong course on its broad bosom. In the first case, the cascade was charming and pretty—in the second, it was grandly beautiful.

The prettiest girl in the village was Jessie Rigby, the smith's daughter. Some of her dear friends were charitable enough to say she gave herself airs, and, forsooth, thought herself too good for Bill Tupman, her cousin, and heir apparent to her father's smith business. The truth was that, though long time loved by Bill, Jessie was yet heart-free. Bill was a good, honest young fellow, who was willing to wait, deeming the prize well worth waiting for; and he shrewdly guessed that in the exercise of patience he had more chance of ultimate success than in unduly pressing his suit.

About a couple of hundred yards from where the cascade made its final plunge into a deep pool, thence to send its broadening waters seething and whirling onward in the middle of the river bed, was a small island, overgrown with low bushes, which formed themselves into a natural arbour. During the low-water season, one side of the channel was dry, making a clear passage to the islet; on the other side, the stream whirled and dashed against the precipitous banks of the wooded shore. To the island and its arbour the village maids frequently went, one read while the others worked. Jessie was very often the reader. She was a good reader. The power of reading well is a gift soon recognised, and quickly conceded by all. Her indulgent father, in periodical visits to Bytown, whither she accompanied him, allowed her to select her own books. These were, for the most part, well selected; therefore she was better informed than could have been expected of a girl reared in the village of 'the second shoot.'

One summer afternoon Jessie betook herself to the island. She carried with her her latest acquisition. It was a copy of Joanna Baillie's tragedy,

De Montford. The woods were still, and the abrupt bluff called 'The Pinnacle,' was already casting the shadow of its receding length across the valley of the Bonnechere. She crossed the river bed, passed lightly over the short path round the bushes, till the other side was reached. Here the path abruptly terminated in a sheer descent of four feet, where the water lapped the side of the islet. Turning to the right, and grasping the gnarled branch of a cedar, she dropped down a distance of two feet, alighting on a little platform of earth and stones, formed on the intertwining roots of the bushes. The floor of the arbour to which this platform conducted was but a foot higher, and easily gained. Seating herself on a rustic bench, the village maid was soon deep in the study of the grand character of *Jane de Montford*, totally oblivious of impending danger.

Life in the village was usually very quiet; the only occurrence which produced much stir, was the passing of the results of the winter's lumbering operations in the woods, in the shape of sawlogs and squared timber. The squared timber cut on the Bonnechere was then of excellent quality. As there were no slides, the timber was all sent over the cascade, and it is needless to say was not much improved by the passage.

The river drivers were, as a rule, rough men, given to fighting and rioting; and the quiet villagers generally felt easier when the driving season was over.

For the last few days the water had been rising slightly, but, as was well known, the river had been dammed up at the third shoot many miles above. In about a week later, the collected water and timber would be allowed to escape, when something like a flood might be expected.

But scarcely had Jessie Rigby become absorbed in her book, than the water was observed by the villagers to be rising at an unprecedented rate. By-and-by, logs began to make their appearance. The conclusion was at once arrived at that the dammed waters had broken loose, and the flood was in full swing, carrying with it the escaped timber. An alarm was given. The danger lay in the timber becoming stuck fast in the narrowed channel where the bridge spanned the river, which would result in the bridge being carried away.

Within an hour the cascade had become grandly beautiful, and the bushy spot in the channel was once more surrounded by a rushing tide.

The logs and timber were now passing under the bridge, rushing, jamming, jolting, hurrying forward to plunge into the turmoil of the cascade. The villagers watched the bridge warily. They were accordingly much relieved when a party of river-drivers was descried making all speed down the river bank to the threatened spot. Already the danger was imminent. Some of the longer timber had got jammed across the stream at the bridge. Now began a rare scene of activity and dexterity. The men pushed, and backed, and strained with their spiked poles, cursing and blaspheming in a medley of languages.

One of the most active and daring of the river-drivers was a man named Dan McDonald, who seemed to dare danger for the love of it, who controlled the efforts of the rest, and whose shouted directions were obeyed implicitly. He was a fair, handsome man, with a round, sunburnt face, soft curling beard, and blue eyes, which now could brighten into joy or deepen and intensify in sympathy, and anon could beam softly into love: whence McDonald came, none of his fellows knew. He had been sent up in the spring to the shanty as a river-driver, and had soon proved himself an adept at the business. He was a good fellow with them—riotous in the brawl and fearless in the strife—holding his own with any of them. Was there an adventure involving the plun-

dering of a hen-roost or cabbage-garden? McDonald was the man who planned it and carried it into execution. Was there game to be tracked and brought down? McDonald and his huge deer-hound Clyde, did the business. Through it all, however, the drivers were haunted by a suspicion that he had been other than he now was; that he had had a gentle upbringing and a good education.

A clearance for the time being had been effected at the bridge, when a huge piece of choice timber made its appearance, riding gallantly on the black water. This piece of timber was valuable, and had been McDonald's especial care. It passed under the bridge and was in full career for the cascade. Feeling anxious to see it in the safety of the stiller waters below, he made down the western shore, which was low and rose very gently, while the eastern bank was precipitous.

The timber cleared the cascade, and rapidly traversed the distance intervening, till it reached the islet, against which it struck with great force, and with a dull thud. It was the shock of this collision which aroused Jessie Rigby from the study of the 'noble Jane de Montford,' to a knowledge of her own danger. A loud shriek escaped her lips, as she realized rather than saw, that she was cut off from communication with the shore.

Her shriek fell upon McDonald's ear, as he was turning away to give his assistance at the bridge. The place was new to him, yet he concluded the cry of distress must have come from the island. 'Go, good dog, go,' he said, and Clyde at once plunged in and gained the island, disappeared among the bushes, and presently reappeared wagging his tail and awaiting his master.

McDonald did not hesitate, but swam across to the island, and followed Clyde. He reached the other side where the path terminated, when a plaintive voice imploring his aid broke upon his ear. Turning toward the arbour he saw a female figure kneeling, a pale face blanched with fear, a heavy fall of rich black hair covering the shoulders, the hands clasped and extended towards him, the short open sleeves of the period revealing the beautifully rounded arms.

He took in the situation immediately. The timber had lodged against the platform of intertwining roots. The one end was thus fast, while the other swayed with the torrent. McDonald seized the cedar branch and swung himself into the arbour. He now stood upon the timber and offered to lead Jessie on to the upper platform. But at this moment the roots gave way, and the timber turned over into the water, carrying them both with it. McDonald caught her in his arms, while she clung around his neck. She had fainted. They were now in the outer current, which was rushing with great velocity. He wisely allowed himself to be carried past the island, when, using one hand, he strove to gain the quieter waters of its lea, and so with comparative ease gained the shore.

The adventure had been observed from the bridge, and a group of villagers received the unconscious Jessie from his hands. A ducking is nothing to a river-driver, and soon McDonald was again at work at the bridge.

From that hour he was a changed man. He was as active and as thorough at his avocation as formerly. His fellow-workers trusted and instinctively obeyed his directions as before, but they began to experience that they had lost their boon companion. McDonald was now under the influence of a passion which never yet failed to ennoble a man—honourable love for a virtuous woman. Happy the man who yields to such a passion, and pursues it till he has gained that noblest prize in the world's gift—the love of a true woman.

Being prompt in all his actions, he yielded; and resolved that he should prove himself not unworthy to carry off the prize. He loved Jessie Rigby

with an honest love, which had followed none but the purest incentives from the moment of its inception. He had looked upon this girl, and saw in her eyes modest and quiet self-possession, in her demeanour, gentle firmness; and in the village maid as a whole, he saw dignified womanhood. In himself, he saw much from which his mind now revolted. There was good birth and up-bringing despised, education trampled under foot; there was much folly, waywardness and sin, and a mind fast becoming degraded by continued association with ungracious surroundings.

He remembered a mother dying while she forgave him for all the pain his waywardness had caused her, and of a father disowning and disinheriting him; of his sinking lower and lower in the social scale, until he came to Canada as the Company's servant; of his getting weary of that; and of finally finding himself a driver on the Bonnechere river.

During many days McDonald thought of these things, and with him to resolve to do a thing was instantly to set about doing it. He resolved on reformation, and was determined to be what he could be, and ought to be, in the estimation of others.

He had received the warmly spoken thanks of old David Rigby, and when Jessie had recovered the effects of her misadventure, he had visited her, and had been encouraged to repeat the visit. At first grateful, she was at all times kind and gentle to him. He now attended closely to his personal appearance, and to many beside Jessie he appeared prepossessing. But she discovered in him a man of better education than she had yet met, with a mind capable of culture. It was soon discovered in the village that this was more than an ordinary river-driver. He was very soon generally liked. Clyde always accompanied his master in his visits to the Rigby's, and was quite at home there.

All the timber had now cleared the cascade and the Bonnechere, and had been made up into one huge raft on the grand river. In a day or two the raft would be on its way to Bytown. McDonald returned to the village of the second shoot from Bonnechere Point to pay his farewell visit to Jessie Rigby, and on this occasion he had resolved that he would tell her of his love. He was aware of the temerity he was guilty of in thus addressing this pure and high-minded girl, but he was not without hopes that his suit would be kindly received. He was also desirous of giving proofs of his reformation, and was willing to wait till time had tested its reality.

He told his love, and with it gave the general outline of a foolish and wasted life, and expressed the determination which he had formed if she would plight him her troth, to prove himself to her and the world a good man and true. Jessie Rigby accepted his proffered love, and gave him hers in return, telling him she trusted him, but that he must now go and establish his character in the eyes of her father and before the world, which being accomplished, come poverty or plenty, she would be his true and devoted wife.

The moon was in the western heavens when the lovers walked on to the bridge from which could be viewed the cascade, and beyond the islet, the scene of their first meeting. Neither said much, but each leaned on the rail, clasping tightly each other's hands. They looked neither at the cascade nor at the isle, but both strove to look into futurity. Clyde sat between them on his haunches, and earnestly scanned the face of the one and of the other. Did the doggish mind comprehend the bond which existed between them?

It was at this moment some one came staggering past them. It was a drunken Indian. He looked at McDonald fixedly, raised his hand and shook it menacingly. Clyde growled, and the Indian, uttering a deep gut-

tural sound, stalked off in the direction of the woods. The moon had shone full in that tall Indian's face, and McDonald had recognised him as Big Moose. He felt something like a sensation of fear come over him, and his face paled. Why he should experience this feeling he could not have explained, and it did not leave him at once.

McDonald recollected the matter of Little Fawn, and though he, being now under better influences, was prepared to regard that transaction as a detestable thing, yet he was totally unaware of its tragic ending. Jessie saw the menacing attitude of the Indian and the disturbed countenance of her lover, but feared to ask the cause. She felt as if a cold, icy hand had been thrust between them.

In silence they turned homeward. At parting he implored her to trust in him, and, with a burst of affection, she renewed her vows.

At Bonnechere Point the raft lay out on the Ottawa, ready to start on the morrow. Here in the centre was the sleeping booth, and yonder the cook's cabin, in which Clyde is esconced. There lay a pile of rough, stout, board-bladed oars, to be used in propelling the raft, and here and there stand short masts, on which will be stretched the triangular sails, to help to lighten the men's labour.

On the whole extent of the raft but one man is to be seen. McDonald is there alone; the men have gone on shore, but he no more joins in their riot. He sits all alone on the edge of the raft at the point farthest out on the river. His eyes follow the eastward direction of the river; the full moon shines clear and beautiful in the west. His heart is full of love and expectation, and his deep blue eyes are soft and joyous. He thinks of Jessie's generosity towards him and how she had promised to follow him to poverty or plenty. But he plans that on reaching Bytown he will engage in some better employment, and, on having established his respectability, he will lay proofs of his reformation before his father, who will gladly receive the repentant prodigal; and when he returns to claim his bride, it will not be as a poor man, but as a gentleman. As he thinks of this consummation, a moisture, the first that had dimmed that bright eye for many a year, blurred the shimmering track on the onward course of that black river.

Just then the baying of Clyde from the cook's quarter struck on his ear. He turned quickly, and not too soon, for a few feet from him was crouched a dark figure, which was advancing with a gleaming knife in his hand. They sprang simultaneously to their feet. The Indian's eyes gleamed with hate and fury. McDonald put out his hands and cried, 'Big Moose, what would you do?' for the fear came back upon him. But at the same moment the men grappled with each other. McDonald's object was to get possession of the knife, and the Indian, perceiving his design, caught it in his teeth, while he threw the weight of his powerful frame on his antagonist, and grasped him round the neck. McDonald had not the power of the Indian, but he carried into that struggle the strength of desperation. His hope lay in Clyde; it was a delusive hope. He could not call out: he felt a dizziness and a ringing in his ears. They were on the extreme edge of the raft. Clyde rushed to the aid of his master, and leaped upon the Indian. The weight of the hound carried both men into the water. The Indian relaxed not his grasp on his enemy's throat, and they both sank and were caught in the swirls and eddies of the river.

Jessie Rigby stood on the bridge, where a view of the cascade and the islet beyond could be had. But she saw neither the cascade nor the islet. In the midst of that soft moonlight she turned to look into futurity, but could not pierce the impenetrable veil.

It was then that Clyde put his cold nose into the hand that hung loose by her side. The dog whined and crouched at her feet. She knelt down beside him. 'Clyde, Clyde, why are you here?' she cried, as tears came into her eyes. And the same trembling came over her as when she looked into McDonald's altered countenance in the presence of that tall Indian with the hand outstretched menacingly.

Many weeks after the villagers learned that far down on the Grand River two bodies had been found—one a white man's and the other an Indian's. And the Indian still grasped the white man round the neck, and between his teeth was a knife. The features of either could not be recognised. Jessie Rigby said nothing, but she remembered her lover had paled before the stalwart Indian upon the bridge. And she feared that in that life whose general outline she knew to have been sinful, there were particulars it was well she did not know—that in dying in the clutches of his foe perhaps McDonald had expiated some particular sin of that stained manhood.

Clyde remained with her, and years after, when she accepted her cousin, she gave him the love of a true and devoted wife, and their little ones think no fun so good as a gambol and frolic with Clyde.

THE SUMMER NIGHT.

(For Music.)

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M. A.

AH! how this summer night
Brings back again
Memories of lost delight
To heart and brain!
Flower-face and dark-brown tress—
Limbs locked in close caress—
Wild with all happiness!
Wild with all pain!

What bounds our brief, bright Day?
Darkness unknown!
JOY, with swift wings, away
Quickly hath flown.
Yet ere Death; Winter lowers
While Love; glad hours are ours—
Fill them with wine or flowers,
Kiss me, my own!

CLOUD BOUND.

(An Artist's Experience in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.)

BY M. MATTHEWS, TORONTO.

EARLY in August, fully equipped for a sketching trip, I found myself comfortably ensconced in the Mount Pleasant House, a well-kept hostelrie on the line of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, not far from the famed Crawford Notch, whose verandah commands a full view of the great Presidential chain of mountains. This is, consequently, a convenient point for head quarters for those who wish to become thoroughly acquainted with the western aspects of the main group of mountains on this continent other than those of the Pacific coast. The Crawford Notch alone would employ a true artist for several summers, furnishing him ever with something new. After spending some days in the 'Notch,' witnessing a great variety of effects, as seen from below, I set up my easel right by the roadside whence rose the lofty and imposing sides of the Notch, formed on the right by Mounts Willard, Willie, and Crawford, and on the left by the sturdy old Webster, who stands out in a bold manner, as if he wished to claim all the credit for that side at least, and desired not to allow you to see any more of the valley than the portion he himself encloses. Working nearly a week here, and returning every evening to the hotel, I met with an adventure, giving me an experience of mountain life, which might well bring some wisdom, and which, indeed, should teach a wholesome lesson to other travellers than myself. In this affair, Mount Webster played an important part. Sunday morning broke in a threatening and overcast manner; the mountains were as invisible as if they had been thousands of miles away, until near noon; but this hour brought a change, and, as if by magic, the vast misty curtain was rent into numberless fragments, the summer breezes wafting them away towards the Atlantic, presenting a glorious view of the eternal hills grouped around their chief, old Washington. Notwithstanding the formidable accounts, so plentifully given by fellow tourists, of the terrors of the mountain paths (in my self-conceit I discounted these), I conceived the plan of immediately ascending to the hoary summit of the father of mountains, disdaining, of course, the use of that insult to one's athletic powers, the mountain railroad. As Sunday afternoon seemed as suitable a time as any for a quiet stroll over the hills to the Glen House, I started out on my expedition. The sequel, however, will prove the vanity of my plans. Leaving my sketching kit, including a good mackintosh, behind, it being a hot and sultry afternoon, I resolved to try the solitary climb in the lightest possible trim. At a quarter to two, after a walk of six miles, I reached the foot of Mount Webster (where the ascent begins, near the Crawford House). I at once struck into the spruce woods and found the trail, but by a stupid oversight, not being a smoker, I carried neither axe, matches, nor, indeed, any means of kindling a fire; nothing, in fact, but a small poc-

ket sketch book, an umbrella, and a revolver, besides the slim tweed suit I wore, so confident was I of accomplishing the trip with ease. Pausing a minute to contemplate Gibbs' Falls, a beautiful little cascade close by the trail, and about one hundred yards up the steep ascent, I was much charmed by the beauty of this lovely nook. Hard by was a tent, under some of the thickest evergreens, occupied by a party of youths, who might be students from Yale, or car-shop apprentices, for all that their appearances indicated; a fortnight roughing it in the mountains, feeding blackflies and mosquitoes night and day, had not had a pleasing effect upon their frontispieces. One of the lads was at that time quite blind with swollen eyelids, caused by bites, and was entirely dependent on his companions for forage. These young men I had met before in my daily rambles, so we were old acquaintances; they told me that two of their party had gone up the mountain at daybreak, and were expected to return in an hour or two. Turning to the falls, I discovered at the foot an individual busy with sketch-block and colours. He proved to be a prominent member of the theatrical profession, and quite a talented amateur artist. Of course, kindred tastes and the situation prompted me to address him, and on my informing him of my intention to visit the summit that afternoon, with some surprise and excitement he broke out with, 'Good heavens, you'll be lost!' He further stated that he had himself come down from the top on the previous evening with a party who had gone up the railroad, and that it was 'the most infamous travelling' he ever experienced.

These remarks caused me to consult my watch, which showed that I could reckon on five hours of daylight in which to climb the five miles. This seemed sufficient for one who rather prided himself upon his tramping powers, so bidding my new found friend goodbye, I resumed the upward journey which from this point was of rapid ascent, still through heavy spruce woods wet with the morning rains, the way partaking more of the nature of a watercourse or torrent than a path. Here and there short stretches had been bridged with a diminutive kind of corduroy, which showed that in former years, at least, it had been a frequented route. It was now, evidently, quite neglected and untravelled, full of miniature Niagaras, pouring over rocks and boulders. My boots being strong, and my muscles still comparatively fresh, these were not much regarded; so, after ascending what appeared to be about two miles and a half of this laborious travelling, I reached a small ledge where the tall spruces were thinner, enabling me to get a glimpse between them of the blue grey face of Mount Willard, grandly rising upon the opposite side of the valley. Some axe-marks on a tree-trunk here caught my eye and a small pine board, nailed at about seven feet from the ground, displayed this time-worn legend:—

'To the Crawford House, one mile.'

Here was a damper!

I had then only come one mile up the mountain side, and as I scanned the surroundings, the heavy spruce woods seemed to darken the way and threaten the near approach of night. However, 'Excelsior' was still my motto, and onward and upward I went, feeling that every bound must bring me nearer to that vast panorama which I knew was in store for me so soon as I should leave the stifling woods, and drink in those free mountain breezes which play upon the unclad regions above. In about another half mile, the ascent became less abrupt; and then voices ahead struck upon the ear, and in a few moments more the figures of my two camping friends came into view. After recognition and salutation, they said they had come from the summit, but 'it was an awful way,' and that unless I 'looked smart'

it was doubtful whether I could reach the Summit House, or even the foot of the cone, by nightfall. Having still, however, four hours of day before me, I pushed on, feeling encouraged by the gradual diminution of the timber, and finding the track still quite discernible in the increasing light, and also plenty of clear cold water to quench the thirst, which by this time the exertion was creating. At last the woods dwindled into 'scrub;' still marking and plainly enclosing, my brooklet way, and another half hour's vigorous walking brought me out into the open. I was still on Mount Webster, and the view on all sides was grand and awe inspiring. The country was a vast sea of mountains, far surpassing any sight my eyes had ever been regaled with. At my feet lay the wide valley of the Ammonoosuc, and a small speck of a lighter green among the heavy woodlands, with a still smaller streak of white ribbon winding through it, eight English miles to the west, denoted a clearing of some five hundred acres, on the margin of which ran the P. & O. Railroad, and the Mount Pleasant House was just visible. The sensation was much the same as that experienced on other mountain tops, but the scene was unique for all that. It was not Alpine, nor Welsh, nor yet Scotch; but it was vast, grand, and of a character to be seen nowhere else but in New England. At this moment, the toils of the ascent were forgotten; or perhaps served only to enhance the gratification experienced; and I felt that I would, willingly, endure ten times the exertion for such reward; even though, in that lonely spot, I felt strongly my own insignificance, and comparisons with insects actively suggested themselves to my mind. Here I made a slight outline of the main features of the scene, and then, resuming my progress towards the round dome-like head of Mount Pleasant, whose topmost stones reared themselves some hundred feet above me, still half-a-mile away—five thousand feet above the sea. This peak is connected with Webster by a curtain of rock which forms a convenient bridge, which I now proceeded to traverse. To climb now did not seem difficult, for though on that rocky pavement, the path had disappeared, in such clear open space, a little scrambling must take me on over that ancient Morion towards the towering cone of Washington beyond. Between these two peaks the connecting curtain was apparently not depressed more than three or four hundred feet, and my hopes of gaining the summit were then high. Nevertheless, the necessity of making the best of my way was becoming apparent. So hurrying on, I rushed up to the top of Pleasant, intending to stay just five minutes there, and then to lose no time in reaching the foot of the road (made by United States engineers) leading straight up the cone of Washington. I was becoming anxious to make this point before dark, so could spare but little time for the view from Mount Pleasant. Passing a small cairn of stones placed upon the highest knoll, and surrounded for a few yards by a stunted herbage, such as might afford pasturage for mountain sheep or deer, I soon reached what I had expected would be the descending slope on the further side, but was startled to find that instead of this a sheer precipice of at least five hundred feet yawned beneath me. While I stood for a moment and looked round for signs of a trail, for I knew that one passed over this hill-top, suddenly a dense cloud struck the mountain, wetting me nearly to the skin, and, what was then much more serious, entirely obscuring every object within twenty feet, thus rendering it an entirely hopeless task to attempt to refind the path or rather trail. The situation was forlorn. Thinly clad, wet, the cold wind warning me not to remain inactive from dread of rheumatism, without any means of procuring fire—pathless, shelterless, and alone, not daring to move rapidly, after find-

ing how suddenly one might come upon tremendous precipices, the prospect was a cheerless one. I have tried to explain that my ascent had elicited the fact that the base and lower sides of these mountains are densely wooded; the brows are covered with more stunted timber, and this dwindles gradually into a belt of scrub spruce, varying from one to five feet high, and of a density somewhat resembling that of a well-cropped garden hedge. The impossibility of travelling through this, particularly when soaking wet, will be understood. Near the summit the scrub disappears, leaving the bare rock with heath, wild thyme, moss and the like. I was now a prisoner upon the top of this mountain, in such a fix that sight was of trifling use, voice of less, though, at the risk of being ridiculed, I will own, I felt a strong impulse to shout for help. In my despair I fired a shot from my revolver, but a moment's reflection told me that was useless, as in all probability no human ear was within two or three miles, while the wind howled past in mocking volume, as if to laugh at any effort I might make to attract attention. Remembering the peculiar rounded form of the peak on the side I had come from, I resolved to descend a short distance and attempt to skirt the dome in a south-westerly direction, steering entirely by the form of the hillside which, indeed, was the only guide available in the impenetrable mist with which I was enveloped. By this plan I hoped to find again the trail, and descend Webster the way I had come up. I soon found, however, that below the brow the sides of the dome became suddenly steeper; and, though this perhaps indicated more decidedly the direction I was attempting to follow, it was much more difficult to make progress. At one place, on alighting upon a huge boulder, it gave way beneath me and went crashing and thundering down, I knew not where. But that I held on to some roots above, I had certainly followed it, and then I should never have written this. To make matters worse, I was soon, in spite of all care, again in the scrub spruce and getting deeper and deeper into trouble in it, until, at length, sinking exhausted and breathless in the deepening jungle, visions of my whitening bones found by hunters in years to come, now rapidly crossed my mind, and my feelings cannot be described. In that extreme moment, when earthly hope was gone, I turned my thoughts inward for such help as a suppliant at a higher throne than that of earth might receive. The momentary rest restored my wasted strength, and hope revived again as my judgment cooled. Rising, I resolved to try and reach the open ground above once more, as then, at all events, I should know where I was, and, with my revolver, could better defend myself if attacked by beasts. I therefore climbed persistently upwards, going as straight as I could in the darkness, until I began to find the scrub thinning, and again I gladly reached the open. 'Now,' thought I, 'with my umbrella to windward, I must do sentry duty until daybreak, when perhaps I may have strength left to discover the lost trail, and, barring fogs, may yet reach the haunts of men, either on Mount Washington or by returning the way I had come.'

I here commenced a weary tramp to and fro, turning each time in my tracks, but had not taken more than two turns when my heart leaped with joy to see the moon emerge from its misty veil, and very soon the cloud itself passed off. I could now discern the old dome pretty completely, and discovered that I was on the west side and not far from the trail I had come by. This I soon found, and hurried along on the back track, fearful lest at any moment another cloud (of which I could see several in the sky and not far off) should come between me and the moon which now was low.

I rushed along the winding trail, twice losing, and in each case regaining it with difficulty; pools of water were nothing now, rocks and scrub were nothing, my only anxiety being to get sufficiently into the brush wood to make sure of not losing the path again. Of course, I considered it madness to dream of making Mount Washington by an untried path in the darkness; particularly as I knew that light would not be available for more than half-an-hour at most. However I got back into the woods, and the moon went down as I began my descent of that dark path, every inch of which (some two miles) had to be felt with the umbrella, which was now folded, until I heard once more the rumble of Gibb's Falls. This consumed some five hours, costing me many a tumble and bruise, until at last, when just above the Falls, the thick foliage made it so dark that it was impossible to find my way further; vines and underbrush obscured the path, and this, with branching watercourses (the main path was one) *leading over the Falls*, brought me to a stand. Here I remained some minutes resolved to await daylight as it was not now so cold and thinking it better to wait three hours than to risk going over the falls some fifty or sixty feet. It now occurred to me that the camp of my young friends of the day before could not be far away, and that by shouting I might bring assistance. I proved my lungs to the full, and presently an answer came; another shout, and yet another; in a few moments more the welcome gleam of a lantern broke through the trees, and my worst troubles were over. I trudged back the six miles by road, and thankfully reached my snug quarters in the Mount Pleasant House, where an old guide next day told me that I had a narrow escape, and that, some time ago, a man left the Crawford House, early in the morning, in the way I had done, and had never been heard of since.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY SARA DUNCAN.

A BAFFLED, disappointed, worn old man,
Heavily burdened with a life time's span
Of dreams and prayers and purpose unfulfilled.
Humanity hath scorned him, and hath stilled
His broken cry for pity. Hopeless tears
Oft thickening in the dim old eyes, I ween,
Dull the fair vision of what might have been.
Crowned mockingly with sad, unhonoured years,
Bespattered with contempt, footsore and lame,
Weary, full weary with the blows of fate,
He waits your scornful doling at the gate;
Be kind, O friend, for Failure is his name!

Strathroy.

THE WOMEN OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY H. ROWAN MAYNARD, OTTAWA.

EACH of the older Provinces of Canada still stands gazing towards the Western sun, with one fair hand, perchance, shading her straining eyes from the almost too brilliant rays, while the other points forward to the broad billowy land that is just awakening from its long restful sleep. But while cry after cry goes out to the young men, telling them to go forth and conquer the new world that is opening up to them, we do not hear one word addressed to the young women. Surely women's influence will be needed, and will be felt, in the great North-West, as it has been felt, in greater or less degree, since the days of Eve. I wonder that no one has appealed to the girls of Canada, to fit themselves for the prairie life, that, in many cases, will be theirs. The necessity of their being initiated into the mysteries of butter-making, &c., is so obvious that it speaks for itself. But the needs of the mind, not lying so much on the surface, are apt to be overlooked in the struggle for daily bread, and the culture that would supply them, so crushed down under the weight of household duties, that it will take whole generations of fostering care to nourish it into life again.

In a new country, where the men have to work from dawn till dark, where, if they have any leisure, they are too wearied to do aught but rest; where the only literature they have time or inclination for, is of the lightest order, the women ought to be the refiners and elevators of everyday life. As in the days of ancient Britain, when the Lady, that is, 'bread-giver,' could read and, perhaps, even write a letter, and in whose hands the manners and morals of the household rested, so in the North-West, our women will be the only ones who will have leisure to cultivate æsthetic tastes, and in their hands will lie, in a great measure, the education of the coming generation.

Would it not be well then for our girls to prepare themselves for this responsibility, and be ready to go forth into their new, hard life, with their artistic tastes so developed that they may be quick to detect the many 'things of beauty,' or capabilities for beauty, in their surroundings, and be able to make them 'a joy forever,' and a refreshment to the wearied toilers.

A log cabin is not necessarily ugly —in fact, it always has the first elements of beauty, usefulness, and fitness for the purpose for which it was designed. If barren of ornament, still that barrenness is less hurtful to the æsthetic eye than vulgar adornment. How many an artist soul has its yearnings stifled by middle class elegance! How strong must be the æsthetic taste that can struggle into birth through the appalling weight of ordinary well-to-do furniture, handsome green rep curtains, with perhaps a geometrical pattern in gold oriel; a 'nice light brussels that won't show every speck,' of some impossible billowy pattern, and a 'really good set of parlour furniture.' The girl feels the dulness and ugliness, and without understanding its cause, tries to improve the look of the room with a few parti-coloured antimacassars, a green mat on the red table, a red mat on the green; a blue and silver bracket

on the white and gold wall; a flimsy wall pocket on this side of the mirror, a heavy one on that. And she has a certain measure of success, for these things, if not *too* ugly, either in themselves or in relation to the others, do give the room a certain comfortable look that does away with the impression that one often receives on entering a 'drawing room,' of having got into the tag end of a furniture shop by mistake.

But cultivate that girl's æsthetic tastes, send her to a log cabin, and see what a thing of beauty, a picture to be carried in the mind's eye, through all the long, hot field-day, she may make it. In these days of pretty, cheap chintzes and combinations of soft, falling unbleached cotton and Turkey red, it does not take much money to make a home picturesque. Pine, or any common wood, is not necessarily ugly; varnished it would look far better than the painted imitations of foreign woods that we see in 'good' houses here. Walls to be kept clean and bright need not be whitened. Let every girl who thinks of going out West learn the art of colouring walls—doing it well, so that it will look soft and not rub off; and let her learn what tints are most becoming and most suitable for mural decorations. Then, if the furniture has the beauty of strength, comfort, and suitableness to its surroundings, a great advance will have been obtained towards making that home the nursery of æsthetic tastes.

If some attention be not paid to these things what have we to look forward to? Who does not know the well-to-do farm house, with its best patch-work quilts, resplendent in red or green stars and half-moons on a white ground? Who cannot foresee the prosperous farmers going into Winnipeg, with their wives to get new furniture, and choosing 'nice, cheerful,' light wall-paper, stiff chairs, shiny spindle-legged tables, bright china vases? Then there will be the old, old story—more struggles through the commonplace, more souls weighted with ugliness. In vain beauty smiles forth from the waving corn-fields, rustles in gladness through the summer trees, or wails mournfully among the brown net-work of boughs that break the monotony of the wintry sky. Within, the stiff, black hair-cloth sofa and stiffer chairs grimly hold their own on the dingy carpet; the dull, cold wall absorbs the faces of those who have the misfortune to be near it; gaudily-dyed grass ornaments the mantel-piece, and happy the owner thereof should it be of elegant white marble.

There is a pretty picture of Swiss life in Miss Mulock's 'Young Mrs. Jardine,' where the people are both simple and elegant—by-the-way, how often do we see those two words together—and where, though no one is rich, and all have to work, yet all are cultured. May we not hope that this picture will be, to a certain extent, true of our prairie life? It is for our women to decide, and we hope that they will prove worthy of their charge.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

(From the German of Uhland.)

BY GOWAN LEA.

HAST seen yon castle standing
Beside the crystal sea,
Around its tower commanding
The white clouds wand'ring free :

Hast seen it downward bending
To kiss the water clear,
Its summit high ascending
To touch the heavenly sphere ?

"Ah yes, I know its seeming—
That castle by the sea—
The moon above it gleaming,
The mist about the lea."

Did breeze and crested billow
Sound loudly forth and long,
And from the festive chambers
Came there a mirthful song ?

"The wind and e'en the ocean
But uttered plaintive sighs,
A wail of deep emotion
Called tears into my eyes."

O did'st thou see the waving
Of the monarch's crimson gown,
The precious jewelled setting
Of the fair queen's golden crown ;

A maiden were they leading
With rapture and with grace,
Celestial glory beaming
Upon her lovely face ?

"The regal pair were sitting
Without a chaplet rare
In mourning robes and fitting :
The maiden was not there."

MONTREAL.

EPISODES OF A LAW OFFICE.

BY A TORONTO PRACTITIONER.

DURING my practice it has often been my lot to come across queer clients, strange events, interesting correspondence, and amusing incidents, and it occurred to me that a short sketch of a few of them might help to pass an idle half-hour.

I was once sent for to see a person who was an inmate of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, and whose estate was under the fostering care of the Court of Chancery. I was admitted to see him, and was shewn into a private room, but was advised to be careful. He was a stout-built, able-bodied man, who, by his own exertions, had amassed considerable property, but an hereditary disease had overtaken him and placed him under control. He appeared to be rational in some of his remarks, and was, in his own opinion of course, confined unjustly and wanted me to obtain his release. After a time he began to talk on other subjects and remarked that he sometimes saw Chinamen constructing machines, which they floated on the top of the building. Suddenly he asked me if I could box. I answered in the negative, at the same time edging toward the door. He graciously replied that he would teach me the noble art, and straightway doubled up his fists, which, in addition to the very earnest, determined expression in his eyes, made me consider 'discretion the better part of valour,' and I ignominiously took to my heels, thankful to have escaped a rough handling, and with all doubts removed as to his being in the right place. Afterwards I received letters from him reiterating his assertion as to his saneness, and in one he asked me to send up some of my clerks to join him and others in a game of cricket.

On another occasion I was sent for to see another inmate of the same institution. I had read the papers upon which he had been sent there, and so knew his mania. I had a chat with him and his answers were intelligent on the subjects about which we conversed. Casually I remarked about electricity, and thus struck the electric spark. He told me, in an excited, earnest tone, that he was an electric battery; that he could hear sounds from long distances, and could convey sounds and messages to persons a long distance off, and it was a shame to shut such a man up, as he would be useful to the Government in conveying messages. 'I hear people now talking miles away,' was one of his remarks. As the telephone has since come into use, perhaps he was the forerunner of Edison, but in advance of the times. Another illusion was that the 'Ku Klux Klan' were continually after him, and had got all his property: but for this it might now be said an important discovery was smothered through ignorance.

One morning an elderly woman came into the office with a large bundle of papers, in a Chancery suit between herself and her husband. She had a sharp, discontented face, and seemed to be a formidable customer to deal with, and had many complaints to make, among others that her husband had put his property out of his hands to prevent her getting any

maintenance from him. She represented that there was a mine of wealth to any lawyer who might choose to dig for it, and that her last solicitor had grossly neglected her business. I promised to give the matter due consideration, though a bundle of papers eight inches thick was not very promising. Knowing that her former solicitor was a good miner where there was any ore to be dug, I thought I would see him first. So soon as I mentioned the name to him, his exclamation, not to 'have anything to do with her,' was quite sufficient to deter my proceeding further. 'She will haunt and abuse you. I recovered some money and did all that could be done for her, yet the only recompense I got was abuse;' so I decided to put the papers aside. A few days afterwards she called to know what I had done. I told her I had made enquiries, and found there was nothing in her case, and handed back to her the papers. She looked at the bundle and at me, and then accused me of having kept some of them. I assured her that I had not done so, but she departed in high dudgeon. We are often bothered with people who have legal grievances. They take up your time with long stories of the wrongs they have suffered; want you, at your own risk, to take up some intricate and often impossible case; and it is not without difficulty that you rid yourself of them.

In answer to my 'come in,' a woman about forty-eight years old, of common place appearance and incongruously dressed in weeds and colours, made her entry into my office. Her husband had lately died without a will, and she and two gentlemen had been appointed to administer the estate. They, as she represented, had been robbing her and the estate; and the lawyer she had already employed had also robbed her. I had heard such stories of wholesale robbery before, and was not at all overpowered by the recital of her wrongs; yet although I undertook the investigation of her affairs, I was not over sanguine of falling among thieves. I never before had so much trouble with a client as I had with her. Her husband had been a miser, and died a miserable death from a surfeit of green vegetables; and she was equally avaricious. This, coupled with ignorance and suspicion of everybody, rendered her anything but an angel. I was often deluged with instructions, information of large sums of money and securities (which had no existence in fact) which had been abstracted, and as I frequently paid no attention to half that was said, she on several occasions told me she had lost confidence in me, yet although I sought to be relieved I could not get rid of her, and was so involved in the suit that I could not retire from it without causing her loss. A suit in Chancery, however, was too much for her, and she succumbed to it and jaundice.

By her will she endeavoured to do one good action in providing for the establishment of a free library in her native town. Out of this arose an extensive litigation, illustrative of one of the many anomalies of law. Because she had no personal property except a mortgage on real estate, and because the bequest entailed the necessity of purchasing land, the Court held that the gift was void under the mortmain law. An amusing incident occurred in Court in a suit which had been brought on behalf of her estate. She had lent money to a woman whose notes were taken for the amount. To recover the amount of these her executor sued and the defendant put in a set-off made up of services rendered, attendances during her illness, etc., all of which were charged at an exorbitant rate. During the trial the defendant's counsel was called out of Court to go into the Criminal court for a moment. The defendant, who was a woman, had just gone into the witness box, and so her counsel asked Mr. B., another counsel, to go on with the case for a few minutes, at the same time putting

into his hands the statement of the set-off. Knowing very little about the case, Mr. B. thought he was to represent the plaintiff and to cross-examine the defendant as to her accounts and after running his eye over it and observing the excessive charges, be prepared for battle. He began by asking her in a sarcastic tone: 'Pray who helped you to make up this nice account?' to which she answered in a sharp aggressive tone, 'No one.' After remarking to her that the charges were outrageous, he began to examine her severely upon the several items. This roused her temper and she pitched into him and *vice versa*. The bystanders and judge, who knew of the error B. was labouring under, were much amused, but the altercation was too hot to allow Mr. B. to hear the whispers of his opponent to the effect that the witness was his client. What increased the witness's indignation was, that she thought Mr. B. was an interloper, and was examining her out of pure impudence. Her counsel's clerk rushed into the other court with the information that there was the d—l to pay, that B. and Mrs. M. were quarrelling, and that he must come in at once. B. was at last made to understand his mistake, whereupon he dropped the witness and his brief and made a sudden exit out of court.

One day I received a letter enclosing a bill in Chancery, and an intimation that my client would be down in a few days to instruct me. Shortly afterwards a young married woman made her appearance in the office and informed me that she was the daughter-in-law of the defendant and attended to his business, and would instruct me in the matter in question. Like most women she was governed rather more by her feelings than her reason, and so the instructions and proposed mode of defence were strong, emphatic and voluminous. She attended to the case through all its stages, and at the trial looked after the witnesses, and instructed counsel, whilst her husband stood by with quiet admiration and acquiescence. Lady clients are often difficult to manage, and will rush at things in a headstrong manner, and are ready for anything. This one informed me during the sittings of the Court that she thought the plaintiff's witnesses would not be worth much. On my asking the reason, she coolly informed me that she had given money to a friend to treat them with liquor at the tavern. I failed to make her perceive the impropriety of such a proceeding and the bad effect it might have on her defence.

We often come across queer wills, letters, and documents, as well as singular clients. The other day I received the following instructions for a chattel mortgage: 'i Doo give to Mr F t two gree horses two bea merses (mares) and two new Duble wagens and two spring Colts in seycurtey for $100-50' (meaning one hundred and fifty dollars). A client's letter, whom I advised that his suit had terminated adversely to him, after, of course, stating that the Court was wrong, ended with the words, '*O mores et tempores.*' One lady-client's letters, which generally covered eight closely written pages, had to be handed to a clerk for him to read and make a short synopsis of.

The other day a resident of Ireland, accompanied by his wife, turned up in the office. His brother had died in Canada, leaving a small property, and he and his wife had crossed the Atlantic to look after it, supposing there was no person here capable of doing so. I came across a letter which he had written to his deceased brother, a few extracts from which I will give. After stating that their mother was dead, he goes on: 'So your three brothers lived together for to years and was intended to live so untill we seen we could not keep house without a womankind so then we three agreed for Joseph to get married so he is now nine months married to a a girl of the name of C—— from the

parish of S—— of a most respectable family and got to hundred pounds sterling with her as a fortune so us three enjoyes much comfort with her since we met some would be pritty farely circumstanced for living if we could get men and women for to do our work . . . Dear brother since it is the will of Almighty God you have no eire of your oune for your property would it not be well done for you to make your will and secture it for whatever friend you think most worthy of it and that would not shorten your dayes.' The writer of the above was Joseph, and, like the Joseph of old, was the victim of a woman, though, to judge from what he says, the honeymoon was not over. The hint about the will was an opportune one, and the concluding sentence consolatory, though Joseph is not the only person who thinks grim death appears as soon as a testamentary document has been executed.

Seldom I think have testators been so extraordinary in the expressions made use of in their wills as the celebrated 'Dr. D.' Some of my readers may have seen his, but I venture to give a few extracts: 'I leave the property of G. and all other landed property I may die possessed of to my sisters H. S. and E B. The former because she is married to a minister whom (God help him) she henpecks; the latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid and not market ripe. I leave my sister J. my Bible, the property formerly of my great great grandmother, and when she knows as much of the spirit of it as she does of the letter, she will be a better Christian than she is. I also leave my late brother's watch to my brother S., exhorting him at the same time to give up whiggery, radicalism, and all other sins which do so easily beset him. I leave my brother A. my big silver snuff box, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian with a snug belly and jolly face. I leave Parson C. (Maggie's husband), the snuff box from the S. . . . militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the service he has done the family, in taking a sister that no man of taste would have taken. I leave John C. a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom, to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife. I leave my silver cup with a sovereign in it, to my sister J. G. D., because she is an old maid and pious, and will therefore necessarily take to hoarding, and also my snuff mull, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff.'

I lately came across a singular, and at the same time a hard, case. A man had been advised that it was not likely his wife would have any children. He made his will by which, after providing for his wife, he gave his property to his brothers and sisters. He was taken suddenly ill and died, but the day after he died his wife gave birth to a son. This son was cut out by the will. Had he been born the day before, the will would have been revoked and he would have succeeded to the property.

An old gentleman calling on me the other day reminded me that we have sometimes obstinate clients. Some property had been left to him by his father, under whose will he took an estate tail, which he could at any time bar. He entered into an agreement to sell the land, but afterwards rued his bargain and refused to carry it out. A suit was brought in Chancery to compel him, and a decree was made by the Court, ordering him to convey the land. He refused to sign the deed and was committed to gaol. He remained there for several months and refused to sign, though solicited to do so by his wife and friends. He had a notion in his head that if he died in gaol without signing the deed, his children would get the land. I saw him often and, though he suffered greatly from the confinement, continued obstinate. At last I convinced him that though he died in his obstinacy, it

would not alter matters, and in one of his weak moments I persuaded him to sign the deed. The person to whom he had agreed to sell the land, and who was the cause of his incarceration was his brother. Family jars are the most irksome and desperate quarrels that come under our notice. Husband and wife when they go to law are very fierce, and the hate gets to a white heat, but sometimes cools down. I remember acting for a woman whose husband had ill-treated her. I instituted proceedings against him, but he expressing a desire to make some provisions for her without further litigation, they came together to the office to have the necessary papers drawn. He was rather an amusing, cunning fellow, and never said 'I will,' but always made use of the Royal 'We.' They sat one on each other side of me whilst I was preparing the papers. I was diverted by his occasionally walking round at my back and getting on his knees and taking her hand, entreating her to return. She was, however, obdurate, probably knowing that his protestations were like the winds, changeable. On a subsequent occasion, however, he induced her to live with him again, having been advised that it would have the effect of destroying her settlement. It was not long before he resumed his former conduct towards her, and she again left him, whereupon he brought a suit to set aside the settlement I had drawn, but technical as the law may be, it was expansive enough to prevent him from benefiting by his conduct.

Last summer, an old woman, I should judge she was seventy years years old, called on me and wanted proceedings taken against her husband, with whom she had lived forty years. Jealousy was the only cause of the trouble. She had grandchildren nearly grown up, and several children of her own, who were willing to take care of her, but she objected to going to them because, as I suspected, she could not get liquor at their houses. I endeavoured to persuade her to live with one of her daughters, but she was obstinate, and so I obtained a separate maintenance.

Sometimes breach of promise of marriage cases come under our cognizance. I remember an action being brought for a broken-hearted damsel, but before the trial of the case was reached she had allowed her outraged affections to be soothed by the love of another swain. She and her husband came to the office together to acquaint us of the fact of the marriage, and desired to know if the case could not still be proceeded with. It was suggested to the husband that perhaps HE might have cause of complaint because the faithless lover had broken his engagement and he had been induced to step into his shoes. A young man came with the defence to an action brought against him for breach of promise of marriage. He admitted that he had promised and broken troth. All is said to be fair in love as in war, and I suppose the same rule prevails in law; at all events, it is frequently adopted. He was asked if he thought the young woman would accept him if he went and offered to marry her. He thought she would not, and was advised to go and try his luck. He went in much trepidation, fearing that she might accept his proposal, but the damsel's irate father threatened to kick him out of doors. A plea of tender and refusal was put in on behalf of the defendant, and no more was heard of the action.

I was engaged in a case in which premeditated perjury and forgery were made use of freely. I had brought a suit to set aside a deed which my client alleged had been made to defraud him of a debt due to him by the maker of the deed. The land had been conveyed to the children by a former husband of the grantor's wife. The defence was that the wife had advanced to the present husband some of the children's money on account of the land, upon the understanding that if the money

was not returned within a year, the land should belong to the children; that this agreement was put into writing at the time; and that it was in pursuance of this agreement the land had been conveyed to the children. Before the case was brought on for trial several attempts were made to see this document, but it was kept back on one pretence or another. The wife went into the witness box at the trial to give evidence, and produced a document, which she swore was the one referred to in the defence. It was written on English note paper, vith violet ink, and was fresh looking. The document purported to have been made some six years previously, and drawn up in the United States, where they seldom use English note paper. On cross-examination, she adhered to the statement that it was the true document; that it had been in her possession ever since its date, either about her person or in her bedroom. She explained how it was drawn, where, and by whom, and stated that on the day it was dated she was engaged in her usual occupation, which was a huckster of vegetables. On searching it was found that the day of its date was a Sunday. Before her cross-examination was concluded the Court rose, but before leaving the bench the Judge spoke to her in a severe tone and pointed out to her that the appearance of the document discredited her story, that it was written with ink which was not in use at the time, and he warned her to be prepared to tell the truth next morning. In answer to the first question put to her in the morning, she admitted that she had procured the document to be drawn a few weeks previously, which at once ended the defence.

I will conclude with a couple of Court episodes. A barrister, who had more assurance than learning, was laying down a certain proposition as being the law. The Judge, not being satisfied, asked where he found his law. The barrister read from a text-book, upon which the Judge said, 'Mr. G., what case is cited in support of the text?' The counsel looks at the foot notes and sees '*Smith* v. *Jones, ubi supra.*' With a self-satisfied smile he looks up and says, "Your lordship will find the case reported in Supra's Reports," upon hearing which his lordship subsided. Some forty years ago, when classical knowledge was not so easily attained, nor, perhaps, so requisite as it is now, a well-known barrister, popular with juries, was engaged for the defence in a horse case. The plaintiff's counsel had praised the horse in high terms. In his speech to the jury on behalf of the defence, his opponent said, 'Why, gentlemen of the jury, after hearing my learned friend, you would suppose the horse was a regular Bellyruffin' (Bellerophon).

THE BENNETT CASE.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, TORONTO.

BENNETT has passed beyond verdicts and reprieves. To use one of his own attempts at poetry,

> 'Through the dark, sad mystery
> Of God's sacred history,'
> He has gone.

Nobody, still less the writer, can have any desire now to array before the bar of literary criticism the merits of a case already disposed of by what must be considered, on the whole, an unexceptionable tribunal; nor is there here, and at present, any intention of discussing the social, psychological, and religious questions which the circumstances preceding, attending, and following the fatal event of the 25th of March, suggest. Even with the few legislative problems which stand up in the path of one exploring this dark and melancholy story of expiated crime, if there was inclination and time, there is no space to deal. No complaint of any importance calls for deliberate expression. It was no scandal to hang Bennett. He received a fair trial. The demeanour of Mr. Irving in this as in all other cases, when I have seen him represent the Crown, was a model for a prosecuting counsel. The Judge was Mr. Justice Cameron, whose charge was one of the most severely impartial judicial utterances I ever heard. Mr. Irving was satisfied. I was satisfied. Some of the jury seem to have entertained strong opinions on the case before entering the box. This was perhaps unavoidable, and, under any circumstances, it may be, the result would not have been other than it was. But, for this very reason, the trial, with its surroundings, furnish the best possible opportunity for reproving sentiments and conduct inconsistent with fairness, to say nothing of the Divine Spirit of our Lord, which is supposed to be abroad amongst us. It may, at the same time, be possible, within the compass of a few fugitive pages, to correct some of the mistakes of persons who took an interest in the case, and to point out what is the law of homicide, about which the humblest person in the community is supposed to be accurately informed, but concerning which, so far as it relates to wounding, followed, after the lapse of some time, by death, there is very considerable ignorance even amongst educated men. It will, I hope, be remembered that I am not writing in an organ of legal opinion, read exclusively by lawyers, but in a popular magazine, and therefore addressing, in the main, a lay audience.

The Press forgot its duties and, I am sure without design, acted with unfairness. Newspapers are the officers of a court with very real powers—that of public opinion; and before this tribunal they arraigned Bennett, using language which no prosecuting counsel dare use to-day in any court of the empire, but which was very familiar when Scroggs and Jeffreys, and lawyers of their stamp, were attorneys-general for the vilest of the Stuarts. This, of course, coloured, nay dyed, the source whence his judges were to be drawn. 'Bennett,' says the *Bystander*, 'went into the dock with the rope round his neck; for writers, not meaning to do anything wrong, yet, as

we think, forgetting what is due to a prisoner awaiting his trial, had been all along calling him the murderer and the assassin.' And at last, by suppressing the speech of the prisoner's counsel they, thoughtlessly again, shut the prisoner's mouth. Suppose it was a Russell instead of a Bennett who was on trial for his life. 'Ah! there is a great difference,' some one will say. Justice knows of no difference until after the verdict. *Audi alteram partem* ought to be a sacred rule with a newspaper under all circumstances; but especially when the subject of their criticism is charged with the most serious of all crimes. If the newspaper insists on being the judge, whether the two sides shall or shall not be heard, there is at once established a tyranny of a very hateful kind. To prevent such a tyranny, is one of the great objects for which rival newspapers are established. But after all has been done that is possible in this way, it is clear an unscrupulous newspaper proprietor has portentous scope for the exercise of injustice and wrong. The newspaper, from being the organ of people with ideas, is rapidly becoming the chattel of mercantile speculation. There is money to be made by it. It is passing under the control of the ignorant and acquisitive, greedy men without ideas, without love of liberty, without passion for right, and owing to the injustice of the anonymous system by which one man gets the credit of another's brains, genius is enslaved to the usurer and the Jew. The natural order is reversed; Prospero is in the thrall of Caliban; the author of 'The Light of Asia,' an Oxford man of learning and genius, if ever such drank at the sacred fount in those venerable halls, is the editor, or shall we use Mr. Gordon Brown's word in the witness box, the 'amanuensis' for Mr. Levi, or Mr. Lawson Levi, or Mr. Levi-Lawson, or whatever else he calls himself now, and when Levi gives the order for the *Telegraph* to right-about-face and fire into the ranks of its friends, Arnold has to execute the ignoble movement. There is no check on the newspaper save the public opinion it does so much to create.

The majestic impartiality of our criminal jurisprudence is apparently little appreciated, especially among women, whose education occupies itself chiefly with fitting them for the marriage market, where it would seem the prize-taking qualities are not those which make a wise counsellor, a solid friend, and a fit shaper of the mind and character of offspring, but rather such as appeal to the senses. After the struggles of centuries, after wrongs which should never be forgotten, and triumphs which should make some of the leading names of English jurisprudence household words for all time, on most of us the severe beauty of Justice in her noblest mood is lost. That mood and moment is not when she, amid universal approbation, bids palpable innocence go free, but rather when, in the face of prejudice and passion, in the din and clamour made by brutal sentiment, whose owners take it for an evidence, expression, and justification of their humanity, she, athwart some forlorn wretch, forgotten by his cup-companions, abandoned by those who sucked the same paps, around whom the toils are closing, flings the shield of her protection, and standing by him when, it may be, his own mother has forsaken him, says, 'For you as much as if you were the noblest of the sons of men are those helps and tests by which I secure that only the guilty can possibly suffer.' I found some men who thought I ought not to have allowed myself to be retained for Bennett; while the ladies were so united on this point, that one was tempted to say that in fixing the sex of Justice the ancients were guilty of fulsome flattery. I was shocked to find how general is the incapacity for pity of that noblest sort, which, without wishing to stay for a moment the hand of justice, can feel for the stran-

gled felon as well as for the dying hero. Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer when Horatius flung himself into the boiling Tiber, and the merit of shedding a tear over suffering, in sentimental or heroic situations, is not very great. The idea seemed to be, especially as I have indicated, with women, whom we men, gladly deceived by the charm of difference of sex, are apt to think of as a compact of finer human clay than ourselves, that Bennett should have been prosecuted by all the power and with all the advantages at the disposal of the Crown, and have been left without any one to plead his cause. I suppose some of the young women, and women no longer young, who, with their heads tossed up, declared what they would do with the accused but untried man, thought they were showing themselves embodiments of virtuous indignation; in reality, they were demonstrating what a small moral and intellectual interval there may be between the civilized woman and the squaw. One professional friend told me I should make a bitter enemy of Mr. Gordon Brown. I replied that I knew Mr. Gordon Brown better, and that if I made an enemy of every man in Canada I would do my duty to my client. When Ambrose Rookwood was being tried for conspiracy against the life of King William III., his counsel, Sir Bartholomew Shower, was making apologies for the boldness of the line of defence. The greatest of England's Chief Justices at once reproved him: 'Never make apologies, Sir Bartholomew; for it is as lawful for you to be counsel in this case as in any other case in which the law allows counsel. It is expected you should do your best for those you are assigned to defend against the charge of high treason (though for attempting the king's life), as it is expected in any other case that you do your duty for your client.'

Some curiosity has been manifested both as to the substance and manner of the defence. Why did I not set up the plea of insanity? I think, in Canada—thanks to the strong sense of our people—the plea is a weak one. However, no medical man of character would say that Bennett, after he had been a few days in prison, was insane. One friend examined him for me and told me he was perfectly sane. He was undoubtedly in an unsound state of mind on the 25th of March and for days before. Writing and keeping upon his person criminating documents would indicate madness, were it not that those documents showed that he contemplated suicide and therefore intended that those documents should be found upon him. The character of these documents is undoubtedly crazy, and it would have been easy to get medical men of authority to predicate his insanity on the basis of these letters alone, if I could have paid them. Even then there would have been the question whether the insanity was not superinduced. If it was it would furnish no answer to a charge of murder. Machaon, who wrote to one of the papers in an excellent spirit, seemed unaware that if a man, by drinking, renders himself furious or insane, he is responsible for what he does, and if he kills any one while in that state is guilty of murder. It is an established fact that excessive quantities of whiskey develop in some organisations homicidal mania, just as rape and excessive beer-drinking seem, as regards brutal natures, correlatives. But Bennett had no money. It turned out that the mortgage, of which he appears to have talked a good deal before the tragedy, and which he assigned to me to work up his defence, had no existence. The Government refused to pay the necessary cost of obtaining the evidence of experts.

The same pecuniary infirmity belonged to my efforts to obtain medical testimony respecting the pathology of the case. More than one medical man declared Mr. Brown ought not to have died; some dwelt on alleged malprac-

tice; but, save the generous few who, unpaid, gave evidence at the trial, all, with smug cowardice, told me they would not say in the witness box what they told me. I shall have to return again to the medical aspect of the case. Meanwhile I cannot but express my regret that such persons as 'Old Army Surgeon' did not communicate with me when their opinions would have been of some practical value; or was he one of those whom I found unwilling to give their opinions openly?

One of the mistakes of 'Old Army Surgeon' may be given as typical of those of other correspondents. He properly dwells on the importance of the distinction between elongated and round bullets, and the character of their respective wounds, and seems to think both were overlooked. Had he been present at the trial he would have known that Dr. Thorburn was cross-examined at length on this point, that Dr. Clark was asked about it, and that Drs. Philbrick and Bethune were examined upon it.

Machaon never errs while he confines himself to 'trying the spirits,' and his astonishment at the aberrations of human sympathy, as manifested within the last six months in Toronto, will, upon reflection, be shared, it is to be hoped, by some of the victims of hysterical sentiment. Nothing can be more certain than that Bennett in his sober senses would never have killed Mr. Brown, nor I believe any one else. He had, as I could have shown, only I feared to give an opportunity to the prosecution of calling his real or reputed wife, a kindly reputation among his fellow-workmen. The letters were all written within the period of his drunken spree. I told the jury the Hon. Geo. Brown was wrong in refusing to sign a paper which appeared to have merely stated that he had been five years in his employment. Nobody will believe he was five years in that service without doing his work satisfactorily. I should have been criminal as an advocate if I did not state the above proposition. Whether it could be successfully maintained from the standpoint of an impartial critic is another question. Bennett clearly did not go to shoot Mr. Brown down, else he would have fired at him on entering the room. If he had a homicidal purpose it was contingent on what to his shattered and distorted sense of justice seemed a great wrong.

De Coursier murders a brother, firing into his victim's body twice. He plans the deed and carries it out when unexcited by drink. Because of a hideous circumstance in the history of the relations between the two brothers, but which clearly made no part of the motive to the crime, a portion of the press writes in favour of commutation of sentence. Ladies of the first respectability and high intelligence, finding in most inodorous material food for sentimentality, interest themselves in the convict; a petition is numerously signed, and, after the Minister of Justice has advised the denial of its prayer, Mr. Rainsford rushes off to Ottawa to persuade the Government to reconsider a step taken in the face of the whole country. For the wretched Bennett there was nothing but invective which made the result of the trial a foregone conclusion.

'Is it probable,' asks Machaon, 'that the pistol exploded in consequence of Mr. Brown grasping the wrist of Bennett and struggling with him?' It is hard to say. But much more than this had to be considered; not only are the general presumptions of law recognised in criminal jurisprudence, it has peculiar presumptions of its own. If it is proved that the accused had a loaded weapon in his hand which went off in the direction of the person injured, the prosecution is relieved from showing that death or grievous bodily harm was intended. The burden of proof is on the prisoner. It is for him to make it plain that the presumption of culpable motive is erroneous; or at least to throw such a doubt thereon, that to act on it will

not appear safe to a conscientious man, alive to the doctrine that in the interest of justice, that is, of the whole community, and of the prisoner as a member of that community, the benefit of any doubt redounds to the defence.

In the Bennett case, the firing of the pistol had to be inferred from circumstances. It was not denied, and there could be no doubt, that the pistol was in Bennett's hand when it went off. Did it go off by accident? Did the vigorous shake the Hon. George Brown gave him send it off? Did the deceased touch the trigger in the scuffle? But there is a question before these. How came the pistol to be in Bennett's hand? This cannot be answered on any innocent hypothesis, though theories are admissible, and, it may be, probable, which exclude the idea of murder. On the 26th of March, he seemed astonished and shocked at being charged with shooting with intent, and then gave me the explanation that he took the pistol out of his pocket intending to place it in his left hand, in order that he might search for a paper. But no paper was found in the revolver pocket and it is certain no paper was there.

Strange to say, the most damaging point in this part of the case was never brought out by the prosecution, just as in the De Coursier case the darkest feature, the possession of the poison, was also passed over. The pistol was placed in the hands of two witnesses, Inspector Stuart and Policeman Gregory, but they were not asked to explain to the jury the action of the hammer, which had to be cocked before the trigger would act. Did Bennett go into the *Globe* office carrying the hammer cocked? Very unlikely. Did he cock it there? It was because of this, that I considered I gained a great advantage by keeping out a portion of the evidence given before the Coroner. All Mr. Brown uttered out of hearing of the prisoner (which the witnesses swore before the Coroner was spoken within his hearing, though one question answered by all of them in the affirmative showed this to be impossible), I thought in favour of my client, until Mr. Houston told how Mr. Brown, when the prisoner placed his hand behind his back, heard a 'click.' Put away Bennett's letters, put away all he said after the fatal act, take only the naked circumstances enacted within Mr. Brown's room and in the lobby outside, and let that 'click' with its metallic sound fall on the jury's ear, and the task of an advocate would be a difficult, if not an impossible one. But with all the facts!

We speak of a 'chain' of circumstantial evidence: a rope is the best figure. Take the rope here, cord by cord, of legitimately proved circumstances; the buying the pistol; the dismissal; the refusal of a recommendation; the contemplated suicide; the earnest inquiries a few minutes before the tragedy whether Mr. Brown is alone in his office; the report of the pistol; the cries of 'murder;' the struggle; the pistol warm from recent discharge; one chamber empty; the wound; the bullet found which is like others in the prisoner's possession, and in the unloaded chambers of the revolver; the documents found in prisoner's possession, all written recently and registering a determination to kill three persons, one being so described as to apply by no possibility to any one but the late Mr. Brown; this determination to kill declared to be contingent on Mr Brown's doing, a second time, what it was proved and admitted he did do, namely, refuse to sign a paper having reference to a term of service; the prisoner's description of his act as designed to one policeman, and using language to another which was fairly open to a like construction. Put all these cords together, and it will be seen the cable of fate is not stronger than that which bound Bennett to his doom.

Very much less evidence would

have been enough to make a jury, taken from an excited and inflamed people, find a verdict of guilty. But the public mind was—shall I say prepared? —by reading of Bennett's troubles with two women, one of whom claims the sinister status of the strangled man's widow. Whatever view may be taken of his relationship to these women, while the worst did not place him below the character of men of low dissipated habits, the very best shut the door of sympathy against him. Every man thinks with becoming severity of the licentiousness and harshness to women of other men, just as every woman, whatever her own conduct, is a 'dragon of virtue' when she discusses the frailties of her sisters; and without inquiry, the virtuous young lions of the paragraph column saw an opportunity for roaring, and they roared. How much better, how much more decent, how much more satisfactory, to have allowed the evidence, as set out above, at the proper time and before an authoritative tribunal, its legitimate work. The law presumed him innocent until he was found guilty by a jury of his countrymen; the press, the boasted organ of progress and enlightenment, proclaimed him guilty, and called for vengeance before he was tried. Referring to similar conduct on the part of newspapers in England in other days, Best, in the course of a noble passage, unfortunately too long to transcribe, says:—"Under colour of the horror of the crime, but more probably with the view of pandering to excited curiosity and morbid feeling, a course has been taken, calculated to deprive of all chance of a fair trial, the unfortunate individual who was suspected of it.' He goes on to show that in this way the jury, and in most cases the judge, are unconsciously and imperceptibly deprived of all capacity for impartiality. The evil can only be realized by supposing a strong case of circumstantial evidence against an innocent person, and the press howling away all possibility of a fair inquiry and a deliberate judgment. The *Mail*, which is now, both in size, appearance, news, and ability, the first paper in the Dominion, even as it is the ablest paper on the continent, will, I hope, when next a prisoner is on trial for his life, set an example of reticence and self-control.

Bennett, when apparently in a religious state of mind, and on the point of death, denied his guilt. But he added, the liquor was in him, and so the matter occurred. It is possible, therefore, to hold the case against him proved, without branding him as a liar and a hypocrite in the most solemn and awful of situations. But in any case the history of criminal trials reduces to zero the ground for believing dying declarations, however accompanied by religious professions. Palmer, the poisoner, died protesting his innocence. So have hundreds regarding whose guilt there could be no doubt. So powerful is the desire of human esteem! The profession of religion itself may be our expression of that desire. Even when the criminal's religious profession is sincere it must be remembered that good influences are recent, and that loose and debased views of morality and the character of God are not inconsistent with piety. Will one small lie (he may think), which does no one any harm, outweigh all his repentance or withstand the purgation of all his tears? The co-operation of egotism and imagination may suborn memory and drug and debauch conscience so far, that the criminal persuades himself that his will was never inflexive to the imputed motive. The curious, but not rare, anomaly of false confession of guilt, not only where there might have been a criminal, but where there was no *corpus delicti*, and therefore no possibility that the confession could be true, adds to the infirmity of dying utterances, and makes it wholly impossible to pay any attention to them when opposed to facts.

The only hope of saving Bennett

from the gallows rested on grounds having nothing to do with that portion of the case to which alone confessions and protests could have any reference. The wound was superficial. It never touched a muscle. There are no veins or arteries of any importance in the locality. Dr. Thorburn swore it was not mortal. I do not want to analyze the medical evidence. I have said there was no scandal in hanging Bennett. But henceforth, after what was witnessed at that trial, it will be scandalous should the Government, in any case where medical questions arise and the prisoner is poor, refuse to supply funds adequate for securing that the forces shall, at least, approximate to equality. No matter who the prisoner was, with like professional interests involved or supposed to be involved, there would, of course, have been the same phenomena in the witness box, and prior to the trial the prisoner's counsel would have met with the same reluctance on the part of medical men, unpaid, to offend, or do what they thought would offend, powerful men in their profession, as regards interest, connection, and influence. It was admitted on all hands that Mr. Brown was, to say the least, very imprudent in holding the *Globe* meeting five days after the wound; it was proved that on the following day, when Dr. Aikins saw him for the first time, there was a patch of five inches of tissue bordering on mortification; that henceforth the chance of Mr. Brown's constitution triumphing, or as the doctors would put it (to which I don't object), of saving Mr. Brown, was reduced to zero. For some reason or other it seems to have been thought that Dr. Thorburn's reputation was involved in maintaining the following proposition:—That a man of sixty, whose life had been consumed in incessant toil, making a speech of two hours and a half while suffering from a gun-shot wound, does nothing to precipitate his death. To maintain this proposition Dr. Aikins, certainly an astute and zealous witness, and who was not present at the *Globe* meeting, declared that from long acquaintance with Mr. Brown (I suppose being fully acquainted with his unexcitable, phlegmatic temper), and from the fact that Mr. Brown was accustomed to making speeches (his speaking, no doubt, Dr. Aikens reflected, being accompanied with a frigid temperature of body and mind), speaking for two hours and a half would not excite *him!*

Had Mr. Brown been a man of ordinary will, Dr. Thorburn's reputation would have been involved. But, as Mr. Gordon Brown said, his brother's temperament was such that it would have done him more harm to have forced him to forego holding the meeting than to have let him have his way. It would have been the same if for the words 'holding the meeting' are substituted 'drinking a quart of whiskey.' The uncontrollable strength of will of the deceased absolves Dr. Thorburn, who did the next best thing in his power; he attended the meeting, watching his patient through the perilous endeavour. The next day the wound was in a condition to inspire alarm. At the trial Dr. Thorburn swore that inflammation had showed itself the day before the meeting. He did not swear this at the inquest. He also said that Dr. Aikins was called in before the day on which he came. Dr. Aikins did not remember this. We had not Dr. Thorburn's notes, though I gave Mr. Fenton notice that I would call for them. I believe Dr. Thorburn was mistaken as to the chronology of the inflammation. It is to his credit to believe this. If, after the symptoms were of a character so inflamed as to suggest further advice, he allowed Mr. Brown to hold the meeting, or countenanced his holding it, or did not feel called on to drug him into quiet, if necessary, his conduct would be difficult to defend.

With a young patient rest would have been an essential condition of

recovery. It was essential in the last degree for a man of Mr. Brown's age. With rest the chances were all in favour of recovery. Had we here a state of things whence it was impossible such a want of certainty as to the cause of death should not arise as is contemplated by the Judge when he tells the jury that they must give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt?

Looking, however, at the law, not as it is popularly supposed to be, but as it actually is, no one could reasonably quarrel with the verdict. If a man is shot at and slightly wounded, and in consequence of developments connected with that wound he dies, it is murder, no matter how gross the want of skill of his medical attendants, or how wildly imprudent soever may have been his own behaviour. Unless it be shown that the applications ordered by his medical men, or his own acts, were directly and solely the cause of death, the person who inflicted the wound is guilty of murder.

The law makes a distinction between murder and shooting with intent to kill, though there can be no moral difference. But no distinction is made between the case of one who kills another instantaneously, and that of a man who has inflicted a slight wound, which, owing to a doctor's want of skill or to his own misconduct, passed from non-mortal to deadly. So that you might have two men tried for inflicting wounds precisely similar in character, with similar weapons, on individuals of the same age, and of equally healthy conditions—the equalities failing only as regards the skill of their medical men or their own caution, and yet one shall be found guilty of murder and hanged, the other of wounding with intent to kill, or do grievous bodily harm, or of common assault, and punished accordingly. Thus the man whose victim dies is evidently punished for what he is not responsible. The law to-day is as it was laid down by Lord Hale: 'It is sufficient to constitute murder, that the party dies of the wound given by the prisoner, although the wound was not originally mortal, but became so in consequence of negligence or unskilful treatment; but it is otherwise where death arises not from the wound, but from unskilful applications or operations used for the purpose of curing it.' The distinction here is surely very fine. How are the jury to say whether death resulted from a wound rendered mortal by improper treatment, or from improper treatment irrespective of the wound? 'In the majority of cases,' says an eminent authority,* 'such a distinction could scarcely be established except upon speculative grounds, and in no case probably would there be any accordance in the opinions of medical witnesses. In slight and unimportant wounds, it might not be difficult to distinguish the effects resulting from bad treatment from those connected with the wound; but there can be few cases of severe injury to the person wherein a distinction of this nature could be safely made; and the probability is that no conviction for murder would now take place if the medical evidence showed that the injury was not originally mortal, but only became so by unskilful and improper treatment.' The question is whether this probability should not be embodied in a statute, so as to remove as far away as possible from our judicial precedence the disturbing influence of popular passion. There are still stronger expressions of opinion by Dr. Taylor, which I read to the jury, but which are supported by no controlling authority. When I spoke above of this learned author as an authority, I used the word only as we apply it to a man eminent in any walk of art or science. I have alluded to the misapprehension on the subject of homicide. It seems to be thought very generally, that if

* *The Principles and Practice of Medical Jurisprudence.* By Alfred Swain Taylor, M.D., F.R.S. Vol. 1, p. 571.

a man was in an unwholesome state of body, or if his own imprudence so inflamed an injury, that what was not mortal should become mortal, or if his wound was unskilfully treated, or if he refused medical assistance, or refused to be guided by his medical man, that in any one of these cases the inflictor of the wound could not be brought in guilty of murder. But as I have indicated all this is misapprehension. In a case of Kelly tried for the murder of constable Talbot, the plea of malpractice was raised; but when Mr. Butt sought to go into the question, whether the wound was treated skilfully or not, he was at once stopped by the Chief Justice, and was allowed to proceed only on the statement that he intended to prove that the operation made by Mr. Stokes was the direct cause of death. The bullet struck Talbot in the back of the neck, fracturing and splintering the atlas. The immediate cause of death was inflammation of the spinal cord and its membranes. Mr. Stokes considered it necessary to remove the bullet. In this operation a small artery (the occipital) was divided, but the quantity of blood lost was trifling.

Talbot was an informer, and the verdict of 'not guilty' belongs to that class of verdicts where sentiment—sometimes in favour, sometimes against the accused—has overborne law and evidence. In the case of Governor Wall it was attempted to be shown in evidence that the deceased had destroyed himself by the immoderate use of spirits while under treatment in the hospital; but the Lord Chief Baron told the jury that no man was authorized to place another in so perilous a predicament as to make the preservation of his life depend upon his own prudence. In like manner the law will not regard neglect to call in a medical practitioner, or refusal to receive his advice, as mitigatory (*The Queen* v. *Hulme*; *Reg.* v. *Travers*, Taylor, vol. 1, p. 574.) So with cases where death would have been avoidable but for some unhealthy condition of body (*The Queen* v. *Bell*). In the case of *The Queen* v. *Wallis* (tried at Cambridge in 1864), the plea was put in that the prisoner was entitled to an acquittal if the cause of death were partly traceable to injuries and partly to natural or other causes, Counsel quoting *Johnson's case.** Baron Channell overruled the plea, saying that it was bad law in the face of recent decisions. But for the injuries the woman would not have died; therefore the act of the prisoner was the moving cause of her death. Perhaps this meets what might be called the common-sense demands of the case. But it does not seem correct or consistent reasoning; and what cannot be described as correct reasoning must be of doubtful policy when embodied in law. 'It is homicide,' say the Commissioners appointed to define the Criminal Law on important subjects of homicide, 'although the effect of the injury be merely to accelerate the death of one labouring under some previous injury or infirmity, or although if timely remedies or skilful treatment had been applied, death might have been prevented.' This is precisely what was laid down by Lord Hale, that 'if a man have a disease which, in all likelihood, would terminate his life in a short time, and another give him a wound or hurt which hastens his death, this is such a killing as constitutes murder.'

Is the law relating to homicide satisfactory? May not certain changes be made therein with advantage? These are interesting questions to which I hope, at an early day, to return. At present I have exceeded the space at my disposal.

* Lewin's C. C., vol. 1, p. 167.

THE HEROISM OF LA PETITE MARIE.

BY BLANCHE L. MACDONELL, MONTREAL.

IT was Saturday evening, and therefore an unusually busy time in the shop of Père Lacoste, who owned the one *boutique* in the village of Beaulieu, monopolizing the small trade of the community, while it contained everything which the modest requirements of the villagers could possibly demand, from bread to brandy, candles to calico, pins to pipes. The shop also served as Post Office, besides offering a place of *rendez-vous* for all the gossips of the village. After the celebration of Grande Messe, Sunday is enjoyed as a festival by the French Canadians. On the present occasion *habitants* from the country drove in to visit their friends in Beaulieu; there was dancing, card playing, and jesting going on all through the village. M. le Curé himself did not hesitate to take a hand at a staid rubber of whist with some of his parishioners of the better class. Gaiety being the order of the day on Sunday, Saturday evening was the fashionable time for shopping in Beaulieu, that hour combining the two-fold advantage of supplying one's wants, while it afforded an excuse for social gatherings. The Canadian being naturally gregarious, sociability was one of the most marked features of life in the small community. It was fortunate that it was so, for in winter, covered and hemmed in by snow, during many weeks of spring and autumn, cut off by numerous leagues of impassable roads from any communication from without, remote from any large town, Beaulieu might as well have been situated at the North Pole, so far did it seem removed from the busy turmoil of the world.

At the time we write of, it was the termination of a most unpleasant and an unusually severe winter. For long months the village had been surrounded by massive drifts and ponderous banks of snow, until it had seemed likely to be buried beneath the weight of crisp whiteness; then the brightening days had brought sudden, violent thaw. Colour and glitter faded from the solemn white landscape, the exhilarating breath of winter changed to a chilly, penetrating dampness, icicles, sparkling with a variety of delicately evanescent hues dissolved rapidly into water, the sunlights of early spring speedily converted huge masses of dazzling snow into yellow slush.

It had rained heavily for a week, a downpour of mingled sleet and water, the river appeared like a solid wall of grey mist, the village streets a succession of miniature lakes and rivers, through which the villagers waded on their wooden sabôts; but in Père Lacoste's shop there was plenty of warmth and brightness. The raftered ceiling, black with age and smoke, was hung with hams and bacon, the lamps in the window cast long, quivering rays of brightness upon the gleaming puddles without, while around the great, red-hot stove, was gathered a group of men, discussing in their guttural *patois* the height to which the river might be expected to rise when the ice shove would take place, and the amount of damage the flood would cause.

Behind the counter, Père Lacoste, a little, dry, shrivelled old man, with a

parti-coloured *tuque* pulled down over his ears, argued and bargained with animated gestures, as though the fate of the nation depended upon each separate decision, regarding a pound of candles and half a pound of tea. Père Lacoste was an autocrat in his own domain, but he enjoyed the fascination of bargaining quite as well as the satisfaction of a clear profit. He was assisted by his little servant, who was as sweet as she was lovely, for Marie Leduc was allowed to be the prettiest girl in the parish of Beaulieu. Even M. le Curé, who had taken infinite trouble to impress the dangers of vanity upon the young girl's mind, delighted privately to point her out to his friends as a pure type of Canadian beauty. La petite Marie was really charmingly pretty in a blushing, dimpling, softly-rounded style of loveliness, irresistibly seductive. The clear, olive complexion, soft as velvet, changed to richest crimson upon cheek and lip, the brown eyes were tender and liquid as those of a young fawn, the dark hair clustered around the small head in picturesque wavy ringlets which would have delighted an artist. A dainty little figure in her skirt of dark blue homespun, and mantelet of crimson flannel, she moved busily to and fro. She was an orphan, and merely the little servant of Mère Lacoste ; but in that primitive state of society was treated much as a daughter would have been by the childless old couple. Marie was far too busy to notice the sly glances of admiration cast in her direction, the most subtle flatteries awoke no response in her girlish breast, her heart had so long held one image sacred that there was no room for any weaker impression. There were few in Beaulieu insensible to the charm of la petite Marie's lovely laughing face and gentle manner, but the exception was the one whom in all the world she desired most to propitiate, for was not Père Vanier the father of Léon, whom she had loved all her life. Michel Vanier was not an accessible person, however, and all the girl's shy conscious efforts at conciliation were met either by a fierce scowl or a muttered curse. Michel always proclaimed himself openly to be a woman hater, and declared that the devil must be a woman : had he not lost his only son through a woman's wiles ?

Père Vanier had originally been the village blacksmith, but had abandoned his trade in order to turn his attention to speculating in grain ; carrying on this business in a small way. Being keen, shrewd and cautious, he eventually realized a considerable fortune. With more energy and purpose than most of his countrymen, in intelligence he had risen above them, but hard, bitter and suspicious in character, he was universally dreaded and disliked. There were those in the village who remembered him in his youth as simple, friendly, genial, until one ill-fated day when he returned from one of his business expeditions to Vermeuil with a wife, a pretty, flighty creature with bold black eyes and soft caressing manner. An immigrant from Old France, with ways strangely in contrast to the simple and homely modes of life known to the villagers, the people of Beaulieu looked on her with suspicion. M. Le Curé, on questioning her, regarding her antecedents, looked sober at her jesting, evasive answers, but Michel was trustingly, enthusiastically happy. He awoke abruptly from his Fool's Paradise, when the little Léon was about three years old. As he started for his work one morning, his wife bade him good bye with a kiss and a laugh. When he returned at night the child was crying loudly, the house seemed strangely empty and desolate. The mother had wearied of the dull monotony of her life and had fled to join a countryman of her own whom she had loved in early youth. She was never heard of in Beaulieu again. Michel uttered no word of anger or condemnation, his wife's name never passed

his lips, but he grew suddenly hard and morose. Michel Vanier proved a stern father to his boy after that, and the child soon learned to escape from the dreariness of his home to the more cheerful society of his youthful companions. Léon never learnt to penetrate beneath his father's stern exterior, never guessed at the passion of tenderness which struggled with distrust in the old man's breast, or dreamed that jealousy influenced Michel in his hatred to Marie Leduc quite as much as did any consideration of worldly prudence. The young man was twenty-two before the quarrels between himself and his father became so fierce and frequent on account of Père Lacoste's little servant that Léon resolved to leave Beaulieu and seek his fortune elsewhere. In early youth hopefulness is natural as the air we breathe: there was strong mutual faith and affection between the lovers, so Marie could turn an April face with smiles struggling through the tears to Léon as she bade him farewell, sure that before long he would return to claim her, confident that his love was changeless as her own.

Six months had passed, and in that time only one letter for Marie had found its way to Beaulieu. A letter to Léon Vanier was a work of infinite trouble; while to Marie hand-writing was as incomprehensible as Egyptian hieroglyphics would have been. Her eyes glowed with soft fire as M. Le Curé read it aloud, slowly and impressively, while her aunt, old Madelon, who was the Curé's housekeeper, uttered subdued murmurs of approval. He never required to read it a second time, the young girl knew every line by heart. Léon had left Quebec, and had gone to Montreal; if not satisfied there he might, perhaps, go to the United States; but Marie must keep a strong heart as he thought of her continually, and all would yet be well. Of Quebec, Marie had heard, in a vague, far-off way, but Montreal and the States to her were simply *ces pays-là*, places as remote and visionary as Alaska or Siberia, but true affection is very patient and she felt confident that all must be well because Léon had assured her that it would.

'Eh bien, petite Marie, always busy. I seek green riband but don't hurry on my account, my time is my own. I can wait a little better than most,' and Rosalie Chauvin seated herself leaning her arms on the counter with the leisurely air of one who intended to enjoy herself in a deliberate fashion. Rosalie, or *La Comète*, as she was called by the villagers, in allusion to the long train which she always wore, and which she considered a distinctive mark of fashion and good breeding, was a tall woman with a broad, good-natured face and bright black eyes. She wore a light cotton dress, with a a long narrow train which floated and twisted around her feet like the folds of a serpent, *la queue de la comète*, as it was styled by her companions, half in envy, half in derision; a short pink jacket adorned by green bows, while her hair, instead of being covered by a close cap, as was the custom of the matrons of the village, was built up into an imposing structure of puffs and rolls, ornamented by long loops of yellow riband. She looked important; there was patronizing self-importance in every movement; the nervously vivacious manner, the mischievous sparkle of the black eyes, the sly humour which peeped out in every line of her quaint face—all betrayed the fact that she had tidings to communicate. Rosalie had spent a short time in service at the nearest town, and therefore prided herself upon her knowledge of the world. On her return to her native village she had married Poléon Chauvin, an elderly widower, who, having made all his property over to his children, lived upon the allowance granted by them, with the avowed purpose of spending the remainder of his days in enjoyment. Poléon and Rosalie could scarcely be said to live in idle-

ness : they were incessantly occupied by a more engrossing occupation than that afforded by the most laborious employment. They were the most inveterate gossips in the whole community, passing their time, like the Athenians of old, 'in hearing and telling some new thing,' and being bent upon 'distracting' themselves, often succeeded in distracting their neighbours likewise. No scandal-mongering dowager, no society journalist, could have worked harder in collecting material for racy morsels of gossip, or have taken more trouble to circulate them. No one died or was born without the attendance of either Poléon or Rosalie. They attended every funeral or wedding within twenty miles ; not a sale was made, a quarrel started, a love affair broken off, in which they did not take almost as prominent a share as the parties immediately concerned. There was not a particle of malice in the composition of either, but the childish, irresponsible love of chatter often worked as much harm as the most determined wickedness could have accomplished.

'Hein! petite Marie, not married yet? Thou must not waste thy pretty face in waiting for unworthy *coquins* who will never return.' One or two of the smokers paused and looked over curiously as *La Comete's* shrill voice reached them. Marie's face crimsoned, but she continued quickly displaying her store of bright coloured ribands. Rosalie admired, criticised, cheapened, then, looking up sharply in the girl's averted countenance, said, abruptly :

'Didst know that Léon was married, little one?' Marie looked at her earnestly, perplexed and bewildered. All power of thought seemed suspended.

'Of what Léon do you speak?' she asked, striving to steady the tremor in her voice.

'*Mais certainement*, of Léon Vanier, *ma pauvre enfant*, thou dost not know all, then. A rich girl in Montreal fell in love with him, and now it's nearly a month since they were married. Léon was always handsome ; good fortune for him ; but *hélas*, sad tidings for thee, *ma fille*. It's no shame for thee to grieve, for here we are all friends who wish thee well. *Mon vieux* heard it from Jules Boudreau, who heard it from one who had but lately returned from Quebec.' The colour faded swiftly, leaving a white face set like a mask, from which the dark eyes stared blankly. The faith of a life time was swept away in an instant, until, becoming conscious of the curious glances resting upon her, pride came to her aid. These people were no longer friends and neighbours, but enemies, with prying, mocking eyes to be distrusted and defied.

Tiens, it's all the fault of Père Michel, *vieux scélérat*. There he lies ill with rheumatism, chuckling over the ill he has wrought. Having quarrelled with old Nanon, she left him this morning. She will return, *sans doute*, when her ill-humour is over, but at present he is alone,' cried Rosalie, delighted at the sensation she was creating. Père Lacoste paused to wonder and question, the smokers drew near to listen ; several customers stopped short in their bargaining to utter voluble comments, while Marie, apparently the only unmoved spectator, assorted her ribands with ostentatiously affected indifference. 'Why did she not feel more that which had so deeply wounded her,' she asked herself. Presently, when she realized it all, she would drop down where she stood, if only she could conceal herself from all those cruel, questioning eyes.

When, a little later Mère Lacoste came to take her place in the shop, she escaped gladly. *The Presbytere*, the home of M. le Curé, was but a short distance from Père Lacoste's ; taking her little wooden *sabôts*, and throwing a thick shawl over her head, Marie passed out into the intense blackness of the night.

Old Madelon, who sat basking drowsily in the warmth and bright-

ness of her comfortable kitchen, glanced up sleepily as her niece entered. She was a round dumpling of a little old woman, with eyes like black beads, and a quaint, puckered face. The kettle sang cheerily on the stove, the fat gray cat purred softly and lazily. Madelon's knitting had fallen into her lap; her face wore an expression of complacent repose, but one hasty look at Marie aroused all her faculties into keen alertness.

'*Mais, mais!*' she exclaimed, rising hastily. The soft character of the girl's beauty contrasted strongly with the scornful bitterness of her expression. She was not thinking, only feeling with passionate bitterness that she had been wronged and deceived; shame, love, disappointment and yearning regret rent her with a deadly struggle of feeling.

'*Mais*, what ails thee, *ma chérie*, that thou hast an air so strange and wild?' demanded Madelon, with a sharp, anxious glance.

'Léon is married,' she said, in a hard, strained voice.

Madelon felt it due to her position, being thus established under the very shadow of the Church, to admonish her pretty niece very severely in public, while in private she was her most enthusiastic admirer. Marie laughed hysterically.

'Of what Léon dost thou speak?'

'Of my Léon, or of the Léon who was once mine, but has now become the husband of some other woman. It's of that woman's Léon I speak, the man who has deserted and shamed me.'

Madelon laid her hand gently upon her niece's shoulder, but in the impatience of her pain the girl drew herself away from the kindly touch.

'It's the fault of Michel Vanier. Léon loved me once. If his father had left us alone we might have been happy together. Oh!' throwing up her arms with a sudden gesture of tragic passion. 'They say *le bon Dieu* is just; if there is justice in Heaven, may Michel Vanier learn what it is to be helpless, wretched and desolate as I am to-night.'

That night, while the rain-storm beat upon the roof, Marie lay awake through the long hours of darkness. The old, wilful, womanly faith died hard, leaving a sting which she knew must rankle forever. As the moments passed, the natural gentleness of her character re-asserted itself, passion faded; the fierce scorn and bitterness which had agitated her became subdued only to be succeeded by the keener and deeper emotions of love and loss.

Towards midnight the rain ceased, and the silence of the village was abruptly broken. Lanterns flashed to and fro; there was the heavy tramp of hurrying feet, shouts were heard, the hoarse voices of men mingling with the shriller cries of women and children. The girl arose and dressed herself rapidly. The whole household was in a state of commotion. The ice-shove had taken place during the night. On account of the late heavy rains the river was rising rapidly. So great a flood had never been known in Beaulieu. The lower portion of the village was already flooded. M. le Curé, aided by the villagers, was busily employed in rescuing those whose houses, being in exposed situations, had become submerged at once. Marie listened in silence to all Madame Lacoste's voluble explanations. Her thoughts flew swiftly to Michel Vanier, who had ruined her life, and who was now lying helplessly crippled, alone in his desolate home, with the river rapidly rising around him. For a moment a glow of wicked delight thrilled the girl's whole being; the next she prayed that the thought of her heart might be forgiven. Was the old man not desolate like herself? There was no one within reach to whom she could appeal for aid; and a few moments later, following the tender impulse that guided her, she was making her way down the Grande Rue.

Michel Vanier lived nearly two miles out of the village, in a precisely opposite direction to that taken by M. le Curé and his helpers, and it was no easy task to walk such a distance, through roads and fields which resembled bogs, so deep was the mud and slush.

Once Marie had passed out of the precincts of the village, she left all light and movement behind her. On the lonely high-road there reigned a solemn impressive silence, broken only by the occasional splash of oars in the distance, or the far-off warning cry of boatmen. The wind howled dismally, blowing chilly over the waters, and held her back. The lowering clouds threw stinging showers down with the darkness; ponderous drifts of snow, honey-combed by the recent rain, and rivers of mud and slush, rendered pedestrianism difficult. Marie sank almost to her knees in the soft, wet slush,—stumbled, fell, and recovered herself repeatedly. She trembled with cold and excitement. The lonely scene was replete with superstitious terror to the unlearned girl. A strange horror of desolation came over her, but she did not heed, possessed of but one desire, one purpose, a quiet steadfastness, battling with the physical sensations of cold and weariness; for the moment she was dulled to all else. Jagged, irregular rifts appeared in the clouds, a pale, watery-looking moon peered out, faintly, being fitfully reflected upon the turbid waves beneath. The girl could not fail to see that at every step the waters were steadily advancing.

Just where four cross-roads met, solitary in the uncertain light stood an open wooden pavilion, in summer curtained by vines, but now bare and exposed to the violence of the winds. There were high wooden steps leading up to the interior, and inside, suspended upon three crosses hung life-size figures of our Lord and the two thieves. The colouring was glaring, the forms distorted, the features ghastly and convulsed, yet all borrowed a strange pathetic majesty from the shadowy light, and to little Marie the picture was as real as the most delicate imagery could have presented. The scene was familiar: she had often visited the shrine with her village companions. Only the summer before, when the village trees had been denuded by caterpillars, or later, when long continued drought had threatened the harvest, M. le Curé had organised several processions when, singing *cantiques* and chanting litanies, the whole village had visited the altar there erected.

Without a moment's hesitation, Marie mounted swiftly, knelt a moment in adoration before the central figure, repeating aloud with a piteous cry, 'Dear Lord, who loved and suffered, have mercy upon us all,' and with the words still echoeing on her lips passed swiftly away.

The river in sluggish, inky pools covered Michel Vanier's fields, obliterating all trace of fences, while the banks were marked only by tossing tufts of trees, creaking wildly in the wind. The flood had advanced farther still, as Marie saw when she entered the kitchen, for it already washed the floor to the depth of several inches. It was a substantially built stone house with high, peaked roof and projecting eaves, facing the river, but now surrounded by water on every side. Obliged to wade for some distance to reach the door, dripping, panting, breathless she raised her lantern and looked around. There was no light, no fire in the stove, the room was empty and deadly cold.

'Père Vanier, Père Vanier,' cried the clear girlish accents.

'And who goes there?' responded the old man's rough voice from above. He was alive, then, and with a joyful exclamation Marie mounted the steep, crooked stair-case. There was neither light nor heat, the house was bare as the home of the poorest. Though Michel was rich he had cared little for either comfort or ornament. A gaunt,

haggard old man, with strongly marked features and bushy brows, he lay upon his bed in sullen impatience. At the sight of the girl he burst into sudden fury :

'Ha ! is it thee, Marie Leduc! Thou hast come to see the old man caught like a rat in his hole, to triumph over his helplessness. Oh ! had I but my strength how I should drive thee from me.'

Marie drew back timidly ; the furious tones, the look of hatred, inspired her with a sort of shuddering reluctance. Looking down at him she said piteously :

'But, indeed, Père Vanier, I came to help you, for the water is rising and now surrounds the house. When I heard the tidings to-night I wished you ill but indeed I repented and came to aid you.' Michel looked at the pale face full of sad gentleness and laughed mockingly.

'I know thy baby face and cunning wiles, thou fanciest the old man may be easily beguiled but I know too well the sort of help of which a woman is capable. Be gone, girl, be gone!' There was a long pause, Marie regarding him with a lingering gaze of wistful anxiety : when she spoke her voice was very low.

'Did you not know that Léon is married ? lost to me as well as to you. You owe me some reparation, you are lonely as I am, I only ask that you will allow me to help you.' The simple pathos of her pleading penetrated through the crust of bitter cynicism which had over-grown the old man's better nature ; he gazed at her steadily with an expression that was first doubtful, then wistfully and, finally, almost tenderly.

'Is there then no truth in any human being ?' he groaned.

Quickly Marie lit a lamp and then built up a fire in the great open chimney, though from the stairs she could watch the water rising swiftly and steadily.

'Could you not walk, Père Vanier ? I would assist you and the water is not yet so very deep.' Père Vanier smiled grimly.

'I could not so much as raise my feet and it would require two men to lift me. Leave me, and while it is still possible save thyself.'

'It is no longer possible, and I will never leave you until we are saved together,' the girl answered simply and gravely.

Michel could not have been induced to own that he dreaded darkness and solitude, but from that moment it seemed as though Marie had gained some magnetic power over him, reaching, touching, softening every thought. She held the feeble hand and tried to get the half-closed eyes to turn to her, whispering tender, soothing words as to a little child, until a pale gleam in the eastern sky showed the coming day. When Michel had fallen into a startled, uneasy slumber, she rose and looked from the window. There was water everywhere, stretching a broad, glittering expanse, like an inland lake ; she trembled and grew faint as she heard the gurgle and click of the waves against the floor—the flood was rising to the second storey. There was nothing to be seen but the water melting into soft clouds, nothing to be heard but the ripple of water against the house. The east was breaking into golden-tinted clouds which were reflected in the waves beneath, the wind shivered over the river and ruffled it into eddying currents. The mists parted, changed from cold gray to fleecy white, and then, where the early sunbeams touched them, to golden glory, and finally floated away in feathery wreaths of mist.

Marie's first impulse was to lie still and allow her distracting thoughts time to calm. Slowly the scenes in the past shaped themselves before her : with singular vividness her excited imagination recalled all the events of the night. The memories of bitterness and wrong returned, the keen edge of wretchedness was entering her soul,

but stung into a fever she found relief in action. How could she extricate herself from the difficulties and dangers which environed her?

She was so young, the current of life flowed so swiftly through her veins, could she die there alone? She had heard her aunt tell about three women whose lives had been lost in a great flood, which had occurred in Madelon's youth. Only one body had been found, it was that of a young wife, a mere girl in years, torn and mangled by the fierce currents, while the little babe clasped in her arms, looked peaceful as a sleeping cherub. Léon, happy with that other woman, would never know that she had given her life for his father. Anything would be a relief from the terrible fear which she now felt had been haunting her for hours, and which, unless she could overcome it, would soon paralyse all energy. Looking around she found a heavy iron hammer. Her hands trembled, but nerved by new hope she succeeded in knocking off the double window; Marie drew a great breath of relief as it fell with a splash, and the cold, damp air blowing into the room seemed like the breath of life. Then a great cry escaped her; ringing out clear and shrill and loud, it echoed and vibrated over the flood, causing Michel Vanier to start up in sudden fright, and attracted the attention of M^r^ le Curé, who, aided by two stout parishioners, was returning from a solitary farm-house to whose occupants he had been carrying relief.

'That cry comes from Michel Vanier's,' exclaimed the good priest. 'I take blame to myself that never once during this night of peril have I thought of the lonely old man.'

Leaping at once into a boat the priest and his companions pulled rapidly to Vanier's cottage. Entering by an upper window a painful scene met their gaze.

Exhaustion and severe physical pain had combined to weaken the old man's intellect. He clung to the young girl like a helpless child, nervous if she quitted his side, or if his eyes could not rest upon her face. Prostrate as he was, the incidents of the night and the devotion of Marie had wrought a rapid change.

'M. le Curé,' said Michel solemnly as he was being tenderly lifted into the boat. 'Hear me tell you that this is the bravest and sweetest as well as the loveliest girl in all Beaulieu. I pray you, when you have leisure, to write a word to my Léon, bidding him return for I shall be proud and happy to have her for a daughter.'

Marie was now too stunned and worn out by emotion to dread observation, the hot tears streamed down her white face. All fears and wants had seemed dead within her, but oh! it was hard that this should have come too late. She cried pitifully out of a strange compassion for herself, and the tears relieved both heart and brain.

M. le Curé, not being content to accept *La Comète's* story as unimpeachable authority, determined to learn the truth by writing to Léon Vanier. When, in answer to his summons, Léon made his appearance, in Beaulieu, no one except Michel and Marie could have rejoiced more sincerely and unselfishly than did the Curé. Another Léon Vanier, a namesake and distant cousin, had married in Montreal; this Leon was glad and eager to claim his bride. Marie became one of the happiest of wives, the lonely house grew bright with hope and happiness, and in the tenderness of his children and the caresses of his little grand-children in his old age, Michel Vanier learnt again to love and trust his kind.

ON A LITTLE OATMEAL.

A SCOTTISH SKETCH.

I WAS in Scotland for the greater part of the summers of '65 and '66. Too hard work in dingy, dirty, smoky London had rendered me somewhat of an invalid, and I was not sorry to hear my good old friend, Dr. Farley recommend for me a lengthened sojourn in the North of Scotland, where the bracing, healthy, scented air would, he said, do me more good than all the tonics the whole faculty could prescribe. My nerves were, he considered, the chief seat of 'the trouble,' and 'bracing up' was what I wanted. 'Don't you,' said he, 'go to any of those tourist-haunted, fashionable resorts. You will only be worried by cockneys like yourself meeting you at every turn (complimentary, I thought); but, probably, also, be half-ruined by the harpies known as guides, boatmen and hotel-keepers. I advise you to go to Glennaver. It is a quiet, out-of-the-way place, known, I fancy, to nobody but myself and its inhabitants, and possesses all the elements conducive to rest, healthful recreation and rational holiday-making for a determined, plodding, money-maker like yourself.'

'Accommodation for man and beast to be had, I suppose?' I enquired.

'Yes, and, strange to say, of the best for both. The hotel, or what would be called a hotel anywhere else, is kept by old Janet McIntosh, a *douce*, well-to-do old person, with a face as rosy as a winter pippin, a manner as cheery as a May morn, and a heart as warm as her own ingleside on a winter evening.'

I laughed at the doctor's enthusiastic description, and resolved to patronize the hostelry. I made the good landlady's acquaintance within a fortnight of my conversation with Dr. Farley, and found his description of her not a whit overdrawn. I learned, moreover, by-and-by, that her history was not without a spice of unusual romance—unusual, at least, in the Highlands. In her earlier days she had followed the drum, having wedded a sergeant in a Highland regiment, whom she had met when he was on a recruiting expedition in the north. Janet bravely followed him to the war, and report said that she did good service alike in the field and the hospital, attending to the wants of the wounded. Having lost her husband by the chance of war, she continued with the army throughout the campaign, and by means of Scotch frugality and the liberal allowance made to her by the officers of the regiment whom she 'laundried' in health and 'did for' in illness (as Mrs. Gamp would have phrased it), she was enabled to come back to her native place a comparatively rich woman. She opened the inn of the Macallum Arms in the little hamlet that lay in the centre of the glen, and kept it with a degree of orderliness and respectability that might be looked for in vain in far more pretentious establishments. Peace to her ashes! She has now gone to 'the land o' the gane-awa',' and, I fear, has left few like her, even in the Highlands.

My days spent in this remote glen were somewhat monotonous, but yet

the very reverse of wearying. The air of the mountains braced me up and incited me to continual physical exertion. I took long exploring walks; I fished for trout, and occasionally, and not unsuccessfully, for salmon, under the guidance and tuition of a venerable brother of the angle who had never been twenty miles from the stream on the banks of which he was born, and whom I should like to introduce to the reader, were there time to do so, for he was most unmistakably 'a character.' But he must for the present give way to more important personages and to events possibly more interesting than those that characterized old Sandy's placid existence.

One day as I was walking slowly along the course of the Baynac, a favourite trouting stream of mine, rod in hand, basket on shoulder—passably well that same basket was filled, by the way—and rather inclined for a *siesta* than for further exertion in the way of fishing, I stumbled on a young lad—he was not more than fifteen—reclining on the bank of the Baynac and absorbed in a book. It just suited my humour at the moment to rest and listen to him (he was reading aloud). It was the merest impulse of the moment. The so-called trivial events of life count for more in the sum of human life than the cents or the pence of finance.

By the side of this lone Highland 'burn,' for it was nothing more than what our friends in the lake district call a 'beck,' I found this boy reading, with a gusto that was manifestly appreciative, the glorious lines of the 'blind old man of Scio's Rocky Isle.' His Scotch pronunciation notwithstanding (for my ear was habituated to the foolishly anglicised accents of Oxford), I could not help being carried away by the faultless elocution of the boy-reader. Andromache spoke to Hector then, if ever she did, and I positively revelled in the glorious words and conjured up the scene before me.

Suddenly he paused. The illusion was dispelled, the vision broken. I felt as if, by the sudden stroke of an enchanter's wand, I had been carried away from the war-leagured walls of Troy and deposited, suddenly and unexpectedly, by the side of a Highland 'burn.' And looking at the boy, who had dropped into a reverie with the well-thumbed Homer in his hand, I found presented to my awakened sight the somewhat ordinary picture of a sparely—yet cleanly—clad stripling in a tartan kilt and velveteen jacket, whose blue dreamy eyes seemed yet to behold the picture that had but now faded from my view.

The circumstances, as the reader may suppose, were enough to awaken my curiosity, and, after a little, I accosted him. His answers I found intelligent beyond even my excited anticipation. I saw in a moment that I had to deal with no common mind. He was evidently one of those many 'flowers that blush unseen,' and are in imminent danger of 'wasting their sweetness' on a comparatively 'desert air.' It would only weary the reader were I to record our conversation then or our many interviews after. Truth to tell, they are to me as treasures embalmed in memory, not likely to be ever forgotten, even if I should reach second childhood, for they are among the most cherished reminiscences of the dearest friend I ever had on earth.

What I learned regarding him is soon told. He was poor, far poorer than even I supposed from his appearance. He was 'the only son of his mother and she was a widow.' His father had been what the Scotch so happily describe in the phrase 'a ne'er do-weel.' Clever, and even gifted, he had early fallen into the snare of boon companionship, and while all who knew him acknowledged him capable of doing and becoming *anything*, he ended by becoming *nothing* and filling a premature grave, the victim of dissipation and disappointment. His widow left alone to struggle with the

world faced it bravely, like the noble-hearted woman she was. She toiled early and late at the meanest kinds of work and kept her boy comfortably and cleanly, if not very handsomely clothed, and contrived, moreover, to give him an education such as was, and is, within the reach of the poorest in rural Scotland. What that means, let any one judge who knows that it is no uncommon thing to find a herd boy, on a Scottish hillside, solving on a slate, extemporised from a flat slab of stone, some of the problems that are the pet horrors of an Eton or Harrow boy. I have myself seen a farm servant, in rough corduroy and moleskin, poring over Sir William Hamilton's 'Theory of the Absolute,' by the side of the kitchen fire in a Highland farm house, and able to speak intelligently and thoughtfully regarding it. Such sons form Scotia's pride.

Willie Forbes was a son worthy of his mother. Never very strong in physique his mind early took to his books, and the long winter evenings were spent in patient study while his mother busily and silently spun opposite to him. In the summer months, he earned a few shillings by doing such light work as he was capable of for the farmers around, and all were kind and helpful to the mild-mannered orphan son of Widow Forbes. The teacher who ruled over the parish school at which Willie got his education, was one of a thousand. Having been a poor boy himself, he knew what it was to have a thirst for learning and a difficulty in satisfying that craving. He was, in consequence, extremely kind to all who were in a similar position, helping them with necessary books and, in more than one instance, remitting those 'fees' which, though small in themselves, were of no slight account to teacher as well as pupils. All honour to him. He is yet alive and filling a high position in the profession ; and, if I do not give his name here, it is because I know he would prefer to remain unknown.

After our chance *rencontre*, Willie Forbes and I became inseparable companions. I was a constant visitor at the humble fireside of his mother, and many pleasant and profitable evenings were spent there in reading and discussing the different classical writers, whose works, notwithstanding some years of professional labour, I had not entirely forgotten. I was astonished and delighted at the enthusiasm, readiness of comprehension, and grasp of thought exhibited by the boy, and predicted for him a brilliant future at college, a prediction that was afterwards fully realized.

The few months of my stay, in the summer of '65, soon passed away, and I returned to London much improved in health, though not yet quite able to cope with the unceasing round of duties devolving on me in my profession. I was fortunate in having for a partner a man of untiring energy and sterling uprightness, so my enforced rest was not so much a hardship. Matters went on much as usual, and in due time I went back to my Highland home. I had heard regularly from Willie Forbes, and when I reached Glennaver I delighted him by a gift of what seemed to him a complete library of classical authors. They were a heterogeneous mass of well-thumbed copies of the authors of Greece and Rome that had seen somewhat hard service in my school-days, and had, since that time, reposed undisturbed in a corner of my sanctum, in Gray's Inn. They formed not only a subject of study, but also the theme of many a reminiscence of my old school-days, which it would be hard to say whether Willie or I enjoyed most.

He had not been idle in the interval since my last visit. I could see for myself what strides he had made, and his enthusiastic teacher bore the amplest testimony to his wonderful progress. He was to go to the 'bursary competition' that autumn, and high were the hopes entertained of his

success by all in the glen. His teacher, especially, was confident of his carrying everything before him.

'He is out of sight the best boy in every respect I ever had,' said he to me one evening, 'and I only hope we can manage to keep him at school all summer.'

'Why should we not?' said I; 'what is there to prevent him?'

'Money, sir; or, I should rather say, the lack of it. Not that his schooling would be expensive (this much I knew from Willie, who was charged nothing for "fees"), but you see his mother can hardly make ends meet as it is, and Willie must earn something to fill the "girnel," or rather "bowie," where the widow keeps her meal.'

'Could we not manage to help him?' said I. 'How much would make it right?'

'Well, I dare say a five pound note would be as much as he could earn in the half-year, and that would keep them going till the competition.'

I need not say that the money was provided, and the kind-hearted teacher overcame the scruples of the widow against receiving it, by making out that Willie was such a help to him in the school that it was only his right to receive it. Thus Willie and I talked and walked and worked together during that summer as before.

By the time I was preparing for my return, I had become as strong and well as ever, and my young friend was anxiously looking for the great day of 'the competition.' To let my reader understand what I mean by this, it will be necessary for me to enter into some little explanation. The Scotch Universities have what are called bursaries, *anglicé* Scholarships, which are open to entrants in the Arts' course, and decided by competition. They vary in amount, from £35 to £9 annually, for the four years of the curriculum. They have been left by benevolent friends and *alumni* of the colleges for the benefit of poor but aspiring students, and have proved a great boon to many a struggling lad, affording him the stepping-stone to such humble fame and competence as he aspired to. Aberdeen University is specially favoured in this respect, and to it Willie was to go in October of the year '66, followed by the good wishes of all who knew him, and the prayers of his widowed mother. I need scarcely add that I eagerly looked for tidings of his success (of which I felt confident), in my rooms, in the metropolis, assured that my protége would crown all our hopes, and lay the foundation of a successful career by leading the list of competitors.

I was disappointed. Whether 'the glorious uncertainty' of competitive examinations was to blame, or we had overestimated the talents and learning of our young friend, I cannot tell (though I hardly think it was the latter), but he only came in *third*. There was consolation, however, in the fact that he gained a £20 bursary—that is to say, for the next four years he was to receive £20 annually, *minus* the amount of the class fees, which averaged about £8 a-year. This was a very slender sum for a young man to subsist on, to be sure; but, then, oatmeal is never very dear, and lodgings in the Gallowgate of Aberdeen are marvellously cheap. So he accepted the bursary and entered on college work.

I had occasion to go north in the following winter, on business connected with a case of disputed succession, in which several of the witnesses lived in the neighbourhood of the Granite city, and I called on Willie Forbes. Where did I find him? Well, I describe the place as I saw it, and I leave the reader to judge of its fitness as a place of study for a boy of seventeen years old.

In a narrow street, malodorous as Tophet, in a 'close' in that street scarce wide enough for two to pass each other, was the 'entry' to Willie Forbes's lodgings. Up a staircase

redolent of cats I scrambled to the attic where he lived. There I found him absorbed among his books. In *deshabille*, for the atmosphere was close, he was toiling, 'grubbing among Greek roots,' and rendering immortal verse into that 'promiscuously begotten tongue'—as some one has called it—English. With a glad cry he greeted me, and in a short time we were in intimate confabulation. I learned in that hour something of Scottish student life; I learned also to appreciate that *perfervidum ingenium* that has raised so many of Scotland's sons from the plough-stilts to the helm of human thought and enterprise. I learned that young men could live on less than eleven pounds sterling for five months, paying, at the same time, two shillings a week for the little room that served for parlour, dining-room and bed-room, gas, fire, and washing not included. I learned the mystery of a breakfast that only cost a half-penny (not counting the bread). It consisted of a decoction of the husks of oats 'steeped,' *i.e.*, soaked, in water until the mealy particles swelled and thickened, so that, on being boiled, they formed, with the water, a beverage of the consistency of molasses. I learned how wholesome and, above all, how cheap bullock's liver is when fried for dinner, costing not more than twopence sterling; and I found out that it is not, after all, a very bad thing to go supperless to bed if one have read a glowing account of one of the Homeric feasts just before turning in.

I spent part of the evening with Willie and went with him to his classes next day. The professors I do not care to dwell on. They were, most of them, more like schoolmasters than professors, to my English eyes, with the exception of one, the professor of Greek. He was Willie's favourite and mine. Of a tall, somewhat spare, figure, he impressed one as the ideal of one of the disputants in the *Academè*. His face was redeemed from plainness by the grandeur of his massive forehead and the dreamy and thoughtful expression of his eyes. An enthusiastic Grecian himself, he was well fitted to lead others in the path of Hellenic lore. I am glad to say that my estimate of him has been fully warranted by his subsequent works. *He* also was, I learn, one of the noble band who studied the classics 'on a little oatmeal.'

I would have helped Willie gladly to a better room and more nourishing fare, but I knew his spirit of independence would be hurt by my doing so, and I came away with a deep sense of the heroism of Scotch students in general, and of Willie Forbes in particular.

At the close of the session, Willie stood first in three out of four classes, and second in the other, receiving from the Principal of the University, amid the delighted plaudits of his assembled class-fellows, a congratulatory address of the most complimentary kind. His teacher and I, you may depend, were not behind in our felicitations, and we both felt entitled to revel in the remarks of the 'I-told-you-so' description. Willie was induced to come to London to see me and rest for awhile, and I found him sorely in need of it. By dint of much expostulation and, finally, by Dr. Farley's command, he was induced to give up his books for a time, and the rest had a most salutary effect, notwithstanding the din and dust and smoke of London. By-and-by, we got him a position as tutor in the family of a friend of the Doctor's where he had a comfortable home and very light duties. The house was on the outskirts of North London, in the immediate neighbourhood of Winchmore Hill, and Willie, in that pleasant neighbourhood, soon shook off the effects of his winter's asceticism and hard work, and, at the same time, laid in a stock of health for the coming winter. The money he earned there not only sufficed to keep his

mother in unwonted comfort and leisure, but left him sufficient to secure a more satisfactory diet and lodgings on his return to Aberdeen.

And here, virtually, his life 'on a little oatmeal' ended. His services were sufficiently in request to provide well for his simple wants, and he had no need to stint himself any longer. But the habits of frugality that he had learned in the days of his necessity never left him altogether. Thus it was that on his leaving the University of Aberdeen with double first-class honours (classics and philosophy), and a purse well filled with scholarship money, he took it into his head to study law and get called to the bar. His mother, after the manner of Scottish mothers, had long urged him to enter the Church, that she might, ere she died, see him 'wag his pow in a pu'pit,' but whether he did not naturally incline to that profession, or was swayed by the somewhat selfish arguments of a certain old barrister who had never been anything very distinguished in the profession himself, but who wished very much to have his protegé as his companion and fellow student a little longer, I cannot tell. Willie kept terms, read hard, and, as was his wont, carried all before him. He is now a Q.C., a noted pleader (his elocution is a natural gift, well-cultivated, and almost faultless), and not an unlikely candidate for the woolsack. May I live to see it! His old mother has long gone the way of all flesh, her latter days being spent in such comfort as she never dreamt of enjoying, and proud with all a mother's unselfishness of the success of her boy. He is married to a niece of mine, whom I might safely reckon as not the least potent of the influences that brought him to London, and her old bachelor uncle is, as you may suppose, a very frequent visitor at their cheerful fireside. And we often spend a part of the summer in Glennaver, where the friends of Willie's youth are all proud to shake hands with the tall, handsome, and famous London lawyer, who ran a bare-legged kilted laddie to the parish school in his youth, who herded for the farmers, and who studied hard and rose to eminence 'on a little oatmeal.'

If I have, in the above imperfect sketch, concealed the true name of my friend, and the place of his birth, it is not because he is ashamed of either, but because the mere narrative of the facts should suffice to encourage all boys to fight bravely the battle of life, under whatever difficulties and disadvantages they may labour, assured that success may be commanded by those who strive to deserve it.

SONNET.

THE Summer's golden glory now hath past,
And by these cool and short Autumnal eves,
The fading flowers, the dry and changing leaves,
We know that sullen Winter cometh fast.
The twittering swallow, too, hath chirped his last,
And o'er the tossing waves, southward doth hie
To bask and carol 'neath a mellower sky—
Tired nature's voice sighs in the rising blast.
The whispering woods foretell the year's decease
In short, harsh murmurs, reddening in my view.
But when these lingering summer heats shall cease,
And the last phantom leaves hang brown and few
Mid frozen death, doth come the Prince of Peace,
And the strong voice—'Lo! make I all things new!'

MONTREAL. F. HENRY CARTER.

ROUND THE TABLE.

A HUSBAND'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR A WIFE'S DEBTS.

This is an age of disillusion, and one of the illusions of which we are getting rid is the idea that husbands are responsible for the pecuniary liabilities of their wives. Some time ago the English public were surprised by a legal decision that a certain inn-keeper should not be compelled to pay the bill of a linendraper for articles which his wife had bought from the draper on credit,—of her husband,—as the unfortunate tradesman supposed. But the husband pleaded that he had forbidden his wife to buy goods on credit, and that the tradesman had no authorisation from him to supply them; and, strange as it may seem to those who have still some faint belief in the honour of Britons, the plea was accepted. It was not maintained that the articles furnished by the tradesman were in any degree unsuitable to the station of the purchaser, or that any undue pressure had been used by the tradesman to induce her to buy. It was judged quite sufficient that the husband had put his veto on the credit system, and that the tradesman had no guarantee from him for the payment of the goods. Of course such a decision puts an end to the old idea that husband and wife are *one*. If a man's wife needs a guarantee from her husband that he will pay the debts she incurs, it is plain we can no longer call her either his *better* or his *worse* half. They are two separate units in the eye of the law, not even so close a partnership as a joint-stock company, —*limited!* It might be as well to revise the marriage service, and expunge from it the declaration "with all my worldly goods I thee endow." For it is hard to say in what sense a man can be said to endow his wife with all his worldly goods, if he is to repudiate the payment of her lawful debts. And the decision also puts an end to the idea that the husband esteems the honour of his wife his own. Nay more, it opens up an easy method for a husband and wife to combine to victimize tradesmen. If the master of the house finds that his financial embarrassments are going to make it inconvenient to meet his draper's or even his grocer's bill, all that he has to do is to make a formal intimation to his wife that he is not going to pay for things taken on credit, and she may feed and clothe the whole family comfortably at the tradesman's expense, secure of eventual immunity. Of course it may be pleaded, *en revanche*, that the husband's supposed liability to pay all his wife's debts may often subject him to great hardship, when, as frequently happens, weak and extravagant women are beguiled by artful tradesmen into running up ruinous bills. Of course this is a hardship, and often a great one. But the man who marries an extravagant and self-indulgent woman cannot expect to find life a bed of roses. And the question is, *which* is to suffer for his own act, he who has given the woman his name and protection, and covenanted to 'endow her with his worldly goods,' or the tradesman, who, relying upon the honourable fulfilment of such a contract, supplies the wants of his customer as the wife of her husband. No *honourable* man could wish to accept the latter of these alternatives. It would therefore simply provide dishonourable men with a new method of evading just liabilities, of which, we may be sure, they would not be slow to take advantage. And their wives, if similarly disposed, would have little scruple in taking advantage of their credit to give liberal orders for goods for which neither they nor their husbands would be under the disagreeable necessity of paying. To the women who allow their dressmaker's bills to lie over for years without paying a sou, shopping under such circumstances would be perfectly charming!

Of course it may be said, and with some show of plausibility, that this decision that a husband is not to be held liable for debts contracted by his wife without his distinct authority, is the natural corollary of the decision that a

wife's property is not to be taken to pay her husband's liabilities. But there is a very great difference between the two cases, and there ought to be an equally great distinction. The assumption which underlies the mutual relations and duties of husband and wife is the idea that the former is the bread winner and protector, the latter the loaf giver or home provider. He goes out to labour for his family's support, she abides at home, directs the *ménage*, and is supposed to turn his earnings to the best account. Each bears part of the common burden, and the wife's part is no less necessary than the husband's to the common well being, whence it follows that the earnings of the husband should be considered a common purse to be used by her prudently for the comfort of the family, including herself, for certainly her time and work are worth her own comfortable maintenance. But when the wife happens to have property of her own, it is an accidental circumstance, not supposed to be contemplated in the ordinary arrangements of social life. Either it has been earned by her own exertions previous to marriage, or it has been left or given to her by a father or some other relative. In either case, an honourable man will not wish to make use of the principal, at all events, but will consider it only fair that it should remain intact, a provision for widowhood or old age. The interest which such money bears, or the money which a wife with a special vocation may earn *after* marriage, might reasonably, in ordinary circumstances, go into the common purse for the common good, though even this is wisely protected by the law from a lazy, profligate or reckless husband, who might either gamble away his wife's money, or take advantage of it to gratify his own idleness and self-indulgence. Society supposes that, in ordinary circumstances, a husband is able to earn the subsistence of his family without relying on property possessed by his wife in her own right, her contribution of *time and labour* being her fair share of the family burden. Therefore it is a right and just enactment that protects a wife's property from being sacrificed against her will to a husband's liabilities; but it is *not* a just arrangement to secure the husband from paying the lawful debts of a woman for whose support he, by the very act of his marriage, makes himself responsible before the world. And if tradesmen are to feel compelled to protect themselves by demanding the husband's guarantee before giving credit, wives would feel themselves placed in the humiliating position for them, of being on the same footing with respect to the tradesmen as an ordinary upper servant or housekeeper. Tradesmen too will have to choose, in many cases, between offending their customers and securing themselves from loss. And wives who have parsimonious husbands whose ideas as to what they require for their comfort or that of their family are on a very penurious scale, will either have to suffer positive discomfort or to find some way of making up, by their own earnings, for their husband's deficiencies. For a second case, in which a husband was not held responsible for debts contracted by his deceased wife, for groceries for the family use, is even a stronger illustration of the principle which absolves a husband from 'providing for his own' when he can plead a prohibition to take goods on credit. One good effect it *might* have, possibly, to promote the system of cash payments. But as the world goes, it is much more likely to provide dishonest debtors with a loop-hole of escape at their creditor's expense. F.

WOMAN'S WORK.

A REPLY TO 'A GIRL OF THE PERIOD'*

I HAVE been waiting to see whether some motherly person would not reply to your sensible article; but as that individual has not troubled herself to come to the front, you will perchance excuse an old maid for giving a partial answer. But, first of all, be sure you say to Mr. Charlie, that there are first-class business men in our city, who have reached the top of the tree, without 'doing the mean things' that *he* wrongly supposes 'necessary to get on;' men who can proudly look the whole world in the face, and who count truth and honour of infinitely more value than gold. Let your lover take such as these for examples, work on with steady perseverance, and he will find that success in life is perfectly compatible with stern adherence to right and duty.

* See *Canadian Monthly* for June.

Your remarks concerning working girls are, in the main, just. Parents, brothers, and above all, 'society,' which is in your opinion the chief offender, ought to look at these things in a somewhat different light. That time is coming apace. In addition to these lines of employment spoken of by yourself, many women do work that is usually considered only appropriate for men, and this attests the fact that they possess the requisite ability. Let me cite one or two cases from actual life, with the circumstances of which I am personally cognizant. Some years ago, a young mother, with three small children, was suddenly deprived of her husband, under peculiarly distressing circumstances. He had recovered (to all appearance) from a slight attack of fever, came down to Toronto on business, took cold, suffered a relapse, and died in about two days. He was a job printer, and had a small establishment combined with a stationery and fancy goods store, in a village to the north of Toronto. Shortly after his death the young mother gave birth to twins, which of course added to the burden of care. To the astonishment of the villagers, they learned that she intended to carry on the small stationery store herself, and thus maintain the little ones. She proved competent and business-like; the neighbours and country people around, patronized her store, partly, no doubt from sympathy, for both herself and husband had been much respected. The printing presses were sold when a favourable opportunity offered, and I am happy to be able to state that the young mother has proved herself a thorough business woman in every particular. Another instance. A widow was recently left with six children, the eldest being a lad of about thirteen years old. Her husband had been a druggist and popular with the town's people. According to country custom, groceries and fancy articles were also sold at his shop. The widow concluded to continue the business, save the compounding of prescriptions, and has done so successfully for over a year. One of her card advertisements lately came into my hands, and I was pleased to see that she was plucky enough to go into business in a thoroughly business-like way. These cases clearly prove that women *can* work if so inclined; of course, it is happily not all who have such a powerful incentive as the successful up-bringing of a family of little ones. As for you, my dear 'Girl of the Period,' let me advise you to endeavour to turn your music to good account. You would be too dutiful a daughter to go against the wishes of your mother and attempt any employment of which she would not approve. Work of all kinds is, in my opinion, honourable, except that which is directly or indirectly connected with the liquor traffic—and, personally, I used, even in childhood, to cause my dear old aunt great annoyance, by declaring that it was my duty as an orphan 'to get my own living,' and citing the English Church Catechism as a most redoubtable authority. She never listened with any degree of patience, was shocked at such 'unlady-like' wishes on my part, and would preach homilies, longer or shorter, as the case might be, on the duty of contentment, in which virtue she feared I was sadly lacking. Even after attaining years of discretion, I did not apply for a teacher's certificate until she had gone home to her rest, not thinking it right to worry one in her old age who had filled a mother's place to a large family of orphans, and filled it well.

In conclusion, I have only to say that a mother's duty, generally speaking, is *at home* among her children. No one can innocently delegate such a position to a mere outsider. Her presence is imperative even in the nursery, where the minds of young children are frequently polluted by ignorant, or perhaps even vicious, servant girls. No money consideration whatsoever should induce a mother to neglect the duties which are hers by the most sacred of obligations.

A Genuine Old Maid.

Toronto.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe, by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: James Campbell & Son, and Willing and Williamson.

The literature, history and scenery of the Mediterranean, what subjects for the poetical mind! How inexhaustible in the food they furnish for reflection, how wide in the far-reaching analogies which they suggest! Three or four worlds seem tumbled one on the top of another, worlds whose inhabitants have varied so utterly, but which have basked under the same suns and hailed the spring with the same flowers that nod around their ruins to-day. There is the Greek world for the lowest stratum; look at it where the temples of Girgenti stand between the sea and the Sicilian hills. The broken columns of rough sandstone are of a 'dusky honey or dun amber colour . . here and there patches of a red deposit, apparently of broken corraline, make the surface crimson. . . The fragments of masonry are tufted with wild palm, aloe, asphodel, and crimson snap-dragon. Yellow blossoming sage and mint, lavender and mignonette sprout from the crevices. The grass around is gemmed with blue pimpernel and convolvulus.'

Or for a spot of more human interest, visit the old stone quarries of Syracuse, where the flower of Athenian youth, taken prisoners in the unfortunate expedition of Nikias, slowly perished of fever and want.

Change the scene, and roll up the world's history for some centuries. *These* ruins grew under Roman hands, if one can call them ruins that still preserve their perfect arches and stern masses of masonry intact.

'So smooth and perpendicular are the supporting walls of the Pont du Gard, that enormous aqueduct with its triple tier of arches,' that scarcely a shrub or tuft of grass has grown upon them in all these years. . . The domed summer-clouds sailing across are comprehended in the gigantic span of these perfect semi-circles, which seem rather to have been described by Miltonic compasses of deity, than by merely human mathematics.'

Greek art and Roman strength serve as the clear cut maker's marks upon these old monuments, to tell us of the definite national characteristics of the men who built them. Our next world is not so clearly mapped out, and bears no such signs of individuality. There is something chaotic or mixed in the Italian-Gothic age that speaks to us of the varied races, Franks, Lombards, relics of old Latin races, Goths and Greeks that struggled together for a precarious supremacy. Take, for example, the Cathedral at Palermo. 'The genius of Latin Christianity determined its basilica shape. No bronze doors were wrought by smiths of Trani or Pisa. Its walls were incrusted with the mosaics of Constantinople. The woodwork of its roof was designed by Oriental decorators. Norman sculptors added their dog-tooth and cheoron to the mouldings of its porches; Greeks, Frenchmen and Arabs may have tried their skill in turn upon the capitals of its cloisters.'

Lastly, there is the world of the Renaissance, which still speaks to us through all the varied excellence of architecture, sculpture, painting and decorative art, and the spirit of which, we are fain to confess, although so near to us, is as much dead as is the inspiration that piled up the temple masses at Paestrom, or reared the thousand clustering pinnacles and statues of Milan. All these four worlds are dead, and on their ruins lives the little parasitic life of to-day, which will certainly leave no great material works to keep company with the marvellous relics of the past.

Mr. Symonds tells of all this, and of much besides, with the ease of one who has thoroughly mastered his subject. Whether he is describing the scenery of the Cornice, or the bust of Caligula;—whether he is telling the history of old Florence, or the Athenian siege of Syracuse;—in criticising the poetry of Lu-

cretius, or in singing the popular songs of Tuscany, he is equally at home.

His translations are always clear and scholarly, and often become quite admirable. Here is a specimen of the Tuscan *rispetto*, very sweet in its half-resigned, half-querulous melancholy :

'If there be wretched women, sure I think
I too may rank among the most forlorn,
I fling a palm into the sea, 'twill sink;
Others throw lead, and it is lightly borne.
What have I done, dear Lord, the world to cross?
Gold in my hand is forthwith turned to dross.
How have I made, dear Lord, Dame Fortune wroth?
Gold in my hand is forthwith turned to froth.'

And so the song goes on, repeating the same sad idea, the gold of expectation ever turning into the dust and ashes of realized fruition. Or take a verse or two from the magnificent chorus of the Mænads that winds up Poliziano's Orfeo.

'With ivy coronals, bunch and berry,
Crown we our heads to worship thee!
Thou hast bidden us to make merry
Day and night with jollity!
Drink then! Bacchus is here! Drink free,
And hand ye the drinking-cup to me!
Bacchus! we all must follow thee!
Bacchus! Bacchus! Ohé! Ohé!

'See, I have emptied my horn already:
Stretch hither your beaker to me, I pray:
Are the hills and the lawns where we roam unsteady?
Or is it my brain that reels away?
Let every one run to and fro through the hay,
As ye see me run! Ho! after me!'

And away go the mad Bacchanals, with their maddening chorus ; a strain not unworthy of Swinburne.

Where there is so much to praise it is an unthankful task to point out blots. Luckily in the present case it is soon accomplished. We must put down to inadvertence the making use in the chapter on Rimini of Sir Thomas Browne's fine rhetorical expression, 'the tramplings of three conquests,' without any acknowledgment. The same remark applies to the very evident adoption of Macaulay's explanation why the love of wild mountain scenery is so purely modern a growth. The passage in the appendix on blank verse (a very thoughtful and useful essay, by the way) which speaks of Phœbus entering his desecrated palace in Keats' Hyperion is, however, an unmitigated error ; it was, of course, Hyperion, the old Titanic sun-god, and not the Phœbus-Apollo who supplanted him, of whom Keats sang.

Samuel Lover, a Biographical Sketch, with selections from his writings and correspondence, by ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. New York : Harper & Bros. Toronto : James Campbell & Son.

'Painter, Etcher, Lyric Poet, Musical-Composer, Executant, Novelist and Dramatist!' These opening words of description, taken from Mr. Symington's preface, will give an idea of the wide range of Samuel Lover's accomplishments. His fame, during his lifetime, was chiefly based upon his great success as a miniature painter, a branch of art that may be said to have been lost to mankind since photography sprang into existence. Partly on account of the decay of this style of painting, partly on account of the evanescence of that personal interest which once clung around the portraits of his famous beauties, and also from the fact that miniatures are of a retiring nature, apt to hide themselves in old cabinets and the secret drawers of worm-eaten bureaus, for all these reasons people have ceased to associate Lover's name with his paintings. But his writings, and especially his songs, show no sign of becoming out of date, and it is on them that his claim for grateful remembrance will long be successfully based.

In his short prose tales, such as 'The Gridiron,' or 'Barny O'Rierdon, the Navigator' (both of which Mr. Symington gives us here), the humour depends less upon the incidents narrated than upon the keen appreciation shown by the writer for the Irish character, and the delicate manner in which this is made to uphold its comical side by means of dialogue. To our mind more art is shown in his minor pieces than in the better known 'Handy-Andy,' with all its exuberance of rollicking fun and startling adventure. The latter is a *tour-de-force*, whilst the little sketches of Irish life are inimitably natural and not at all overdrawn.

As a poet, Lover never aspired to anything great. He knew full well that he had not got the making of a Byron or a Shelley in him, to say nothing of men of yet greater genius. He went to work contentedly at songs, society-verses, operattas, impromptus and lyrics. Wedding these to new and taking tunes, he caught the public ear, as it were, with a double charm. His 'Rory O'More' and

his 'Widow Machree' are not likely to be forgotten in a hurry, and his 'Whistling Thief' is bound to furnish amusement for some generations yet to come. When we think how familiar such songs as these become and how intimately they are associated with our hours of innocent revelry, we appreciate at its full value the genius of their author, and can almost believe that he has brought more into the common fund of happiness than some greater writers whose works lie undisturbed upon our shelves.

Mr. Symington had the advantage of a personal friendship with Lover, and has shown considerable tact in putting together this little volume of reminiscences. It is well and neatly got up, and not too long, in fact it is just the sort of life that was wanted, and does not overburden the reader with excessive detail.

Judge and Jury; a popular explanation of Leading Topics in the Law of the Land. By Benjamin Vaughan Abbott. New York, Harper & Bros.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Mr. Abbott disclaims in his preface the intention of supplying the public with another book of the 'Every Man his own Lawyer' class. Neither is his work in any sense a professional treatise, although (being written by a lawyer) it aims at professional accuracy in its statements. It is indeed a general view of the laws of the United States, studied from the stand-point of the general public, and chiefly devoted to such prominent subjects as possess a more or less vital interest to every one. For instance, it is hardly too much to say that the average American is a persistent railway traveller, and, judging by the newspapers, suffers from more than his fair share of accidents, collisions and break-downs. What are his rights against the Railway Company under such circumstances? What should he do, or refrain from doing, in order to avoid giving the delinquent Company a chance to raise the dreaded plea of contributory negligence? How far can he safely oppose the mandate of the sometimes supercilious conductor, and what part of his baggage can be smashed or lost by the aforesaid Company with impunity on the ground that it is not personal luggage? All these questions (and many more of the same kind will readily suggest themselves) present themselves every day to thousands of travellers, often demanding an immediate answer, and requiring some prompt action on the part of the unprofessional passenger, without which his remedy may be lost or compromised.

Then again there is the divorce law. We will not offend our neighbours by saying that the average American has been, or expects to be, divorced from his wife; but statistics show that a very considerable proportion of citizens avail themselves of the 'unexampled facilities' for getting rid of their help-mates afforded by some of the State Courts. It may be said that there is no necessity for enlightening the public as to the general principles of divorce, inasmuch as no one need be in such a hurry to get divorced or marry some one else who has undergone that process, but that they can afford the time it would take to consult a lawyer on the steps to be taken. Unfortunately the divorce business in the United States has got into the hands of a class of lawyers whose advice deliberately misleads the ignorant, each divorce 'shyster' extolling the efficacy of the decree obtainable by his means, while he well knows that in a large number of cases it will be treated as waste paper by all Courts outside the State in which it was granted. It is to be feared that the officers of the different Courts sometimes lend themselves to this practice, allowing notice of citation to be served on the respondent by publication in some obscure country paper thousands of miles away from the actual domicile of the parties. Where personal service is required, the most ingenious devices are resorted to. The meanest trick was that of the man who took his wife to San Francisco, and then, pretending business that detained him there, shipped her home before him. He parted most affectionately, pushing a superb bouquet of hot-house flowers into her hands as she stepped off the steamer on to the tender for shore,—alas! for the treachery of men, the disconsolate wife, when the vessel was well out in the offing, discovered among the blossoms,

'latet anguis in herba,'

—a summons to appear in a divorce suit! It is pleasant to know that when she turned up, justly indignant, some

months afterwards, the Court set aside the decree that had been obtained by such fraudulent means.

Some of the cases cited by Mr. Abbott sustain the reputation of his professional brethren for adroitness in devising defences to the most unanswerable claims. Under the head of 'Cruelty to Animals' we find a suit brought by the owner of a small and inoffensive pet dog that had been 'chawed up' without provocation by the defendant's large and vicious mastiff. The defence relied on was that the small dog had not got on the properly tagged collar required by law, and that by Statute 'any person' finding a dog running at large in that condition might kill it! This truly ingenious plea was, we regret to say, overruled; the Court apparently thinking that if the animal creation once got in their end of the wedge and could quote a judicial decision in favour of a dog being a 'person,' they might in time aspire even to citizenship and the suffrage.

Although not technically coming under the same head, ('Cruelty to Animals') we may here mention with approval the constitutional law which, in some States limits the session of the legislatures to a certain term, sixty or a hundred days. Would that our own overworked legislators would put some such loving constraint upon themselves for their own good! The Statute need be but a short one, and, with the fitting preamble, 'Whereas the tongue is an unruly member,' might be emblazoned in letters of gold over the Speaker's chair, in full view of the *other* unruly Members. We would not go so far as some of the States do, which, with a depth of satirical self-knowledge we should hardly have expected to find, limit the pay of their Conscript Fathers to a certain term, and allow them to continue serving their country as much longer as they like—*without* indemnity!

The Heathen Chinee and the ineffable Indian come in for our notice. The law as to the pure-blooded redskin is of course plain enough;—the curiosities of Indian jurisprudence come in at the border-land, where the half and quarter-breeds chiefly reside. One ingenious Yankee homicide pleaded that he was a Choctaw, and not amenable to the ridiculously straight-laced laws of America for his peccadilloes. He was of pure white blood, but had married a squaw, and pleaded that by treaty with the Choctaws any one who contracted a matrimonial engagement with a dark faced beauty became, if not an Indian, an Indian-in-law. The Court admitted the sufficiency of his plea, but upon strict investigation of the facts found that the so-called squaw was not so red as she was painted, her grandparents having left the tribe and settled in Mississippi as ordinary citizens.

No better instances of the folly of attempting to make people moral and religious by Act of the Legislature could be found than those which are given in the chapter on Sunday laws. Case after case occurs in which the employer, after instigating the man to break the law and do some quasi-necessary work, has made use of the Sabbatarian enactment to evade payment of wages, or damages for some accident caused by his own carelessness. So rigid are the laws in some States that a Jew who has kept his Sabbath, is compelled to keep another with equal strictness the very next day.

We have much pleasure in recommending this book as a very amusing and instructive work.

Alexander Pope. By Leslie Stephen. English Men of Letters' Series. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

It has been well remarked that Pope, had he been born in the Middle Ages, would never have lived to display his genius to the world. His distorted shape and feeble constitution would have condemned him to an early death, or to the living tomb of some monastery, where his fancy would have been stifled in uncongenial routine. But if it is true that the fierce struggle for existence in the past would have been too much for his physical resources, it is none the less true that the deep and intense earnestness of modern thought would have been fully as overwhelming to his mental powers Just in the nick of time did that bitterly sportive spirit come down to inspire the tottering, rickety frame and to receive the plaudits of a most exacting age. The wits of the preceding generation had been, as a rule, men of high breeding, handsome in port and gesture, capable of winning a lady's regard by the graces of their persons as well as

of commemorating the success of their gallantries by the skill of their pens. Such men formed the taste of the fashionable world, and the critical abilities which they may almost be said to have created, continually demanded better and better verses, more recondite affectations and a more poignant satire. The increasing audience which the poet commanded,—his circle of admirers or detractors extending beyond the confines of the Court, and gradually embracing an ever widening circle of clubs and coffee-houses,—lessened the effect of the personal graces which had once formed no inconsiderable part of the fashionable poet's stock-in-trade, and increased the weight which attached itself to his real abilities as a verse maker. Under such circumstances as these, when wit was, as it were, glorified, the largest share of that enviable quality was gifted upon a little cripple, of undistinguished birth, unpopular religion, and unprepossessing appearance.

By sheer force of ability, by diligently writing such verses as his public loved, only in a manner infinitely superior to that of any of his predecessors,—by lavishing on unworthy objects a satire that would have deserved unmitigated admiration had its motive been higher,—by these means Pope leapt to the pinnacle of fame. Incapable of inspiring love himself, he could sing the tender passion so that all the beauties of St. James' should learn from him how to express their fluttering emotions.

Too weak to pull on the three pair of stockings that gave some slight appearance of substance to his spindle shanks, it was he who could best sing of Achilles arming for the fray, with deadly rage at his inmost soul for the loss of Patrocles. With a mind and body that quivered with sensitiveness at a harsh word, he would descend unprovoked into the arena of embittered controversy and bring the dunces round him in a maddened crowd, longing for revenge and too dull and blockish to know how thoroughly their puny foe discomfited them. Others might live, intrigue, make love, drink deep, or rule the world of fashion, but to this little man alone was given the power to embody the spirit of his age in living words, and to bestow upon the wit and gallantry of the time a language of its own.

Pope wrote much, and with great care, elaborating and re-casting his verses till he had suited his own fastidious taste. His first idea of a line or couplet was often crude and commonplace, but by dint of ringing the changes on the words that made up the sentence, by trying adjective after adjective till the right epithet was found, and often by entirely transposing the limbs of his periods, he generally succeeded in turning out a finished and epigrammatic poem. This care however, as a rule, was devoted to the production of exquisite form, and the bent of Pope's genius never cast upon him the necessity of attempting to express a really difficult thought in apt words. His 'Essay on Man,' is a good example of his utter inability to grasp a chain of reasoning and present it as a coherent whole to his reader's mind. Everyone remembers the lines in which he calls on his friends to

> 'Expatiate freely o'er this scene of Man,
> A mighty maze! but not without a plan.'

It may not be equally well known that the first edition read :

'A mighty maze of walks *without a plan*.' How confused must the mind of the poet have been when his 'system of ethicks' left it uncertain whether the subject of which he sung was under the rule of Chaos or of Order! No better instance could be given of the intellectual weakness of this great man, and (reverting to our first remarks) we can see how poorly Pope would have succeeded in the intellectual struggle of to-day if we try to imagine a philosophical poem by Tennyson or Browning submitting to be radically altered in as vital a point as the one we have indicated above.

Mr. Leslie Stephen has done his work well; the facts of Pope's life are carefully marshalled, and we have the benefit of the latest researches of Dilke and Elwin into the vexed question of the publication of Pope's letters. His contemporaries had a pretty just idea of the crookedness which the poet thought fit to employ in bringing his epistles before the world, but it is only lately that the full facts of the case have been brought to light. They certainly disclose an amount of vanity, petty intrigue, and what Mr. Stephen aptly designates 'hand-to-mouth lying,' in the existence of which all admirers of Pope would give much to be able to disbelieve.

Reata: What's in a Name. A novel, by E. D. GERARD, (from *Blackwood*) No. 122 Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

To have been published in *Blackwood's Magazine* is usually sufficient passport for a novel. Although 'Old Ebony,' as Kit North loved to call his Magazine, has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf which is the symptom of old age in even the best regulated periodicals, its Editor still preserves the peculiar perceptive faculty that enables a man to single out a good work of fiction. Many really capital tales have appeared in its columns, and none amongst its poorest have been dull.

'Reata' is no exception to the rule. Mr. Gerard has contrived to interest us from the first. The scene of the novel (all but a few early chapters which pass in Mexico) is laid in Austria and Austrian Poland, but whether the characters are in the one hemisphere or the other they are alike true to nature and evidently studied from life. Take the heroine 'Reata' herself, with her hot impulsive Southern temperament and swiftly-determined will. What a contrast she affords to the fair German beauty Hermine, sleepily sentimental, with a wealth of light hair, but not an atom of 'go' in her! Reata at times is charming. Perhaps we like her best in her untamed moods, particularly with her pet dog at the Mexican *ranche*. Otto, the hero of the first part of the tale (of whom hereafter) overhears her discoursing thus outside his window, the first morning after his arrival from Europe: 'Come along, my own precious Camel! Why are you behaving in such a ridiculous manner, my priceless Porcupine? Oh, I see you have a cactus leaf sticking to your tail! Give a paw, White Puppy, and I will take it off; and the Bright Puppy must give a paw too. Now it is all right again, my old Camel, is it not?'

All that Otto can see out of the window is an insignificant white terrier, accompanying his mistress to the woods. He afterwards asks to be shown the collection of animals in question, and feels it a great come down when the small terrier alone is introduced to him, as having been honoured by Reata with all these extraordinary names! She has a *penchant* in this direction, as we see by a little incident that occurs between her and Otto. Soon after he arrives at his aunt's house 'Reata' begs him to allow her to go on calling his aunt as she had been used to do. 'I tried leaving it off,' she says, 'as I thought you might dislike it; but the effect is too great and will probably undermine my constitution.' Otto begs her to relieve her mind and call his aunt what she chooses. After some little coyness she is persuaded to tell the name, which turns out, to Otto's great amusement, to be 'The Ancient Giraffe'! 'You see,' said 'Reata' apologetically, 'she is very tall and has rather a long neck it has always struck me.' Her relief is great at Otto not minding it in the least, and she remarks with great naïvete, 'it isn't so very dreadful, is it? I am sure you must often have heard young ladies in Europe calling their friends by similar names?'

As for Otto, he turns out to be a handsome incarnation of selfishness, to such an extent indeed that it becomes painful to read about him. But we are not confined to his society, and speedy retribution awaits his misdoings. One more extract we must give; it is a racy description of a dinner party in Poland. The assembly is a large one, and the guests are seated at a table, or rather tables, 'of five or six different shapes and heights pushed together. The fine white damask tablecloth has to make several steps up and down hill, and there is danger of bottles and glasses slipping down over the deceitful surface. Two or three really valuable china plates have taken place among the variously shaped, variously coloured, also sometimes variously chipped crockery that covers the board. A running accompaniment of butter-eating is kept up during the whole meal, every one of course helping him or herself with the knife they are eating with.' The *menu* is absurdly long, and there are immense pauses between the removes, which are alternately national dishes, such as ox tongue cooked in a sweet sauce of almonds and raisins, and French *plats*, which in the hands of a Polish cook have 'lost all their Frenchness and their lightness.' A gentleman 'elegantly transfers a large slice of ham from his own plate to that of a lady two places off,' and another 'flower of the flock,' who prides himself on speaking French, 'lightly disposes the picked bones of his chicken in an artistic circle *outside* his

plate, to make room for a second helping.'

It must not be thought from this that the author always keeps you among such unsophisticated people as these easy going Poles. Fashionable life at Vienna and elsewhere is also depicted, and with the same spirit throughout. We can heartily recommend the tale.

The Heart of Holland, by HENRY HAVARD. No. 121 Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

This is a pleasant, gossipy account of the travels of three boon companions among the dykes and polders of the Zuyder-Zee. They start in a Dutch *tjalk*, one of those roomy-cabined, round-sterned craft we are familiar with in the canal pictures of Cuyp. As our author is a Frenchman, we may be sure that creature comforts were not forgotten.

Mr. Squeers is recorded to have found a strange, exotic pleasure in thrashing a boy in a hackney coach, and in like manner, M. Havard, Van Heemskerk, and Baron Constant de Rebecque seem to have derived exceptional delight in exercising their culinary and gastronomical skill on board a boat. Certainly, to judge from a *menu* which they preserve in these pages, they were no mean adepts in the arts of the *cuisine*. Love for the good things of this life did not, however, prevent them from experiencing the higher feelings aroused by the sight of numerous scenes of heroic struggles against the cruel sea and the yet more cruel Spaniard. Here is a strange record of the seige of Middelburg by the Prince of Orange, in 1574. 'On this day (21st of February) I, Andries Mathiensz, married my wife, and to celebrate our wedding we had cakes of linseed and horses' flesh at two schillings a pound.'

The country greeting, if you pass by unaccompanied, is of course 'Goeden dag,' but if you have friends with you, the salutation is varied to 'Dog drie' or 'dag vier,' *i.e.* good day to the three (or four) of you. Two travellers are saluted with 'Dag zamen,' good-day together, which greeting is occasionally addressed by a roguish boy to a traveller whose sole companion is an ass or a dog!

Many little interesting pieces of description are to be found in this book. M. Havard is evidently well read both in the history and the architecture of the district, and able to impart his knowledge pleasantly. Here is a nice little bit of biography, bringing out into the light one of the world's unpretending helpers and workers, the fat porter at the Stad-huis of Bergen-op-zoom. 'He was engaged to sweep out the rooms, dust the chairs of the worshipful Councillors, watch over the inkbottles and pens,—to perform in fact all the offices of the little-lucrative post of municipal doorkeeper. One day his conscientious taste for cleanliness led him to a vast garret, where, within the memory of man, no one had ever set foot. In this dark and dusty place lay, pell-mell, a great mass of papers, large and small, registers, ledgers, and day books. These were the archives of Bergen-op-zoom. Our brave porter opened books, turned over registers, and endeavoured to decipher the antique writing.'

After much trouble, for he was an uneducated man, he succeeded in reading and understanding them, and, struck by their importance, 'took an audacious, extraordinary, and unheard-of step; he asked permission to put the archives in order!' The powers that be supposed he wanted to dust them and accorded leave. To their intense surprise, after months of grubbing and carpentering, they found their bare, dusty garret changed into a 'large room, entirely furnished with book shelves; in place of a shapeless mass of dirty, waste paper, they saw large manuscript books, chronologically classified, and archives arranged in perfect order.' All honour to the reverent care of the poor porter at the *Stad-huis*!

Lovell's Advanced Geography, for the use of Schools and Colleges, 150 pp., 4to., with Maps and Illustrations. Montreal: John Lovell, 1880.

In the matter of Canadian treatises on Geographical science, we have at last emerged, not only into the clear light of day, but into the full noon-tide glare of a day in the latter part of the nineteenth century—with all the converging light which a score of sciences sheds upon it. In this branch of education, at all events

Canadian literature can now hold up its head and invite criticism with confidence as to the result. Thanks to the unwearied effort and the patriotic enterprise of that veteran publisher, Mr. Lovell. of Montreal, we have in this elegant Atlas-quarto a text book on geography which, it may be safely said, is far superior to any work in use in the schools of England, and is, at least, the equal of any text-book on the subject used in the United States. Indeed, among the latter—and we are familiar with most of them—we know of no book which is at the same time so full and accurate as this, nor is there any within our cognizance which, while giving such ample detail of American and British American geography, treats so fully of that of the Old World. While justice is thus done to countries whose political and geographical history demand the prominence here given to them, the space devoted to the statistical and descriptive account of Canadian geography marks it out as a distinctively national enterprise. Here the teaching profession, as well as the general public, will be likely to apply those tests which local knowledge will be sure to suggest in appraising the accuracy and general merit of the work. Having ourselves submitted it to rigid scrutiny, and to many and critical tests in this, as well as in other departments of the book, we would say that he would be a captious critic indeed who failed to form a high opinion of the value of the book, not only as an elaborate educational text-book, but as an important work of reference to the general public who may turn to its pages in search of information on political and industrial matters. The myriad readers of the daily newspapers will, in these days, appreciate what is said in regard to this latter point. The excellent Atlas interleaved with the book adds a further value to it in this respect. To Canadians especially, the admirable maps of the Dominion and the several Provinces will further commend the book to those who will use it as a school manual as well as to those who will consult it as a gazetteer and work of general geographical reference. The publisher, in this new product of his press, has put the coping-stone upon the edifice which his industry and patriotism have built up in the minds of his countrymen to his honour and credit, and we have no doubt that the work will at once take the first place in the educational institutions of the country as a manual of geography in all respects most creditable to the authorship and to the publishing enterprise of our young Dominion.

The Masters of Genre Painting: being an Introductory Handbook to the study of Genre Painting. By FREDERICK WEDMORE. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1880.

We cannot altogether sympathize with Mr. Wedmore in his evident desire to elevate the position of Genre Painting. It is natural he should be enthusiastic over his subject, but in his anxiety to separate Jan Steen, Terburg, Metsu and a few favourites from their more vulgar and realistic contemporaries, he would fain rank these among the greatest Masters of Painting.

The word *genre* means a great many things in French, but when used with regard to painting, it describes the anecdotal style, or the portraiture of the every day home life of ordinary human beings (Mr. Wedmore might have explained this, by-the-by). Genre painting preaches no high ideal, raises in us no lofty sentiment or kindling enthusiasm, and needs but little art education or culture to be appreciated. In the absence of all the higher and more poetic intellectualities of the art, it appeals naturally to the 'people,' for vulgar minds delight in seeing their own ways and manner of living reproduced. To prove the truth of this, you have but to follow one of the 'herd' through a picture gallery; he passes carelessly over many master-pieces, but is at last brought to a stand still before a picture entitled 'The first glass of beer,' or something to that effect. His hands come out of his pockets, his face lights up, he nudges his wife. 'Now that's what I call nateral,' or 'it's exact like our Bill,' are his appropriate remarks, as he grins with pleasure.

A modern writer has well said: 'the greatest artist is not he who enters our house to put on our clothes, to conform to our habits, to speak to us an every day idiom, and to give us a representation of ourselves; the greatest artist is he who guides us into the region of his own thought, into the fields of his own

imagination, and who there, while showing us ideal forms and colours, makes us for a moment believe, by force of the truth in his fictions, that these regions are those in which we have always lived, —that these forms and colours, created by his genius, are the forms and colours of nature herself.'

Mr. Wedmore's style is a very interesting one, which makes one the more regret that so many of his sentences are complicated and confused. He writes with such apparent admiration of his subject, that his reader can hardly help being carried along with him in spite of mental protestations. In following him, we, too, get enthusiastic over de Hooch's sunshine flooding some quaint Dutch room, or peeping in through a small casement and reflected by numerous trifling objects ; we, too, are fain to admire the yellow browns and pale golden greys of Van der Meer, or the wonderful expressiveness of the hand when treated by Watteau, but we cannot,—no, we really cannot—share Mr. Wedmore's excitement over a picture by Chardin, consisting solely of 'three tiny onions and a glass of water!'

The author has another good quality, now-a-days somewhat remarkable ; he is humble and speaks in terms of respect and reverence of the greatest critic of our day.

Rembrandt, De Hooch, Van der Meer, Maes, Watteau and Chardin receive most of Mr. Wedmore's attention. Rembrandt, as he himself admits, is not properly a *genre* painter ; but there is no doubt he exercised a very extensive influence over the Dutch painters of the 17th century, and so is placed by Mr. Wedmore at the head of the school.

The Guide: a Manual for the Canadian Militia (Infantry). Compiled by Lt.-Col. W. D. Otter, Commanding the Queen's Own Rifles. Toronto : Willing & Williamson, 1880.

The appearance of this excellent little manual on the Interior Economy of a Regiment, by the commanding officer of "The Queen's Own Rifles," lets the reader, who may have no other and personal knowledge of the matter, into the secret of the high state of efficiency of that regiment, and accounts for the cohesion and *esprit de corps* which, whatever in the past have been the vicissitudes of the Canadian Militia, have always been manifest in "The Queen's Own" of Toronto. The explanation is at once found in the thorough training and extensive professional knowledge which Col. Otter exhibits in this new militia manual, combined with a personal enthusiasm and devotion to the service, which has long marked him out as one of the best officers of the force to be found in or out of the Dominion. The Guide, which is a compact and scientific manual of a soldier's duties, is arranged under the following heads : Interior economy ; duties ; discipline ; dress ; books and correspondence ; marches and encampment ; forms ; and bugle calls. Under these divisions a mass of most useful and practical information, clearly and succinctly written, is given, which must be of the greatest service to every member of the force. If the Canadian Militia is to be more than an 'army on paper,' and to realize the motto of the gallant regiment over which Col. Otter presides—*In Pace Paratus*—it would be well indeed that at least every commissioned and non-commissioned officer of the force should be possessed of a copy of this admirable pocket instructor in the duties of the camp, barrack or field.

The Ages before Moses: a series of lectures on the Book of Genesis. By John Munro Gibson, D.D., Chicago. New York : A. D. F. Randolph & Co. ; Toronto : Willing & Williamson.

This is one of the most interesting volumes that have for a long time appeared from the old-fashioned orthodox school of Christian apologists. It consists of twelve lectures—part of a series on the Pentateuch—delivered by the author in the Second Presbyterian Church, and in Farwell Hall, Chicago. Well-written and sparkling, with most apt and attractive illustrations, it holds one's attention from beginning to end, while the arguments charm the reader by their freshness and originality, and convince one by their simple, sound, common sense. The book is a valuable contribution to the theological literature of the day, and should be read by all who are interested in current religious questions.

Second Thoughts, by RHODA BROUGHTON. Appleton's New Handy Volume Series, Nos. 55 and 56. New York : D. Appleton & Co ; Toronto : Hart and Rawlinson.

This tale is conceived in a more subdued manner than is usually the case with Miss Broughton's works, but it does not suffer any diminution of interest in consequence. The relationship of the hero and heroine towards each other is certainly not novel, but is well worked out. Miss Gillian Latimer commences with hating Dr. Burnet in much the same way as Lucy Snowe hated M. Emanuel in *Villette*, passes through all the proper stages of quarrelsome dislike, occasional reconciliations and fresh outbursts of antagonism, to finally arrive at the point of admiration and love. Their first meeting and her enforced journey in his company up to London is very well told. It is winter time and the Doctor (they are at daggers drawn already) ventures to pull up her window to keep out the cold blast. She would have shut it herself if left alone, but 'since he is doing her this little service without asking leave, a spirit of foolish and irrational contradiction prompts her to say, stiffly : "Excuse me, I prefer it down." "Down ?" he repeats, with unconcealed incredulity. "Are you serious ?" "Certainly, I am," she replies shortly, nettled at the suggestion of its being possible that she should indulge in pleasantry with him and doubly exasperated by the consciousness that she is making a fool of herself, "I like air." ' Of course she gets nearly frozen, and has finally to invoke her enemy's aid to get the provoking window shut. We will not single out any of the pretty numerous instances of bad English in the book for special condemnation, but we should like novelists to tell us what they mean, by giving their heroines, when angry, a '*wreathed* neck' ?

The Undiscovered Country. By W. D. HOWELLS, Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1880.

This Canadian reprint of the latest story by the Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the author of some of the most charming books of travel which modern artistry in letters has given us, will doubtless find a large circle of readers on this side of the line 45°. Like Mr. Payn's recent book, 'Under One Roof,' with which readers of this magazine are familiar, 'The Undiscovered Country' deals with the novel subject of Spiritualism ; but unlike Mr. Payn's creation there is no Fiend in Mr. Howell's story whose plottings form the incidents of thrills and excitements so dearly loved by English readers of fiction. Mr. Howell's tale, however, if characteristically American, is none the less strong or lacking in interest. The student of psychology will be particularly engrossed in the story, and the general reader will find much to attract in the fine characterizations in the book and in those graces of style which is the especial charm of this writer.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

ROBERT BURNS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I see amid the fields of Ayr
A ploughman, who, in foul or fair,
Sings at his task,
So clear we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain :
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye ;
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower ; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty ; gorse and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brightest seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumes
The darkness of lone cottage rooms ;
He feels the force,
The treacherous undertow and stress,
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate ;
The brush-wood hung

Above the tavern door lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall,
Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song
Is love of right, disdain of wrong;
Its master-chords
Are manhood, freedom, brotherhood;
Its discords are an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve;
Yet better sure
Is this than wandering up and down,
An old man in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth: his hand
Guides every plough;
He sits beside each ingle-nook;
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light,
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost.

Harper's Magazine.

Every violation of truth is not only a sort of suicide in the liar, but it is a stab at the health of human society.

One of the saddest and most vexatious trials that comes to a girl when she marries is that she has to discharge her mother and depend on a servant-girl.

'Yes, he may be a good scholar, and all that, but he can't pass a beer saloon,' was what one literary gentleman remarked of another on the street.

'We wish,' says a Texas newspaper, 'that a few of our citizens could be permitted to live till they die a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificent, healthy country Texas really is.'

A certain painter was bragging of his wonderful command of colour to a friend one day. His friend did not seem to take it quite all in. 'Why, exclaimed the painter, 'do you know that there are but three painters in the world, sir, who understand colour?' 'And who are they?' at last asked the friend. 'Why, sir, I am one, and—and—and—and I forget the names of the other two!'

What part of the eye is like the rainbow? The iris. What part is like the schoolboy? The pupil. What part is like the globe? The ball. What part is like the top of the chest? The lid. What part is like the piece of a whip? The lash. What part is like the summit of a hill? The brow.

A little boy, four years old, having often been told it was wrong to ask for anything at table, was down at dessert. After patiently waiting for some time without being noticed, he exclaimed, 'Mamma, please may I have an orange, if I don't ask for it?' 'Yes, dear,' was the reply. But, after a considerable interval, the little fellow, not getting his orange, again adressed his mother with, 'Please, mamma, I'm not asking for an orange.' This time he was duly rewarded.

Mortimer Collins, a hard-shell Baptist preacher, was on an Alabama River steamer in the old days of racing. The captain, seeing a rival boat half a mile ahead, began to curse, and ordered tar, pine-knots, bacon, etc., to be thrown in, to kindle the fire as hot as possible; and, as the steam got higher and higher, the fatalistic preacher edged his way farther back on deck. The jolly captain, seeing this, tapped him on the shoulder and said: 'Hallo, Brother H., I thought you was one of them fellers what believe that what is to happen will happen.' 'So I do,' said the preacher; 'but I'd like to be as near the start as possible when it does happen!'

A lantern-jawed young man stopped at the post-office last Saturday, and yelled out: 'Anything for the Wattses?' George, our polite postmaster, replied, 'No, there is not.' 'Anything for Jane Watts?' 'Nothing.' 'Anything for Ace Watts?' 'No.' 'Anything for Bill Watts?' 'No, Sir.' 'Anything for Tom Watts?' 'No, nothing.' 'Anything for fool Joe Watts?' 'No, nor Dick Watts, nor Jim Watts, nor Sweet Watts, nor any other Watts, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattses, either individually, severally, jointly, now and forever, one and inseparable.' The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said, 'Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts.'

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1880.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL AND THE EXPATRIATION OF THE ACADIANS.

BY ARTHUR HARVEY, TORONTO.

JUST as, in this epoch, many successive discoveries in the domain of physical science have blazed out upon the world, so, three centuries ago, discoveries in geographical space, rapid and wonderful, were astonishing the nations of Europe. The achievements of Columbus, Vasco de Gama, Sebastian Cabot, which 'doubled for them the works of creation,'* set them a-building fleets and manning them by public and private enterprise. Lust for power and territorial expansion and a fierce greed for gold seized all maritime states, who eagerly strove to discover, and, when discovered, to possess and keep, new lands in every quarter of the globe. In this spirit the Spaniards and Portuguese made the Southern Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans their great cruising grounds, while the colder climates of the North-Western Atlantic were left for the English, the French, the Dutch. The important year for us here is 1604, for then it was that De Monts sailed from Havre de Grace to take possession of his Government in Canada. Of his four vessels, one sailed for Tadoussac, one for Cape Breton, and two went a-cruising with himself. With him was Champlain; with him were De Poutrincourt and many priests, gentlemen and ministers; also one hundred and twenty farmers, artizans and soldiers.

The Bay of Fundy, then called La Baie Française, is a funnel through which all winds blow with unusual violence; and the prevailing currents from the west and south, warm airs from the Gulf Stream and the Middle States, coming there in contact with cooler strata, dense fogs are the rule—bright, sunny weather the exception. Its currents are fierce and therefore dangerous; its shores rocky and usually precipitous, and no more uninviting spot can well be found in what we call temperate latitudes. Even now there is no greater source of anxiety to the inexperienced traveller than its seemingly perilous navigation, for fog trumpets are oftener useful

* Humboldt's *Cosmos*.

than lights in making port, and the swirl of the tides, which rise at some points over fifty feet, seems fraught with peril, as vessels, borne upon the crest of the bore, appear about to be dashed upon the land. Scylla and Charybdis are as nothing to the dangers which beset its channels, and we may indeed think of Horace's *robur et æs triplex* as being about his breast, who first dared its navigation.

It is not hard to figure to ourselves the early French explorers, coasting along the iron-bound shore which extends from Cape Sable to Cape Blomidon, where the cliffs are high, the sea wall being the northerly edge of a range of lofty hills, a hundred miles in length and three or four miles across. Anxiously they must have been peering through the mist to search for a river mouth, for a safe anchorage, for a fertile valley, while nothing but water-worn precipices, covered at their base with abundant seaweed, and on their crest with forests of stunted spruce, could have met their view. They perhaps thought that King Henry's minister, the great Sully, was truly in the right when he opposed the extension of French enterprize so far northwards, and preferred the mines and other natural wealth of the South as promising to the nation better returns. They had tried the Atlantic coast, looked in at Port Rossignol (now Liverpool), and left it hastily; they stayed on shore at Port Mouton for a month, and in vain sent out their boats to find a fit locality. They had tried St. Mary's Bay, on the Bay of Fundy side, but two or three weeks there disgusted them, so what mingled joy and astonishment must have possessed them when they came to a narrow strait, 825 paces wide according to Champlain, and passed through what is now Digby Gut, into a spacious harbour, from which they could perceive a lovely valley with rich meadow lands, and with well-timbered slopes extending eastward further than the eye could reach! We can see them floated up the harbour by the tide, landing where the river joins the sea. Port Royal they fitly called the place, joyfully accepting the name Champlain proposed, and the river they named the Dauphin, the title of their monarch's eldest son.

Byron says that on this changeable globe the two things most unchangeable are the mountain and the sea, and this will come home to most visitors to the spot, as it has come home to the writer, who pass out of the Bay of Fundy, after anxiously listening to the doleful sound of the steam-whistle at the entrance to this narrow Digby gut, damp and disgusted with the fog banks, shivering with cold, the frame if invigorated certainly irritated by the bleak winds, wondering if it is safe to approach the shore without seeing it. They will be swiftly swept into the basin, and find that they have left the mists behind, with a sharp line of demarcation between them and a cloudless sky. The temperature has risen ten degrees in as many minutes. Instead of the dreadful roar of breakers against what are rightly inferred to be massive, pitiless rocks, they will see the ripple of placid water upon a pebbly beach; instead of the black spruce, (dwarfed by the absolute want of soil) which is the usual vegetation of the coast, they will find fertile meadows about the shores; and as these slope gently upwards to the hills, they will perceive similar forest growths to those of the fair Province of Ontario—beeches, maples, elms—and will understand the feelings of De Poutrincourt, who at once made up his mind that, although the imperial views of De Monts might, as they did, lead him to a less peninsular situation, and notwithstanding that from its position Port Royal could never be the seat of empire or the capital of a great country, yet it was a place where he and his might be usefully and pleasantly employed, and could happily spend their days. De Poutrincourt was evidently not of the lordly, ambi-

tious type, but was a genial gentleman, fond of good living and with a love for adventure. He planted corn, and rejoiced to find an excellent increase. Though once driven to leave, with others, he returned, obtaining a cession of the place all to his friendly and pious self. He brought out, this second time, a band of jolly good fellows, whom Champlain formed into a *Societé de bon temps*, of whom each alternately undertook to provide for the rest, and see that they wanted neither food nor fun. There was a joyous company, and we hear of three quarts of wine a-day for each. L'Escarbot was there, unlike most historians, a convivial soul, with a turn for making verses. Louis Hébert was there, Claude de la Tour also; Poutrincourt's son, young Biencourt; and with him a young Latour. Ah, me! what a pleasant time they must have had in that happy valley, two hundred and seventy odd years ago! But there were no women with them. Had there been, our chatty friend L'Escarbot would have told us so, and the garrulous Jesuit, Father Biard, would have said so, in his *Relations*. Doubtless this want was complained of in their festive hours; doubtless, too, when sickness and death clouded their experience, which did happen, they pined for a sight of the face of some beloved fair one; longed to see mother or wife, or sister or sweetheart again; and, doubtless, this it was which eventually sent many of them wandering from the Royal Port; even De Poutrincourt finally leaving, before Argal came on his errands of destruction—re-entering the Royal service and getting killed at St. Méry, in the act of taking it for his king.

The meadows above alluded to are singularly formed. Where the tides rise every day above the marshes bordering a river, there cannot be anything but mud flats; but where, once or twice in a year, the spring-tides reach, there will be no trees or bushes, merely marsh grass, more or less luxuriant. In the Bay of Fundy, or rather in the derivative and secondary bays, there is a difference of from five to fifteen feet between neap and spring tides, thus a larger space than in any other part of the sea-coasts of America was there originally fringed with meadow. Around Port Royal, there may be a mile or two of such land on each side of the river; but this feature is most noticeable on the southern and western shore of the Basin of Mines, where a natural meadow, to which the name of Grand Pré has from the first naturally been joined, stretches for eighteen miles along the railway. There are other such marsh meadows in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, worth now from $100 to $500 *per acre*, for by dikes and abbatues the sea has been very perfectly kept off, and cultivated grasses have taken the place of marsh plants. But let me quote L'Escarbot, on his arrival at Port Royal:—

'Finally, being in the Port, it was to us a marvellous thing to see the fair distance and the largeness of it, and the mountains and hills that environed it. . . . At the very beginning we were desirous to see the country up the river, where we found meadows almost continually for over twelve leagues (36 miles), among which brooks do run without number . . . The woods are very thick on the water shores.'

But, though there are other such meadows, there is no other spot in all Acadia so favoured by climate. It is indeed a happy valley, and its advantages, not its drawbacks, were present to the eyes of its first settlers.

So far the French alone are concerned with the locality of which we speak. Another race now comes upon the scene. The Virginia Company having been formed in England, obtained a Royal Charter from Queen Elizabeth, and the British planted their institutions upon American soil. Their first capital was at Jamestown; means and men were not wanting; the mari-

time supremacy of our Mother Land had recently been established by the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and really the English of those days almost awe the modern reader by their daring exploits, their reckless bravery, their greed for honour, their contempt for death. We ought to read history more, to fully know what a grand heritage we have in the doings of our forefathers.

In 1613, when the English had been settled in Virginia for seven years, a squadron of ten or eleven fishing craft came north, as was their wont, convoyed by an armed vessel under Captain Samuel Argal. He was informed by the Indians that the 'Normans' were near Monts Deserts, with a vessel, and at once it was decided to attack them. The battle did not last long; the French surrendered; Argal took prize some vessels found fishing on the coast, where they were thought to be intruders, and returned to Virginia. Again ordered northward to destroy all the French settlements and posts in Acadie, which, to 46° north latitude, they claimed, he destroyed St. Sauveur and Ste. Croix, and going to Port Royal under Indian pilotage, he found it deserted, the French inhabitants having taken to the woods. The British and French Crowns were not at war at this time, and the Government of Virginia, supposing they had a right from prior discovery, proceeded as above. Very little is known of the doings of the next few years; the State Papers ought to be searched, in the Canadian interest; but in 1621, James I. gave all Nova Scotia (including what is now New Brunswick), to Sir William Alexander, the previous rights of the other British colonies having been retroceded or otherwise secured. It seems probable that he took possession of Port Royal. But in 1625 James I. died, and when his son, Charles I., married Henrietta of France, it was stipulated in the marriage treaty that Acadia should be ceded. In 1627, war between England and France broke out, and at the peace of 1629, confirmed in 1632, Acadia and Canada were given back to France. By the peace of 1629, all conquests were to be held, and no restitutions made except as to places taken two months after the treaty. Port Royal was taken by Kirk in 1628; in 1629, Champlain and Du Port capitulated to him at Quebec; the peace of 1632 was made to settle disputes as to restitutions, and De Razilly was authorized by the French king to take possession of Port Royal, the 'Company of New France' organizing to hold and develop the territory.

Now the French became the assailants. At Pentagoët, or Penobscot, they pillage (1632) a trading house, set up there by the New Plymouth folks, in 1627, and during the civil war between D'Aulnay and La Tour (a most interesting episode, only terminated by a marriage between the widow of D'Aulnay and widower La Tour, at Port Royal) they took a most arrogant stand. One of D'Aulnay's acts in this civil war was to carry some of La Tour's settlers from La Hève to Port Royal, and these are perhaps justly called the founders of the Acadian race.

This conduct naturally irritated the New England people, and the cession in 1632 of what had been actually conquered was not relished by either the home country or the colonists, so in 1654, we find Oliver Cromwell putting his heavy hand down, and, as usual with him, with force and means adequate to his end. At the time of the Dutch war, Cromwell sent a fleet to take the Dutch colony of Manhattan (N.Y.), and ordered Massachusetts to furnish 500 troops to aid. Peace happening, this enterprise was abandoned, but the captains of the ships had orders, after taking New York, to attack and conquer Nova Scotia. This they did, and thoroughly. Port Royal capitulated in August. The forty or fifty families who had

homes there, preferred to stay there, thinking that the place would again revert to the French rule, for at this period there was no war between France and England. In 1655, a treaty was made between the Powers, but Acadia was not restored, the question being one of boundary and referred to a commission. By the treaty of Breda, twelve years later, restitution was to be made as far as Acadia was concerned, and although the Colonies claimed that Acadia and Nova Scotia were distinct places, still, in 1670, by order of Charles II., the whole country was handed over. In 1671, the census of Port Royal gives it 66 families, with 361 souls; horned cattle, 580; sheep, 406; arpents of land cultivated 364½. In 1686, another census gives to Port Royal 95 families = 622 persons; and to the Bay of Mines, 57 souls.

In 1687, the instructions sent out are that Menneval the Governor is to reside at Port Royal, which is to be rebuilt; the fort to be an earthwork, soldiers and inhabitants to be employed to build it.

As hinted above, severe fighting often took place in America between the French and English, while in Europe there was peace between the two crowns. The Indians were in a peculiar position; and we must take a short glance at their relations with the rival nations. The original owners of the soil, seeing themselves gradually but surely pressed back by both races, were driven to war, now with one, again with the other, of the contending powers, but they were generally friendly to the French. As Duquesne said to them in Council: 'The English clear away the forests, they then deprive you of your subsistence, that is, by destroying the objects of your chase. The French, however, leave the woods untouched, except in the immediate neighbourhood of their posts.' Again, the French had a spirit of adventure which led them to consort much with the Indians. French officers from Canada used to put on the Indian dress and fight with them, and even in Champlain's own history we find that he took part for a whole season in a war between two powerful tribes. He passed a winter with the Hurons, in the district now known as the County of Simcoe, whence he and his Indian allies descended the Trent, crossed from Kingston to Oswego, and attacked another nation at or near Syracuse. Nor were the Indians of those days such as are now seen about our cities, or on their Canadian reservations. They were numbered by the hundred thousand; war was their passion, cruelty their delight. They were apt scholars in the art of using the new weapons which the Europeans introduced, and to procure them and other articles of foreign manufacture they pursued the chase with avidity, and would bring furs for hundreds of miles to the established markets. The policy of the French was to conciliate these people, to excite them against the British, and it was too often the case, when some Indian outrage was committed on the confines of a British settlement, to find a French Canadian, pure or half-breed, connected with the affair. Thus the animosity between the Atlantic colonies of Britain and the Acadian and Canadian colonies of France was nourished, until it reached a point of mutual bitterness, hard for us to fathom.

In 1690, Count Frontenac sent three expeditions against the English settlements. One from Montreal attacked and surprised Schenectady; another from Three Rivers burned Berwick on the Maine and New Hampshire border; a third from Quebec destroyed Falmouth in Casco Bay. In all these expeditions the Indians were made to play a principal part. As reprisals for these attacks, in which hundreds of lives and much valuable property were destroyed, Sir William Phips was sent to attack Port Royal, which surrendered to his fleet; he then assembled the inhabitants and made

them take an oath of fidelity to William and Mary, the sovereigns of England. He left at once, and the next year the French under Villebon resumed possession. The power of the Indians may be inferred from this, that in 1698, they surprised and burned Andover, 25 miles from Boston. In 1700, Villebon died, and M. de Broullon succeeded him. He recommended the building of the fort at Port Royal in masonry, and reported the militia of the place as six companies, or 328 men. He offered, with a few ships and 800 men from Canada to take Boston. He repulsed an expedition under Church, and was succeeded by Subercase. A serious attempt to capture it was made in 1707, the expedition retiring with serious loss, the saving of the place being attributed to the timely arrival of some Canadians. Two years afterwards (1710), General Nicholson came up with 36 vessels, a regiment of marines, and four regiments commissioned by Queen Anne, and on the 3rd of October, summoned Governor Subercase to surrender. The latter had about 300 men; the British 3,400, besides the sea forces. The latter landed on the 8th, and began a violent attack, when Subercase capitulated. The garrison, and such of the inhabitants as chose to go were shipped to France and the place was christened Annapolis Royal, in honour of the Queen.

This conquest was destined to be permanent, but the French did not recognise it as such, and the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the very next year, commissioned the Baron de St. Cartin as his lieutenant in Acadia, and sent instructions to maintain the subjects of the French crown who remained in the country in due obedience. In 1711 the inhabitants and Indians engaged in open war, invested the place, and reduced it to some extremity. The fighting in other parts of the continent, however, prevented the French from succouring it, and by the Treaty of Utrecht (in 1713), Acadia (and Newfoundland) were ceded to the Queen forever; Cape Breton was, however, to remain French, and Louisbourg was selected as its capital.

In the capitulation of Port Royal the following were the conditions as to the French settlers:—

'That the inhabitants within cannonshot of Port Royal shall remain upon their estates, with their corn, cattle and furniture, during two years, in case they are not desirous to go before, they taking the oaths of allegiance and fidelity to Her Sacred Majesty of Great Britain.'

Thus, clearly, those who did not take the oath had no right to remain at all, and this privilege for the people in the *banlieue* terminated in October, 1712. Their union with the Indians in 1711 and their blockade of the fort had been treason, which destroys all claims at law. In 1713, however, the Queen made a new offer, writing to Nicholson: 'Trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. Whereas our good brother the most Christian King hath, at our desire, released from imprisonment on board his galleys such of his subjects as were detained there on account of their professing the Protestant religion, We, being willing to show by some mark of our favour towards *his* subjects how kind we take his compliance therein, have therefore thought fit hereby to signify our will and pleasure to you that you permit such of them as have any lands or tenements in the places under your government in Acadie and Newfoundland that have been or are to be yielded to us by virtue of the late Treaty of Peace, and are willing to continue *Our* subjects, to retain and enjoy their said lands and tenements without any molestations, as fully and freely as other our subjects do, or may possess their lands or estates, or to sell the same if they shall rather choose to remove elsewhere.'

Naturally, they were to swear unconditional allegiance, but the idea of neutrality was most sedulously brought

forward by the agents of the French interests, the principal of whom were the priests, who were in receipt of pensions from Quebec. The French discouraged any English from settling among them, and continued on every occasion to stir up Indian animosities against their conquerors. The Indians received presents of arms and ammunition from the French Governor of Canada, and so noticeable was the adverse influence that in 1718 the Lieutenant-Governor of Annapolis wrote to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, asking him to send a missive 'to show the inhabitants that those that have a mind to become subjects to the King of Great Britain have free liberty according to the articles of Peace, signed at Utrecht, * * * and that all those who shall not become subjects to His Majesty King George, you will please to give them orders to retire to Canada, Isle Royale, or to any other part of his Most Christian Majesty's dominions. I must also desire your Excellency will please to communicate to them and the savages the firm alliance between the two Crowns, that ill-designing men may not continue to represent to the savages in your interest that the English and French are still enemies. Also if his Lordship of Canada and Quebec would please to give orders to all missionaries that are among the French inhabitants in this country not to act anything contrary to King George's interest in these his dominions.'

The reply was evasive on all points.

Lieutenant-Governor Mascarene, in 1748, writes to Governor Shirley :—

'In 1714 Mr. Nicholson * * proposed to the French inhabitants the terms agreed on for them at the Treaty of Utrecht, which were to keep their possessions and enjoy the free exercise of their religion * * * on their becoming subjects of the Crown, or to dispose of them, if they chose to withdraw, within the space of a twelvemonth. They, to a man, chose the last, having great promises made to them by two officers, sent here for that purpose from Cape Breton. * * * But these not sending vessels to fetch away the inhabitants, they remained, and, though often required to take the oath of fidelity, they constantly refused it.'

In 1720 Col. Phillips, Governor, writes about two French priests assuming to be governors : 'The French, who are in numbers above 400 families, pay obedience to them as such, as they say they acknowledge no other, and will neither swear allegiance nor leave the country whenever required.'

Again, 'There will ever remain a great obstruction to our happiness whilst the priests and Jesuits are among us, for it is not to be imagined with what applications they encourage the French and Indians against submitting to His Majesty's government, and even their sermons are constant invectives against the English nation, to render it odious to the natives.'

He says further, 'In time of peace they may remain quiet, but in case of war they will be enemies in our bosom.'

The Lords of Trade reply, 'We are of opinion (as the French inhabitants seem likely never to become good subjects while the French governors and their priests retain so great an influence over them) they ought to be removed as soon as the forces we have prepared to be sent to you shall arrive in Nova Scotia for the protection and settlement of your Province.'

In 1722 a dangerous Indian war broke out, and the Indians actually besieged Annapolis. It lasted until 1725. In that year Armstrong, Governor, says : '800 Indians intend to attack him in the winter, by the underhand orders of the French Governors of Quebec, Troy River, Mount Royal and Cape Breton.' Again he asks the Duke of Newcastle, Colonial Secretary, for 'authority to oblige the French inhabitants to take the oath or quit the Province, for we never shall

be safe or secure as long as they are permitted to be snakes in our bosoms that would cut our throats on all occasions.'

In 1726 Armstrong induced the Annapolis people to take the oath and wrote on the margin of the document, in accordance with their request, that they would not be required to carry arms. This was, of course, an unauthorized proceeding, but it is the only colour that can be found for subsequent pretensions.

In 1730, Governor Phillips (reappointed) induced the whole body of Acadians on the Annapolis river to take what seemed to them a simple and unconditional oath. However the terms of it were objected to by the Lords of Trade, and a fresh oath came into vogue in 1688 under which the word 'heirs' being left out, a fresh oath had to be taken for every reign.

Armstrong followed as Governor. In 1731 he writes that 'the French inhabitants are a litigious sort of people and so ill-natured to one another as daily to encroach upon their neighbours' properties, which occasions continual complaints—yet they all unanimously agree in opposing any order of government.' He ordered a house to be built on the Basin of Mines, where he said: 'I design to fix a company for the better government of these more remote parts of the Bay of Fundy, and, as I hope, to perfect it, notwithstanding all the oppositions I meet from the rebellious spirits in those parts incited to oppose it by Governor St. Avril. * * The Indians are also employed in the affair, and use for an argument, that although the English conquered Annapolis, they never did Mines and these other parts of the Province.'

In 1734, apprehensions of war arising, a report was made on Nova Scotia. It said, 'the French only esteem the oath of allegiance they have taken to bind them to become neutral, and they believe it will not even hinder them from joining the enemy when attempts from Cape Breton and Canada shall be made, in conjunction with the Indians, to conquer the Province.'

Governor Phillips (who was in England) was consulted by the Lords of Trade. Said he, 'as to the present inhabitants they are rather a pest and encumbrance than of advantage to the country, being a proud, lazy, obstinate and untractable people, unskilful in the methods of agriculture, nor will be led into a better way of thinking, and (what is still worse), greatly disaffected to the government. They raise, 'tis true, both corn and cattle on marsh lands that want no clearing, but have not, in almost a century, cleared the quantity of 300 acres of wood land.'

The French, too, had their reports made. In 1735 the Du Vivier Mémoire upon Acadia reads. 'The inhabitants who remain there' (after the treaty of Utrecht) 'are now very numerous. They have preserved the hope of returning to their allegiance to the King. We may be assured of the affection of the savages of the country. The missionaries are incessant in keeping them in the disposition they feel for France. * * * One may reckon on the zeal of the inhabitants and of the greater part of the savages.'

In 1744 war was actually declared. Du Vivier, at Louisbourg, having early information, swooped upon Canso, carried the 70 or 80 soldiers and the few British inhabitants prisoners to Louisbourg. They were allowed to remain there for a year and were then sent to Boston. Stealing upon Annapolis came 500 Indians headed by M. le Loutre, their Jesuit missionary, but were kept at bay. Then, coming from Louisbourg through Mines, down rushed the French force under Du Vivier, but Governor Mascarene had the good fortune to escape capture, the French returning, owing to the non arrival of their supplies, by sea. In 1745 the New England people fitted out an army of 4,000 and with the assistance of a naval

force captured Louisbourg. By the terms of the capitulation, the inhabitants were allowed to remain in their houses until they could be transported to France, and in all, 600 soldiers, 1,300 militia, 560 sailors and 2,000 inhabitants were transported to France. The captors kept the French flag flying for a time to decoy French vessels in, and £600,000 worth of prizes were taken at the mouth of the harbour.

Meantime Mascarene, at Annapolis, continued to be annoyed by the treasonable carrying of information as to his strength and movements to the French authorities of Quebec by the inhabitants around him, and the active aid given by them to Marin, a French officer, who, with 300 men, came down from Quebec to Mines; thence sailed to Louisbourg, where he arrived too late to prevent the capitulation.

The French official report of 1745 to the Count de Maurepas states :—

'As regards the disposition of the inhabitants towards us; all, with the exception of a very small portion, are desirous of returning under the French dominion. Sieur Marin, and the officers of his detachment, as well as the missionaries, have assured us of this; they will not hesitate to take up arms as soon as they see themselves at liberty to do so. . . The reduction of Louisbourg has meanwhile disconcerted them. M. Marin has reported to us that the day he left Port Royal all the inhabitants were overpowered with grief. This arose only from their apprehension of remaining at the disposition of the enemy—of losing their property and of being deprived of their missionaries. . . . The Acadians have not extended their plantations since they have come under English dominion, their houses are wretched wooden boxes, without conveniences and without ornaments, and scarcely containing the most necessary furniture.'

Enormous preparations were now made by the French Government. In 1746 the Duc D'Anville sailed from La Rochelle with 11 ships of the line, 20 frigates and 34 transports, &c., with instructions to recapture and dismantle Louisbourg, take Annapolis and leave a garrison in it; thence he was to go to Boston and burn it, afterwards to harry the coast, and finally to visit the English sugar islands in the West Indies. An exact history of the movements of this armada would be very interesting; suffice it to say here that through storms and other disasters no part of its designs was achieved, and scarcely a ship returned to Europe.

We now come to an incident of warfare on the Grand Pré, at Mines. A Colonel Noble was stationed there to overawe the French settlers and prevent their sending aid to the French troops at the head of the Bay of Fundy. He had about 470 men with him. They intended to fortify themselves in the spring, and anticipated no attack during the winter. M. De Ramsay however, in command at Beausejour (Cumberland), at once sent out Coulon de Villiers with 240 Canadians and 60 Indians. They prepared wicker work sleighs and snow shoes for the whole. Twenty-five Acadians joined them and of their own accord took up arms. After sleeping at Windsor one night and at the Gaspereau part of the next, and obtaining guides to point out the houses occupied by the English, the attack began at 2 a.m. in a furious snow storm. The English were surprised in their beds; Col. Noble was killed, fighting in his shirt, and with him fell many others. The English, who were in the houses not attacked, collected together, some 350, and made a sortie, but without snow shoes, with snow about four feet deep, and with only a few rounds of ammunition left, could do little; they therefore capitulated, agreeing not to carry arms in that vicinity for six months.

Nevertheless De Ramsay was ordered to withdraw from Cumberland, another great French fleet having been totally destroyed, which was commanded by La Jonquière and was met by

Admirals Anson and Warren—with the usual result.

In 1748 came peace and the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, by which Cape Breton was restored to France.

If we now for a few moments cease the examination of merely local matters, however great their interest, we shall be able to discern what the French Government were really aiming at in America. It was nothing less than the Empire of the Continent! Not all at once did the idea dawn upon the nation, still less did the English colonies at first comprehend its significance; but we who have become habituated to the commerce which passes over the railroads and fills the vessels of inhabited America, can more easily grasp the magnificent plan. While the British, true to their instincts, were settling by the sea and consolidating by agriculture the establishments they had formed, the French had been exploring and getting to understand the significance of the wonderful system of the American interior water ways. Hennepin, La Salle, Marquette, and a host of other travellers' names are or should be household words to us. And where the Jesuit carried the Cross or the merchant his wares, there soon the Fleurs de Lis were graven on stone battlements, or given to the breeze from the flag staff of an earth work.

Looking at the sites of most of the old French forts, we see that they were all intended to be links of a long irregular chain, guarding the boundaries of that New France which it was a dream of Le Grand Monarque to see extending from Quebec to New Orleans, not merely as a nominal possession, but an actual dominion, garrisoned throughout by soldiers and militia of the French race, inhabited by none but the votaries of the Church of which he was the eldest son, tributary in commerce to none but his subjects, and in taxation to the French exchequer alone. The great difficulty was to establish a natural boundary, and here the bold conception came to be entertained, to seize a 'scientific frontier' and make the Alleghanies the dividing line between the French and English races. Had this been successfully accomplished, that frontier acquired and held, what a different America we should behold today! Yet it was very nearly achieved. Quebec was the central point and main military arsenal of the Empire, Louisbourg was to be the naval depot, where fleets could be safely harboured to overawe and dominate the commerce of the British settlements. Montreal, itself a fine position, was guarded by Crown Point, unlawfully erected in 1731. Fort Frontenac commanded the foot, and Fort Niagara, seized in 1720, dominated the head of Lake Ontario; Fort Rouillé (where Parkdale now is) was a sort of dependency of the two latter. Detroit commanded the western lakes; at Cleveland there was a fort. The name of St. Louis betokens its French origin; and one of the most important, Fort Duquesne, was where Pittsburg now stands, at the junction of the Alleghany and the Monengahela, commanding the Ohio Valley.

By the Peace of Aix La Chapelle (1748), Cape Breton, which had been taken by a gallant combined effort of the colonies, was surrendered to France, and hostages were delivered to ensure its surrender. Acadia was to belong to Great Britain. Now Acadia, as the British understood it, was not delivered, La Corne and others holding the New Brunswick positions, and the fact of Britain giving hostages galled the pride of all who spoke the English tongue. We cannot now well understand the fierce hatred which animated the two nations; intense in Europe and on the seas, intenser in the American Colonies, but we shall presently have a picture of ferocity to draw which, not altogether unusual in kind, will almost justify that hatred. Border warfare is moreover always worse than any other.

The Ohio country appears first to have attracted the notice of the French leaders in 1750, when by commission

of the Marquis de la Jonquière, a body of troops under Joncaire visited it, seizing the property and persons of such traders as they found there, confiscating the former, while the latter were sent prisoners to France. In 1753, Major George Washington (afterwards a successful rebel and the first President of the United States) was sent by the Government of Virginia to reconnoitre the advances of the French on the Ohio. At their fort on French Creek, there were fifty canoes of bark and one hundred and seventy of pine, drawn up on the bank; there were preparations making for a permanent lodgement; and the control of the Ohio trade, valued at £40,000 a year. Returning, he reported this, and Colonel Frey was instructed to proceed with all haste to the confluence of the Alleghany and the Monongahela, and to capture, kill and destroy all persons who should endeavour to impede his operations. Frey dying, George Washington succeeded him. Virginia raised £10,000 for the expedition, 400 men, 10 cannon, 80 barrels of powder. Ward, an ensign, who had been sent in advance, put up a fort there, from which the French, under Contrecœur, ejected him, strengthened it, named it Duquesne, and occupied it with 800 or 1,000 men. As Washington was advancing from Fort Necessity, he met a party of thirty-five French, under Jumonville, who had a written paper in his hand, warning the British off. Washington—either from fear or inexperience—opened fire; Jumonville and many others were killed. Contrecœur, angered at this, at once sent De Villier to attack Fort Necessity, where Washington capitulated. This affair seems the most discreditable of any incident in Washington's life. True, he was but twenty-two years of age, and we may perhaps forgive the trepidation which led to the murder of Jumonville. De Villier forgave, magnanimously, but he made Washington admit the facts, for the capitulation runs as follows—signed of course by Washington and De Villier both, the one as granting, the other as accepting, the situation: 'As our intentions have never been to trouble the peace and harmony which reign between the two princes in amity, but only to revenge the assassination which has been done upon our officers, bearers of a citation, as also on their escort, &c., we are willing to grant favour to all the English who are in the said fort upon the following conditions:' &c., &c. This De Villier was the same who had attacked and killed Colonel Noble and others at Grand Pré, as above related, and we may learn from this among many instances what advantages the French had, possessing the interior lines of communication, and able to place their best troops and ablest men just where at particular times they were most needed. This accounts in part for the fact that while in all Canada there were but 80,000 people at this time, the English in America numbering a million, the latter were kept in a constant state of harassment and alarm Washington's letter to his brother about the first skirmish, which he calls 'a battle,' now exposed him to a great deal of ridicule. In the letter he said 'I fortunately escaped without any wound. . . . I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me there is something charming in the sound.' Walpole (Memoirs) says of this, alluding to an article of the capitulation by which no further military work was to be done by the captured party for a year, 'The French have tied up the hands of an excellent fanfaron, a Major Washington, whom they took and engaged not to serve for a year.' On hearing the story about the charming sound of bullets the king (George II.) remarked: 'He would not say so if he had been used to hear many.' Lord Orford writes of him: 'This brave braggart learned to blush for his rhodomontade.'

Of course, the 'amity between the princes' could not last long under such

circumstances. The English Ministry were instructing their American Governors 'to thrust out every intruder upon their back lands,' while the French were preparing to hold, up to the Alleghanies, every river, valley, and mountain pass. So a powerful French fleet was prepared—22 men of war, six famous regiments, comprising 3,000 men, and with trifling exceptions, got safely to Quebec, where the Canadian Government had raised 5,000 militia, 600 Indians, and 400 regulars. The British sent out General Braddock, and the forces were to be two regiments of foot, trained on European battlefields; two regiments to be raised in America; the King's independent companies were to be joined to the force, which altogether was to be composed of 12,000 to 15,000 men. With this force a simultaneous movement was to be made by Braddock against Duquesne, by Shirley against Niagara, and by a third against Crown Point, while Colonel Lawrence, who commanded in Nova Scotia, was instructed to capture Beauséjour. £10,000 were sent to Virginia, which was authorised to draw for as much more; Pennsylvania was furnished with cannon and military stores. Nor was a fleet wanting, equal to the rest of the preparations. In 1755 the mask was thrown off by both powers, and the dogs of war were let slip.

Space fails to follow General Braddock in detail. An imperious, impetuous Irishman, a strict disciplinarian, a man of the highest courage, he would probably have made his mark had his command been in Europe. Entick shall describe him to us:—'This gentleman, placing all his reliance upon the single point of courage and discipline, behaved in that haughty and reserved way that he soon disgusted the people over whom he was to command. His soldiers could not relish his severity in matters of discipline, and, not considering the nature of an American battle, he shewed such contempt towards the Provincial forces, because they could not go through their exercise with the same dexterity and ability as the regiment of Guards in Hyde Park, that he drew upon himself their general resentment.' The writer finds in his notes the following passage, whose author, he cannot at this moment trace—'When the minds of men were exasperate with the thrill of national dishonour, for the first and last time does Braddock's name appear, staining with its shameful character the pages of history.' Such has been the general verdict. Braddock died, beaten; his family connections were not the most highly placed, and people spit upon him. Washington, whose mortal mould we have discerned above, had the opportunity of retrieving his dishonour; circumstances favoured him, and he is now a hero, nay a demi god, the Father of his Country. Let us at least consider in Braddock's case that, with the exception of Virginia, the Colonial Governments would provide no money and few men; that he could get no transportation; that the whole endeavour of the American people seemed to be to make money out of the expedition, so that Washington (whom he took as his *aide-de-camp*) had to say: 'They are a people who ought to be chastised for their insensibility to danger and disregard of their sovereign's expectations.' In fancy the battle scene can be readily conjured up as clearly as if Braddock and Washington were here in the flesh. After great delay, Braddock approaches through the forest Fort Duquesne. About ten miles from this point he is to ford the Monongahela river. Knowing that Indian spies are all about him, he judiciously displays his strength, and all the pageantry of old fashioned European war is seen in the heart of the American backwoods. With bands playing, with their scarlet uniforms blazing their brightest in that July sun, the colours of the regiments gaily flying, with gleaming musket barrels and a fine display of artillery, their

towering bear skin caps seemingly making giants of the men, whose step is as ponderous and measured as on parade, the army crosses the stream, expecting that night to reach the goal, towards which, after gnawing delays, they have plodded for so many hot and weary marches. On the other side, the French commander doubts whether to evacuate the fort or not, but De Beaujeu, the captain in command, popular with Indians and men, Indian himself as to attire, begs hard to be allowed at least to make an effort at resistance. He has reconnoitred the whole country, and thinks there may be chances. Leave is reluctantly granted, and, filling the hearts of his savage allies and of his militia with his own love of daring and confidence they leave the fort. Almost too late for them. Braddock has gained the top of the river bank; he has but seven miles now to go; he seems to have a nearly level country before him, though densely wooded, but a couple of gullies, one on either side, he has failed to reconnoitre, he does not, perhaps he could not, know of their existence. In one of these the French forces, which have just had time to reach it, lie *cachées*. It flanks for several hundred yards the line of march. Suddenly rings out a volley. With the first shot, off go the Pennsylvanian carters, saving their precious skins, as they did at Bull Run the other day, but rendering orderly retreat and thereafter rallying impossible. The British, of course, return the fire, but except that De Beaujeu is seen to spring forward, killed, it is well-nigh ineffectual. Again, with a dropping fire, the British ranks are thinned. The grenadiers see no enemy, they gaze up into the trees to find him; from the ground, from every bush, the deadly missiles come. True to their discipline, some of them rally, they huddle themselves together; Washington begs of Braddock to let the Provincials do some tree fighting on their own account; some attempt it; but Braddock, raging with anger at what he thinks is mean skulking for shelter, is seen striking the men with his sword and ordering them to form line for an advance. Himself shot through the lungs, he refuses to order a retreat. Stunned, mentally, by the unexpected reverse, so fatal to his own pride, his prospects, and his army, he still urges the clearing of the ravine by artillery. We see the horses killed; the men able to stand back to back and die with resignation, but not to take an initiative. Finally Colonel Dunbar orders a retreat, and one-third of the host alone reach the protecting shores of the Monongahela. We can see the scene; but let us refuse to cast dirt at Braddock. Let us pity him rather, as a football of fortune.

The other side is eloquently given for us by Edwards in his history of the campaign :—

'An hour before sunset the French and Indians returning to the fort halted within a mile's distance, and announced their success by a joyful uproar, discharging all their pieces, and giving the scalp halloo. Instantly the great guns responded, and the hills around re-echoed to their roar. Pushing hastily on, the majority of the savages soon appeared, blood-stained and laden with scalps, and uncouthly arrayed in the spoil of the army. Tall grenadiers' caps surmounted their painted faces, and the regimental colours trailed disgracefully at their heels. With less disordered pace the French succeeded, escorting a long train of pack horses borne down with plunder. Last of all, and while the parting light of day lingered on the beautiful bosom of the Ohio, appeared a small party who had dallied behind to make the needful preparations for the crowning scene of horror. Before them, stripped perfectly naked, their faces blackened and their hands bound behind their backs, with reluctant steps, were driven twelve British regulars, on

whom God's sun had shone for the last time. Delirious with excitement, their barbarous conquerors could hardly wait for the tardy night to consummate their unhallowed joy. A stake was at once sunk on the opposite bank of the Alleghany, whither the crew repaired, the prisoners lost in dumb sorrow at the surprising fate which they now began to comprehend. Here, one by one, they were given to the most cruel and lingering of deaths. Bound to the post under the eyes of their remaining comrades and of the French garrison who crowded the ramparts to behold the scene, they were slowly roasted alive. Coals from an adjacent fire were first applied to various parts of the victim's person. Sharp splinters of light, dry pine wood were thrust into the flesh and ignited, to consume and crackle beneath the skin, causing the most exquisite tortures. His trunk was seared with red-hot gun-barrels; blazing brands were thrust into his mouth and nostrils; boiling whiskey was poured in flames down his throat, and deep gashes made in his body to receive burning coals. His eye-balls were gradually consumed by the thrusts of pointed sticks or the application of a heated ramrod, and the warrior was prized the most highly who could furthest prolong sensibility in his prey and extract a renewed cry of anguish from the wretch who had almost ceased to suffer—his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips willing to take its leave, but not suffered to depart. The last expedient was generally to scalp the poor creature, and on his bare palpitating brain flash gunpowder, or throw a handful of live ashes.'

Let us imagine the influence upon men's minds of such a calamity as this. To the first stunning effect followed a clenching of the teeth, a determination of all brave and patriotic men to spend their fortunes and their lives to redeem the disaster. Poor Braddock, dying, gently murmured, 'Well, who would have thought it, we must be prepared and beat them another time.' And herein, at least, every British heart beat in unison with his.

Meantime, at Beausejour, the British were successful. A French priest, Le Loutre, who had spent his life in attending more to politics, in keeping alive the disaffection of the Acadians, was the ruling spirit of the siege. When they were asked to join the French troops, the first who came forward said, they were willing to bear arms for the French, but for their security they must have positive orders to arm and defend the fort under pain of serious punishment in case of disobedience. This the commandant complied with, sending orders to the effect to all the captains of militia. After the capture of the place, Col. Moncton ordered the Acadians to come into the fort. He offered them pardon on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance; they gave up their arms but refused the oath.

If we now take up Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia as a guide, it will soon lead us to the termination of this long paper.

At the Governor's house in Halifax (which had been founded in 1749, and was at once made the seat of government), were read memorials from the Acadians regarding the return of their arms. The commandant at Fort Edward, through whom they were delivered, said that for some time they had been civil and obedient, but at the delivery of the memorial to him, they had treated him with indecency and insolence. The Halifax people thought they had received information of a French fleet being in the Bay of Fundy—as any hope of French assistance led them to display an insolent and unfriendly feeling. The signers of the memorial were asked to come as a deputation to Halifax. On their doing so, after some preliminary conversation, they were asked to take the oath of allegiance, but they replied they were not come prepared to answer on this

point, and they wished to go home to consult their people. This was refused; they retired to consult, and, returning, said they were ready to take it conditionally. They were told the conditional oath had been disapproved of by the king, and the council could not accept any oath but an absolute one such as all other subjects took. They still declined, were allowed that night to reconsider, and in the morning refused again.

The council, after consideration, were of opinion 'that directions be given to Captain Murray to order the French inhabitants to choose and send to Halifax new deputies, with the general resolutions of the said inhabitants in regard to the oath, and that none of them for the future be admitted to take it, having once refused to do so, but that effectual measures ought to be taken to remove all such recusants out of the Province.' In about three weeks the resolution of 207 Annapolis River people came in: 'We here send thirty delegates, but we enjoin upon them not to engage upon any new oaths.' The deputies were called in, and said they could not take any oath, 'except what was formerly taken, which was with a reserve that they should not be obliged to take up arms, and if it was the King's intention to force them to quit their lands, they hoped they should be allowed a convenient time for their departure.' They were told they must either take the oath without any reserve or else quit their lands, for that affairs were now at such a crisis in America that no delay could be admitted, and if they would not become subjects, to all intents and purposes, they could not be suffered to remain in the country. They replied they were determined, one and all, rather to quit their lands than to take any other oath than they had done before. A week later, memorials came in from Pizequid (Windsor), signed by 102 inhabitants, and from Mines, by 203, both refusing peremptorily to take the oath of allegiance to the King of England. After mature consideration, it was unanimously agreed that to prevent, as much as possible, their attempting to return and molest the settlers that may be set down on their lands, it would be most proper to send them to be 'distributed amongst the several colonies on the continent, and that a sufficient number of vessels should be hired with all possible expedition for that purpose.

About this date, Lieut.-Governor Phips, of Mass., in a letter to Col. Lawrence, commenting on the defeat of Braddock, says: 'I must propose to your consideration whether the danger to which His Majesty's interest is now threatened will not remove any scruples . . . with regard to the French neutrals, as they are termed, and render it both just and necessary that they should be removed.'

Lawrence, writing to Moncton, mentioning the resolve of removing the French of Mines, Annapolis, &c., says—

'And as to those about the Isthmus, most of which were in arms, and, therefore, entitled to no favour from the Government, it is determined to begin with them first.'

The distribution was to be very systematic:

From Annapolis,	300	were to go to	Philadelphia.
	200	"	New York.
	300	"	Connecticut.
	200	"	Boston.
From Mines,	500	"	N. Carolina.
	1000	"	Virginia.
	500	"	Maryland.

Lawrence further writes:—

'The inhabitants, pretending to be in a state of neutrality between His Majesty and his enemies, have continually furnished the French and Indians with intelligence, quarters, provisions, and assistance in annoying the Government, and while one part have abetted the French encroachments by their treachery, the other have countenanced them by open rebellion, and 300 of them were actually

found in arms, in the French Fort at Beauséjour, when it surrendered. . . . As their numbers amount to near 7000 persons, the driving them off, with leave to go whithersoever they pleased, would have doubtless strengthened Canada with so considerable a number of inhabitants, and as they have no cleared land to give them at present, such as are able to bear arms must have been immediately employed in annoying this and the neighbouring colonies. To prevent such an inconveniency, it was judged a necessary and the only practical measure to divide them among the colonies where they may be of some use, as most of them are healthy, strong people; and as they cannot easily collect themselves together again, it will be out of their power to do mischief, and they may become profitable and, it is possible, in time, faithful subjects.'

At Grand Pré, the men were assembled in the church, and were there informed by General Winslow of the King's intentions. He said that through His Majesty's goodness they had 'liberty to carry off their money and household goods. . . I shall do everything in my power that these goods be secured to you; also that whole families shall go in the same vessel, . . and make this remove as easy as His Majesty's service will permit.' At Chignecto resistance was made, and the houses were all burned, the British losing several killed and wounded. One of the transports was taken possession of by the passengers, carried into the River St. John, and burned. About 500 skulked in the woods and projected an attack on Annapolis in the spring, which did not take place, and in memorials they sent to Quebec they clearly justify the British action by representing their constant loyalty to France. This is, however, the closing scene. In 1758 the French were everywhere worsted, and in 1759 the *coup de grâce* was given to the French Empire in America by the capture of Quebec.

THE GREAT SPIRIT.

BY META, SIMCOE.

WHERE is thy dwelling, Mighty Spirit? Tell!
Hast Thou a secret home beyond the reach
Of thought that's limited? Or dost Thou dwell
Within our grasp, yet deigning not to teach
Our darkened minds of thine abiding place?
O Infinite and Just! this human heart
Will not presume to ask to see Thy face,
But teach, O teach me, where and what Thou art.
Methinks I feel Thy breath in every breeze
That fans the earth, and in the constant light
Of sun and moon my fitful vision sees
The glimmer of Thine eyes supremely bright.
Yes, Thou art everywhere, and these are Thee.
Whatever Thou hast formed, now bears a part
Of Thy great self; in all things I can see
Something that claims true worship of my heart.
And so will I adore, unseeing still
The centre of supernal majesty;
And all my life with adoration fill,
For if I worship aught, I worship Thee.

CLINKER.

A PROSE IDYL.

BY ST. QUENTIN, TORONTO.

CHAPTER I.

CLINKER lived on King Street. Gaining her living by most shameless acts, of which, nevertheless, Clinker was not ashamed; on the contrary, she gloried in them.

Some people, I notice, always glory in shameless things, doubtless feeling that, being destined for such, they are fulfilling destiny; and it is right for a man to glory in filling greatly his appointed sphere.

Therefore the shameless glory. And I, having frequently observed this to be the case, have derived just edification from it. This is why the thistle rears its haughty head while the violet is lowly. It is also the reason why the full-stemmed weeds flourish so bravely while the scented flowers need much care and watering.

Some people, I remarked, always glory in shameless things; Clinker was one of these people.

I doubt whether it was a glory derived from a conscious reasoning on her part, that 'being born a weed, I will be a notable one.' This is, no doubt, the course of reasoning which the weeds pursue, while the timorous flowerets are content with being fair, not caring to be notable. Clinker, I cannot help thinking, reached her result by intuition, and not by reasoning. This I think because of her age.

Clinker's age was eleven. Only eleven, and yet her arts were manifold and very wicked.

Such of these arts as came under my notice I will retail, though the artist-instinct and the inimitable execution which belonged to Clinker cannot be retailed.

I retail them as a tablet to her memory. Clinker was eleven, and she sold papers.

Two things by no means reprehensible in themselves, you will notice, and yet —, well, with her genius, it was a broad enough foundation to rear a very reprehensible structure on.

The manner in which I became acquainted with Clinker was after the following:

I was walking, as I sometimes do when the afternoon is waning, and handsome dresses and faces are thickening, on the south side of King Street. I must confess that on this occasion I was not alone. Unfortunately, and, as it subsequently proved, to my ultimate loss of much peace of mind, I had a companion of the fair persuasion. And I was using every art which is known to men below to advance myself in her good graces. I was weak enough to be most ignobly desirous of appearing well in her eyes.

Sic semper tyronibus! Boys will do these things, you know.

This thing was not unnoticed as I passed—unconsciously passed—by the observant Clinker. May Clinker paid even especial attention to it, saw her opportunity, and marked me for her victim; basely, cruelly, marked me for her victim. Took advantage of this momentary and most regretted

weakness, and saw in it a prospect of gain.

So that suddenly I, who a moment before had only one companion, found myself joined by a second; suddenly discovered myself to be the centre one of three, and we three were doing King Street together.

I was conscious of this third without looking directly at her. An instinctive presentiment of impending evil kept my eyes averted. But a third was there; who it was I did not know. I know now, too well.

It was Clinker.

It was, of course, necessary to ignore this third, and my conversation at once grew astonishingly animated. I talked frantically, perhaps wildly; at the same time, I kept my eyes with most unholy dread away from the third, whom I did not know.

I knew only a dead chill was creeping over my heart. The high gods sometimes warn men thus—and in dreams when that fatal moment has arrived when the gates of peace are past forever.

A cold chill was creeping over my heart; why, I could not tell. I can tell now. It was a warning the high gods had sent to tell of those gates of peace closing behind me.

At the same time, in my inner soul, I felt that presently there would come a horrible pause in the conversation, and then—

The pause came, I shuddered involuntarily. Then the pause was filled—not by me, not by my friend, but by Clinker.

'Please sir, Pa died yesterday.'

I did not hear of course, and renewed or tried to renew the conversation. At the same time I knew that it was no use.

'And please sir, Ma is sick in bed.'

I could not help hearing this, and calmly turned my gaze full upon the little girl, as if for the first time conscious of her existence.

The day came when I paid for that attempt to ignore Clinker.

But as it was I went on talking. In vain, as my sinking heart told me. Fate hung over me.

'And I have nine little brothers, sir, an' five on 'em with measles.'

I paused in my talk. The picture of those nine little brothers rose up involuntarily before me. I wondered many things of them. I wondered if they had all snub noses, and a vision of those nine little brothers engaged in deadly conflict for the possession of the one pocket-handkerchief belonging to the Clinker family filled me with delight.

'Please sir, we have no money to bury Pa.'

This recalled me from my wondering, and reminded me that I must get rid of this pertinacious young woman. Perchance, if I had been alone, I might have sworn. Nay, who knows I might even have told this little girl that I did not believe her. Not being alone, I fumbled in my pocket.

Clinker observed my uneasiness.

'And there is nothin' in th' house sir, t' eat.

Clinker, you see, was a shameless little girl. For Clinker's Pa wasn't just dead, and her Ma wasn't sick, and she had no little brothers. At least, this was my opinion.

'Please sir,' and here Clinker began to cry, ''aven't had nothin' t' eat three days.'

Worse and worse Clinker.

'And Pa will lick me if I go home an' no money.'

Then Clinker's Pa must have the art of reviving with rapidity.

'And Ma 'll whale me.'

Which it is to be hoped she does, if only to show how a really moral invalid can triumph in an emergency over any amount of physical prostration.

'And please sir, won't you pity a poor orphan who is alone in the world?'

Really this is very contradictory, Clinker. How can I believe you? Worse, how am I to get rid of you?

I suddenly turned to Clinker. I place ten cents in her hand.

Clinker departed.

'Poor child', I said compassionately to my ompanion—though I was not, I now confess, expressing my real sentiments—'Poor child, I guess she has a pretty hard time of it.'

Thus, you see, I gained a reputation for philanthropy.

But Clinker had rather made game of me, and I was wroth, neither do I candidly consider myself a philanthropist.

Was this the last of Clinker?

CHAPTER II.

AGAIN the sinking sun was shining down the length of the street. Again—oh! to further loss of peace of mind. I was not alone. Again I was most eager to be agreeable.

Which, in passing, you will excuse the digression while I remark how very curious it is that men show their admiration for women in this way. For if a woman is beautiful, why so also are some pictures I know of; but men do not chatter away to a picture to show their admiration. Or if a woman has an eminent wit, why so also have some books I have heard of! But men prefer letting the book talk rather than themselves. I think a man should be silent and rather grave before a woman he thinks greatly of.

This is my private opinion. It is probably wrong. Anyway, I never act on it. This, however, would you believe me, is the very reason why I think it right. Because—privately—if it were a wrong opinion, I would be *sure* to act on it. It is a very happy thing when a man knows himself so certainly as to make himself thus sure and infallible in his discrimination of the right and wrong in opinion.

However, I have been leaving the sun shining and myself eager to be agreeable all this time.

But a cloud comes over the sun, and a chill in the air, and a pause in the conversation.

Why did I turn pale suddenly?

Why turn cold?

'Please sir, Pa died yesterday.'

I turned.

Clinker was there, looking up with shining, innocent eyes.

'And Ma is sick in bed.'

Those innocent blue eyes! how winningly they looked up at me! and the little red mouth parted in its entreaty. The roll of papers lay under her arm unfolded, and the little faded shawl, with its many colours running into one another, clad the small timid shoulders.

Has wickedness always got such eyes and such gentle grace? I would almost then be wicked.

Or was it only the get-up of one of Nature's actresses, with the sweetness in her eyes, and the genius in her brain?

Faith! In little Clinker's case I know not what it was. I only know that I looked at her admiringly a minute, and then with anger.

At the same time I put my hand in my pocket and fumbled about.

'And I have nine little brothers, sir—'

Oh Clinker! I had no smaller change, and I handed her a quarter, and as she went away I smiled sadly and said: 'Poor little child. I daresay her life is not a happy one.'

While inwardly I vowed vengeance, all the time gaining additional sanctity for philanthropy.

Did I ever see Clinker again?

CHAPTER III.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and I was hurrying along the promenade.

I was alone.

Yet not quite alone, for acquaintances were all before and behind me.

When I heard the dreaded patter of little feet at my side.

I knew my time was come.

At the same time I vowed that vengeance had arrived.

'I will put up with it no longer,' I said. 'I will tell her that she is a little humbug.'

'Please sir—'

'Clinker, I have heard all that before; your Pa is not dead, your Ma is not sick, you have no little brothers; go away.'

How dreadful I felt at having had to parade the street so many minutes with this little shameless girl.

But I had spoken and avenged myself now; I had told her how well I had seen through her naughty, lying ways, her base and indefensible tricks. She knew now that her innermost soul in its wickedness lay bare to me.

A glow of pride rose in my heart; she would try it no more on me now.

She would feel abashed by my sternness and depart.

No!

She had not gone yet; she was trotting along by me still.

Perhaps she had not heard.

'Clinker,' I said, 'go away; you have no Pa, you have no Ma, you have no little brothers; go away.'

Surely she would be abashed now.

I did not know Clinker.

Slowly she turned her face upward, her little head was put mockingly to one side; she put out her wicked lips; she turned her saucy eyes to me; she pouted and then—laughed—yes, positively gave a merry little ringing laugh!

'Now go away Clinker,' I repeated, sternly.

'Please sir,'—boo—boo—'a poor orphan,'—boo—boo—'nothin' t'eat three days,'—boo—boo—boo, ending with Clinker's holding her apron to her eyes.

What could I do there, in the middle of King Street?

Acquaintances were constantly passing and looking curiously at me. How could I go on with this little base thing trotting by my side crying? I had no change—I said so—I coloured with vexation; I groaned in anguish of spirit, at the same time I had to do it, anything to get rid of her; I gave her a dollar bill—all I had—I told her never to come near me again.

'Mind, Clinker, never come near me again.'

Did she?

CHAPTER IV.

IT is three months later.

I shall leave Toronto to morrow.

Leave friends and home and family.

I can endure it no longer.

I am actually and really a prisoner.

I dare never venture out of the street door, nor among the friendly ways and paths of men. All I see of life is from behind the curtain, which I wrap round me before looking out.

I dare never open the front window. I dare never be seen standing at it.

I did it rashly one day, and no sooner was I there than that little red shawl and the saucy face appeared weeping across the road, with the apron up, and calling on me to remember her nine little brothers.

Since that dreadful day, when I spoke sternly to her and handed her a dollar bill, Clinker has never left me.

I am haunted by her.

I could not go on King Street, but she would appear trotting confidently beside me.

She followed me to my office, and when I shut the door, sat on the steps.

I went to a Lacrosse match once. How she got in I do not know, probably through a hole in the fence, but there, on the grand-stand, she addressed me, and told me I should be glad to hear two of her little brothers were better, but—boo—boo—&c., &c., till I came and put some money into her hand.

It was a familiar thing for my

friends to see me everywhere with this little girl.

They began to ask for introductions to her. They inquired if her mother had quite consented to the engagement.

They frequently congratulated me on my good fortune.

I can stand it no longer.

I am perfectly helpless.

My valise is packed beside me, I almost think I shall go to-day.

It would gain me a day at any rate. One day of peace, and rest, and freedom from trouble.

Oh! how I long once more for peace, for rest; to go where newsboys and newsgirls are unknown, and red shawls have not been invented.

Where fathers and mothers and brothers are not recognised, and measles is a thing unheard of.

Goodness! what is that at the front door?

Through the window it looks as if a red shawl were fluttering there!

Merciful heavens! Oh! *who* is that ringing the door-bell?

It *cannot* be—yes it is! Where is my valise? Oh, here! Let me get out.

I grab my valise, jam on my hat, open the front door suddenly, and fly past a little figure standing there.

I just see in my haste that it has on a red shawl, that its head is bare, that it has a roll of papers under its arm.

Never mind! I am off now. Good bye! I am on my way to the station. I will soon be away from the accursed city.

Hulloah? What's that?

CHAPTER V.

WHAT indeed!

Street-urchins were running past me in the opposite direction to the one I was pursuing.

I paused a moment in my flight to see what was the matter.

There was a large crowd in my rear, and those in the centre seemed straining to see something, while those on the outskirts were evidently discussing the same.

An accident I suppose, said I to myself, and I was heading again for the station when a thought struck me, and wheeling about I made straight for the crowd.

'What is it?' I asked of those nearest me.

'Nothing; just a little girl run over.'

Just then a movement in the crowd disclosed to me a little red shawl.

And this little red shawl was the centre of attraction.

In a moment I was by it, and leaning over it.

'I know the little girl,' I said. 'Call a cab.'

I leant over the little motionless body.

The papers were still held tight to her side under her arm, the shawl had fallen a little off, and the white lips and the eyes were closed.

The face was pale and a little drawn, and the forehead and lips were moist with the water they had dashed on her.

'Room there! How did it happen?'

The crowd fell back a little while two or three voices answered. 'She was runnin' 'cross the road and a butcher's cart did it for her. I was standin' close by, an' seed the 'ole thing, *and*, sez I, it's a accident, and *so* it was.'

These men were evidently philosophers, they said it was 'a accident' and *so* it was.

Could anything be more conclusive? Daniels all, with prophetic instinct, they said it was 'a accident,' and *so* it was.

At the same time a policeman and a cab came up.

'The gentleman knows her,' said a voice or two.

'Where does she live?' I asked the policeman.

'Near the Don, facing the marsh.'

'I think I will have her taken to the hospital.'

The policeman thought so, too, as also those Daniels. But just then the eyes opened. I think they saw nothing of the crowd but only my face bending over her. She recognised me at once, and a slight weary smile passed over the lips as her eyes closed again.

'She said somethin' sir.'

'What is it, Clinker?'

'Home!'

'Very well,' I said, and together we lifted her into the cab.

'Send a lad straight and get a doctor,' I said to one of the Daniels, 'she has fainted again. Send him straight to the Don, any policeman will show him the way, and I will pay expenses.'

'I will that, sir, send him straight away.'

And then I and the policeman drove off with Clinker stretched on the seat opposite.

I suppose when I left the house in such a hurry Clinker tried to follow me and got run over. I don't know, because I never inquired, but enough was brought out afterwards to make me sure this was the way. Poor little girl anyway, I said to myself as we drove along, I'll see now, whether she has nine little brothers or not.

When we did approach the Don it seemed Cabby knew where she lived, too, for he drove up close to an old cabin with rags stuffed through the broken windows and geese cackling before the door.

Some neighbours came out to stare at the cab, and as we carried Clinker in, a kind old body hobbled after muttering to herself.

She helped me to make Clinker comfortable on the pallet, telling her to 'luk up, luk up,' but Clinker could not 'luk up' or even across the room where an old, childish man sat crouching over the fire.

Was there anyone else but the old man who lived with Clinker, I asked.

No; no one else, and Clinker was his only support, and small thanks the old man gave her, always complaining what would he do now? Clinker had got on so well lately, some kind gentleman in the city had taken a fancy to her!

I suppose that means me! I thought to myself. Yes, I suppose I have been rather kind to her, and I looked at the pale figure lying on the pallet with all the red gone from her lips and the light from her eyes.

When the afternoon had waned, the doctor come and gone, I knew Clinker would not live through the night, and I determined to sit up till the end.

The old grandfather did not seem to understand much what was going on but sat rubbing his hands over the fire and casting frightened glances at me every minute, but scarce one to the dying little bread-winner.

Clinker had not spoken since that one word 'home,' but moaned restlessly now and then.

And then the night fell and the old lady who had tried to make things comfortable left us alone. From her I learnt that Clinker's mother had died two years before, and she had supported the old man since. She had no little brothers and never had.

Then I lit a bit of candle and sat by the bed, the old man sitting still over the fire giving me his frightened glances.

I drew my chair close to the pallet and watched. I watched many hours.

It was about midnight. I think I had fallen into a doze when I awoke suddenly.

I felt a trembling hand on my shoulder; then I looked up and saw the old man looking curiously into my eyes.

'Wus it you wus koind t'er? Wus it you she telled me uv 'gen an' agen?

'I suppose so.'

He looked at me a moment more wonderingly, and then went back to his seat at the fire, but gave me no more curious glances, only looking silently at the pale ashes.

I did not doze again, but watched on.

Once or twice Clinker half turned moaning. Then later the last bit of candle went out and left us alone in the darkest dark before the morning.

I could not see her face or the figure over the fire-place. Then, by-and-by, through the window the white light began to steal in.

The cabin stood right near the lake where the river joins it. As I looked out, a mist lay on the water, chill and white, but the cold dawn still left the room half in shadow.

The old man in his chair slept in the shadows. But on Clinker's face the light crept.

I drew nearer to her and watched in a kind of apathy.

It seemed hard to recognise this pale, dying child with the saucy paper-seller; harder to imagine that this paper-seller was the unfailing support of that unknowing old man.

Anyway, I watched as more light stole in.

Then I saw Clinker as it were wake up. She opened her eyes and fixed them on me, but with no look of recognition.

The recognition came in a minute, and a lurking, tired smile played on her lips as her eyes closed again.

I leant over and whispered, 'Well, Clinker, how do you feel now?'

She did not answer for a minute.

Then the lips quivered again beneath the little laughter playing on them.

Then—'Please sir, I have nine little brothers, and five——'

But that was too much for her, and she seemed to have lost consciousness a moment, for her face was so still, and I was getting uneasy, when she opened her eyes again and turned a little.

Then her eyes grew large and questioning.

'You mustn't talk, Clinker.'

'Pa and Ma,' she said, slowly.

I answered nothing. Then I saw the lips moving again, and the ghastly shadow of a smile stirred her mouth once more.

I put my face very close, and heard the words she was trying to whisper.

'The nine little brothers—there.'

'Where?' I was going to ask, but watched her eyes instead where they wandered away from me and over to the dark corner where the old grandfather lay crouched in his chair sleeping.

I looked, and her meaning was quite plain as her eyes and lips both repeated 'there' over again.

'Oh! he is your Pa and your Ma and your nine little brothers,' I said to myself, wonderingly.

Then I looked back at Clinker. She lay perfectly still now, with her eyes closed, but that ghastly little smile still on her lips.

She did not move for many minutes.

I put my hand on her forehead suddenly, and then rose hastily and went to the window.

The mist was rising from the lake as the sun-rise breeze came over and drove it up the river. And some of the clouds above were getting a flush of red on their skirts.

The old man still lay sleeping in his chair. Clinker, too, lay wrapt in sleep with that strange smile on her mouth.

But Clinker's sleep was a longer and a stiller one than his!

'REMEMBER ME.'

BY ESPERANCE.

REMEMBER thee? Ere yet the sun
Has its diurnal race begun,
Thy name is on my lips, in prayer
That I thy future lot may share:
For thoughts of thee come with the light
To supplement the dreams of night.

Remember thee! When in the sky
The noontide sun is riding high,
And up and down the busy street
I hear the tramp of many feet,
My poor heart yearns with quickened pain,
To hear *thy* footstep once again.

Remember thee! When in the west
The glowing sun has sunk to rest,
And kindly twilight stoops to lay
A mantle o'er the sleeping day,
I stand and watch the paling sky,
And think how brightest hopes may die.

Remember thee! When day is done,
When evening's shadowed hours have run,
When midnight's banner is unfurled
And silence cloaks the sleeping world,
I clasp my hands in tearful prayer,
Committing thee to Heaven's care.

Remember thee! From break of day
Till night again has passed away,
In weal or woe—on memory's shrine
Reigns one dear image, that is thine!
Small need to say: 'Remember me!'
When *every hour* I think of thee!

* * * *

'Remember me!' Ah, now these words,
Which once you spoke and seemed to mean,
Are but to you a hollow form,
And that you spoke them but a dream!
Whilst I—through all the years to be—
Shall evermore remember thee!

YORKVILLE.

'THE MARVELS OF SCIENTIFIC LOGIC.'

BY 'G.,' TORONTO.

THE splendid triumphs won by physical science since its disenthralment by Bacon from the shackles of religious bigotry, and more especially the advances she has made within the last comparatively few years, must be acknowledged by all. These triumphs have been so magnificent, these advances have been so gigantic, that we might almost be excused, if, in our amazement, we should cry out: 'Is there anything too hard for Science?' These triumphs can be denied only by the ignorant; they can be contemned only by the ungenerous; they can be ignored only by the bigoted and the ungrateful.

But while all this is true, while science has delivered herself from the fetters of slavery, and thus nobly shown herself worthy of all freedom, is she not inclined, and especially in these days, to forge for others the very chains which she herself so joyously, and with such determination, long ago cast off forever. Knowledge has been wonderfully increased by the untrammelled freedom of the senses; science, in the raptures of her felt liberty and power, declares that all knowledge, except what the senses afford us, is a phantasmic dream. Relief from a tyranny of mind is but the prelude to the more loveless tyranny of matter. Complaining bitterly of the one-sided dogmatism which regards man as made in the image of his Creator, and as the destined heir of immortality, science treats us to a dogmatism even more one-sided, a dogmatism which makes man the foolish sport of undesigning chance. If there is any slavery involved in a belief in the 'Unseen,' science offers us no more satisfactory substitute than the still more abject slavery involved in a cringing submission to a shallow and soulless 'seen.' Casting aside the idea of a God as the fetish of ignorant superstition, and in this way getting rid of any ultimate test of truth, science laughs to scorn, as the very climax of unthinking folly, the notion of *faith* in the teachings of a Paul; but she demands the most implicit trust in all the observations and surmisings of a Huxley. Scouting Jesus of Nazareth as a person wholly ignorant of the real wants and cravings of humanity, she presents to us the eyes, nose, ears, fingers and palate of Darwin, of London, and calls on us to fall down and worship, strongly recommending us, at the same time, to fill ourselves both for time, and for eternity—if there is any—with what husks our own senses can secure.

And truly, are we not bound by the very laws of our being, to accept as purest and most unadulterated gospel, the assertions of these same philosophers, to receive them with as frank and unwavering a faith as, nay rather with a faith infinitely more frank and more unwavering than, the reasonings of anyone else—of Paul, for example, or Newton? For, do they not tell us of what they have seen and smelt, tasted and handled, of this new word of life which they preach? Does not the whole constitution of nature compel us to believe that Haeckel has an *à priori* better claim on our attention as a speaker of 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,'

when he calls on us to believe *on his authority*, and on the authority of those whose senses teach the same lessons as his own, that man has the past of a brute behind him, and the future of a brute before him; that he is the lineal descendant of a cephalopod, and foster-brother to a monkey, a better claim, we repeat, than Paul, when he tells us that we are the sons of God, fallen indeed, but capable of being restored, capable of becoming co-heirs with Christ, and the inheritors of a blessed immortality? Is it not quite clear? What could be more so? Is it not *à priori* more reasonable to conclude that the infinitely little is the source of all things rather than the infinitely great; that the infinitely base is nearer to the Divine truth of things than the infinitely noble; that the infinite negations of a blind, unintelligent chance afford a more satisfactory explanation of the mysteries of existence, than the infinite perfections of a wondrous personality? Let it be settled then, on the authority of modern science, not that there is any dogmatism in her assertions, for does she not abhor dogmatism, but simply that a beginning may be made; let it be settled that truth, to be the truth at all, call it moral, or intellectual, or physical truth, or what you will, must be either seen, or smelt, or heard, or tasted, or felt. Nay more, science is not content with this; she goes further; she makes yet larger claims on human credulity. Quite apart from the notion of a thing's being true or false, science assures us that what cannot be brought under the cognizance of those five senses is really the non-existent. There is no use of putting in the saving clause 'for us,' the non-existent, for 'we' are the last resort, whatever is non-existent for us is absolutely so. This being granted, how beautifully simple everything becomes! It matters not that you may find yourself *conscious* of a something which convinces you of the extreme possibility, of the greatest conceivable probability, that at least there *may be* forms of existence which cannot be brought under this censorship, science sets down her foot and says no. And science, that revels in a perfect Paradise of undogmatism, is convinced that faith in the teaching of a Paul or a Luther is evidence of exceeding childishness, or, at best, of an undisciplined intellect; while implicit reliance in all her own vapourings is proof positive of a very seventh heaven of large-minded intelligence. And what must be the teaching of science regarding consciousness and any facts it may be supposed to deal with? Why, of course, it having been laid down as an unassailable first principle that whatever can neither be seen, smelled, touched, tasted nor heard, is the non-existent, it is in vain to appeal to what we call consciousness, for both eyes, nose, ears, tongue and finger are utterly at fault in seeking to discover it, always have been, and always will be. In the same easy way, what is sometimes regarded as the spiritual nature of man is got rid of. So is the existence of God. So is every form of intelligence higher than the human. So is every state of existence different from that to which man is accustomed. What an interesting picture is now presented to view! This automaton, this 'thing,' pulled hither and thither by what are conveniently termed 'laws,' this bundle of bones and fortuitous collection of atoms, this mysterious meeting place for wandering, homeless 'trains' of sights, and smells, and sounds, and tastes, and touches; this victim of chance and sport of the winds, by ploughman and philosopher called 'man,' is, like poor Mr. Punch, kept in almost perpetual motion. These merciless 'laws' give it no rest. It must for ever be staring about with its eyes, or poking here and there with its nose, or doing something with one or other of these infallible feelers which it has, or it ceases to be. If man rests, he not only darkens but goes out altogether. This automaton '*reasons*' too, sometimes; here too, of

course, as in everything else, in strict conformity to 'law'; and its reasonings, if for a moment we suppose them used by one of its brethren lower down in the scale of existence—the cocoon from which the butterfly springs, for example—would be somewhat as follows. 'I *see* nothing but what is immediately around me, I *smell* nothing but what I can perfectly explain, I have *no evidence* that there is any higher form of existence, or any loftier scale of intelligence, or any more exquisite spectacle of beauty than what my senses offer to my apprehension, *therefore* naturally I conclude *that there are none such.*' Of course we know the cocoon would be quite correct in his conclusions, that the stern logic of facts would amply justify any claims he might put forth to be considered an accurate and profound philosopher.

This then is the logic of science—of a kind. Whether it be of science of the highest kind, or only of science 'falsely so-called,' there may perhaps be room for difference of opinion. But can we wonder that some should devoutly exclaim 'Oh, if this indeed be science, if her claims to reverence and worship rest on such foundations as these, then from all such infirmities of the flesh and of the spirit, "Good Lord deliver us."'

Science has made many notable discoveries. She has dissected some few thousand dead bodies, or millions, for that matter of it. She has also made some more or less questionable experiments on living animals. She has pushed her observations into almost every corner of our globe, and as a result of these researches it has been strongly borne in upon her mind that there are really some very striking points of resemblance between the skeletons and the general bodily constitution of man, and of some of the lower animals. As some would phrase it, 'They are formed on the same plan,' '*Therefore*,' reasons science, 'there is *no* evidence of design, there is *nothing* to show that any intelligent mind conceived such and such a plan, or in any way put its conceptions into visible form.' 'Concerning one row of pins,' reasons science, 'the existence of another row of pins, a little larger, or a little smaller, or a little different in other respects, conclusively proves two things. First, that no intelligent mind was engaged in the manufacture of either row; Second, that the one was *evolved* from the other.' This may be 'advanced' modern science; but it is scarcely logic, either ancient or modern. Following out these marvellous 'trains' of thought and reasoning of hers to the proper logical conclusion, science sagely determines that certain teachings of such men as Socrates, and Plato, and Zoroaster, and Confucius and Paul, were but as the vague and fantastic visions of those who dream, the crude enquiries of persons not blessed with the happy knack of believing nothing but what they could see with their eyes, or squeeze between their fingers. Here is some of the wisdom which according to 'advanced' science is to revolutionize society, to show man what he really is, and what he may become, and which is sure, sooner or later, to upset any such nonsense as is contained in the words, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'

What an improvement this is now! 'A few billion years or so ago (a billion here or there makes very little difference), there was an atom, a protoplasmic granule.' How this atom came to be at all is one of these esoteric teachings which science keeps so closely to herself, but at any rate there it was. This mysterious globule, like Topsy, somewhat 'spected' it would grow, since it might just as well be busy as lie there and do nothing. So it set to work and grew. And it grew in this way. First of all, it split itself into two equal parts; then each of these parts in the same way split itself into two, and so on and so on, until by

this continuous process of splitting itself, or to speak scientifically, by this process of unceasing *fission*, it '*developed*,' and became an ascidian, or something like that; by-and-by a simian ape, and by-and-by a man, who stood, and gazing at himself in rapture, cried out from the depths of his amazement, 'Behold, I am a man!' This is all so simple, so natural, and clear, and in every way so 'rational,' that, of course, it puts all notion of design entirely out of court. Ordinary people, not versed in the wonders of scientific logic, might think that this manner of working in the protoplasm was no argument at all against design, but merely a disclosure of the way in which the designer carries out his purposes. But, 'Oh dear no,' says science. 'No such thing. By no means.' 'I immediately grant,' says she, 'that if you see a completely finished watch for example, all in good trim and beautiful running order, you may have some fair enough excuse for supposing that a designer has had some hand in the manufacture. But if you see the various little parts of which the watch is composed lying separate from one another, and gradually one little part being added to another little part, then just as certainly have you no right to think of a designer at all.' If science objects to this way of putting it, and claims that she still admits design, and a designer, even when the watchmaker is seen busily at work putting the parts together, will she then kindly locate the design and the designer? We see neither it nor him, nor do we smell them, nor taste them, nor touch them—how then does science know they exist? If design may be invisible, and yet none the less really existent in the case of the construction of a watch, how does science *know* that there is not some design in the construction of the watchmaker himself, just as invisible, yet no less real? Is the designer, which science admits to be engaged in the construction of the watch, a personal or an impersonal one? If she is not prepared to speak positively on this point, perhaps she will tell us whether the mind of any one of her votaries who is busy with the *design* of proving that there is *no* design, is a personal or an impersonal one? If she still refuses to give us a definite answer she will surely at least let us know how she comes to be so positive on some other points—the brute ancestry of man, for example. Surely the spirit of a man that is in him is highly worthy of attention, and any man of science should be able to speak with at least *as much* authority on that point as on what occurred so long before he was born.

But if science gets rid of the difficulty by categorically denying the existence of any design whatsoever, then the whole universe, the human part of it at least, is reduced to a state of idiocy, and the scientist who attempts to change the established order of nature is the greatest idiot of all, because he is going directly in the face of his own opinions, at least of what *ought* to be his opinions, if he is consistent and endeavouring to change what must have been potent in 'that atom' during the twilight of eternity, and which has been self-evolved thereby, according to the immutable 'laws' of fate.

But if science acknowledges that there is personality involved in the invisible design engaged in the construction of a watch, how does she *know*—not conjecture—she must leave that to religion—but how does she *know*, and how will she prove, that there is no personality involved in the equally invisible design of constructing a watchmaker or a universe? And if there may be design, and invisible design, and an invisible designer, engaged in the construction of the ascidians and the echinoderms, and the watchmakers and the naturalistic scientists, etc., how does science *know* that this invisible personality may not be able to carry out his purposes *with*

out visible tools as well as *with* them, and how does science *know* that this is not actually the case? And if there should be such a personality, can science give any valid reason for the belief that he is in duty bound to reveal all his plans, and purposes, and methods of working to her? With all that dearth of lofty themes for the exercise of the poetical talent, which is so loudly complained of by many at the present day, we wonder that no one has seen fit to draw inspiration from the spectacle of that lonely bit of primeval protoplasm, so infinitesimally small, yet gifted with such boundless potentialities. Without beginning of days, or end of years, it is certainly the Melchisedec of the scientific world!

This scientific fancy of the *designless* and *undesigned* development of a *designing* creature called man, is surely one of the '*undesigned* coincidences' between science and unreason! The teachings of Plato, and of Paul, which link us to the ineffably perfect, to the transcendently noble, in one word, to the Divine, are to be given up, and in their place are to be substituted the teachings of Haeckel and others, teachings which join us irremediably to the dust, and bind us to the brute with fetters that cannot be broken. And on what authority? What testimony do these apostles of this new gospel advance to justify us in abjuring the ancient beliefs in the loftier nature and destinies of man? Simply the testimony of their own senses, and the senses of those who think along with them, that, and some very crude surmisings which they make about their various observations. If it is to be a mere setting of authority against authority in this way, of the assertions of Christ and Paul against those of Huxley and Darwin, if there be no authority higher and more infallible than the human, to which a last appeal may be made,—and science has swept away all such,—then at least we may say—

> 'Of two such lessons why forget
> The nobler and the manlier one?'

One lesson at least science should by this time have taught both friends and foes alike, and that is a lesson of unsparing criticism, nor can she wonder if those who are not disposed to take her *ipse dixit* for everything, show a a settled determination to accept from her as truth, *nothing whatever*, except what is proved by evidence the most incontestable and convincing. If Paul was mistaken in his views concerning man's nature and destiny, it is at least as likely that neither Darwin nor Haeckel are perfectly infallible in theirs. If the cherished convictions and yearning hopes of millions of mankind are wholly without good foundation, and are inevitably doomed to disappointment, we may be pardoned for refusing to receive as indeed 'the Messiah which was for to come,' the surmisings of certain fortuitous combinations of material particles, 'developed' under very special circumstances, and self-styled 'naturalistic philosophers.' Let us turn, then, from the culture and learning of the first century as represented by the Apostle Paul, to the culture and learning of the nineteenth century as represented by Huxley, Darwin or Haeckel; from the untutored reasonings of the one, to the trained scientific reasonings of the others. Let us go from the Gospel of Salvation to the gospel of degradation, from the old 'gospel of the Son of God' to the new 'gospel of dirt,' and let us examine the arguments advanced by an apostle of one phase of the advanced thought of to-day. In his work on 'The Development of Man' Haeckel has these sentences:—

'From the fact that the human egg is a simple cell we may *at once infer* that there has been, at a very remote period, a unicellular ancestor of the human race resembling the amœba. Again from the fact that the human embryo originally consists merely of two simple germ-layers, we may *safely infer* that a very ancient ancestral

form is represented by the two-layered Gastræa. A later embryonic form of the human being *points with equal certainty* to a primitive worm-like ancestral form which is related to the Sea-Squirts or Ascidians of the present day.' What, now, is this we have here at the very threshold of the book! '*At once infer*,' '*safely infer*'—can it be that the great question of man's ancestry rests on no basis more substantial than 'inferences' after all, and on Haeckel's attempts to bolster up these 'inferences?' And how is it, then, that when we see a certain fact of to-day, we may so much 'at once infer' that another fact existed millions of years ago, that the two are indissolubly connected as cause and effect, that without the one the other could never have been? Why is the inference such a 'safe' one, that the existence of two simple germ-layers in the human embryo, leads inevitably to the conclusion that 'a very ancient ancestral form is represented by the two-layered Gastræa?' And if the 'certainty' with which we point to various 'primitive worm-like ancestors related to Sea-squirts or Ascidians' is nothing more than 'equal' to the 'certainty' produced by inferences concerning Amœbas and Gastræas, we may be pardoned for doubting if that 'certainty' is of the highest order.

From the knowledge we have of our own ability to design, and from the necessity laid upon us of believing that the existence of a watch, a chair, or a bedstead, involves the previous existence of a designing mind, we might go further, and 'infer' that a very rational way of accounting for the existence of a flower, the moon and stars, or of man himself, is to presume the pre-existence of a designing mind mighty enough to conceive such things, and to put its conceptions into visible form. Can science show the groundlessness of such an inference, or *prove*, not merely assert, that there is no such mind? 'But' says science, and notice that at best we have only her word for it, as represented by Haeckel and others, 'such an inference would be absurd and without any foundation either in common sense or reason.' Because plants, animals and men grow by a process of continuous fission of ultimate particles, Haeckel 'infers' that there is no design evinced in their production, but only a process of evolution. We have quite as good grounds for the 'inference' that this process of fission is only the designer's *mode of working*. How would science show that the one 'inference' is scientific and in every way 'rational,' but the other wholly unscientific and irrational. It is no breach of charity to suppose, that like humbler people, Haeckel would just need to say that *in his own opinion* his own inference was the best. Doubtless this solution of the difficulty might be comforting to himself, not of necessity very satisfactory to others. We also might 'infer' that every system of laws involves the existence of a law-*giver*, that evolution itself, that is, the 'law' under which things are evolved, implies an *evolver*; but no, in the opinion of science, such inferences would be 'wholly unscientific.' They could not pretend to be nearly so 'rational' as some inferences of Haeckel's, for example, that certain phenomena in connection with *human life* at *the present day*, point inevitably to the conclusion that certain other phenomena, in connection with the *brute life* of millions of years ago, were the remote, indeed, but at the same time, the only efficient, causes of the former, the necessary antecedents without which these could not possibly have come into existence; and that, *therefore*, to suppose any designing mind in the matter, is unnecessary, and quite out of the question. Science in her own opinion having forever done away with the ancient phantasies of a revelation, and any form of intelligence higher than the human, what possible test has she, capable of convincing anyone, on subjects not open to the demonstrative evidence of the eyesight

that his own ideas are not just as reliable as her's? According to some of the teaching which is so prevalent just now, each man is inevitably wedded to his own opinions, and science has no excuse for supposing that mankind care to be troubled with unsolvable problems of her's rather than with those of anyone else. Haeckel and his school are particularly strong upon what they call 'the science of rudimentary organs.' The child-like 'faith' that is placed in this pillar of the new departure is very touching. There are certain muscles, it appears, and organs of the human body, for which, for the very life of him, Haeckel can conceive no use, and as any want of understanding on his part clearly points to the one great conclusion he is ever striving to establish, he immediately pronounces judgment,—a veritable 'thus saith Sir Oracle:' 'I and my fellow-believers can see no use for these muscles, *therefore* man is spontaneously "developed" from some brute or other that had a use for them, a use so evident that it could not have escaped our attention—had we been there to see, as in the case of John Gilpin.' This is so plain, and lays so slight a burden on man's powers of 'faith' that we may well wonder how darkness should so long have covered the land, and gross darkness the people.

The grand '*purpose*' of the 'advanced' scientific school is to hold up to the view of an admiring and regenerate world the great doctrine of '*Purposelessness*' or Dysteleology, or, in other words, one cherished '*purpose*' of Herr Haeckel's life is to prove the *absence* of '*purpose*' in the universe. If we are all so much the mere creatures of chance, if 'design' has so little to do with our own existence, and the existence of what we see around us, if 'purpose' is such a phantasm in this world, why do these philosophers write to us so much? Why do they not let us alone? No 'purpose' was involved in their formation, none in our formation, there can be no 'purpose' in their writing, and none in our reading it if they do write, why then so much waste of time and nervous energy, to say nothing of pens, ink and paper? At the best, all these teachings of science amount but to this, that when certain fortuitous combinations of material atoms, which it has pleased other and larger collections of similar atoms to call 'eyes,' are placed in certain circumstances, they undergo a modification called 'sight,' which, in this case, amounts to a number of little black marks on a white background 'only that, and nothing more.' As these 'eyes' turn themselves backwards and forwards, they 'see' more and more of these little marks, but nothing further. According to Haeckel there is no evidence of any design. Another fortuitous aggregation of atoms called a 'nose' next attempts to solve the mystery, but with like ill-success. And so with the other three 'infallibles' which are to do such wonderful things for the race. But, terrible to relate, none of them can detect anything but the mere little black marks—no design whatever. Any 'rational' man, then, with a scientifically-trained mind, will naturally say to himself: 'What is the use of wasting time poring over page after page of these things? I shall treat them as facts of nature ought to be treated. I notice that large numbers are almost identical in size and shape, and it would be a very good exercise to classify them accordingly. Indeed, I can't conceive how they ever came to be arranged in the order in which they now are. It is very absurd. No order or arrangement whatever, not the least evidence of design manifested. It is very astonishing, but I must do my best to rectify matters. And more especially must I do this because some people have got it into their heads that there is design here, and that these little marks mean something, and were

meant to mean something. What lamentable ignorance!' What, then, was Haeckel's 'design' in writing these big books of his, and *where* was it? Anyone seeing him at work would have observed nothing but a collection of 'atoms,' of a certain size and shape, and massed together in a particular way, busily engaged in a kind of automatic movement with another collection of atoms called a pen, on yet another collection called paper, the result being that this third collection took a somewhat different appearance from what it did the moment before. But this would be all. No unprejudiced onlooker could say that he detected any evidence of design on the part of the largest collection of atoms, for such design could be neither seen, smelled, heard, tasted nor felt. Nor could that collection of atoms itself give any reason for believing that it had any design on hand, for these tests would be equally at fault in its case; no microscope could bring the 'design' into view, no lancet could lay it bare to the gaze of admiring worshippers. Now, what is Herr Haeckel? Are matters in that direction *only* what they seem, or *something else*? Does what we are pleased to call matter conceal absolutely *nothing* in the case of the philosopher writing his books, or does it? Will science give a categorical answer. Yes or No?

If science says 'yes,' or if she grant merely that there *may be* some power behind that visible matter and working through it; something that directs the pen; something that is busy unfolding 'thoughts,' yet, itself all the while remaining invisible; if this be so, will science kindly enlarge the scope of its thoughts for a moment, and give us some valid reason, *why*, behind the visible and felt of nature as a whole, there may not be some unseen, no doubt, but none the less real, power working out *its* purposes? If science grants this she must go further, and grant that this power is a *personal* power, or she must deny her own personality, for both stand or fall on equally good evidence, or want of evidence. If she admits its personality, she admits all that is required, for she admits the existence of a Being, that to her at least is supreme, seeing that she herself forms part of the 'nature as a whole,' behind which, and through which that Being works. If she denies the personality of that power, then neither has she any better reasons for believing in her own personality, and why should any one trouble himself as to what an unreasoning, impersonal automaton either says or does?

But if on the other hand, science says 'no,' then, in her wonderful compassion for human ignorance, will she kindly tell us just exactly what is to be understood by that little word 'will,' the 'will' of man, and what also by these three other little words, 'I,' 'thou,' and 'he,' explaining to us in a perfectly clear and logical way, so that there can be no mistake, the various differences between them, and all the manifold relations they bear to one another. In short, let us have the whole mystery, if mystery there be, which has so long been thought to surround these words, let us have it, once and for all cleared up. Modern science objects to anything like mystery, to such mysteries for instance, as the existence of God, the fall of man, the immortality of the soul, and other little matters such as these. Of everything that is, 'superhuman, or supernatural,' she strives to get rid in the shortest and easiest way, by denying the fact. Now, here is a little mystery, human enough, surely, in all conscience; let science at once take microscope and scalpel, and set about its solution. If she does not find the process so very simple, denial of course is always sufficiently easy. The digging for wisdom which the wise man of old so earnestly recommended is seen to be quite a material process after all, and surely if perseverance in the work be only long enough and strong enough, it will in time be rewarded by a glimpse

of the virgin gold. Here then is a nice little lump of virgin gold if it can only be got at, quite a nugget. And indeed as science has at length got on the only straight and reliable road to knowledge, a road which is to be traversed as a hound traverses the highway—under the guidance of the nose—we may hope before very long to hear of the great and original discovery of the 'I.'

Science is loud in its condemnation of anything like dogmatism. Before closing this examination, let us take one more passage from Haeckel, and see if it be altogether free from that most objectionable quality. It is with reference to the great doctrine of Dysteleology or 'Purposelessness' that he thus writes: 'Almost every organism with the exception of the lowest and most imperfect, and especially every highly-developed vegetable or animal body, man as well as others, possesses one or more structures which are useless to its organism, valueless for its life-purposes, worthless for its functions. Thus all of us have in our bodies various muscles which we never use, *e. g.* the muscles of the surrounding ear, and parts immediately surrounding it. These are of great use to most mammals, but in man, etc., not possessing the power of pricking up the ears, useless. Our ancestors long ago discontinued to make use of these, *therefore* we have lost the power of using them. The very ancient fable of the all-wise plan, according to which the Creator's hand has ordained all things with wisdom and understanding,' the empty phrase about the purposive 'plan of structure' of organism, *is in this way completely disproved.* The favourite phrase 'the moral ordering of the world' is also shown in its true light by these dysteleological facts. Evidently a beautiful poem is proved false by actual facts. None but the idealist scholar who closes his eyes to real truth, or the priest, who tries to keep his flock in ecclesiastical leading strings, can any longer tell the fable of the 'moral ordering of the world.' It exists neither in nature nor in human life, neither in natural history nor in the history of civilization. The terrible and ceaseless 'struggle for existence' gives the real impulse to the blind course of the world. A 'moral ordering' and a 'purposive plan' of the world can only be visible if the prevalence of an immoral rule of the strongest and undesigned organization be entirely ignored." Now this of course sounds very well, very bold and philosophical, and all that, but what is the real force of it? Haeckel argues somewhat in this way: 'If there had really been an intelligent Creator in the universe, a Being capable of forming a design, and carrying it out, he would doubtless have disclosed all his plans and purposes to me, Haeckel. He would have left me in doubt or ignorance about *nothing.* He would have fully explained to my *why* he did this and this, and this, and *how* he did it. For example, he would have given me a full account of *why* he put certain muscles into man's ears without at the same time giving him the power to prick them up; whether, when he made man, he had any notions of beauty and fitness at all, which determined him to provide an external ear, rather than save himself a little extra trouble by creating a lot of crop-eared knaves. I have not had any such revelation—therefore there is no God.' For ourselves we rather think that when the Almighty made man He was not so much pressed for time as some seem to suppose. Time was not so excessively precious in those days that mere bald 'utility' was sure to carry the day against beauty. Of course there is great room for difference of opinion. To some the spectacle of a man without ears may be a much more beautiful sight than usually falls to their lot. But at any rate, we have grave doubts if the 'ear-muscle' argument against the existence of a designing Creator, or the 'purposive plan' of the universe, be a particularly strong one.

But to continue Haeckel's reasonings: 'There are a great number of things in this world that I cannot fully explain, *therefore* in my wisdom I conclude that there is no God, no evidence of design in the universe, and that any one who fancies there is design, is by that very fact convicted of childish folly, and a love for old wives' fables. It is *my opinion* that long ago certain *brutes* discontinued to make use of certain muscles, *therefore we have lost the power* of moving them;' *therefore* we may conclude that these brutes were our ancestors, *because* they had certain muscles and used them, whereas we have certain muscles but do *not* use them; *therefore* we have been "*developed*" from these brutes; *therefore* there is no design; *therefore* no designer; *therefore* no God; *therefore* no truth in many things mankind has hitherto been accustomed to believe.' In this way Haeckel settles the whole matter to his own satisfaction. He fancies that he fairly overwhelms the believers in design when, with a tremendous flourish of trumpets, he tells us that the 'Physiological functions, or vital activities concerned in the evolution of the individual, and of the race, are growth, nutrition, adaptation, reproduction, heredity, division of labour or specialisation, atavism and coalescence.' 'Well,' we may say, 'and what if they are?' Science, as represented by this school of philosophy, seems to suppose that she undoubtedly proves the foundationless absurdity of believing in the existence of design, because she shows the probabilities that, on condition that a plant or an animal grows, and is nourished, and is adapted to its sphere in life, and has been reproduced from others like itself, and has many of the qualities of its predecessors, the probability, that, if all this has taken place, it will be the animal it is, and none other. There is nothing very new or profound in all this. The probabilities all go to show that in such and such a case the animal will be just so and so and none other. Big words used in such a way prove nothing but that even philosophers may sometimes use words without meaning, or at least without seeing that the meaning of those they *do* use can very easily be turned against themselves. For what, it may be asked, are 'Growth' and 'Nutrition' and 'Adaptation' and 'Reproduction' but names expressive of 'laws' in accordance with which the designing mind works, just as a watchmaker constructs a watch in accordance with certain 'laws' of mechanics, or a violin-maker constructs a violin in accordance with certain 'laws' of sound. The unreasonableness or improbability of such a view cannot be shown. If Haeckel objects to the doctrine of design, or 'purposive plan of the universe,' simply because he has never seen such design, he is in the very same dilemma as regards 'growth' and 'reproduction,' etc. He has never seen 'growth' nor 'nutrition' nor 'reproduction.' Neither has he smelled them nor heard them, nor tasted, nor felt them. He has seen indeed that a thing *has grown*, that is to say, he has observed *a change*, which he calls, 'growth,' but 'growth' itself he has never seen. 'Growth' is a mere word expressive of a 'law' or mode of procedure. If he wishes to make any progress beyond the mere observation of the senses, he is as much shut up as the deist is to make inferences of his own, just as, in fact, he does. But with this difference: The deist 'infers' that the existence of things in nature necessarily involves the pre-existence of some creative mind mighty enough to harbour such conceptions and to carry his designs into execution. This being makes all things according to the counsels of his own will, just as the scientist does *as much as possible* according to the counsels of *his* own will, these counsels presenting to man the appearance of 'laws' or modes of procedure. The man of science also makes inferences, but ventures no further back than the 'laws,' and these 'laws' he endows with all sorts of wonderful capacities

One would almost take them for a sort of living creature. An animal, we are told, grows by the 'law' of growth; it is nourished by the 'law' of nutrition; it is 'developed,' in short, by the 'law' of development; or, to put the matter in other words, and with meaning equally clear, it grows *because* it does grow; it is nourished *because* it is nourished; it is 'developed' *because* it is developed. Now, if both are in this way shut up to their own inferences, in order to give anything like an adequate explanation of what seems to demand explanation, what possible test have the votaries of science but the test of individual opinion, by which they determine that the inferences of others are not just as logical and in every way as legitimate as their own? They naturally enough, perhaps, *think* their own opinions the best, but their thinking it does not make a thing so; nor will it go far towards making others believe it so, unless they support mere opinion by some of that more conclusive evidence which they so clamourously demand from believers in revelation, for example. If science asks us to reveal to her our God, let her first unfold to us those 'laws' of hers which she so intelligently worships; that mighty 'struggle for existence' which she deifies so largely. Let her *prove* that even such a struggle as that could not enter into the plans of a designing intelligence. If she demands demonstrative evidence of creation and revelation, let her furnish demonstrative evidence of development. But if she herself is forced to have recourse to inferences, let her support these inferences by reasonings so convincing that others will be compelled to acknowledge them as the most 'rational' ones that can be got. If she cannot fully explain the mystery of the natural that lies all around her, let her confess that for her at least the *super*natural exists, and let her learn humility. O, Science! great indeed is thy faith in thine own abilities, but not yet, at least, can we say, 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'

A LOVE IDYL.

BY C. P. M.

GLORY of the summer night
Through the casement glimmered bright,
As its lustre long ago
Juliet lit on Romeo,
Stole upon the flowers that slumbered
Gave them kisses many-numbered,
Such cold kisses, years a-gone,
Dian gave Endymion;
But fairer things those happy hours
The moonbeams kissed than sleeping flowers.

One I loved was there reclining,
On her brow the moon was shining,
Falling like a zone of pearl
On the slim waist of the girl—
Argent lustre, faint and meet,
For her soft unsandaled feet!
Ah, that night! my soul is weary
Days and nights seem dark and dreary—
As that hour comes once again,
Wild with pleasure, weird with pain;
For her soft arms were around me,
And her slender fingers bound me:—

Fingers ever beating time
On my brow, to some old rhyme,
Some old song I was repeating,
Ever beating, beating, beating,
Till my heart pulsed sad and slow,
And to her I murmured low,
'Break the spell, O lady, pray,
I with thee no more may stay;'
But she twined her arms around me,
And her slender fingers bound me.

Still I see her through the years
Free from stain of Time and tears.
Torrents of her dark-brown hair
Thrown around me everywhere.
Eyes half-languid—face that shows
The clear olive mixed with rose—
Oh! what words will half express
All her lavish loveliness!
Duty cried in vain 'away!'
Red lips kissing whispered 'stay;
None have watched us, none shall know
Why this hour I love thee so;'
And she clasped her arms around me,
And her slender fingers bound me:—

Yet I panted for the strife
And the battle-field of life;
Yet I longed one day to stand
Fighting for the dear old land;
By the side of some who love me;
With the trampled flag above me;
Yet I longed to live or die
In the ranks of liberty;
So in that lone hour was she
Life—ambition—all to me.

TORONTO.

THE PRINCIPLE OF COPYRIGHT.

BY E. LAFLEUR, MONTREAL.

SHOULD the rights of authors in their published works be considered as a right of property entitled to protection from the common law, or merely as a species of monopoly created and regulated by the legislature, and intended to promote the advancement of learning? This has long been a vexed question among philosophical jurists, and the literature of the subject reveals a great variety of opinion among the most eminent thinkers. During the last few years, especially, the general public has been admitted to the debate by nearly all the leading reviews; and such events as the appointment of the English Copyright Commission in 1878, the Congress of Men of Letters in Paris in the same year, and the repeated endeavours which have recently been made to establish International Copyright between all civilized nations, have been watched with keen interest and with a general desire for a definite solution. Whether or not this solution has been found, the discussion thus set afoot has at least had the result of eliciting a clear and unmistakable restatement of the points at issue, and of bringing to light all the arguments on both sides of the question. In controversies of this kind, where the dust of the fray so often hides the devices on the shields of the combatants, we can hardly overrate the importance of a clear apprehension of the problem, and an intelligent estimate of what has been done towards its solution.

But perhaps the most valuable outcome of this renewed consideration of the subject is the growing recognition of its vast practical importance. There have not been wanting writers of ability who have stigmatized it as an otiose and frivolous enquiry: one of those *ignes fatui* of metaphysics which have no bearing on the practical problems of life, and which, by their perennial recurrence, each time in a slightly different form, are ever tempting us away from the sure paths of ascertainable knowledge. Such was the opinion of Macaulay, who, in a brilliant but shallow piece of declamation, told the members of the House of Commons that they need not inquire into the nature and origin of property in order to vote on a measure relating to the rights of authors. 'I agree, I own, with Paley,' he says, 'in thinking that property is the creature of the law, and that the law which creates property can be defended only on this ground, that it is a law beneficial to mankind. But it is unnecessary to debate that point. For even if I believed in a natural right of property independent of utility and anterior to legislation, I should still deny that the right could survive the original proprietor. . . . Even those who hold that there is a natural right of property must admit that rules prescribing the manner in which the effects of deceased persons shall be distributed are purely arbitrary and originate 'altogether in the will of the legislature.' * A modern reviewer † who shares Macaulay's opinion both as

* Speech on Serjeant Talfourd's Bill, 5th Feb. 1841.

† Mr. Edward Dicey in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1878.

to the nature of property and as to the futility of the present inquiry, attempts to cut the Gordian knot of the controversy in a similar manner. His reasoning is briefly as follows :— 'Since all property is but the creature of the law, it matters not whether we regard literary productions as property or merely as state rewards for the encouragement of learning. For what the law has made it may unmake, curtail, or regulate in the way which is most conducive to the public good.' Mr. Matthew Arnold, too, tells us* that if we go deep enough into the matter we shall find that there are no *natural* rights at all, but only law-made ones. Consequently, *cadit quæstio;* and literary men are only talking twaddle when they complain of invasion of their inalienable rights. Instead of assuming such a lofty tone they should endeavour to convince us that their claim is based on considerations of expediency.

Now it is quite possible for anyone to believe with these critics that all rights are creatures of the law, that law is ultimately based on expediency, and that the legislature can (in the abstract) do as it chooses with everyone's rights, and yet to understand the outcry of authors against the disregard of their rights, whether or not they choose to apply to them the epithets 'inviolable,' 'inalienable,' 'natural,' or any of the numerous meaningless adjectives which are so frequently employed in speaking of all kinds of proprietary rights. For if, following out Mr. Matthew Arnold's excellent advice, we go as deep as we can into the subject, we cannot fail to observe that, whatever be the origin of rights, there are some which are regarded as more stable and more enduring than others. It will be obvious, even to a superficial observer, that there is a vast difference between a law establishing trade regulations, and one providing for the disinherison of a man's successors after the lapse of a few years, or depriving a person of his goods and chattels during his lifetime. Violations of municipal regulations are lightly punished with a fine and are not recognised beyond local limits; but an infraction of proprietary rights is visited with the most severe retribution and gives rise to extradition if necessary. Mr. Matthew Arnold thinks that piracies of copyrighted works are no violation of property, but merely a miserable piece of *indelicacy* on the part of the Philistine middle classes. Hence the proper punishment in such a case is a high-bred contempt, and the government instead of passing copyright laws ought to direct its attention to the civilization of that wretched and odious *genus*. But as Mr. Matthew Arnold makes no difference between this and other rights, he ought logically to advocate the same kind of punishment for the Philistines who push indelicacy so far as to deprive us of our coats and purses. I have no doubt that such a theory would be very popular with the gentry in question, but in the victims of this policy it would hardly develop that sweetness of temper which Mr. Arnold desiderates so much.

The reason for this difference in the estimation of different classes of rights is not hard to find. Those rights which are based on wider generalisations and more complete inductions, and which have received the sanction of almost universal consent during a very long period of human existence, have come to be regarded with peculiar veneration, and are jealously guarded from encroachments. And accordingly, all legislatures are cautious about tampering with such rights, and will refuse to meddle unless the clearest proof is given that they are entirely out of harmony with the conditions of modern civilization. Now there is no right which is more universally recognised by the law of all civilized countries than that of private property. It is regarded as being at the basis of a large number of our social

* *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1880.

institutions, and every legislator knows with what caution it must be approached.

Expropriations, Insolvency laws, Compensation laws, and all such measures are regarded as high-handed and temporary expedients. Their only justification is the extraordinary and abnormal state of things which necessitates heroic remedies. The fact that they are acknowledged to be departures from strict justice, and are resorted to in peculiar circumstances only in order to prevent greater evils, is a conclusive proof that the importance of the distinction between some rights and others is not a mere figment of the jurists, but on the contrary is based on a real difference. We need not employ such words as 'inviolable,' 'inalienable,' 'natural,' and the like, in order to protect these rights from hasty legislation; we need only point out to incautious reformers that what they are proposing to abolish is inextricably bound up with a great many other institutions, and that until they are prepared to consider the question in all its length and breadth, and to offer us something less chimerical than the dreams of Communism, they must join with us in upholding and defending, for the present at least, a system which we are not ready to supersede. If, then, authors succeed in showing that their title in published works is undistinguishable from recognised rights of property and ought to be assimilated to them, they will assuredly place their pretensions on a very different footing, and their reclamations will command at least as much attention as those of the Irish land-holders at the present time.

But further, the convictions which guide us in framing our laws, will also dictate our moral judgments concerning infractions of the rights in question. Who does not see that, according as we believe an author's rights to be merely a sort of monopoly, unjust in principle and at variance with economic laws, but tolerated as a necessary evil, or else a title equal in sacredness to that by which a man holds the produce of his land and the work of his hands, we shall regard the same actions with very different feelings? While on the one hand we might look with some leniency, on an infraction of a monopoly which, to a great number appears as 'an odious tax on the most innocent of pleasures,' and punish the offenders with a fine; on the other hand, a conviction that proprietary rights have been invaded would justify us in giving the hard names of 'theft' and 'receipt of stolen goods,' to the unauthorized publication of a literary performance and the purchase of pirated editions, and in punishing the offences with the penitentiary.

I have said enough, I trust, to vindicate the inquiry which I purpose to make from the charge of futility and irrelevancy. My apology for devoting so much space to a rebuttal of this accusation is, that it seemed indispensable to make it clear at the outset that there *is* a real difficulty to be solved, when so many writers will have it that there is no case to go to the jury.

It would be impossible, within the limits of this paper, to attempt anything like a history of opinion on the subject. It would be hard to decide which theory has the weight of opinion in its favour. The presumption against the idea of literary property as being of recent date in comparison with the antiquity of the conception of other forms of property, is repelled by the reflection that it could not, from its very nature, attract the attention of a rude and primitive people. As Mr. Gastambide says: 'Les causes de cette différence sont cependant naturelles. D'abord la propriété mobilière ou immobilière est aussi vieille que le monde; la propriété intellectuelle n'est concevable que dans une période très avancée de la civilisation, et aussi dans une époque de liberté.'* It was, in fact,

* *Traité des Contrefaçons*, p. 2.

with the invention, and still more with the liberty, of printing, that the question assumed a practicable importance. Since these great events the literature of the subject has been steadily increasing, and both sides of the question have found distinguished advocates. Probably M. Renouard is right in saying * that legislators have, as a general rule, dealt with copyright on the assumption that it was a monopoly; while literary men and speculative writers have leaned towards the opposite opinion. But there are many exceptions to this statement. Thus the expression 'literary property,' which occurs in several of the European codes, points to an assimilation of literary productions to other kinds of property. Indeed, an article of the Code of Sardinia expressly declares that the productions of the mind are the property of their author.† In France, although a law was passed, after a long debate, on the 5th of July, 1874, to expunge from the code the word 'property' when used with reference to literary productions, yet up to that time the wording of the law was favourable to the pretensions of authors, and in spite of the changes, as M. Nion remarks,‡ most of the provisions of the Civil Code and of the Code of Procedure are inexplicable on the theory that the rights of authors are mere rewards for labour. Even in England, where (as in the Prussian code) the copyright enactments avoid the use of the word property, it is to this day a bone of contention among legal writers whether the celebrated Act, 8 Anne, c. 19, affirmed or denied the existence of authors' rights at common law, and whether the measure was intended to supplement or supersede the common law rights, if any existed.§

Nor is there a perfect unanimity among speculative philosophers. While on the one hand we count Voltaire and Diderot, and in our own day Mr. Herbert Spencer,* among the advocates of literary property, we have on the other side the imposing authority of Immanuel Kant. The Socialistic writers are, of course, only consistent with their principles when they declaim against the odious principle of copyright, and assert that ideas are as free and unsusceptible of appropriation as the air which we breathe.† They do not, however, make an exception of literary property, but consider it as an illustration of one vast system which is iniquitous and hurtful in all its aspects. Nearly all the writers who have opposed the recognition of literary property have drawn most of their stock arguments from the repertory of the Fourierists; but, as I have already remarked, such arguments labour under the fatal defect of proving too much.

In attempting to disentangle the thread of conflicting opinion on this subject, our first endeavour should be to see whether there are any points of real agreement between the conflicting theories. If we succeed in finding a common starting point, we shall be able to note with exactness where the divergences begin and to examine their causes. Now there seems to be one point on which all writers of any note are at one, namely, that what is called 'Copyright before publication,' is a right of property. The doctrine is thus laid down by Phillips :—'The term copyright in its popular, if not in its legal, acceptation, includes two

* *Droits des Auteurs*, I., p. 439.

† *Nion, Droits Civils des Auteurs, Artistes et Inventeurs*, p. 20.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 20.

§ In the leading case of *Donaldson* v. *Becket*, 4 Burr. 2408, the Lords decided, by a majority of *one*, that the Statute of Anne had taken away the common law rights, but the Judges would have been equally divided on this point had not Lord Mansfield refrained from motives of etiquette from delivering on this occasion the opinion which he had formerly expressed in *Millar* v. *Taylor*, 4 Burr. 2303.

* See especially *Social Statics*, ch. 11, and Mr. Spencer's examination before the Copyright Commission.

† The ablest exposition of the tenets of Socialists on this subject will be found in M. Louis Blanc's *Organisation du Travail*.

rights which differ widely in their origin, nature and extent. The frequent application of the term to each of these indiscriminately seems to have tended to an occasional inaccuracy of language in reference to one or other of them, and perhaps to some misapprehension of both. They are, it must always be remembered, distinct and several rights. Copyright-before-publication is the more ancient of the two. It is the exclusive privilege of first publishing any original and material product of intellectual labour. Its basis is property; a violation of it is an invasion of property, and it depends entirely upon the common law; the privilege is simply a right of user, incidental to the property exclusively vested in the absolute and lawful possessor of the material product.' * This principle may be regarded as established by the concurrent opinions of all legal writers on Copyright, and the jurisprudence of all civilized countries.† That this right of property is in the ideas themselves and not merely in the words in which they are clothed is also a well settled maxim. As Mr. Drone says: 'The words of a literary composition may be changed by substituting others of synonymous meaning; but the intellectual creation will remain substantially the same. This truth is judicially recognised in the established principle that the property of the author is violated by an unauthorised use of his composition with a colourable change of words; the test of piracy being, not whether the identical language, the same words, are used, but whether the substance of the production is unlawfully appropriated.'‡

To the doctrine above enunciated there are few objectors, and these may be safely challenged to point out any qualities essential to the exercise of the right of property which are wanting in literary productions. The *quæstio vexata* of the whole controversy is concerning the effect of publications on an author's rights. Publication, it is argued, is a making over to the public of the author's ideas, a cession of all his rights appertaining thereto. As soon as he publishes his work he loses all his common law rights, and enjoys only those conferred on him by the special Acts relating to Copyright. That such is the case in fact is admitted; but we have to inquire whether the present state of the law in this behalf is what it ought to be.

What then is the effect of publication on an author's rights? Taking it for granted that an author is the proprietor of his unpublished works, should publication curtail or destroy his rights, and, if so, to what extent?

It is clear that if the author loses any of his rights, it must be by voluntarily dispossessing himself of them by sale, gift, or otherwise, or else by circumstances, natural or legal, which are incompatible with their continuance after the act of publication. Postponing for the present the author's intentions, express or implied, let us inquire whether the act of publication carries with it a necessary and unavoidable deprivation of any of his rights. We can hardly avoid the conclusion that he *does* lose some of the rights which he enjoyed before publication, and that he loses these without his own volition, and as a necessary consequence of his own act. For, whatever may be his desires in the matter, it is perfectly clear that when he has once published his work he no longer has the exclusive possession of it: 'Semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.' He has completely lost his absolute control over his ideas, and cannot regulate their dissemination or stop their effect.

* Law of Copyright, pp. 1 and 2. London, 1863.

† Mr. E. S. Drone's recent work on Copyright (Boston, 1879) may be consulted for a list of English and American authorities on this point. The French law is laid down by Renouard, 'Droits des Auteurs,' vol. i. p. 435.

‡ Page 79.

To this extent it must be admitted that his former rights have suffered a diminution. But with what show of reason or justice can it be pretended that because he loses a part, he must also lose the whole of his rights? That because he is perforce deprived of the *exclusive* possession of his property, he must also be held to have lost the right to derive the pecuniary benefit which his property might yield? What logical or juridical connection is there between these propositions? It might as well be argued that because a man loses his reason, he loses therewith, not merely certain civil rights which require the exercise of that faculty, but all his rights as a human being, all title, for example, to receive his sustenance out of his own property. How can it be asserted that because publication involves a loss of exclusive possession, it must entail a deprivation of rights which are not incompatible with the absence of such possession, as for instance, the right to the sole enjoyment of the profits derivable from the sale of an author's works? The clearest proof that there is no abstract or practical impossibility in the persistence of this right when the author has ceased to be the only holder of his thoughts, is the fact that during the brief period of protection granted him by the existing copyright laws, an author actually *does* enjoy exclusively the profits of his works. To those who urge that the public must in time become the owners of the author's thoughts according to the well-known legal maxim, that uncontrolled possession for a considerable time is changed by the law into proprietorship, it is a sufficient answer to quote the equally familiar rule that no one can prescribe against his title; and, as we shall see, the public holds the author's ideas under an implied contract which precludes the possibility of such prescriptive rights. Besides, the legal analogy above mentioned is far from perfect. The possession which gives rise to acquisitive prescription in material property is very different from the partial possession of the public in an author's ideas. For it cannot be denied that if the public has the use and enjoyment of a work, so has the author. This is a peculiarity of literary property which must not be passed over.

When the arguments adduced in support of the theory of *involuntary* loss of proprietorship fail to convince, the opponents of literary property change their front, and advance the theory that by publication an author *voluntarily* parts with all his rights in his book for the price which it brings. In other words, his adoption of the only means by which his work can become remunerative shall be deemed satisfactory proof of his intention to dispossess himself of such a benefit for a paltry and utterly inadequate consideration. He shall be presumed to convey for a few shillings a right which may be worth hundreds of pounds. The real nature of the contract between the author and the public is correctly stated by Mr. Drone: 'The author impliedly says to the reader, "I will grant you the perpetual privilege of using my literary production in return for a small sum of money, but on condition that you do not injure it and render it worthless as a source of profit to me, by multiplying and circulating copies. I will provide you with a manuscript or printed copy to enable you to read and enjoy the work. That copy shall be yours to keep for ever, or to dispose of as you please; but in the intellectual contents of the book you have simply a right of use in common with thousands of others. This property and the right of multiplying it I reserve to myself. It is worth $20,000; but I will admit you to a common use of it for one dollar.' * This 'common use' is afterwards explained to mean a right to 'all the enjoyment, improvement, instruction

* The Law of Copyright, p. 11.

and information to be derived from the book.' The thoughts which the book may suggest are legitimately his, but he has not the right to reproduce the original ideas of the author in such a way as to render them unprofitable. He must not publish a book whose chief value consists in borrowings from another person's work. He may in fact, make a *fair use* of other people's thoughts, and the precise meaning of this expression may be gathered from a consideration of adjudicated cases relating to piracies of copyrighted works. The intention of the author in publishing is obviously too clear to leave room for any doubt. The only question which might be raised is whether the same construction is put on the contract by the public. It seems pretty evident, however, that the purchaser of a book cannot mistake the intentions of the author in making the bargain. Does it ever really enter into the head of any book-buyer that he is getting, for four or five shillings, the right to publish the work of which he has purchased a copy? Can he imagine for a moment that the proprietor would part with such a privilege for such a price? As Mr. Justice Aston remarked in *Millar* v. *Taylor*,* 'the invasion of this sort of property is as much against every man's sense of it as against reason and moral rectitude. The buyer might as truly claim the merit of the composition by its purchase as the right of multiplying the copies and reaping the profits.'

But this doctrine of an implied contract between author and purchaser does not exist merely in *in foro conscientiæ*. It has been judicially recognised at least in England in all the leading cases on copyright, and the only reason why there is no copyright after publication at common law in England is, that the 8 Anne, c. 19, is considered as having abolished the previously existing common law right.†

*4 Burr. 2303.

† See especially *Millar* v. *Taylor* sup. cit.; *Donaldson* v. *Becket*, 4 Burr. 2408; *Jefferys* v. *Boosey*, 4 H. L. C. 961.

It appears to me, moreover, that the doctrine receives strong confirmation from a fact which seems to have been generally overlooked by the champions of literary property, and which exhibits the deniers of an implied contract in flagrant contradiction with themselves. I refer to the protection afforded by the law of nearly all countries to lectures delivered orally, precisely on the ground of an implied contract between the lecturer and his audience. To cite a single case out of a number which might be instanced, we find, in *Abernethy* v. *Hutchinson*,* where the plaintiff attempted to restrain the publication of lectures delivered orally, that Lord Eldon granted the relief 'on the ground of breach of an implied contract between the lecturer and his audience, that the latter would do nothing more than listen to the lecturer for their own instruction.'†

Now what is the difference between the publication of an author's thoughts in the form of an oral lecture, and their publication in the restricted sense of the term, namely, by printing them? The fact of the lecture being *orally* presented to the audience instead of *graphically* is unimportant. The only real difference is in the number of the public. When an author desires to address himself to a small audience, he employs the oral method of expressing his thought, but if he wishes his productions to be widely disseminated, he clothes his ideas in the more durable dress of written or printed characters. The implied contract is the same in both cases, and the author who adopts the latter method of making known his ideas does no act which can be construed into a waiver of the right

* 1 H. & T. 39, quoted by Phillips, p. 3.

† That the French jurisprudence on this point concurs with English decisions may be seen on reference to the following authors: Renouard, op. cit. Vol. I. pp. 131 and 145; Blanc, Contrefaçons, p. 283; Nion, op. cit. p. 85; Gastambide, p. 75; Le Jeune, Le Livre des Nations, 58.

granted him by law and approved by all thinkers, in his oral lectures. Until it has been clearly shown that in printing and publishing his work, the author manifests an intention of changing the terms of the contract, the public cannot be credited with entertaining the extravagant and unreasonable expectations ascribed to it by some writers, and which are in reality confined to a limited number of unscrupulous publishers. The school of which M. Renouard may be taken as the ablest exponent, must, in order to be consistent, either deny altogether the existence of an implied contract in the case of an oral lecture, or else admit its presence in the dealings between author and bookbuyer.

If the preceding analysis be correct, and the existence of an implied contract be satisfactorily established, our case is made out. For it is obvious that the right of multiplying a work and enjoying the profits of its sale is merely incidental to a right of property which has been curtailed indeed, but not entirely destroyed. It is no longer a privilege granted to authors against all sound economy merely because they are an interesting class, requiring encouragement, but a right of justice which the common law should enforce without the superfluous and questionable assistance of special enactments. I have already endeavoured to show the profound modification which our legislation and our moral judgments would undergo if this derivation of author's rights from property were generally received. Mr. Spencer* would cease to deplore 'the sad bluntness of moral feeling' implied in the policy which for the present prevails. There can hardly be any doubt that an immediate result of the general acceptance of this proposition would be, that no civilized nation could decently oppose itself to International Copyright.

This inquiry cannot be closed, however, without noticing an objection which is urged at great length, and with much apparent satisfaction, by the opponents of literary property. If literary productions are a species of property, it is argued, then this property must, from its very nature, be perpetual. This result is eagerly seized upon, and is considered as the *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory. The impracticability of a perpetual copyright and the intolerable evils consequent upon its recognition, supposing it were possible to enforce it, are triumphantly demonstrated, and from the untenableness of the conclusion, the fallacy of the premises is inferred. But we are by no means forced to admit that because ideas are property, all the privileges appertaining to this kind of property ought to be perpetual. We may freely admit that there are almost insuperable obstacles in the way of allowing the exclusive control over the publication of an author's thoughts to be vested perpetually in his heirs or assigns. One of the most injurious results of this system would be that in very many cases an author's heirs might, from ignorance, bigotry, or even worse motives, be induced to publish his works in a garbled and mutilated form, or even to suppress them altogether. In a *cause celèbre*† in our own day, we were presented with the very unedifying spectacle of the family of a distinguished thinker endeavouring by all means in their power to prevent the world from knowing his matured and definitive judgment on some of the most important historical and religious questions of the day. Had it not been for the illegal but *bonâ-fide* publication of the remarkable work, 'L'Espagne et la Liberté,' by the famous ex-père Hyacinthe, posterity would not have formed a correct estimate of the real convictions of Montalembert. Numerous cases will readily suggest

* 'Social Statics,' ch. xi., § 2.

† *La famille de Montalembert* vs. *La Bibliothèque Universelle*. See the April and May numbers of that review for 1877, for a full account of this interesting case.

themselves in which great injustice might be done to the memory of an illustrious author, not to mention the irreparable loss caused to the public, by allowing the privilege of reproduction to rest forever with the author's representatives. But what does all this prove? I have already observed that literary property has its peculiarities, and that if we deduce our conclusions by parity of reasoning from other forms of property, we are likely to go astray. Authors are far from desiring a law which would be prejudicial to their reputation, but they firmly insist on their title to the pecuniary yield of their work. It may be advisable to provide against the possibility of the evils above referred to, but the remedy need not touch the exercise of the only privilege which authors are interested in claiming.

When men of letters shall no longer be obliged to seek the protection of enactments which consecrate the vicious principle of monopoly, but shall go for redress to the common law, which says: '*ubi jus, ibi remedium*'—a new era will have opened in their history, comparable in importance to that which was ushered in by Milton's 'Areopagitica.' There are signs that such an era is not very far off, and that the literary profession will at length succeed in obtaining a recognised *status*. When such recognition does come, it must always be a source of pride and gratification to authors to reflect that their battles for civil rights have been fought, not with the sword, but with the pen, and that their Magna Charta has been obtained without the bloodshed which has so often stained the justest of causes.

IMPROMPTU LINES

Written in an old Album.

I KNOW not whose dear hands
Have traced the lines upon these faded leaves:
Some still may bear in this or other lands
The pilgrim's staff; some still may bind the sheaves,—
Earth's golden recompense of sweat and toil;
Or, like the 'Good Samaritan' of old,
May bind a brother's wounds in 'wine and oil':
But some, I know, in calm and restful fold,
Are clasped within the quiet of the tomb.
Like faded rose-leaves in a chalice shrined,
Whose scent reminds us of their summer bloom,
So these dear *Souvenirs* can bring to mind
The friends of other days, the tried, the true,
And voices, hushed long since, breathe yet again
The love that never failed: dear, faithful few!
Whose tender memory soothes our spirit's pain.

STRATFORD. M. A. MAITLAND.

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

PROCEEDINGS OF FOURTH MEETING, REPORTED BY LILY COLOGNE.

I TOLD the girls that I didn't choose to act as reporter at this meeting and begged them to let me off; but they only laughed and said that beggars were not expected to be choosers. I thought that was mean, so I said I wouldn't mind it so much only I disliked to write upon old brown wrapping paper, and when they wanted to know what reason existed that I should do so, I explained that of course I wanted the satisfaction of knowing that what I reported was worth the paper it was written on. I think that observation 'reached,' as the revivalists phrase it, the hearts of my hearers. Some of the girls whistled, the others looked off sideways and laughed. I think they might have looked at me. It is just as the poet says, that the great pleasure of making a remark which does not fall wholly flat, is to have the person who does you the honour of laughing at it look you fully in the face for one mirthful moment. The glance must be rapid, half surprised, and wholly radiant. Too much surprise would be insulting, and a lack of it would convey the impression that the remark laughed at was not in the first flower of its youth. Be that as it may, the Poet asserts, and I agree with her, that any girl who laughs with manifest unwillingness, and refuses to acknowledge by a glance the source from which her laughter flows, is

'Fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'

I hardly dared to quote the whole of that Shakespearean passage. It has been a stock quotation so long that it has lost all its original strength and flavour, and the soup made of it is apt to be insipid.

Our last meeting took place on a very warm afternoon, and I noticed for the first time the relation that exists between temper and temperature. As fast as one rises the other seems to follow. I was late getting ready, and that made me nervous, for I know the Judge thinks it almost dishonest to be careless about keeping appointments. Then I had to hunt for my button hook, and if there is anything I dislike it is cruising about on a voyage of discovery among all one's belongings in search of something which will be sure to turn up in the most absurdly probable place of all. In my hurry to fasten my boots I tore off a button, and in my hurry to sew it on I broke the needle. Even the donning of my favourite dress did not bring me unalloyed content, for I was haunted by the fear that Ma would say the waist was too tight. She says that regularly every time I wear it. She put my hat on for me, and fastened my gloves, and arranged a little bit of pink geranium at my throat—not that I cannot do such things myself, but sometimes my mother likes to do them for me and I like her to—and all without saying a word to mar the pleasure of the occasion. When at last I was ready to go, and she had not mentioned my waist, a great wave of unreasoning gratitude swept over me, and I just dropped my face on her shoulder a moment and whispered, 'Oh, Ma, you are a thousand times too good to me. I never appreciated the true worth and beauty of your character as I do at this moment!' She answered and said: 'Why, my girlie, if I were as good a mother to you as I ought to be I would

never let you wear this tight dress.' I didn't say anything then—I just turned and fled.

'Well, I declare, if here isn't little Lily, looking as prim as a postage stamp and as pretty as a chromo!' That was the kind of salutation I received when I came among the girls, and in the state of the weather and my nerves I did not find it a pleasant one.

'Now, Smarty,' I said, 'I haven't done anything to you, have I? Then what makes you want to torment me?'

'I beg your pardon,' returned the offender; 'I meant to be complimentary, but you are hard to please. However I take it all back, your clothes look as if they had been put on with a pitch-fork, and you're as ugly as sin—as ugly as virtue I mean. *Now* are you satisfied?'

'Lily may be satisfied,' observed the Judge, gravely, 'but I am not. Virtue is not ugly, and I don't like to hear you say so.'

'Well, I'll not say so; I'll merely think so.'

'Smarty says that,' remarked Grum, 'because she imagines it is smart, and not because it is true. She doesn't mean it.'

'Faith!' exclaimed Smarty; 'I don't know half the time what I do mean and what I don't, but it doesn't matter so long as I have Grum around to act as interpreter—and a dear, sweet charitable interpreter she is too.'

'I don't consider virtue downright ugly, but it is apt to be a little homely and frigid and prudish and monotonous—sometimes like an old maid whose age is no longer uncertain. Professional good people are apt to be neither attractive nor interesting. But I like them notwithstanding.' Thus spoke the Duchess.

'So do I,' said Grum, 'when they don't run by machinery. I can't bear cast-iron Christianity. Talk about being hardened in sin, it's just as bad to be hardened in virtue.

'Scoffer,' exclaimed the Poet, 'forbear!'

'You must let me have the last word on the subject,' said the Judge, 'and it is this: Nothing can be so ugly as sin, nor so monotonous, nor so unsatisfying. If goodness is not beautiful it is because the good people who practise it do not try to make it so. But I think for the sake of goodness we ought not to try lightly and frivolously to dispose of such serious questions.'

'And I think for goodness' sake we ought to dispose of all serious questions at once and forever,' said I. 'The weather is much too melting for us to be moralising.'

'How are you getting on with your reporting, Daffy Downdilly?' asked Doc.

I exposed my note book to view.

'That's very well,' said Grum, patronizingly. 'I shouldn't wonder but, like Goldsmith, you would write like an angel.'

'Why?' I questioned; for a compliment from Grum was rare indeed.

'Because, like him you talk like poor p——'

'Grum!' broke in Doc vehemently, 'you're too bad!'

'She's only indulging in bad-inage,' said Smarty.

There seems to be something doubtful about Grum's compliment, but its hard to say what. I really must devote some of my leisure time to the study of Goldsmith hereafter.

We went around to the back of the house, where a group of three well-grown trees offered a grateful seclusion from the impertinent gaze of the cold world and the hot sun.

'Tarry with me, I pray thee,' said the Poet to the Judge, as they walked on before, 'and let us recline upon this green sward, and give that repose to our noble Roman feet which they so greatly need after the fatigue and toils of the day.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed the Duchess, quite shocked at the appearance of two girls lying out on the grass together; 'what a spectacle!'

'What a pair of spectacles, you mean,' corrected Smarty.

'My ideal of enjoyment,' said the Judge, 'is to get out of conventional attitudes and conventional attire; to get into a gown and slippers which were designed and executed in the same spirit that animated the originators of the declaration of independence, and to look for hours together through green branches at the blue sky.

'Oh, I daresay,' said Grum indifferently. 'Yes, very fine.'

'I think so too,' said the Poet, 'but,' plaintively, 'I could wish that the nobly-developed waist of my friend the Judge did not completely obliterate all the scenery on the other side of it. I like a generous waist, but when you can't see a church steeple over it——'

But here the hand of the Judge was laid over the speaker's lips, and those two undignified creatures began to behave in a way that must in spite of the weather have made the Duchess's blood run cold.

'Oh, by the way,' said Grum, nodding at the Duchess, 'I have a bone to pick with you.'

'I never pick bones,' replied her Highness.

'Well, I have some fault to find.'

'You startled me!' was the sarcastic rejoinder.

'Don't be long finding it, Grum,' I said, 'for it is nearly time to go home.'

'It is right here,' remarked the adversary, taking up the September No. of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, which she had brought out with her. 'In the last sentence of your report, you say that "these were the only pleasant words between us." Now my dear friend, I should be sorry to catechise, but *do* you remember what particular sin it was that brought Ananias and Sapphira to an untimely end?'

'Oh, Grum,' cried the Duchess, half laughing and half distressed, 'I thought I said that there were no unpleasant words between us.' 'It must have been your elegantly illegible handwriting,' suggested the Poet.

'I suppose so,' admitted the Dutchess. 'I really cannot lay the blame to the printer or proof-reader — that would be a little too vulgar.'

'It doesn't matter,' said Doc, 'only we don't want people to think that we all share Grum's little weakness—that of disagreeing with everything and everybody.'

'Now Doc,' said Grum,' if you fancy that you can indulge in such remarks as that without repenting of them afterwards, I shall take the earliest opportunity of undeceiving you.'

'I heard lately,' observed the Judge, 'that our Coterie was not at all a fixed fact, but was merely the invention of a single individual.'

'Oh!' said we all; and over this instructive piece of news, we felt that we had a right to mingle our smiles.

Before we parted the Poet was prevailed upon to read a scrap of her rhyme, which the Judge had unnoticed taken from her pocket. She said it was unfinished, that she had not written a beginning or end to it yet, nor found a name for it, but we said that was all right. Then she said it wasn't fit to be seen, but we told her we didn't want to see it—we just wanted to hear it. So she finally read the following, and let me copy it:—

I tread through life the common way,
A rocky path o'ergrown with cares,
And all who look upon me say,
How hard this lonely pilgrim fares.
They cannot see my wings that fly
From stolid earth to starlit sky;
That float me through the heavenly sky.

The tumult and unrest of life,
Discords that are of life a part,
The warring elements of strife,
I cannot hear: within my heart
A song is swelling ceaselessly,
Set to a strong, sweet melody;
A sweet eternal melody.

O listless hands, O fevered head,
O tears that flowed from tired eyes,
O bitterer tears that were unshed,
O heart that stirred with longing cries,
Where have you fled? where found release?
Deep in the rising tide of peace;
In the deep murmuring tide of peace.

THE PREROGATIVE OF THE CROWN IN COLONIAL LEGISLATION.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., Q.C., TORONTO.

'THERE is no Act of Parliament,' says Sir Edward Coke, 'but must have the consent of the Lords and Commons, and the Royal Assent of the King. Whatsoever passeth in Parliament by this threefold consent hath the force of an Act of Parliament.'[1] 'The King has the prerogative of giving his *assent*, as it is called, to such Bills as his subjects, legally convened, present to him,—that is, of giving them the force and sanction of a law.'[2] 'The Sovereign is a constituent part of the supreme legislative power, and, as such, has the prerogative of rejecting such provisions in Parliament as he judges proper.'[3] 'It is, however, only for the purpose of protecting the Royal executive authority that the constitution has assigned to the King a share in legislation; this purpose is sufficiently ensured by placing in the Crown the negative power of rejecting suggested laws. The Royal legislative right is not of a deliberative kind.'[4]

The legislative form of Acts of Parliament would imply that the Sovereign is the sole legislator, subject to the assent of the two Houses of Parliament: 'Be it enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent' of the Lords and Commons; but this form, as other forms in our constitutional system, means that the Sovereign represents the State itself. The power of the Sovereign in name, is the public authority of the nation. All the supreme powers of the state, legislative, executive and judicial, are by the constitution, vested in him; but, in the exercise of all his powers, he is advised, directed and controlled by other state functionaries. He is named as the sole legislator;[5] but he can neither enact nor alter any law, but by and with the advice and consent of his subjects legally convened in Parliament. He is supreme in the administration of the executive functions of the nation, and in his name all treaties are made; but he can perform no act of executive power, nor exercise the Royal prerogatives, nor make a treaty, without the advice and assistance of others, who must assume the entire responsibility of his every act. He is the sole proprietor and universal occupant of all the land in the empire, but he 'cannot touch a blade of grass nor take an ear of corn' without the authority of law. He is supreme in the administration of justice, and in his official capacity is said to be present in all his courts; but though he should be personally present and sit on the high bench of one of his courts,[6] he could not deliver an opinion nor determine any cause or

(1) 4th Inst. 24.
(2) Bacon Abr. Prerogative, 489.
(3) 1 Blackstone, 261.
(4) Chitty on the Prerogative, 3.

(5) In the Statute *Quia emptores*, the King alone speaketh: *Dominus Rex in Parliamento*, &c., *concessit*.

(6) In the Court of King's Bench, the Kings of this realm have sit on the high Bench, and the Judges of that Court on the lower bench at his feet; but judicature only belongeth to the Judges of that Court, and in his presence they answer all motions.—4 Inst. 73.

motion, but by the mouth of his judges.[1]

What are called the Royal Prerogatives of the Sovereign, are those inherent executive powers and privileges with which he is invested as representing the highest public authority of the state, and which may be exercised within limited and defined constitutional usages by and with the advice which the law and the constitution has assigned to the Chief Executive Magistrate of the Empire. These prerogatives, therefore, as part of the executive powers of the State, are the official, not personal, powers of the Crown. They are derived from, and are part of, the grant of sovereignty from the people to the Crown, and are to be exerted for the advantage and good of the people, and 'not for their prejudice, otherwise they ought not to be allowed by the law.'[2] They form part of, and are, generally speaking, as ancient as the law itself, and the statute *De Prerogativa Regis*, is merely declaratory of the common law.[3]

The Prerogatives of the Crown extend to the colonies as an essential part of the constitutional system of government to which the people in the colonies, as subjects of the Crown, are entitled. The Prerogative in the colonies, unless where it is abridged by grants, &c., is that power which, by the common law of England, the Sovereign could rightfully exercise in England.[4] But in the colonies which have different and local laws for their internal government, the minor prerogatives and interests of the Crown must be regulated and governed by the peculiar and established law of the place. Though if such law be silent on the subject, it would appear that the prerogative, as established by the English common law, prevails in every respect, subject, perhaps, to exceptions which the difference between the constitution of the United Kingdom and that of the dependent dominions may necessarily create. By this principle, many of the difficulties which frequently arise as to the Sovereign's foreign or co-

(1) Sir Edward Coke thus rebuked James I. for asserting a prerogative right to judge whatever cause he pleased in his own person, free from all risk of prohibitions or appeals:

Coke, C. J. (all the other judges assenting) —By the law of England, the King, in his own person, cannot adjudge any case, either criminal or betwixt party and party. The form of giving judgment is *ideo consideratum est per curiam*, so the Court gives the judgment. So in the King's Bench the King may sit, but the Court gives the judgment. *Ergo*, the King cannot take any cause out of any of his courts and give judgment on it himself. From a roll of Parliament in the Tower of London, 17 Rich. II., it appears that a controversy of land between the parties having been heard by the King, and sentence having been given, it was reversed for this—that the matter belongeth to the Common Law.

King James.—My lords, I always thought, and by my soul I have often heard the boast, that your English law was founded upon reason! If that be so, why have not I, and others, reason, as well as you, the judges?

Coke, C. J.—True it is, please your Majesty, that God has endowed your Majesty with excellent science, as well as great gifts of nature; but your Majesty will allow me to say, with all reverence, that you are not learned in the laws of this your realm of England; and I crave leave to remind your Majesty that causes which concern the life, or inheritance, or goods, or fortunes of your subjects, are not to be decided by natural reason, but by the reason and judgment of the law, which law is an art which requires long study and experience before a man can attain to a cognizance of it. The law is the golden met-wand to try the causes of your Majesty's subjects, and it is by the law that your Majesty is protected in safety and peace.

King James (in a great rage).—Then, am I to be under the law—which it is treason to affirm?

Coke, C. J.—Thus wrote Bracton: 'Rex non debet esse sub homine, sed sub Deo et Lege.'—Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices, v. 1, p. 231; 12 Coke, 63.

(2) The exercise of the Royal Prerogative by the Crown, has been held to be *ultra vires* in the case of Letters Patent under the Great Seal: *Long* v. *Bishop of Capetown*, 1 Moore's P. C. N. S. 411; in the case of an Order of the Queen in Council, *Attorney General* v. *Bishop of Manchester*, L. R. 3 Eq. 450, and in the case of a Treaty with a Foreign Power, *The Parlement Belge*, L. R. 4 P. D. 129.

(3) Chitty, 4. This statute was repealed in part in 1863. See 1 Rev. Stat. (Imperial) 131. The Imperial Acts, 6 & 7 Vic. c. 94, and 15 & 16 Vic. c. 39, relate to the Prerogative in the Colonies.

(4) Chalmer's Opinions, 240.

lonial prerogative may be readily solved.[1]

In colonies acquired by conquest or cession, the Sovereign, in addition to the ordinary prerogatives, possesses a prerogative power of legislation, which may be exercised with or without the assistance of Parliament. But the Sovereign may preclude himself from this exercise of his prerogative legislative authority, by promising to vest it in a Governor and legislative assembly, and thereafter—even during the interval between the Royal Charter and the meeting of such assembly,—the Sovereign cannot impose a tax on the inhabitants,[2] nor exercise his prerogative power of legislation within the colony.[3]

The authority of the Sovereign in each of the colonies is represented and executed by a Governor to whom are assigned such prerogatives as are essential for the government of the colony. The Governors of colonies are, in general, invested with royal authority. They may call, prorogue and dissolve the colonial assemblies, and exercise other kingly functions; still they are but the servants or representatives of the Sovereign.[4]

A colonial assembly cannot be legally convened without the Sovereign's writ of summons.[5] The Governor has no exclusive authority in this department of his office; the writ of summons for an assembly issues in the Sovereign's name, tested only by the Governor.[6] 'While the Province (Maryland) was in the hands of the Crown, who was *caput, principium et finis* of the General Assembly? the King, or his deputy, the Governor? Not the Governor; upon no principle can he be considered *caput vel principium*, for the assembly was commenced and was held by the King's writ of summons, attested only by the Governor. Nor upon any principle can he be considered *finis* of the General Assembly, for upon the death or removal of a Governor, the assembly did not, in law, cease and determine, but was kept alive by the King's writ and subsisted. Only the King then could have been *caput, principium et finis*; upon his demise a dissolution followed.'[7]

The Prerogative of the Crown, in assenting to Acts of a Provincial Legislature, may be legally communicated to the Governor of a colony.[8]

The extent of the exercise of the royal prerogative in the American colonies, prior to the Revolution, will furnish some precedents by which the law of the prerogative in the colonies may be determined. The American colonies were divided into three classes. Eight—Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, North and South Carolina—were called Provincial Governments, and derived their governmental functions directly from the Crown, by Royal Charters. In these the Crown appointed the Governors. Three—Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland—were called Proprietary Governments, and derived their governmental functions through the grant made by Royal Charters to the proprietors of those colonies. In these the proprietors appointed the Governors, who appear to have exercised, *sub silentio*, their powers as if appointed by the Crown.[9] Two—Connecticut and Rhode Island—were called Charter Governments, and enjoyed, by Royal Charter, the democratic privilege of electing their Governors and assemblies by the votes of the freeholders. But by the statute 7 & 8 William III. c. 22, it was required that all Governors appointed in Charter and Proprietary

(1) Chitty, 26.

(2) A conquered country may be taxed by the authority of the Crown alone.—Chalmers' Opinions, 231.

(3) Per Lord Mansfield, C. J., in *Campbell v. Hall*, 1 Cowper 204. See also *Attorney-General v. Stewart*, 2 Merivale, 158.

(4) Chitty, 34. (5) Chalmers' Opinions, 327.

(6) *Ibid.* 323.

(7) Chalmer's Opinions, 326.

(8) *Ibid.* 310.

(9) Stokes' British Colonies, 23–4.

Governments, before entering upon the duties of their offices, should be approved of by the Crown.[1]

The Governors thus appointed or elected, exercised the power to call, prorogue and dissolve the colonial assemblies. 'The prerogative in relation to their General Assemblies is at least as extensive as ever it was in England. In respect to our Parliament, and this prerogative of the Crown, whatever the extent of it may be, every Governor, by his commission, is empowered to exercise in his particular Province.'[2] They, as the representatives or deputies of the Sovereign, and with the concurrence of the colonial assemblies, made laws suited to the emergencies of the colonies, but 'not repugnant or contrary to the laws of the realm of England.'[3] They, with the advice of the councils,[4] established courts, appointed judges, magistrates, and officers; pardoned offenders; remitted fines and forfeitures; levied military forces for defence, and executed martial law in time of invasion, war, or rebellion.[5] And in the Proprietary Governments, they exercised within their respective colonies all the usual prerogatives which in provincial governments belonged to the Crown.[6]

The form of enacting laws in the various colonies was not uniform. In some the Royal name was not used, and the enactment was declared to be made by the Governor, with the consent of the Council and Assembly.[7] In Maryland (a proprietary government) the form was: 'Be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the consent,' &c.[8] In Pennsylvania (another proprietary government) the form was 'Be it enacted by the Honourable —— Lieutenant Governor, and the Honourables Thomas Penn and Richard Penn, Esquires, Proprietors, by and with the advice and consent of the representatives of the freemen of the Province in general assembly assembled.'[9] Several of the Royal Charters and instructions provided that all laws passed in the several colonial assemblies, and assented to by the Governors, should remain in force until the pleasure of the King should be known; and each Governor was required to send to the King for approval, all laws so assented to, immediately after the passing thereof.[1] The laws so sent then received the express assent or disallowance of the Crown by an order of the King in Council.[2] But in the present Parliamentary Colonial Constitutions this course has been considerably varied, generally leaving the Governor power to give the Crown's assent, thereby superseding the necessity of an Order in Council, except for the purpose of disallowing.[3] So long as the prerogative of disallowance was not exercised, the Act continued in force under the assent given by the Governor, on behalf of the

(1) 'This statute was, if at all, ill observed, and seems to have produced no essential change in the colonial policy.'—Story on the Constitution, s. 161.

(2) Chalmers' Opinions, 239.

(3) 7 & 8 William III. c. 22, s. 9, enacted that all laws, by-laws, usages or customs in force in any of the Plantations repugnant to the laws of England, then or thereafter to be made in the Kingdom, 'so far as such laws shall relate to and mention the said Plantations,' are illegal, null, and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever. See also Imperial Acts 26 & 27 Vic. c. 84, and 28 & 29 Vic. c. 63.

(4) The Councils, in some colonies, had legislative as well as executive powers.

(5) Stokes, 155; Story, s. 159.

(6) Stokes, 22; Story, s. 160.

(7) Chalmers' Opinions, 310. In Jamaica, the general form seems to have been: 'May it please your most excellent Majesty that it may be enacted. Be it therefore enacted by the Governor, Council, and Assembly of this your Majesty's Island of Jamaica.' See further, Watson's Powers of Canadian Parliament, 138.

(8) Chalmers' Opinions, 302.

(9) Pennsylvania Archives, 1756-60, p. 121.

(1) Story, s. 171. Maryland, Connecticut, and Rhode Island were not required to transmit their laws for the approval of the Crown.

(2) Chalmers' Opinions, 340.

(3) Mills' Colonial Constitutions, 33.

Crown. But it was at one time a received maxim that the Crown could at any time, however remote, exercise the prerogative of disallowing any Colonial Act which had not been confirmed by an Order in Council. 'This, however, may now be numbered among those constitutional powers of the Crown which have been dormant for a long series of years, and which would not be called into action, except on some extreme and urgent occasion,'[1] and then only in cases where the Imperial Parliament had not placed a limitation upon this exercise of the prerogative. This supervision of the Crown over the legislation of the colonies, appears to have been claimed and exercised by virtue of the prerogative, and by virtue of the dependency of the colony on the Empire, in order that the laws appointed or permitted in the colony might not be extensively changed without the assent of the central authority of the State.[2]

The colonies (says Governor Pownall) had therefore legislatures peculiar to their own separate communities, subordinate to England, in that they could make no laws contrary to the laws of the mother country; but in all other matters and things, uncontrolled and complete legislatures, in conjunction with the King or his deputy as part thereof. Where the King participated in this sovereignty over these foreign dominions, with the Lords and Commons, the colonies became in fact the dominions of the realm.[3] 'These colonial legislatures, with the restrictions necessarily arising from their dependency on Great Britain, were *sovereign* within the limits of their respective territories.'[4]

Whatever constitutional usage may be deduced from these references to the extent and exercise of the Prerogatives of the Crown in the American colonies, it would appear that, although the power to appoint the Governors of these colonies was exercised by the Crown, the Proprietors, and the people, yet as the two latter derived their power primarily from the Crown, their appointments seem to have created no constitutional difficulty in vesting in their appointees, as Governors, the right to exercise the Crown's prerogative, so far as the same was requisite for the legislative function of their government. It seems to have been conceded even in days when Personal Rule was a marked feature in Imperial affairs, that, as the prerogative was vested in the Crown for the benefit of the people,[5] and for the exigencies of good government in the colonial domain of the Empire, that prerogative could be lawfully exercised by the Governor whether communicated to him by direct or indirect grant, or by necessary implication of law, and especially where, as a principle of constitutional law, the assent of the Crown was a pre-requisite to the making of colonial, as it was to the making of Imperial, laws; and thus the prerogative right to give or withhold that assent must have vested in the Governor acting for and as representing the Crown within the colony.[6]

The territory now forming the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec was placed under Provincial Governments from the first; and, although no representative assembly was established for

(1) Howard's Colonial Laws, 26.

(2) This is substantially the judicial opinion affirming the right of appeal from Colonial Courts to the Sovereign in Council.—Vaughan's Reports, 290, 402.

(3) Pownall's Administration of the Colonies, 139.

(4) Story, s. 171.

(5) The recognized modern doctrine is, that all prerogative rights are trusts for the benefit of the people.—Mr. Mowat's Memorandum Sess. Papers (Can.) 1877, No. 89. p. 95.

(6) A legal and confirmed Act of Assembly has the same operation and force in the colonies that an Act of Parliament has in Great Britain.—Chitty, 37. The legislative bodies in the dependencies of the Crown have *sub modo* the same powers of legislation as their prototype in England, subject, however, to the final negative of the Sovereign.—1 Broom's Commentaries, 122.

the former Province of Quebec, the prerogative in respect to legislation within that territory was maintained in the Quebec Act of 1774, which provided that every ordinance of the Governor and Legislative Council, within six months of the passing thereof, should be transmitted to England and 'laid before His Majesty for his royal approbation, and if His Majesty shall think fit to disallow thereof, the same shall cease and be void' (s. 14). In the Constitutional Act of 1791, 31 George III. c. 31, it was provided that in Upper Canada and Lower Canada, the laws should be enacted by His Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and Assembly in each Province; and that all laws passed by such Council and Assembly, and assented to by His Majesty, or in His Majesty's name by the Governor or Lieutenant Governor of each Province, should be valid and binding (s. 2); and the Governor was empowered 'to summon and call together an Assembly for each Province' (s. 13), and to do other acts 'in His Majesty's name.' By the Union Act of 1840, so much of the former Act of 1791 as provided for constituting a Legislative Council and Assembly, and for the making of laws, within each Province, was repealed, and it was enacted that within the united Provinces Her Majesty should have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and Assembly, to make laws for the peace, welfare and good government of the Province of Canada, such laws not being repugnant to that Act, or to such parts of the Constitutional Act of 1791, as were not then repealed. The Governor was empowered, 'in Her Majesty's name,' to summon and call together the Legislative Assembly, and to assent to, or withhold assent from, or reserve, Bills passed by the Council and Assembly.

The legislation in the former Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and Canada (now the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec), was enacted in the name of the Sovereign, by and with the advice and consent of the Council and Assembly; and by 18 Vic. c. 88 (C. S. C. c. 5), it was enacted and declared that the form 'Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and Assembly of Canada, enacts as follows,' should thereafter be used in all Legislative Acts. In the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia, prior to Confederation, the Royal name was not used in their Legislative Acts, but their legislation, nevertheless, affected the Crown's Prerogative in these Provinces.

The British North America Act established two separate and independent governments, with enumerated, and therefore limited, parliamentary or legislative powers. These dual legislative sovereignties take the place of, and exercise the functions and powers formerly vested in, what was practically one government. Each of the separate governments derive their legislative powers from the same instrument, and each, in a measure, is dealt with as if it related to a separate territorial government;[1] and the Act, neither expressly nor impliedly, confers upon either government a legislative jurisdiction over the other. The separate power to legislate on certain classes of subjects is declared to be 'exclusive.' 'Where the power to legislate is granted to be exercised exclusively by one body, the subject so exclusively assigned is as completely taken from the others as if they had been expressly forbidden to act on it.'[2] 'Where two legislative bodies exist, each hav-

(1) The Federal Government and the States, although both exist within the same territorial limits, are separate and distinct sovereignties, acting separately and independently of each other, within their respective spheres. *Collector* v. *Day*, 11 Wallace, U. S. 113.

(2) Per Ritchie, C. J., *Regina* v. *Chandler*, 1 Hannay (N. B.), 557.

ing distinct and exclusive legislative powers, there must be care exercised by each to avoid encroachments by either body upon the exclusive powers of the other."[1] 'As an abstract proposition it may be affirmed that if the Dominion Legislature were to enact that some of the matters vested in the Parliament—for instance "Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes"—should be litigated only in a particular local court, and not in any other court whatever, such an enactment would be unconstitutional, because it would be an encroachment on the exclusive powers of the Provincial Legislature.'[2] 'A confirmed Act of a legislature, lawfully constituted, whether in a settled or conquered colony, has, as to matters within its competence, and the limits of its jurisdiction, the operation and force of *sovereign legislation*—though subject to be controlled by the Imperial Parliament.'[3] 'But in cases of concurrent authority, where the laws of the State are in direct and manifest collision on the same subject, those of the Union, being the supreme law of the land, are of paramount authority, and the State Laws so far, and so far only, as such incompatibility exists, must necessarily yield'[4]

In the creation of these dual governments, the statutory powers or prerogatives of the Crown were necessarily divided; some were assigned to the Dominion, and some to the Provincial, Governments, to the extent necessary for the complete and efficient exercise of the 'exclusive' authority of each.

It was not politically necessary, except for a harmless rhetorical purpose, to enact in the British North America Act that 'the Executive Government and authority of and over Canada is hereby declared to continue, and be vested, in the Queen.' Nor was it necessary, except as giving a key to what were to be the Governor-General's functions and jurisdiction in Provincial Legislation, to declare that 'the provisions of this Act, referring to the Governor-General, extend and apply to the Governor-General for the time being, carrying on the Government of Canada *on behalf and in the name of the Queen.*' By constitutional usage, all Governors of colonies carry on their governments 'on behalf, and in the name, of' the Sovereign, as representing the chief executive authority of the State. In Canada, the Governor-General's assent to Bills, his appointment of Lieutenant-Governors, Privy Councillors, Judges and other functionaries, and his other acts of Government, within his jurisdiction, are 'on behalf, and in the name, of the Queen,' by and with the advice which the law and the constitution has assigned to him.[5]

It will, doubtless, be conceded that the Colonial Prerogatives of the Crown, may be vested by statute or Royal Commission, in a Governor-General or in a Lieutenant-Governor; some of such prerogatives *ex necessitate*,

(1) Per Harrison, C. J., *Regina* v. *Lawrence*, 42 Q. B. Ont. 174.

(2) Per Wilson, C. J., *Crombie* v. *Jackson*, 34 Q. B., Ont. 575.

(3) Per Willes, J., *Phillips* v. *Eyre*, L. R. 6 Q. B., 20.

(4) Per Marshall, C. J., *Gibbons* v. *Ogden*, 9 Wheaton, U. S. 130.

(8) 'The distinction drawn in the statute between an act of the Governor, and an act of the Governor in Council, is a technical one, and arose from the fact, that in Canada, for a long period before confederation, certain acts of administration were required by law to be done under the sanction of an Order in Council, while others did not require that formality. In both cases, however, since responsible government has been conceded, such acts have always been performed under the advice of a responsible ministry.'—Sir J. A. Macdonald's Memorandum, H. of C. (Imp.), 1878–9, p. 109. His Excellency's Ministers '(whose recommendation is essential to action) are responsible, not merely for the advice given, but also for the action taken. The Canadian Parliament has the right to call them to account, not merely for what is proposed, but for what is done,—in a word, what is done is practically *their* doing'—Mr. Blake's Memorandum, Sess. Papers, (Can.) 1877. No. 89 p. 452. See also Todd's Parliamentary Government in the Colonies, p. 79, 341, 414.

may be held to belong to him by virtue of his office, as in the case of the Governors appointed by proprietors, or elected by the people, before referred to.[1]

But, without discussing this last point, enough may be found in the British North America Act to elucidate the extent of the Prerogative of the Crown in the local legislation of the Provinces.

It has been shown that the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of the old American colonies exercised the Crown's prerogative of calling together the Legislative Assemblies in the Sovereign's name. In the former Provincial Governments of Canada, the Lieut.-Governors of Upper and Lower Canada, and of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the Governor of Canada, were specially authorized 'in the Queen's name,' to summon the Legislative Assembly of these Provinces; and by section 82 of the British North America Act, this power is expressly conferred upon the Lieutenant-Governors of Ontario and Quebec, and by fair inference, from sections 88 and 129, upon the Lieutenant-Governors of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The Imperial Colonial Regulations also provide that the Governor of a colony 'has the power of issuing, in the Queen's name, writs of summons and election to call together the representative assemblies and councils where they exist, and for the election of their members; and also that of assembling, proroguing and dissolving legislative bodies.'

The legislature, so summoned in the Queen's name, has exclusive legislative authority to make laws in certain classes of subjects defined by section 92 of the British North America Act, and which laws by the unrepealed clauses of the Constitutional Act of 1791, are to be 'assented to by Her Majesty,' or to 'be made by Her Majesty by and with the advice and consent' of the local legislature. These laws, which, by the Act of 1791, require the assent of the Crown, are the laws relating to 'the time and place of holding elections' (s. 25), repealing or varying laws then existing, or in so far as the same should thereafter be repealed or varied by temporary laws (secs. 33 and 50), altering the constitution of the Courts of Appeal of Upper and Lower Canada (sec. 34), varying or repealing the provisions of the Act respecting the Clergy Reserves (sec. 41), altering the law then established, with respect to the nature and consequences of the tenure of lands in free and common soccage (sec. 43). The Union Act of 1840, also provided that 'Her Majesty shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and Assembly, to make laws for the peace, welfare and good government of the Province of Canada, such laws not being repugnant to this Act, or to such parts of the said Act [of 1791], passed in the thirty-first year of his said late Majesty, as are not hereby repealed . . . and that all such laws, being passed by the said Legislative Council and Assembly, and assented to by Her Majesty, or assented to in Her Majesty's name, by the Governor of the Province of Canada, shall be valid and binding to all intents and purposes.' Of the classes of subjects, specially mentioned in this Act, which are now within the legislative authority of the Provincial Legislatures, are, the establishment of new and other electoral divisions, and alteration of the system of representation (s. 26), laws relating to or affecting Her Majesty's Prerogative touching the granting of waste lands of the Crown within the Province (sec. 42), amended by 17 & 18 Vic c. 118, s. 6, the constitution of the Courts of Appeal, of the Court of Chancery for Upper Canada, and the place of holding the Court of Queen's Bench of Upper Canada

(1) The Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations communicated with the Governors of these colonies; and to the Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania, if not to others, royal instructions were given. Pennsylvania Archives, 1740, p. 616.

(sec. 43), the revenue and the charges thereon (s.s. 50-57). And it was provided that the words 'Act of the Legislature of the Province of Canada,' in the Act should mean 'Act of Her Majesty, Her Heirs or Successors, enacted by Her Majesty, or by the Governor, on behalf of Her Majesty, with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and Assembly of the Province of Canada.'

These Imperial Acts were 'laws in force in Canada' prior to the passing of the British North America Act, and are therefore, by the 129th section, continued in Ontario and Quebec, as if the Union had not been made; and being Imperial statutes are not subject to be repealed, abolished or altered, by the Parliament of Canada or by the Legislature of the Province. The same section continued in force in Ontario and Quebec, the Provincial statute to which Her Majesty was an enacting party, under the Union Act of 1840, which declared that the laws should be enacted in the name of Her Majesty; and it also continued all the laws so enacted in the name of Her Majesty relating to the classes of subjects within the legislative authority of the Provinces, subject nevertheless to be repealed, abolished or altered, by the Legislature of the Province, according to the authority of that Legislature under the Act.

The powers, authorities and functions which, under these Acts, were, at the union, vested in or exercisable by the former Lieutenant-Governors of Upper and Lower Canada, and the Governor of Canada, are, by the 65th section, so far as the same are capable of being exercised after the union, in relation to the governments of Ontario and Quebec respectively, vested in, and shall or may be exercised by the Lieutenant-Governors of Ontario and Quebec respectively, with the advice and consent of the Executive Council of these Provinces.[1]

Without considering whether the Governors of the former colonies of America have established a constitutional usage respecting the prerogatives of the Crown,[2] either with or without Royal Instructions, it would appear that, by the express provisions of the B. N. A. Act, the Lieutenant-Governors of Ontario and Quebec are invested with the power to exercise such prerogatives of the Crown as were, by former Imperial and Canadian statutes, possessed and exercisable by the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces which now comprise Ontario and Quebec; and that to the extent to which these statutory prerogatives were vested, these Lieutenant-Governors represent the Crown within their respective Provinces, in a higher and more real sense than the judges represent the Crown in the administration of justice—styled as they are, in legal proceedings and statutes, 'Her

(1) The following is the 65th section of the B. N. A. Act:—'All powers, authorities, and functions which under Acts of the Parliament of Great Britain, or of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or of the Legislature of Upper Canada, Lower Canada, or Canada, were or are before or at the union vested in or exercised by the respective Governors or Lieutenant-Governors of those Provinces, with the advice, or with the advice and consent of the respective Executive Councils thereof, or in conjunction with those Councils, or with any number of members thereof, or by those Governors or Lieutenant-Governors individually, shall, as far as the same are capable of being exercised after the union, in relation to the Government of Ontario and Quebec respectively, be vested in and shall or may be exercised by the Lieutenant-Governors of Ontario and Quebec respectively, with the advice, or with the advice and consent of, or in conjunction with the respective Executive Councils, or any members thereof, or by the Lieutenant-Governor individually, as the case requires, subject nevertheless (except with respect to such as exist under Acts of Parliament of Great Britain or of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,) to be abolished or altered by the respective Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec.'

(2) Usage is, according to the British system, as obligatory as express enactment, where there is no express enactment to govern. Many constitutional rules have no other foundation than precedents.—Mr. Mowat's Memorandum, Sess. Papers (Ont.) 1874, No. 19, p. 3.

Majesty's Judges;' the 'Queen's Justices,' or 'Judges of Her Majesty's Courts.'[1]

In defining the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada, the Act in effect prescribes that the legislative form of enactment shall be the Queen, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons; and it was proper so to prescribe, for the Legislatures which preceded it, had no uniformity in their enacting forms. But in the Provinces each Legislature was left to the form of enacting laws which the prior constitutions had either prescribed or allowed.[2]

The provisions of s. 54 of the B. N. A. Act, as made applicable by s. 90 to the Legislature, read as follows: It shall not be lawful for the Legislative Assembly to adopt or pass any vote, resolution, address, or bill for the appropriation of any part of the public revenue, or of any tax or impost to any purpose that has not been first recommended by Message of the Lieutenant-Governor.

This clause might read as a rule of procedure, but for the recognition which it gives to a constitutional doctrine in Parliamentary Government,—'that no moneys can be voted in Parliament, for any purpose whatsoever, except at the demand, and upon the responsibility, of Ministers of the Crown.'[3] The reason of this doctrine has been thus stated: 'The Crown, acting with the advice of its responsible Ministers, being the Executive power, is charged with the management of all the revenues of the country, and with all payments for the public service. The Crown, therefore, in the first instance, makes known to the Commons the pecuniary necessities of the Government, and the Commons grant such aids or supplies as are required to satisfy these demands; and provide by taxes, and by the appropriation of other sources of the public income, the ways and means to meet the supplies which are granted by them. Thus the Crown demands money, the Commons grant it, and the Lords assent to the grant. But the Commons do not vote money unless it be required by the Crown; nor impose or augment taxes unless they be necessary for meeting the supplies which they have voted, or are about to vote, for supplying general deficiencies of the revenue. The Crown has no concern in the nature or distribution of taxes; but the foundation of all Parliamentary taxation is—its necessity for the public service as declared by the Crown, through its constitutional advisers'

Thus there is directly introduced in-

(1) It is evident, therefore, that in a modified, but most real sense, the Lieutenant-Governors of the Canadian Provinces are representatives of the Crown.—Todd's Parliamentary Government in the Colonies, 42.

(2) A distinction is said to exist between the terms 'Parliament' and 'Legislature,' in the British North America Act, by which some undefined superiority in power or privilege belongs to the former over the latter. But the House of Commons of the one, and the Legislative Assembly of the other, are called into existence by the same instrument; and they represent, for separate powers of legislation, the same authority the people. And by the judgment of the highest Court of Appeal, binding on the colonies, it has been decided that colonial legislative bodies have not the inherent Parliamentary powers and privileges of the Imperial Parliament; and that, in the absence of express grant, the *lex et consuetudo Parliamenti*, which is inherent in the two Houses of the Imperial Parliament, does not belong to colonial legislatures—nor even the power to punish for contempt, which is inherent in every court of justice as a Court of Record. But by the 18th section of the B. N. A. Act, amended by the Imp. Act, 38 & 39 Vic. c. 38, the Parliament of Canada may by statute clothe itself with Parliamentary powers and privileges. See *Doyle v. Falconer*, L. R. 1 P. C. 328; *Kielly v. Carson*, 4 Moore's P. C. 63; *Fenton v. Hampton*, 11 Moore P. C. 347; *Landers v. Woodworth*, 2 Sup. Ct. Can. 158; Chalmers' Opinions, 265. See also as to the terms 'central legislature' and 'local legislature,' Imp. Acts, 32 Vic. c. 10; 33 & 34 Vic. c. 52; 37 & 38 Vic. c. 27.

(3) 1 Todd's Parliamentary Government, 428. 'It is clear that every petition and motion for a grant of public money should, on the ground of economy, and for the safety of the people, be initiated by the responsible Ministers of the Crown.'—182 Hans. 598.

(4) May's Privileges of Parliament, 584.

to the Provincial Legislative procedure, the well recognized Prerogative of the Crown is asking from the people in their Assembly, the supplies necessary to carry on the Executive Government of the Crown in the Province, in the same manner as supplies are demanded in the Imperial and Dominion Parliaments.

In view of the express enactment, that the Executive Government and authority of and over Canada is vested in the Queen, and that the Governor-General carries on that Government on behalf and in the name of the Queen, it cannot be contended that his assent to Bills in Canada, or the Lieutenant-Governor's assent to Bills in the Governor-General's name in the Provinces, is other than the Queen's assent. The Queen cannot be personally present in the Imperial as well as the Colonial Legislatures, to give the Crown's assent to Bills ; nor can the Governor-General be personally present, to represent the Queen, in the Dominion as well as in the Provincial Legislatures, to give the Crown's assent. Whatever might be the contention as to the position and functions of the Lieutenant-Governors if the section, making him a part of the Provincial Legislature, stood alone,[1] that position is made a delegated or representative one by the construction which has been given to the clause (s. 56 with s. 90), which reads that when the Lieutenant-Governor assents to a Bill in the Governor-General's name, he is to transmit such Bill to the Governor-General. In no other place in the Act is the official assent of the Governor-General referred to ; and it is introduced there more as regulating procedure than as conferring an independent right; and from that consideration, as well as from the express words of the statute, which show that the Governor-General has only derivative or representative, and not absolute, powers and functions in legislation, it may fairly be conceded that the common law of the Prerogative respecting the Crown's assent to Bills—and without which it is admitted, they can have no validity[2]—has it not been abrogated in respect of the legislation of the Provincial Legislatures.

This right of the Crown to give or withhold the Royal assent to Acts of Parliament is possessed by the Crown as part of the Royal Prerogative. The Imperial Parliament therefore in dealing with that prerogative, in respect of colonial legislation, provided that that assent should be required to Acts of the former Legislatures of Upper and Lower Canada, and Canada, and impliedly or expressly has placed the same condition on Provincial legislation, and has thus continued that prerogative in the Provinces. 'It is a well established rule that the Crown cannot be divested of its prerogative, even by an Act of Parliament passed by the Queen, Lords and Commons, unless by express words or necessary implication. The presumption is that Parliament does not intend to deprive the Crown of any prerogative, right or property, unless it expresses its intention to do so in explicit terms, or makes the inference irresistible.'[3]

It might also be urged that the classes of subjects which are within the legislative authority of the Provincial Legislatures necessarily make the Crown a part of those legislatures. They have power to alter the terms of the Confederation Act as to their own

(1) There shall be a Legislature for Ontario, consisting of the Lieutenant-Governor, and one House styled the Legislative Assembly of Ontario (s. 69). In Quebec there is a similar provision, but giving two Houses (s. 71). In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the constitution of their Legislatures is continued subject to the provisions of the Act (s. 88).

(2) No Acts of Colonial Legislatures have force until they have received either the assent of the Governor in the Queen's name, or the Royal assent when reserved and transmitted for consideration.—Cox's British Commonwealth, 525.

(3) Per Gwynne, J., *Lenoir* v. *Ritchie*, 3 Sup. Court Can. 633.

constitution—an exercise of sovereignty, heretofore exercisable by Imperial statute or Royal Charter. They can exercise the power of taxation, which is an incident of sovereignty.[1] They control the sale of the Crown domain—lands, timber, mines, minerals and royalties,—the revenue from the sales of which were supposed to form part of the hereditary revenues of the Crown,[2] and they possess that right of eminent domain which is defined to be one of these reserved rights of sovereignty.[3] They have power to pass laws affecting property and civil rights in the Province 'to the same unlimited extent that the Imperial Parliament have in the United Kingdom.'[4] They also establish Courts of Civil and Criminal Jurisdiction, one of which, now within their legislative jurisdiction, was called 'His Majesty's Court of King's Bench.' in an Imperial statute,[5] and from which Courts all writs issue in the name of the Queen; and their criminal courts have the right to try the subjects of the Crown for their life or liberty.[6] 'The jurisdiction of the colonial judicatures, in point of law, invariably emanates from the King under the modifications of the colonial assemblies.'[7] And it may be said that they are called 'Her Majesty's Courts,' in the Imperial Act, 25 Vic. c. 20, which prohibits writs of *Habeas Corpus* to issue out of England to any colony where *Her Majesty has a lawfully established court or courts of justice* having authority to issue writs of *Habeas Corpus*. The power to abolish these 'Queen's Courts' or to alter their titles or jurisdiction, rests with the Provincial Legislature.

The conclusions from the foregoing review would seem to be: (1) That to the extent of the powers and prerogatives of the Crown, capable of being exercised in relation to the Government of the Provinces, by virtue of the express or implied grant of such powers and prerogatives by the Imperial and Canadian statutes, the Lieutenant-Governors represent the Crown in their respective Provinces. (2) That to give the force of law to the enactments of the Provincial Legislatures, the Crown's assent is requisite. (3) That the Crown, in calling their Assemblies and assenting to their laws, is a constituent part of the Provincial Legislatures.

The discussion of the question involved in this paper might be pursued further, and take a wider scope than has been accorded to it. But what has been here suggested may lead to a more accurate and thorough review of our constitutional system, and of the extent of the Prerogatives of the Crown—exercisable as 'the will of the people,'[8]—in each of the Governments established by the Confederation Act.

(1) *McCulloch* v. *State of Maryland*, 4 Wheat. U.S., 316; *Leprohon* v. *City of Ottawa*, 2 App. Ont. 522.

(2) The Imperial Act 15 & 16 Vic. c. 39, recites doubts that the revenues from the sale of Crown Lands in the colonies were part of the revenues surrendered by their Majesties King William IV. and Queen Victoria, on the passing of the Civil List Bills of 1830 and 1837; and recites that the *lands of the Crown* in the colonies have been hitherto granted and disposed of, and the moneys arising from the same, whether on sales or otherwise have been appropriated by and under the authority of the Crown, and by and under the authority of the several colonies. The Act then provides that the appropriations of such revenues to public purposes within the colonies shall be valid, provided that the surplus of such hereditary casual revenues not applied to such public purposes, shall be carried to and form part of the Consolidated Fund. See also the Union Act of 1840, ss. 42 and 54.

(3) Bump's Notes of Constitutional Decisions, 179.

(4) Per Strong, J., *In re Goodhue*, 19 Grant, Ch. (Ont.) 452.

(5) Union Act of 1840, s. 42 and see C. S. U. C., c. 10.

(6) The (Provincial) Courts are the tribunals of Her Majesty charged with the execution of all laws to which she has given her sanction, in virtue of the new constitution.—Per Fournier J., *Valin* v. *Langlois*, 3 Sup. Ct. Can. 59.

(7) Chitty, 33.

(8) In a democracy, the exercise of sovereignty is the declaration of the people's will.—Plowden's *Jura Anglorum*, 232.

It has been justly remarked that the erection of a new government, whatever care or wisdom may distinguish the work, cannot fail to originate questions of intricacy and nicety; and these may, in a particular manner, be expected to flow from a constitution founded upon the total or partial incorporation of a number of distinct sovereignties. Time alone can mature and perfect so composite a system; explain the meaning of all the parts; and adjust them to each other in a harmonious and consistent whole.[1]

(1) The Federalist, No. 82.

THE GANE-AWA' LAND.

BY A. M. R.

[In the extreme North of Scotland—in the Orkney Islands especially—'The Land o' the Leal' is called 'The Land o' the Gane-Awa.']

OH! fair is the Land o' the Gane-Awa',
Fairer than eye o' the earth-born saw,
Till he's passed through the gates o' the living and dead.
There is rest in the Land o' the Gane-awa—'
Nae storms beat there, nae cauld winds blaw,
But the tired han' rests and the thocht-rackit head,
And the ingathered flocks nae disturber dread,
For the wings of oor God are aboon them spread.

There's fadin' nae mair wi' the Gane-awa',
The bluims o' eternity ever blaw
In the blissfu' God-keepit gairdens there;
Nae shadow or clood in the clear blue lift,
And heaven's saft breezes ken nae shift:
A rippleless calm is its sea evermair,
Nae billow of trouble, or toil or care
Breaks on the shores o' that land so fair.

O, would I were there, wi' the Gane-awa',
For the shadows o' even' begin to fa',
And the warld is lanesome as it can be
When a' that I lo'ed are awa' frae me.
The wife o' my heart an' her bairnies three,
'In the Gane-awa' Land them a' I'll see
An' blithe will oor meetin' an' greetin' be,
To live evermair whar' they never dee,
In oor Father's hame in Eternity.

ECCENTRICITIES OF A BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY HAYDON HOLME.

I.

IT has often been our lot to experience the annoyances of hotel-life. Once we ruled a suite of apartments, and thought ourselves somebody in consequence. We have grumbled and growled at the restraints of home-life, but never until the time of which we are now going to write had we known what it was to be one in a boarding-house.

Perhaps the house we were at, properly speaking, we ought not to call a boarding-house. We were told soon after our first week there that ours wasn't a 'Boarding-house.' 'It was a — a — that is to say—,' the lady of the home could neither find nor coin a word to suit her idea of what it really was, but, anyhow, it wasn't a boarding house. This was satisfactory, so we made no reply. The house was one, was the first one, of a row of six quondam rough-casters; they were now bricked up all round with brick of a particularly red colour. It was a two-and-a-half storey house; had a large bay window, two large bed-room windows, and one small attic window, for a frontage, hidden from view by the usual melancholy looking shutters of green. An all wall side, and a behind—well, as 'twas hidden from sight by other buildings, not necessary to say. It was on Groater Street, and by right of succession was numbered fourteen.

We had heard of 14 Groater Street, long before we made its aquaintance, as a very good place to stay at; the board was good—three daily papers had said so numbers of times—the boarders respectable, attractions in the way of unmarried 'eligiblesses,' and 'the comforts of a home offered,' and we were advised, if we didn't believe all this, to go and experience the truth of it by expressing ourselves, bag and baggage, to give 14 Groater Street a trial. The adviser was a friend—we flattered ourselves that he was—so we thought we might trust him. Before taking his advice, we casually happened to look at our directory for 14 Groater Street, found it in its proper order under the G's, and then we turned to the C's for the name of the tenant at that address. What we read alarmed us so much that we must give it to the reader, and if it fails to alarm him or her—well—all we can say is it alarmed us. We read, 'Crowes, Mrs., wid Jas.' 'Wid Jas,' what was that? What could a 'wid Jas' be? We turned to our Webster. Over the leaves of him to the W's. Looked right through from beginning to end, then from end to beginning, but no 'wid Jas' could we find. Unsuccessful after another careful search, we thought an explanation could be got from the J's, and became still more alarmed when no 'Jas' rewarded our look through that letter's words. We then thought of our friend, and began to try and remember whether, by word or deed we had ever injured him that he should consign us without any preparation to such a dreadfully-sounding something as a 'wid Jas.' That a 'wid Jas.' was a very dreadful something we didn't doubt, especially since Webster had no track of it. We congratulated ouselves upon our escape, and men-

tally decided to think no more of 14 Groater Street, with its undefinable tenant; and to this day we might have remained in ignorance of the house's inside, had not accident interpreted what neither Webster nor our own knowledge of things could do. When the accident happened we were told that we were a 'stupid,' or something similarly expressive, for not knowing better, and that anybody ought to have known what 'wid Jas' meant. We will suppose, then, that everybody does know, which will save us the trouble of explaining.

We entered our boarding-house as a boarder, one terribly hot summer evening; the sun all day long had been throwing down his most intense heat, sending the thermometer up some thirty degrees higher than was necessary to have had the temperature comfortable, and at 6.30 took an offered seat at the table, when the following introductions were given:—

Mrs. Crowes was the presenter:

'We Miss Lane, we Miss Sadie Lane, we Mr. Hendryson, we Mr. Dimmelow, we Mr. Bertie Dimmelow, we Mr. Stitches, we Mr. Arches, we Mr. Dupernay.'

We made our bow as each name was called, and listened attentively to the different voices say, 'How d'ye do?' 'Good evening'—and once or twice a weak nervous voice forgetful of the time of day, murmurs an almost inaudible good morning. Introductions are capital fun sometimes. Nothing gives us more amusement than to form one of a number at a drawing-room gathering, and to note how the last arrivals endure the martyrdom of a lengthy list of introductions. 'Tis very seldom you come across one who can be sufficiently self-composed under such circumstances as to acknowledge each one presented without blundering. We have seen often neatly dressed, slightly moustached, slimly built young men enter a drawing-room, and stand facing the company, feeling about as comfortable as a condemned culprit, waiting on the scaffold for the hangman's finishing touch; they become conscious of having hands that don't seem to hang naturally no how, their feet too are sadly in the way, hands and feet soon have their position altered, one of the former probably gets sent into a pocket and the other is given a moustache or watch-chain to play with. A presentation is made. The unnerved one bows, and although the hour may probably not be far from midnight, says, 'Good morning.' Another name called, he is uncertain what to say this time—repetition gives the impression of nervousness, so he can't say 'good morning,' he ventures 'How,' and then some strange impulse sends the poor fellow off the track and makes him conclude the sentence with 'Good evening.' Here sensible of the disconnectedness of this remark, he blushes himself into a perspiration, and dare not again open his mouth to address any of the succeeding 'introduced,' he shuffles about as though on springs, nodding his head before the name is given and not doing so when it is; invariably bowing to the wrong person, and occasionally, probably as a special mark of his appreciation of that particular one's acquaintance, giving two bows to the same person. When the misery is over, the poor fellow scrambles into a seat without waiting for one to be offered him, and with more haste than politeness. Feels ill for remainder of the evening.

Our first tea was passed in almost complete silence, characterized by nothing more than frequent 'may I trouble you's? 'Thanks!' 'Thank you!' and 'Excuse me!' So we took the opportunity to study, as well as we could, each one of our new acquaintances. As soon as tea was over, we adjourned in company with all the other boarders, not including Messrs. Stitches, Arches and Dupernay, to lounge about the door steps. Mr. Hendryson and Miss Lane coupled and occupied one step, Miss Crowes and Mr. Dimmelow, together, monopolized another step.

Mr. Bertie Dimmelow and Miss Sadie Lane, armed each other's neck, and were on the bottom step, while Mrs. Crowes presided over all the couples, and all the steps on the top step. We just stayed long enough to notice this much, and then, well, we won't go so far into details as to say what we did.

In a very short time we got very friendly with all at 14 Groater Street. It never takes us long, after becoming acquainted with people, to get to 'know' them; and as soon as we 'knew' our sisters and brothers of the 14 Groater Street board, we began to take a most particular interest in the house.

In Mrs. Crowes we found something to interest more from the very fact of that something in Mrs. Crowes amounting to almost nothing. She was a little woman, transplanted from one of the Southern States, of rather good figure, fresh but very insipid face, thin, small, straight nose, large grey-green eyes, little shapeless mouth, an indifferent set of teeth, and hair rapidly becoming grey. At table, Mrs. Crowes seldom spoke. We never heard her offer an opinion about anything, unless it was on that very safe topic the weather. Her quietness may have been the natural result of having nothing in her to make her otherwise. She herself accounted for it by saying that past trouble was the cause of it. We would have been inclined to favour this reason could we consistently have done so; we couldn't; because Mrs. Crowes was too fond of repeating the details of her troubles. Everything she would tell—even the most sacred secrets of the absent 'unbreathing.' True sorrow likes to have none to share or sympathize; but no heart-sorrow can possibly be so called if it lays bare its sorrow before the whole world without license or distinction. Then her manner, when talking 'troubles,' was repulsive; there was nothing refined or delicate about her. Those who had long parted from her to tread the uncertain path were, seemingly, only remembered for their faults; fretfully, complainingly, alluded to, and on their lifelessness she threw the whole blame for her present poverty-stricken life. The constant ever-present expression on Mrs. Crowes' face was that of a pouting child; her mouth's lower lip lapped over its top one always when her features were at rest, and this, probably more than anything else, gave the expression; her nose, if we may so speak of it, was a complaining nose; it was nearly straight, had one slight ridge about half way down; this was the part—the ridge was—that seemed to be complaining. It looked as though it wanted to get higher up or go lower down, and, since it could do neither, had adopted a fit of the blues, which it will never part with. In interesting contrast with this dissatisfied nose were the grey-green eyes which we have referred to: they were of a certain kind of grey-green whose colour would be difficult to describe, so we won't attempt to picture them, though if we call them sea-sick coloured eyes, we think nothing better would describe them. Then these indefinitely-coloured eyes were rimmed with a circle of black, and, somehow or other, always made us uncomfortable when they looked our way, especially at night-time, when they glared most unpleasingly.

Mrs. Crowes was very changeable and most inconsistent. Oftentimes we have heard her make remarks which, if not agreeing with the ideas of those to whom addressed, she would cancel by others entirely opposite. It was a very small matter to have her alter her opinion three times in succession. You hear her say something—don't agree with it—no more does she—then begin to qualify your disbelief, gradually believing what she led off with, and, nothing daunted, Mrs. Crowes will change cars again. In domestic matters, Mrs. Crowes was just the same; she changed her servants once a week for two months,

and once a fortnight for the next three; one day praising them, the next day parting with them. We never knew her to have a servant which she didn't say was the best girl that ever worked for her, and the worst girl that ever went out to service. The most pitiable feature of Mrs. Crowes' character was the lack of discipline she showed in the education of her daughters. She had two, Fanny and Patty, and anything these two wanted they had only to sulk and pout for, and they were sure to get it. This sort of cruel kindness has results of a not very attractive nature before many years of it pass. Fanny, Mrs. Crowes' eldest daughter, at the time of our becoming acquainted with her, had just about passed her seventeenth year. She was a little, slightly-made, half-formed creature, with a head small as a large-sized doll, and about as empty. Her hair was inclined to be black, but uncertain whether to remain brown, and in keeping with her eyebrows, what little there was of them. Her features were childishly small; a flat-bridged, shapeless nose, a pretty, kissable mouth, with quick-passioned lips, and a chin so small that less of it and there would have been none at all. She had merry, laughing eyes of greyish brown, clear, and, a great pity, they would have made quite a handsome set-off to her plain, though pleasing, features if one of them had not the unfortunate drawback of being malformed. She had a cast in her eye. It was not very perceptible unless seen from a distance; at table it would not be noticed, except when something or other had tended to ruffle her, and then, her features sullenly at rest, the defect became painfully manifest. She kept concealed by a fringe of hair a forehead which, when deprived of its cover had the singular effect of giving to her face an appearance like that of a Chinese baby. Her smile was her best, and we might as well add, her only attraction; her face was made for smiling, and its owner was quite conscious of this, at least we should imagine so, since we scarcely ever saw her without her smile. Many mouths smile, and the smile is becoming; but when extended into a laugh, either an idiotic or unpleasing expression is given to the face. Not so with Fanny's mouth; it smiled a pretty smile; it laughed and made her positively charming. We cannot say much of Miss Crowes' accomplishments or attainments, because she had nothing of either for us to mention. She had seen little of school, had left at a time when most girls begin in earnest to learn something, with acquirements sufficient to enable her to know the difference between a verb and a substantive, to do a multiplication sum without bringing it to an incredible total, to be positive that Holland was a Dutch possession, and Queen Victoria the reigning sovereign of Great Britain. She had become early impressed with an affectionate regard for unpetticoated humanity, which soon showed itself in the person of a most ordinary specimen of the race for whom she professed undying love. Him she fondly hoped and openly confessed she would marry, and indeed she might so have done, had not a half-witted youth of raw, uncouth appearance, in harmony with the enfeebled condition of his intellect, succeeded in alienating her affections and succeeding to them. They plighted their troth, wrote each other letters of impassioned adjectival eloquence — he was boarding in their house, by-the-by, but that did not prevent epistolary love — called heaven to register their vow, and six weeks afterwards 'bust up' with a word duel of terrible and fierce invective. A little interval and Miss Fanny was again in the toils, out again, in again, once more out, and at the time of our meeting, was negotiating for another trial. She did not seem to be particular to whom she gave what she would call her love; if it was only to a male she was satisfied, whether that male were an idiot or an express

driver. Her uncontrolled passion for 'fellows' had seemed to have had the effect of rendering her incapable of doing anything else but spoon and write love-letters. We noticed that in the house she did very little, almost nothing, and would complain if given an hour of household stitching to do, though she would spend a month over a pair of slippers for some favourite 'he.' She was in fact incapable of giving her mind to anything of a substantial nature; to get through a good novel, even, was a most difficult task for her, and if she did get through it, it would not be in less than six weeks' time; she had application in nothing, was entirely devoid of anything that meant mind, and gave great promise of eventually becoming one of Pope's women, who have no character at all. She could talk about nothing but trifles, was always ready for pleasure of no matter what kind, never knew what to do with the time when no pleasure was to be had, would burst into tears if disappointed of any expected enjoyment, and was so intensely selfish as to think that everyone ought to give way to her in everything. We derived much pleasure from watching Fanny at table. At times she had a sort of superfluous wit, which she would use to the best advantage, would even attempt sarcasm, but this she was very poor at, and she was so ridiculously sensitive, that if it were returned she would go from the room in tears. Sarcasm must be able to stand sarcasm, and this Miss Fanny could not do. Fanny had a sister, and Mrs. Crowes another daughter. Fanny's sister and Mrs. Crowes' other daughter was called Patty; she was four years the junior of Fanny, and though only a child of about thirteen summers had the intelligence of a girl of more than hers ister's age. She had a rather queer face, nothing pretty about it, very bright eyes and flat features. She had an uncontrolled aversion for everybody masculine; gifted with quick perception, she never missed a chance of 'takingoff' people, and many was the time we ourselves, who take a peculiar pride in not saying or doing anything that would lay us open to sarcasm, have had to acknowledge the result of Patty's merited shafts. And yet she was only a child; but such a child that many long out of their childhood would not be able to withstand Patty's retort. We had seen all who had seats at our table—in particular Mr. Hendryson and the two Dimmelows, looking most uncommonly small after receiving sarcastic attention from Patty — completely nonplussed, and unable to stem the current of laughter running the round of the table by a suitable reply to her remark. For her sister, Miss Patty had a sort of supercilious contempt, which showed itself in constant sneers, and occasional struggles to scalp her, when Fanny had dared to rouse to an unusual degree her temper. Patty had inspired Fanny with an affectionate reverence for her which amounted almost to fear; and we have often been amused when we have seen Fanny slighted by some one make for her sister's assistance, and hover round her applauding with continual smiles the quick and appropriate retorts Patty made to her antagonist. Thus frequently Fanny's battles were fought by proxy, and to Patty was she much indebted for this kind of valuable service. Like her sister, Patty was wilful and would have her own way; unlike her sister she was always getting it, both from her mother and from Fanny. If the latter wouldn't yield to her, Patty would instantly fly at her, and make for her hair, grasping a handful and holding on like grim death until she got what she wanted. Of course Fanny's loves were enjoyment to Patty, though she seldom taunted her sister with them, unless she was in any way inconvenienced by them. Literature of a fictitious nature, Patty would devour with all the eagerness of a nabob at dinner; and for one book read by her sister, Patty had read a hundred. Sensible in many things, we could not help liking Patty,

and it will much surprise us if she does not develop into a decently clever girl.

We were not long at 14 Groater-street, before we began to notice our house was divided into two parties. It was not by any special arrangement, but simply an understanding between the Lanes, the Dimmelows, Hendryson, and the Mrs. and Misses Crowes, that they formed a circle to which the two divines (Arches and Dupernay), and the one lawyer, Mr. Stitches, were entire strangers. We ourselves sided with neither; kept aloof from both sides, seeing everything, saying nothing, 'knitting' like Dickens' Madame Defarge. The former were the 'House,' the latter the 'Opposition;' the former were arranged on the east side of the table at meals, with Mrs. Crowes presiding at the north end; the latter were seated along the west side, having Mr. Stitches for their leader, occupying the south end chair. Whether any unpleasantness had taken place between these parties before our time we cannot say; nor could we find out, though we tried hard to get to know from the most communicative of our boarders, Mr. Stitches and the Dimmelows. We only learned, and this came out by accident, that Mr. Stitches, annoyed at the irregularity of their meals, in particular, the six o'clock dinner, which for two months was never served until generally after seven, had, to use an expressive phrase, 'gone for' the lady of the 'home' like a hot blister. She, the L of the H, had taken the matter before her 'family,' as she called 'the house,' they discussed the matter openly before Stitches, and Stitches, becoming excited, did not use church prayer-book language, as Mark Twain is so fond of phrasing it, and too freely gave utterance to disagreeable truths. But so it was; whatever may have been the real cause we cannot possibly say, war had been declared between the two sides. Whenever the House made a joke and laughed, the Opposition looked at each other and cynically smiled, and whenever the Opposition made a mistake, and itself looked awkward, the House would smile it into a profusion of blushes. If one side could get an opportunity to sneer at the other, it never missed it; and whichever side left the table first, was laughed out of its chair, and out of the room, generally having the pleasure of hearing some affectionate remark passed on it before it got well into the hall. Each meal was a repetition of the preceding, consisting of a general reap-up of past disagreeables and awkwardnesses, alluded to by obscure hints and ambiguous remarks. This pleasing state of affairs was never varied by any friendly interchanges between the sides, but was continued all along, until our boarding-house broke up.

Mr. Hendryson, of the 'house,' was one of Mrs. Crowes' oldest boarders, in fact, we believe he was the first that entered 14 Groater St. as a boarder, when that place was advertised as a good, comfortable home for homeless young men. We knew Mr. Hendryson when we were clothed in all the innocence of short frocks and long drawers; or rather, we were acquainted with him—we cannot say we knew him—because we remember to have had a strange, unaccountable fear of him, and had we 'known' him, this fear would never have existed. We, somehow, always liked to be in his presence, and never tired looking at him, yet still we would turn as uncomfortable as his Imperial Majesty the Czar of all the Russias would in his bed at sight of some unknown intruder entering his chamber at dead of night, whenever he looked our way; and if perchance he were to address us, we are mindful how his doing so would upset the ordinary working of our heart. His influence over us continued after his departure, and for hours afterwards brothers and sisters, cats and dogs, marbles and tops, had no attraction whatever for us. We can't describe him as he was at this period of our existence; we only re-

member him to have had a large, awfully-solemn-shaped head, big, soft, brown, gentle eyes, a great sepulchral tone of voice, little to say, and a song called 'I'm afloat.' In course of time Mr. Hendryson left our part of the globe, and got afloat to a foreign shore. We heard of him occasionally through the medium of the postal union, and our big brother, who corresponded with him. Years rolled on, and one bright, sunny—no, one cold, windy—morning, about the close of a very fair sample of the chilling dreariness of an English sunless summer, we ourselves stood, handkerchief in hand, heart in mouth, and tears in eyes, on the deck of a huge traverser of the mighty deep, waving last farewells to pas and mas, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, cousins and friends, church spires and chimney tops, Liverpool and England, ticketed for the same land to which our friend, Mr. Hendryson, had preceded us. As we bounded along

'Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,'

we thought of Mr. Hendryson and 'I'm afloat.' We hummed and whistled the latter until our throat was hoarse, and our whistle blown away; and in due course we increased the population of the land of the setting sun by landing on its soil. We pitched our tent by Ontario's waters, in a city that might be beautiful, but which isn't; in sight of a large sandbank, marshy, unshaded, intensely hot, and the home of a man skilled in the use of a pair of oars, called an island, but which isn't; and amongst a people who would be aristocrats, but who aren't.

In this city we came across Mr. Hendryson, and our heart forgot to throb when he looked at us, spoke to us, and asked us how we were. We tossed about the city, staying at different places, until we finally settled at Mrs. Crowes—wid Jas—at 14 Groater St., as per the recommendation of our friend previously referred to, and were rather surprised to meet there—Mr. Hendryson. We soon began to take particular notice of him who had in our youthful years had so great an influence over us. We watched him intently, we made inquiries about him, we kept him constantly in our mind; we got well posted in his every movement; we heard he was in love; we must know his girl; we did know his girl, it was Miss Lane; we breakfasted on him, lunched on him, dined on him, and before long 'had' him.

Seated at the table, Mr. Hendryson looked a six-footer standing in his boots. A good judge of height would see his measure was about five feet seven inches. Nature, when she thought of him, gave him a very long back, but finding she had not legs in stock to correspond, mounted him on a pair that were very much too short to be proportionate to his trunk. Hence the delusion. His head was large, unusually so. It was a well-shaped, handsome head, covered with close-cut, curly hair, black as jet, soft as velvet; a good, broad, square forehead, smooth as a mirror, its only fault being that it looked more intellectual than its owner was; eyes large, of a beautiful dusk brown, well set at proper distance from each other, arched by well-marked brows of raven black; nose a little too heavy, and too ridged to be Grecian, with a Roman beginning and mongrel ending, inasmuch as its last ridge had a slight upward tendency; a good-shaped mouth, which, however, needs the small black moustache that rounds the top of it to make it look handsome; clear cut chin, and an altogether that gave to his face an expression some would think awfully clever, others stupidly dull.

We have often attempted to draw Mr. Hendryson out, but could never get much satisfaction from his conversation. He seldom spoke, and his replies were generally no more satisfactory than 'Is that so?' uttered in

the old, slow, sepulchral drawl. We never heard him come out with anything original, except once. The occasion was—we can't remember—we thought we knew it—it has gone. We are sorry. He was not well read, we think; with perfect truth we might say he was not read at all, though he had a small collection of pretty good books, for in all our six months' acquaintance we have no recollection of ever seeing him with any one of them in his hand. Occasionally we have been by when something like literature was seemingly interesting him, and after a quarter of an hour, when he had finished with the book—he never read longer than ten minutes at a time—we have, as though without any purpose, casually picked it up, and have invariably found the book or magazine, as the case might be, of the very lightest possible literature. We have no reason to believe he had ideas beyond his business and his lady. Certainly nothing else appeared to have any interest for him, and when separated from both of these, time seemed to hang as heavy over him as remorse over a condemned criminal. It is within our recollection that the even tenor of his existence would sometimes be relieved by an occasional visit to an exhibition of the brute force of humanity, as given by professional wrestlers, boxers, quondam prize-fighters, &c., who make a living by catering in this way to the low animal nature of mankind, or to a lecture where some well-known sensational lecturer was to deliver, with the tongue of superficial eloquence before a crowded audience of generally unthinking humanity, who are well able to digest the frothy surface matter they give their twenty-five cents to hear, a series of jokes, anecdotes, and sparkling inanities, largely advertised on flaming posters as a lecture under some smart catchpenny title. To both of these kind of meetings he would go for just the self-same purpose; both gave pleasure, both interested, both passed an hour away easily, and an equal amount of benefit was derived from them, inasmuch as both were forgotten in less than twenty-four hours. Sunday mornings were terrible times for him. He had not his business; he had not his lady, she being called away to help a church choir. Mr. Hendryson was lost. He made the day as short as possible by rising at eleven, sauntering through a lazy toilet, then loitering over breakfast until the hour for meeting his lady arrived. After dinner he and his lady would adjourn to kisses, hugs, and drowses in an arm-chair; and by the heartiness and loudness of their kisses, the powerfulness and protractiveness of their hugs, the unanimity of their being, as illustrated by both slumbering at the same time, would ensample the delights and beauties of love. The afternoon thus passed, Mr. Hendryson and future Mrs., at the call of tea, would slowly propel their respective selves forward with what little energy their soporific condition would allow, and with what assistance and encouragement each got from the other in the way of sundry jerking shoves, and frequent stoppages for an exchange of kisses on the way from their sitting-room into our boarding-house dining-room. In the evening Mr. Hendryson would attend his lady as far as the church gates, she having to leave him there, as her presence elsewhere was required for materially assisting the musical part of the service, and having taken a very back seat in the church, Mr. Hendryson would then, being incapable of doing anything else, make comfortable preparations for a sleep, as soon as the announcing of the text gave leisure for his doing so. We have, at the close of a Sunday evening, been somewhat surprised and intensely amused when at times Mr. Hendryson would criticize the doings and movements of other boarders in the house during the day; and, mindful of the profitable manner in which he himself had spent

it, we have known him to express his entire disapproval that so and so should (for no matter what object he went, whether for instruction or information), have attended a sacred concert at some Roman Catholic church, and for a quarter of an hour he would discourse on the sin of lightly observing the Sabbath. A fortnight previous to this he may have spent a Sunday afternoon boating on the lake. We have said the expression of Mr. Hendryson's face by some might be thought awfully clever, by others stupidly dull. We ourselves have seen him at times when we could hardly believe 'neath that intellectual forehead lurked not thought, originality, and splendid capacities for nurturing the higher functions of the intellect; his quiet reserve, the calm philosophy that beamed from his large thoughtful eye, the measured utterance and dignified bearing, seemed to argue against our unbelief; but another time we would dine with our eyes upon him, and wonder that we could be so blind to the real interpretation of our friend's face as to mistake his quiet reserve for other than a confession that he had nothing in his empty head to make him otherwise, his large, stupidly vague, and meaningless unexpressive eye to give any other impression; his slow, sepulchral drawl, for more than what it was, a consistent characteristic of a sluggish, unambitious nature. He looked a paragon of learning, we thought, when we first knew him; he looked a parody, we thought, when, a few months later, we knew him better. The liking we had for Mr. Hendryson when very young will, however, never die out; we cannot say why not, but suppose it must be a case of Dr. Fell, slightly reversed—

'I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,' &c., &c.

We know him—not Dr. Fell, Mr. Hendryson,—to be so thoroughly honest that we could trust him with anything, no matter what; we would never doubt his word, and though too much loving has made him most egregiously selfish, we honestly believe, when called upon to do it, he would sacrifice all personal feelings to benefit another in any way. We have seldom seen him in a temper, not that he hasn't got one; but having so very little energy within him, he gives us the impression that he is altogether incapable of sustaining the extra exertion of giving way to it.

Hendryson was in love; we think we have said so before; he was not only in love, but at some no very distant date he had intentions of getting the name of Miss Lane changed into Mrs. Hendryson. The loves of these two must have been a constant source of enjoyment to the opposition; it certainly was to us. They were of lovers the most ridiculously and childishly loving; they sat together of course at table, and it was so pretty to see them at tea; they would drink out of, and playfully put pieces of bread, cake, or cheese into each other's cups; sometimes essay to drink both at once from the same saucer; embrace and kiss every five minutes; call each other naughty, and make pretence to have been injured, then cry, and for a time refuse to be comforted or reconciled, with other sweet innocencies so nice and so interesting to all present. We must describe Hendryson's lady, Miss Lane. Putting aside her 'spooniness,' which was in reality called into being by Hendryson's soft-heartedness, there was no one at 14 Groater Street, for whom we had a greater respect than Miss Lane. That isn't saying much though, but still it suffices to say that we had respect for her. It would not explain quite enough to say that we liked her, and it would give a wrong impression to say that we loved her. There was not that about her personal appearance that would please, much less attract. She was of average height, large build; her face was small, very round, very full, and if, as some say, nose characterizes mind, she must have had a superabundance of it.

Her's was a very large nose; starting from the forehead with a ridge, it gracefully curved its way until dangerously near meeting the upper lip, when it stopped short and sharp like the beak of a parrot. Her mouth was small, sternly set, indicating determination, decision, and firmness. She had a good forehead, large and high. A face that, as we have said, would not please; at first sight, certainly not, but we think it might after getting used to it. We never saw it—the face—but it greeted us, and others too, with a smile so genuine, so everything good, that we could not, if we would, help liking its owner; and then her smile was so much in harmony with her disposition, it was in fact the visible, always-present duplicate of her disposition, given to her to help the smiled-upon to keep in mind the invisible. She treated all alike, high and low, the clever and the insignificant; to all alike courteous and condescending. Careless and indifferent to public opinion, she was not afraid to do things right, proper, and truly womanly, but which conventionalism considers out of the pale of its world of shallow, sham, heartlessness and unreality. She had wit and sarcasm enough to discomfort anyone, but never, save when the conduct of her victim called for it, did she use either. Even then she knew well how to temper justice with mercy. We noticed as a peculiar feature of Miss Lane's character that she always sided with the weaker party, if anything happened to make any one in the presence of others and herself look what we may call sheepishly awkward. By her well-timed interference and skilful suppositions, she would set at ease the discomfited, and her clever wit and happy retort never failed if necessary to turn the tables upon the browbeater. She was an always-ready, never-tiring champion of distressed humanity; and then Miss Lane was clever. She was well-educated, well-read, and gifted with conversational powers of no slight worth. She was a perfect musician, a complete mistress of the duties of a hostess, a faultless lady in the drawing room; hers might have been the character of which to have loved Steele said was a liberal education. We never knew any one that knew Miss Lane and didn't like her. We wouldn't have known any one that knew Miss Lane and couldn't appreciate her. The Opposition, even though she was of the House side, all liked her, and all had occasion to do so, since it was she who kept her side from going too far with sarcasm and sneers at the expense of the legal and theological occupants of the Opposition benches.

Besides the Hendryson-Lane love, we had another couple in our boarding house whose fondness for each other caused, if anything, more amusement to the House. The other couple that loved was, female, Fanny Crowes; male, Redward Jaynes Dimmelow. Fanny Crowes we have already noticed; Redward Dimmelow we now come to notice. He was called Red for short. How we did like little Red; he was so funny, and so uncommonly original in his funniness that the whole House and Opposition liked him. He was a British boy; according to law still an infant—not quite twenty-one; of short and rather stumpy build, not much more than five and a half feet high; his face was about as broad as it was long; he had little blue eyes, that always closed when he laughed; large oratorical mouth; florid complexion, and a nose, such a nose! Nature had intended it for a rather passable nose, and a passable nose it had been until Red was about fourteen, when a cricket ball, struck with fatal accuracy, had caught in on the side and end, slightly damaging its perpendicular. Singularly enough a little later on another cricket ball struck with similar accuracy, lighted on the same place and still further damaged its perpendicular; a third time did a cricket ball make for and hit the same part of Red's nose, and probably a fourth might have done the same

thing but that by this time the in-the-way piece of cartilage had been completely knocked round and out of the way. No nose will allow a cricket ball to strike it three times without rebelling, and so Red's nose must not be blamed for having turned itself so much out of the perpendicular as to make of itself a very irregular, almost shapeless mass. However, despite his much cricket-balled nose, Red was not a very bad-looking fellow. It was at table that Red showed most to advantage. Then he had such a long list of anecdotes, jokes, &c., that day after day he kept the whole table in roars of laughter. He amused us a whole month with tales about a dog he once owned; each meal brought some fresh dog tale, until we began to wonder when Red's dog-days were coming to an end. After the dog was used up Red had some thing else ready for us. He was a walking comic paper, and his stock of 'funninesses' never seemed exhausted. Every evening when his tea was over, Red would waltz round and round the room—he always felt happy when his feet were slippered with tight fitting patent leathers—jumping over chairs, summersaulting, and never passing the younger Dimmelow but he would try how near he could whisk his hand over his head without touching the head. Oftentimes, of course, he caught the head a pretty hard hit. The younger Dimmelow naturally resented being thus scalped, and would start up from a bite at a piece of bread and go for the interesting skip-about pretty lively; a scene generally ensued. Two pairs of legs and four arms, for the space of nearly five minutes, wildly tossed about the floor in unutterable confusion. The fight over, Red would resume his antics, and commence a series of gymnastic feats with the tables, chairs, and lounge, winding up with a recitation from the table as platform. Red was awfully fond of reciting. Whether he could recite we won't say; anyhow he was satisfied that he could, and three or four times a week would favour the house with a recitation, generally of the blood-and-thunder style. It was after having vowed eternal affection for seventeen girls at different periods of his existence, ringed the engaged finger of two, and almost promised to do the same kindness for three others, that Red had finally made up his mind that none of the female sex held his heart so much in bondage as Mrs. Crowes' Fanny. He accordingly negotiated, found she was negotiable, and the next day called upon heaven to register the vows of himself and latest. Heaven, however, had been called upon to do the same thing so frequently that we very much doubt whether the registration was effected. At the time Red became Fannied, he was receiving and forwarding love and kisses to another Fanny called Louisa, who dwelt far, far away, 'o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,' as Byron sings. This Louisa was in due course notified of the moon's change, and to the notification was appended a postscript, reading something to the effect that 'your sorrowful Red hopes his ex-Louisa won't take the separation too much to heart.' Red was a slightly conceited Red, and thought so much of himself that he was quite convinced that all those about whom he had once spooned and sighed, also thought so much of him that they would never get over his loss. In particular, this Louisa he thought would never survive the receipt of his 'changed cars;' in fact, he openly confessed his satisfaction, that the news would prove very detrimental to her health, and likely lay her low for months. It may have surprised him, we don't know, it must have annoyed him, we are sure, when not two months after the Red-Louisa correspondence ceased, information was received by Red's brother that the supposed heart-broken Louisa was about to marry another Red for whom she had long entertained an affection as ardent as ever.

The loves of Red and Fanny very aptly illustrated the saying that 'love's course seldom runs smooth;' the prime

reason for its not doing so in their case was to be found in Fanny herself. We have before spoken of the changeable nature of this young lady's heart; so it was quite natural that she should, on the least encouragement from another male, transfer her affections. From Bertie Dimmelow, a brother—the younger by two years—of Red, she got so much that it soon found its reward in Fanny's complete surrender, Bertie's triumph, and Red's dismissal. Red, being of a very excitable and impulsive nature, could scarcely contain himself. He almost went mad; kept so for two days, finally settling down into a terrible state of melancholy. He refused all attempts to get him to eat, appeared at meals with a face as long as a counterskipper's yard-arm and as yellow as the jaundice; at night tossed restlessly to and fro in his bed, sleepless and sick at heart. We heard his monotonous moan for a whole week of nights, from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. the next morning. He once sharpened his razor, felt its edge, and—got no further. He next made for the bay one early morn e'er the sun had scarce opened its heaven of light upon another day, and taking a short, hurried run, stopped as he reached the water's edge. All this time the younger brother—we afterwards learned, thanks to the over-communicativeness of Redward Jaynes—had been fooling around Miss Fanny just for sheer amusement, delighting in the state of mind his interference had thrown Red into. This young eighteen-year old piece of impudence, it seems, took an intense pleasure in tormenting and provoking his elder whenever a chance offered. Oftentimes we have heard Red threaten to break his head, and never did head deserve breaking so often as that youth's did. Bertie's unparalleled cheek stopped at nothing, so that it surprised no one in the house when every one in it learned that he had been making love to Red's girl. Bertie had only been out from England some few weeks when we met him at 14 Groater Street; he was, consequently, something of a greenhorn, but, like most greenhorns, thought the world of himself, walking the streets with a most condescending, supercilious air, as though owner of all the land, instead of an uncertain five or six dollar a-week clerkship.

A slimly built youth, fair-haired and blue-eyed, with a face as innocent as a baby's, some called him pretty, others sweet. We took an interest in him for many reasons, though we didn't like him. He amused us; he tried so hard to be witty, liked much to to attract attention, and was happy when he raised a laugh; then we discovered he would be sarcastic, and he never missed a chance of getting off a little sarcasm, such as it was—rather mild at all times. One reason why we didn't like him was, because he was—we thought so—such a terrible hypocrite; he seemed always, so to speak, to be looking two ways. Then there was a certain something else about him—we did't know what; but it was expressed in his walk. Going down the street he seemed to have his head down, and, somehow or other, at the same time, seemed to have it up; he always hugged the edge of the sidewalk, and had a most undecided tread that we didn't like. His very innocent look we distrusted; then, when he spoke, he spoke slowly, seemingly uncertain what opinion he should offer in order to agree with your's. He was too watchful, too restlessly observant; his look, his smile, his walk, his talk, his all about him, had what we may call a 'doubleness' in it. We wouldn't trust him. In conversation, at times, he was good; he said things once in a way that denoted thought, and gave occasion for us to believe that he might grow up a little above the average man.

Miss Fanny was only destined to receive the love of Red's brother about a fortnight; at the end of that time

we happened to interrupt a scene that was taking place in our boarding-house dining-room. The hour was eleven, a.m.; the *dramatis personæ* were Bertie Dimmelow, Fanny Crowes, and Redward Jaynes. We were passing the room on the way to our bed. Fanny was kneeling on both knees, Red was kneeling on one knee, both looked highly tragic; the younger Dimmelow, seated on a chair in a serio-comic attitude, seemed to be listening to another vow his brother was troubling heaven to register. We heard a loud sounding kiss, immediately followed by Red's voice, in a delirium of ecstacy, repeating 'Mine, mine for ever,' three times, without stopping, to which Mr. Bertie pinaforically added, '"hardly ever, Amen;"' from all of which circumstances we came to the conclusion that the recently divided couple had again become one. Such proved to be the case; and for the next month or so, a more loving little couple than Red and his Fanny could not have been found in a six days' march. A few days after the re-union, the two hit upon the idea of setting themselves a course of study. It was certainly not a bad idea, since it would have done neither of them any harm if both could have begun their education entirely anew. Desirous of being systematic in their workings, they got up a routine; we were by special favour privileged to see it. Our memory may be a little at fault, but still we have a recollection that it was made up of something like the following:

Monday evening	from 7.00 to 7.15,	Greek.
"	" 7.15 " 9.45,	Recreation.
Tuesday	" 7.00 " 7.15,	French.
Tuesday	from 7.15 to 9.45,	Recreation.
Wednesday	- -	Recreation.
Thursday	from 7.00 to 7.15,	Latin.
"	" 7.15 " 9.45,	Recreation.
Friday	" 7.00 " 7.15,	Singing.
"	" 7.15 " 9.45,	Recitations and Recreation.
Saturday	"	Whole holiday.

It very forcibly struck us that there was a certain amount of ingenuity displayed in the get-up of this routine, which college boys of the present day would not fail to appreciate if a similar allowance for 'recreation' relieved the heavy studies of their daily classes.

Red and Fanny set to work in downright earnest; they shut themselves up in our dining-room, and, after making a great display of paper, pens, ink, and a small library of books, on a certain Monday evening sat down to Greek. As neither of them knew anything about Greek except Red, who was perfect in the alphabet, they naturally found 'Greek' pretty difficult stuff, and five minutes of the alloted fifteen had not passed before they were locked in each other's arms, hugging, kissing, and talking very 'un-Greeky;' they continued thus until long after nine, quite forgetting the evening's other study, 'recreation.' We are of opinion every other evening's work was simply a repetition of the first, until in a very short time the two found the extreme severity of the tasks they had allotted themselves beginning to tell upon their health, so they were compelled to adjourn 'studying.' They took a three months' holiday, and when the three months expired, extended the holiday for another three. Classes were never resumed.

(To be continued.)

THE RETURN OF APHRODITE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

DEEP in Cythera a cave,
Pealing a thunderous pæan,
Roars, as the shivering wave
Whitens the purple Ægean:
There to astonish the globe,
Terrible, beautiful, mighty,
Clad with desire as a robe,
Rose Aphrodite.

Never again upon earth
Like her arose any other;
Got without labour or birth,
Sprung without father or mother;
Zeus, from his aëry home,
Seeing the roseate water
Lift her aloft on its foam,
Hailed her his daughter.

Sweet was her shape, and is now;
Sweeter the breath of her kisses;
Delicate ivory brow;
Wealth of ambrosial tresses;
Mouth that no favour denies;
Cheek that no ardour abashes;
Languishing eyelids and eyes,
Languishing lashes.

Seeing her luminous face
Shine as the ocean that bore her,
Every nation and race
Worshipped her, falling before her;
Chaplets they culled for her fane,
Fairer than any can cull us;
Greece gave her Sappho's refrain,
Rome her Catullus.

Soft was the sound of their lyre,
Luscious their lay without cloying,
Till, as a billow of fire,
Crushing, consuming, destroying,
Wasting her wines in their spleen,
Spilling her costly cosmetics,
Swept the implacable, lean
Horde of ascetics.

Darkness they spread over earth,
Sorrow and fasting of faces;
Mute was the music of mirth,
Hushed was the chorus of Graces:
Back to the womb of the wave,
Terrible, beautiful, mighty,
Back with the boons that she gave,
Sank Aphrodite.

Down the abysses of time
Rolled the unchangeable ages,
Reft of the glory of rhyme
Graven in passionate pages;
Sad was the measure, and cold,
Dead to the language of kisses;
Sadly the centuries rolled
Down the abysses.

Now in the ends of the earth
Tenderer singers and sweeter,
Smit with a ravening dearth,
Cry on the goddess and greet her:
Cry with their rapturous eyes
Flashing the fire of emotion;
Call her again to arise
Fresh from the ocean.

Hot as of old are their songs,
Breathing of odorous tresses,
Murmur of amorous tongues,
Ardour of fervid caresses;
Trilled with a tremulous mouth
Into the ear of the comer,
Warm as the breath of the South,
Soft as the summer.

Under the depth of the wave,
Hearing their passionate numbers,
Piercing her innermost cave,
Waken her out of her slumbers,
Soothed with the sound of their strain,
Beautiful, merciful, mighty,
Back to the nations again
Comes Aphrodite.

—*Temple Bar.*

WHAT IS MONEY?

BY G. MANIGAULT, LONDON, ONT.

THE people of Canada have lately been rudely awakened to a doubt as to the sufficiency and soundness of their currency; and, from the multitude of suggestions thrown out in many quarters, it seems that they now seek a circulating medium that shall be at once abundant yet valuable, cheap yet sound, securing full wages to labour, high prices for produce, a low rate of interest; and all this without throwing burthens on the tax-payers. In short, they want a National Currency.

I have read many communications made by individuals, and many resolutions adopted by public and *quasi* public bodies, on this subject, and in my simplicity I find much that I cannot understand, and more that I cannot assent to. The whole theory of a National Currency, which is to banish gold and silver from circulation, and abolish them as the standards of monetary value, seems to me to be a complicated tissue elaborately woven out of a confusion of ideas as to values, as to the nature of trade and contracts, and as to what things Governments can, and what they cannot, do.

Having at hand one of the most laboured lucubrations on a National Currency, I will make some quotations from it, with some comments on its errors.

Here are some of the flashes of electric light which the writer throws on the subject:—

'Money is a creature of a stamp or the law, irrespective of any material of an innate or intrinsic value supposed to be contained in such. It is the Government stamp that makes money of value, no matter of what material it is made.'

'The State reserved its sovereign right of making the people's money, and by becoming responsible for it.'

Now, the historical and financial truth is, that as soon as the exchange of commodities, by barter between savages, rose to the dimensions of commerce, traders felt the need of some convenient representative of value and medium of exchange; and they had recourse to the precious metals, gold and silver, these being valued and treasured by all nations—why, we need hardly stop to inquire. Being attractive to the sight and touch, being durable, malleable, easily melted and moulded into useful and ornamental forms, limited in quantity, of small bulk, and easily transported, these metals were obviously the most convenient representatives of value in all countries. Long before any Government or any large dealer in these metals thought of coining them, pieces of gold and silver, given and taken by weight, formed the 'current money with the merchant.'

When at length Governments undertook to coin money, they did not undertake to fix its value. To this day, in coining gold and silver, the Government only certifies, by its stamp, that these coins are of a certain weight and purity of metal, and exactly like the other pieces issuing from under the same die. The Government does not pretend to fix their value. That depends upon the natural laws of trade, and the condition of the market

for commodities and services, where and when the coin passes from hand to hand.

As to '*the State's reserving its sovereign right of making the people's money*' we do not know what Governments claim this monopoly. The people of Canada are quite at liberty to make their contracts and payments in English, French, German, or United States money, if they choose to do so. According to this writer's notions of money, the chartered banks here manufacture the people's money, in the shape of bank bills; and some successful gold miners in the United States and elsewhere have been in the habit of coining their bullion, stamping it with their own die, to certify the weight and purity of the metal. All that they have to avoid is imitating the die of the United States or of any other Government. To do so would render them liable to the penalty of counterfeiting.

The way gold and silver get into circulation is this: As the certificate of the Government as to the purity and weight of the coin is more to be relied upon than the certificate of any individual or corporation, he who wishes to turn his bullion into money carries it to the Government mint, and for a very small per centage, to cover the cost of coinage, has it assayed, melted, purified from excess of alloy, and coined for him.

Again, this writer tells us that 'The Government reserves the right to fix the length of the yard, the specific gravity of the pound, the size of the bushel, and the *value* of the dollar.'

This writer has very confused notions as to the nature of value. The Government fixes the weight and purity of the coin, but it has no more power to fix the value of a gold or silver coin than the value of a bushel of wheat, or of an ox or a sheep. Value is the result of labour and skill applied to some useful end, for which men are willing to give other valuables in exchange. A labourer, by doing some useful work, creates value for which men are willing to pay wages. Labour laid out on land may turn unprofitable acres into a valuable farm. The farmer, by the industrious and skilful cultivation of a field, grows a crop of wheat, thus creating value for which others are willing to pay. Another, by skilful breeding and feeding, may rear a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep, and create value in that way. A skilful mechanic may create value in the shape of waggons, or ploughs, or other implements. An enterprising labourer may go to the gold regions, and toil and dig for gold, certain that for all the gold he gets, other people will give him value in exchange. But the Government is not employed in creating value. It can find its full and best employment in giving security to, and administrating justice among, the people who live under its rule, In making money, the Government does not create value. If it coins gold and silver, a very small percentage covers the expense of the coinage; the value lies in the material coined. If it issues paper money, it does not create, but simply transfers, already existing value, mortgaging as much of the tax-payers' property as may be necessary to pay the claims of the holders of the government paper, whether bills or bonds.

Again, this writer says: 'Take a farmer who hires *A.* and *B.* to work for him at $10 a month each; at the end of the month he pays *A.* a couple of sovereigns, and *B.* a $10 bill on one of our banks; *B.* can buy on the market just as many necessaries of life with his paper money, as *A.* can with his gold.'

So he can; but does not the writer see why it is so? If *B.* prefers gold to paper, he can go to the bank and demand gold; the bank dare not refuse it for fear of being put into bankruptcy.

From the essential nature of a currency, all paper money consists of promises to pay on demand something

of value, or at least to receive it at a certain value. If the holder of the paper money has no legal means of enforcing the fulfilment of the contract on the face of the bill, he has no security that he will be paid. If the bill be issued by a bank, the holder of it can compel the bank to cash it or go into bankruptcy; but if the bill be issued by the Government, the holder has no means of compelling payment. Even if the government paper money be receivable in payment of public dues, Governments have so often issued such an amount of this paper money that only a small part of it could be absorbed in the payment of these dues. This has happened in Russia, Austria, France, and elsewhere, and more than once in the United States.

We know of no Government that has ever attempted to fix the value of money. This would have been something like decreeing that a dollar shall be equal to a bushel of wheat, or a quarter of mutton, or seven pounds of butter. Many Governments indeed, have attempted to fix their paper money at the standard of gold and silver, and then make it a substitute for them, to the exclusion of these metals; and all of them have utterly failed.

This writer asserts that 'Nothing has fluctuated in the market during the last fifteen years like gold.'

'Gold and silver have always increased in a greater ratio than other commodities.'

It is true that with the progress of geographical discovery and mining enterprise, the quantity of gold and silver in use has accumulated more rapidly than most other commodities, and through centuries and tens of centuries their purchasing power has been falling, It took less gold or silver to buy an ox or a bushel of wheat in the time of Julius Cæsar or of William the Conqueror, than now. But this fall in value, from increase in quantity, has been gradual, except at two particular eras, the first in the sixteenth century, when a great influx of the precious metals into Europe ensued from the Spanish conquests of Mexico and Peru. The second era, less marked in its effects, in the middle of this century, from the great yield in the gold regions of California and Australia. Except at these periods the increase in quantity, and consequent decline in value, of the precious metals have been very gradual, little affecting contemporary pecuniary interests within any one century; while the prices of all those annual productions necessary to human sustenance and the maintenance and progress of civilization have fluctuated greatly from year to year in every country, the value of gold and silver varies almost imperceptibly from one year to another. The bulk of commodities are produced to be consumed, and perish in their use. But the precious metals are for the most part preserved for their uses, and the small acquisitions of each year are added to the great accumulations of past years, little affecting their quantity and value.

This comparative stability of value in the precious metals, is one of the chief of the many qualities rendering them peculiarly fit for the measures of value in commercial exchanges.

We cannot conceive where this writer learned that '*Nothing has fluctuated in the market during the last fifteen years like gold.*' Has he been watching the fluctuations of the United States paper currency of which, within the last eighteen years, it sometimes took $200 and sometimes much less to purchase $100 in gold; and has he mistaken the fluctuations of the paper currency for the fluctuations of the standard by which its value was measured?

Another fact may have helped to mislead him. The United States are a gold producing country; but the value of gold has been artificially depreciated there by the protective tariff policy, which aims at selling every thing to every body abroad, and buying nothing

from any body abroad; so that the successful miner cannot use his gold in purchasing the productions of any foreign country but at great loss.

This writer tells us that 'all governments ought to issue their own legal tender paper money, the quantity to be limited by Act of Parliament, and kept steadily at the same rate of increase as that of the wealth and population.'

'The production of the precious metals would soon cease, were their circulation as money confined to the producing countries, or if they were sold by the ounce, as wheat is by the bushel.'

'The proper material for money—it would seem that for convenience the lightest material should be used, and one that has no use in the arts and sciences, in other words, one that has no commercial value.'

This National Currency must represent some thing that has value. The government cannot promise to pay 1—or 5—or 10—or 50—nothings! Shall a dollar bill, no longer representing coined silver, now represent a bushel of wheat, or two bushels of oats, or a quarter of mutton, or a square rod of land, or an able-bodied labourer day's work? For no man will sell any thing for this bill, until something of value stands behind and endorses it, to give it a definite value. And all these useful and therefore valuable things we have named as endorsers, are of very fluctuating values. What shall these government promises represent, gold and silver being banished?

This writer tells us that 'Money is valuable in proportion to its power to accumulate value by interest.'

'The law of interest or percentage on money as much governs the rent or use of property, and consequently the reward of labour 'as the law of gravitation governs the descent of water.'

'Interest at two per cent is a higher rate of interest than a people can afford to pay.'

'What we want now is a National Currency, at such a low rate of interest, that the labour and production of the country will be fully rewarded, and thus bring prosperity to all.'

We hope the writer understands what he means in these sentences. In our simplicity we do not. But we have observed that where and when interest is low, wages are usually low, and where interest is high wages are usually high. Who is to lend money at two per cent? Individuals will find more profitable employment for their cash. Will the Dominion Government lend its national currency to all who wish to borrow at two per cent, and thus bring prosperity to all? Has this writer discovered the means of turning Canada into the Utopia of Sir Thomas More?

This writer next tells us that 'increasing the volume of the currency by legal tender would not derange values.'

A currency is needed to make payments on that portion of the property in the country which is changing hands. As all the sales in the year do not exceed at the utmost the value of one-third of the property and produce in the country, and as each portion of the currency may be used in ten or twenty transactions of sale and purchase, it has been estimated that the value of the whole currency of a country seldom equals one-thirtieth, perhaps, not one-fortieth, of the value of all the property there.

A Government issuing paper money, may increase the nominal amount of the currency *ad libitum;* it can double it, quadruple it, make it twenty-fold what it was, but it cannot permanently increase the purchasing power of the currency in the slightest degree. It can only raise the nominal prices of all commodities to any height. But the twenty-fold millions of the new issue will buy no more commodities than the original millions did. This has been proved in many cases besides that of the French *Assignats*, which depreciated until a thousand francs would not pay for a pound of butter. I have seen, in old houses in the United

States, trunks, half full of 'Continental money' paper issued by the United States Congress during their war with England for their independence, and the history of this currency runs parallel with that of French *Assignats*. And similar instances have occurred in the United States and elsewhere of late years.

This writer tells us that 'no government, however, should make a currency of a material of which it cannot supply a quantity adequate to the wants of the people; for it cannot be necessary to have a representative of value scarce, so long as there is an abundance of actual value susceptible of representation—such for instance as the property of all British North America.'

The National Currency is then to represent landed property instead of specie. Whose landed property? Are the lands of the farmers to be mortgaged for the redemption of any amount of National Currency which the Government may see fit to issue, on unforseen emergencies, for the furtherance of sanguine enterprises, or the maintenance of extravagance or corruption in the administration? Is this currency to be redeemed in detail by exchanging it for an acre or two from each farm in the country?

The currency of a country and the material elements that compose it, are not usually furnished by the Government. And where Governments have undertaken to provide a currency, they have always been playing tricks with it, to the defrauding of those who receive it in payment. Without going back to heathen antiquity, the very names expressing money in Europe prove this. The English pound was originally a pound Troy of silver, and equivalent to sixty-six shillings; now the pound sterling is so reduced in weight by successive degradations, that it is worth only twenty shillings. The French did worse. The *livre* or *franc* was originally a pound of silver; but step by step the government mint brought it down so low, that it will take more than seventy livres or francs to weigh a pound. A similar gradual degradation of the weight of the coins from the government mints, can be traced in the languages of other countries; to say nothing of the frequent debasement of the purity of the metal. The latest instance known to us of this kind of fraud occurred in the United States silver coinage three years ago. The Government bought $34,118,973.26 worth of silver bullion, and made out of it silver coin to the nominal value of $39,685,688.00, expecting to make a profit of $5,566,714.74. But I understand that this speculation or peculation, has not proved successful; for as the value of silver coin is simply the value of the pure silver in it, and this coins falls fifteen or sixteen per cent. short of the due amount, people decline to apply for it, and the bulk of it is left in the mint.

In latter times Governments have tampered less with the coinage, but perpetrated their frauds upon the people by the issue of paper money, promising to pay coin on demand, and often utterly failing to redeem that promise. The untold millions of French *Assignats* afford one instance, although the confiscated lands of the emigrant nobles were assigned as collateral security. The untold millions of United States continental money afford another. The Russian paper *rubb*, now depreciated so far below the silver *rubb*—affords a third instance. The Bank of England notes which the Government made a legal tender during the war with France, robbed creditors of from 30 to 40 per cent. of their dues. The United States Treasury notes, made a legal tender during the war of secession, robbed the creditors yet more largely. Almost every Government in Europe and America has afforded proofs of the fraudulent nature of a government legal tender paper currency. In a word, it is the worst currency a people can be saddled with.

Is the Dominion Government wise

and honest beyond all others? Short as its life has been, has not the administration of its powers at times fallen into the hands of men little to be trusted in policy or finance? Why should we urge it to the exercise of powers which other Governments have not only failed to use beneficially, but always perverted to purposes of fraud?

If we trace the origin of paper money, we may arrive at some sound principles as to its uses, and as to the limitations of its usefulness.

A bill of exchange is an order to pay a stated sum, addressed to a foreign or distant correspondent, on whom the drawer of the bill has money claims or credit. This bill is sold to some one who has use for the money at the place on which the bill is drawn. If the bill is cashed by the party on whom it is drawn, it has served all the purposes of coin without the expense and risk of transportation. If the bill is not cashed it is worthless abroad, and the holder must look to the drawer of it for indemnification. We do not know how long bills of exchange have been in use. Possibly the merchants of Tyre and Sidon used them before the days of King Solomon.

A bank bill is a promise made by a banking company to pay, on presentation of the bill at their counter, so much in gold or silver coin. The bill, passing from hand to hand, serves uses very similar to that of a bill of exchange. The moment any doubt arises as to the promise on the face of the bill being kept the holder carries it to the bank counter and demands cash. Any delay in cashing it depreciates its value. A permanent failure to pay renders it worthless, even if it be a bill on the Government Bank and a part of the National Currency.

A bank bill originally represented an amount of silver or gold coin, which it was inconvenient or hazardous to carry about one's person. In this, their original purpose, they are exceedingly useful. But here the use of paper money ends, and the abuse of it soon begins. In order to make money cheaper and more plentiful, Governments permitted the issue of bills for small and smaller amounts—bills for $5, for $2, for $1; then for 50 cts., for 25 cts, and in the United States many years ago, bills for 12½ cts. and 6¼ cts. entered largely into the circulation. Most of this rubbish, which perished in the hands of the users, was clear, but dishonest, gain to the banks or the Government that issued it, and the loss of so much value to the community, and especially to the poorer classes. But as it disappeared, new batches of these shin-plasters took its place.

But these small bills effectually drove out of circulation the coin—the real standards of monetary value. The people, who know what money is, always keep their silver and gold, which has a value always and everywhere, and most of it ultimately goes abroad, and they pay away their paper money of only local, and often of doubtful, value. Thus an inferior currency always drives a sounder currency out of circulation. This has happened everywhere, Canada not excepted.

It is absurd to talk of gold and silver as a cumbrous currency. Every man who wears a watch carries about with him, a weight equal to from $30 to $50 in gold, and from $2 to $3 in silver. Whoever complained, however, of being burthened with the weight of a watch?

But this writer, whom we have quoted so often, has a positive antipathy to gold and silver. He would gladly outlaw them, and banish them from the realm, and leave us no available standard to test the value of the flood of the national currency paper with which he would inundate the country, until it became as cheap and valueless as the French *Assignats*.

How much delighted this writer must have been on reading the decision of the United States Supreme

Court, which decreed that contracts to deliver gold expressly were fulfilled by paying the nominal amount in United States legal tender bills. But what does he say now, when he sees the United States, after suffering for eighteen years the varied evils of a fluctuating and depreciating National Currency of legal tender paper, have lately, by great efforts and at great sacrifices, raised their currency to something like a par with gold? Yet they have only succeeded by depreciating the value of gold through a fiscal legislation that discourages its exportation, by preventing the importation of that which would pay for it. The United States are still wandering in the financial mazes of a National Currency, and are not yet out of the wood.

The country which enjoys the soundest currency at this day, and for years back, is England. But it is not a National Currency in this sense —that the Government *furnishes* the currency. Any one who has bullion can send it to the Mint and have it coined at a trifling cost. The Government thus merely furnishes, by the stamp of the die, a certificate as to the purity and weight of the metal. The Government issues no paper money. The Bank of England is not allowed to issue any bills for less than five pounds (about $25), and must pay in gold every one of its bills presented at its counter. The consequence is that the paper currency really represents the value promised on the face of the bill; but the Government is not responsible for the debts of this great banking company.

Notwithstanding the number of banks which have failed, defrauding and ruining multitudes who have accepted their worthless bills as money (thus the Bank of Glasgow failed two years ago for thirty millions of dollars, and the Bank of the United States, in 1837, for more than fifty millions), yet the amount which the people have lost by all these bank failures, would not make ten per cent., perhaps not five per cent., of the losses sustained by the depreciated and often-repudiated paper currency, which their own Governments have forced upon them.

No people can safely confide in a currency of promises to pay on demand, issued by the Government; for there is no higher authority to be appealed to for the enforcing of the fulfilment of these promises; and this easy mode of raising funds, perpetually tempts the administration to improvidence, extravagance, and corruption. But the Government may safely permit banks to issue promises to pay money (but not in small bills), for it can provide safe-guards to enforce the keeping of these promises. The natural law-controlling trade, and the rivalry of the banks with each other, will assist in keeping their issues within bounds.

There is something dangerously fascinating to the popular mind in this notion, that money can be made plentiful, yet retain its value, so that everybody can be accommodated, and the country made prosperous, simply by a Government issue of large quantities of legal tender paper money. Yet this notion is quite as visionary and false as that which spurred on the alchymists of old to labour at transmuting the baser metals into gold.

From the essential nature of money, it is impossible to make the currency at once plentiful, that is, abundant for everybody, and, at the same time, a sound representative of value. But if the Canadian currency be somewhat wanting in soundness, two simple measures will reform it.

1. Let the Government gradually, but not slowly, call in its own issues of bills, beginning with the lowest in value.

2. Let the Government gradually, but not slowly, prohibit banks and all others from issuing promises to pay on demand any sum below $10.

THE LEGEND OF ST. HILDA'S BELLS.

BY HEREWARD.

FROM the pleasant vale of Whitby, by the German Ocean shore,
Floats the sweetness of a legend handed down from days of yore,
When that hardy North Sea Rover, Oscar Olaf, Son of Sweyn,
Swooping down on Whitby's convent, bore her Bells beyond the Main—
Far away to where the headlands on the Scandinavian shore—
With reverberating thunder—echo Baltic's sullen roar;
And sad the night-winds o'er the Yorkshire fells
Bemoan'd the absence of St. Hilda's Bells.

But the storms of Scandinavia, (Dane and Viking's sea-girt home),
Smote the Baltic's angry breakers, lash'd them into seething foam,
Whose white-crested, heaving mountains drove the saffron-bearded Dane
(Him the Saxons feared and hated, Oscar Olaf, Son of Sweyn)
Drove him back to cloister'd Whitby, and the German Ocean wave
Rolls and breaks with ceaseless moaning o'er the North Sea Rover's grave:
Aye, rolls and breaks, as when it moaned the knells
Of Oscar Olaf and St. Hilda's Bells.

Oft the Nuns and Mother Abbess of St. Hilda's lofty fane
Sighed to hear the silver chiming of the Convent Bells again;
Oft the herdsman on the moorland, and the maiden on the lea,
Mourned the missing iron songsters borne away beyond the sea;
For it seemed as though the accents of the dear old Bells no more
Would be heard in pleasant Whitby by the German Ocean shore,
That evermore the North Sea's surging swells
Would drown the music of St. Hilda's bells.

Aves, Credos, Paternosters, pleaded at St. Hilda's shrine,
(Sacred altar where the franklin's and the villein's prayers entwine,)
These, and presents rich and goodly, to that convent old and quaint,
Touched the heart of good St. Hilda, Saxon Whitby's Patron Saint;
For 'tis writ in fisher folk-lore at her word old Ocean bore
On his crest the ravished songsters, stranding them on Whitby's shore;
And oft again o'er Whitby's woodland dells
Was heard the sweetness of St. Hilda's Bells.

Years have fled a-down the ages since those nigh-forgotten times;
But each New Year's Eve the waters echo back the convent chimes,
And—'tis said—the youth who hears them, ere the coming year has fled
(Flinging single life behind him) shall have press'd the nuptial bed;
Sweet belief, and quaint old legend, wafting long-forgotten lore
From the pleasant vale of Whitby by the German Ocean shore,
Where strolls the ancient fisherman who tells
Of Oscar Olaf and St. Hilda's Bells.

TORONTO.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY JOSEPH POOLE, WINDSOR, N. S.

'For it may be
That while I speak of it a little while,
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.'
—TENNYSON: *Œnone.*

THE days are nearly all dark. Now and then comes a little while in which I can think, and speak, and see things as they are. But these moments of light fly quickly; and even while they last are haunted by the fearful dread of returning darkness. And if it is ever possible to keep down this dread, I can still have no pleasure, for my mind becomes so overwhelmed by the flood of sad recollections, that escape, even in the blindness and wildness of delusion, are welcome to me.

I have been made a sort of plaything of fortune. My life has been something like the punishment of Tantalus. Happiness seems always to have been just within my grasp; I reach forth my hand to take it, and it is gone! Nature, too, has played her pranks with me. Like 'poor, proud Byron'—if I may compare small things with great—I present, mentally and physically, a series of curious, almost revolting, contrasts. But I will not speak of these. Let me only say, that endowed with qualities which, I am confident, would have enabled me to fill, with some degree of credit, any position in life, by a strange mental affliction I am forever prevented from being of use to my fellowmen.

Of my mother I have no recollection whatever. She died when I was an infant in arms. My father was a lawyer, and we lived in Queensborough, a quiet old-fashioned Canadian town in the Maritime Provinces. He had inherited an ample fortune which had been increased by close attention to his profession. I know that he loved my mother most fondly, and at her death all the affection which he had for her he transferred to me. I never felt the want of a mother's care, for he, as Hector to his wife, was father and mother and all to me.

From childhood I was subject to fits of temporary insanity. These fits, though not of long duration, were frequent in occurrence; a shock, a fright, or even a word or unusual sound, being sometimes sufficient to bring one on. This, of course, effectually kept me from associating with boys of my own age, but with my father I was never lonely; he never grew tired of teaching me, of talking and walking with me. We were all in all to each other, and the few years in which I enjoyed that love were the happiest in my whole existence.

Until I was fifteen I had no tutor. Too delicate to go to school my father had been my only master. At that age, however, a gentleman was engaged to take charge of my education and I ceased to be under the direct control of my father. His duties toward me being thus lightened, he gave himself to his profession more completely than ever. I also worked hard, for I found that companionship among my books which was denied to me among my fellows.

As I grew older my father and I

gradually drifted away from each other. I had no love for his studies nor he for mine ; our tastes differed and our interests diverged. I felt the separation keenly at first ; but he did not seem to mind. I know that he loved me as well as ever ; but I was not all to him that I had been. I became jealous and fretful, but he did not seem to notice it. What troubled me most was the thought that we could never again be to each other what we had been. I could not become a little boy again, and it was the love and care that he had given me as a little boy that I wanted. Like every interest I have ever had, my affection for my father was morbid and exacting in the extreme.

When I was about twenty years of age, I began to grow stronger than I could ever have hoped to be ; I had not had one of my fits for over a year, and in other ways I had improved. One morning my father called me into his room—

'Henry,' said he, 'I have been thinking for a long time that you had better go to college, Dr. Murray tells me you are quite strong enough, and it will do you a great deal of good to mix with other men. You cannot live here always like this.'

This was a great shock to me, I hated to go abroad, and it was like death to me to be separated from him.

'That is what you want,' I cried. 'You want me to get strong so that I can go away from you and be no more trouble to you ; then you will marry and I will be away, and will not annoy your wife. Why don't you tell me that you want to marry ? You are tired living with me and you know it ; but there was a time when it was not so. You did not want me to go away then ; but you are very different now.'

'I have no intention of marrying at present, Henry,' replied my father, 'at the same time let me tell you that it is by no means improbable that I may ; perhaps it will be better for you to have a mother ; still we need not talk of that yet.'

'I will never have a step-mother,' I answered ; 'I will never even call your wife my friend ; you want me away. Very well then, I will go to college. Does that satisfy you ?'

'It will do you good, Henry,' was all I heard him say, as I hurried from the room.

In the autumn I went to King's College, in Nova Scotia. It was a dreary time ; the dying summer ; the falling leaves, the 'calm decay' of all things around, and my own lonely position, a stranger among strangers, combined to give me a feeling of utter desolation ; a feeling which was made ten times more bitter by the idea that he, whom I loved best on earth, had ceased to care for me. The days dragged on slowly and wearily ; nothing gave me pleasure, and I am sure I gave none. My father wrote me kind, long letters, in return for which I sent cutting, short replies. I tried to see if my coldness would draw from him one word of reproach but it did not ; if he felt any sorrow he gave no sign of it.

I did not go home at the Christmas or Easter vacations. In the spring my father visited Montreal, returning home by way of Windsor, where he remained for our Encœnia. During the summer he spent much of his time from home, chiefly in Montreal and Ottawa. When the autumn came, I was glad to go to back to Windsor.

Shortly after my return to college, my father again went to Montreal, and in a few weeks I received a letter from him, in which he announced his engagement to a lady of that city ; he gave me no particulars about my future step-mother, and I asked for none ; I wrote a cold formal note of congratulation, and never again mentioned the subject in any of my letters. This was the only occasion on which my father showed that my actions could wound him ; I had pretended to take no more interest in his wife than in the merest stranger, and I think he never forgave me for it.

The marriage took place just before Christmas. From several sources, I learned that my step-mother had been a Mrs. Allan, a widow, with a grown-up daughter. They had once been wealthy, but since the death of my father's predecessor, they were in rather poor circumstances. The daughter, I heard, was not to live in Queensborough, but to remain with her friends in Montreal.

In the following summer I returned home for vacation. My letters from my father had lately become so rare and so formal, that I knew nothing more of my mother than what I have stated. I found her to be rather a stout person, middle aged, good-natured, good-mannered and ordinary.

Contrary to my expectation and intention, I liked her very much; she was invariably kind to me, and studied my comfort in a way which was particularly pleasant; I liked to talk with her, and I think she really cared for me. My father, too, was pleased that we agreed so well; and something of our old familiarity was established between us.

As the summer wore on two events happened which changed the whole of my subsequent life; the one was the recurrence of those fits of temporary insanity, which caused the doctors to decide against my returning to college; the other was the sudden death of my father from apoplexy.

I will not dwell on those sad, dreary days. The shock was greater to my mother than to me; it almost seemed at one time as if she could never cheer up again, and I sent word to her daughter to come to us immediately; before her arrival, however, my mother recovered her spirits, and Miss Allan delayed her coming until the autumn.

It was a cold, windy day, in the end of September, when Gertrude came to Queensborough. We drove to the station to meet her. She travelled from Montreal with some friends whom my mother seemed to trust.

Naturally I had thought a good deal about her, and had formed some idea of what she was like. Our preconceived notions of persons and things are almost sure to be wrong; I had imagined a short, stout, fair person, somewhat like my mother. The woman I met in the station, therefore, not a little surprised me. I was not in the waiting-room while the greeting between my mother and her daughter took place, but as I entered a few moments after, a tall, graceful, elegant girl came forward and held out her hand. Her figure was emphatically what the French call *svelte*; her complexion was of that delicate nut-brown tint, so celebrated by the old ballad-singers; her hair was brown, and her eyes were brown too; large, deep, serious eyes they were. Perhaps her features were a little too small; but they never seemed so to me.

As she held out her hand, her lips were slightly parted, but not in a smile. Neither of us spoke. The meeting seemed to both of us, I think, full of seriousness and meaning; a meeting, I felt, that should have taken place long before.

I was next introduced to a tall, grey-bearded, elderly man, a man who would have been handsome had it not been for his piercing, restless eyes, which gave an expression of anxious, almost evil, unrest to features otherwise clear-cut and classical. This gentleman promised to call on us during his stay in Queensborough. My mother thanked him for taking care of her daughter, and we said good-night.

During the drive home, and, in fact, throughout the whole evening, Gertrude scarcely spoke to me, nor I to her. She talked little, and what she did say was addressed to her mother. There was a simple stateliness about her which I have rarely seen in a young woman, and which could not fail to make her a noticeable woman wherever she might be. She had spoken little to me, but just before she went to her own room she came

forward to where I was, holding out her hand with indescribable grace.

'You are very good to let me come to you,' she said, in a soft, low voice. 'I hope we shall like each other, brother.'

'Let us love each other,' I answered, warmly.

'Perhaps,' she said, and a faint, mournful smile flickered on her face.

The next morning was bright and warm and I took Gertrude over the house and grounds. The house was an old-fashioned wooden one, large, square and low, with verandahs around three sides. A large garden extended at the back and a lawn in front, while hedges and trees screened us from the road.

We had been over all the premises, and sat down at last in one of the lawn seats. She gave a little sigh and said:

'How quiet and peaceful it is here! And, indeed, I need quiet. You don't know how I longed all summer to get away from the busy, dusty town.'

'I am glad you like it,' I answered. 'I hope you will always consider this your home.'

'Home! It is a long time since I have had a home. You can't call boarding-houses, and shabby boarding-houses at that, by such a name. My life has not been a very pleasant one.'

'Whatever I can do to make it so now, I shall always be glad to do,' I said.

'Thank you, Henry; I am sure you will always be kind. But it doesn't seem real that I can have fallen among friends. People always have seemed to take such a pleasure in slighting me. I suppose it must ever be the case when one is poorer than one's acquaintances.'

'But it could make no difference to you what others thought or said about you?'

'Yes; it did make a difference to me. When one is rich one can do what one pleases. But a poor girl has to bear taunts, and cuts, and snubs, and smile as though she did not see them, because she knows that her position in society depends upon the caprice of those who are pleased to patronize her. And position in society is almost as necessary as daily bread to those brought up as I have been.'

'You will find nothing like that here, I hope.'

'No. Everything speaks of peace and contentment here. It is so different from the rushing, foolish life I have been leading. But I was tired of it long ago, only I had to go on. There was nothing else for me to do; and when one's life has run in a groove it is hard to get out of it. We shape our own courses, but when once those courses are shaped, it is difficult not to follow them.'

'But you have got into a new course now; will it be hard for you to follow that?'

'I don't know. I like it now because it is novel, but when once I become used to it I may wish to be away again. Did you never feel a restless something within you that seemed to drive you on to do something, you could not tell what? Do you know what it is to desire the unattainable, and to be unable to submit to what you know must be borne?'

As Gertrude was speaking a cab drove up the avenue and the gentleman whom I met at the station alighted. He walked across the lawn to where we sat, and my mother, on seeing him, came from the house. I could not help noticing the look of pleasure which suddenly flashed in Gertrude's eyes as she saw the stranger; nor could I fail to perceive the coldness of my mother's greeting. After a few minutes' ordinary conversation, she said, in a tone that revealed a meaning deeper than the words implied:

'You will be going back soon, I suppose, Mr. Egerton?'

'Not very soon,' he answered, with slow emphasis.

'Oh!' she said, in a tone of displeasure and surprise.

'May I speak with you a moment?' he asked, turning to Gertrude.

She led the way into the house without a word. I saw that there was an understanding between all three, and thought I guessed what it was about.

'Who is this man?' I asked of my mother when they were out of hearing.

'He is an old friend of her father's,' she replied, with as much indifference as she could assume. 'He has always been very kind to Gertie.'

'Does she like him?'

'I believe so.'

'*Very* much?'

'I think she does,' still indifferently.

'Can he mean to take Gertie away from us so soon?'

'Oh dear, no!' she said, with a nervous little laugh. 'He is old enough to be her father, and besides, he has a wife and three children.'

This somewhat relieved me; but I was, nevertheless, a little puzzled. He remained with Gertie an hour or more, and at the end of that time drove away, without seeing my mother or me again. During the morning, as I was sitting on the verandah, Gertie came out and sat beside me.

'Do you mind,' she asked, 'if I take the carriage this afternoon? I want to go to the town, as I have some shopping to do.'

'Certainly, I don't mind,' I replied. 'Order the carriage whenever you wish it. Shall I tell your mother you are going? She had better go with you, had she not?'

'Oh no, Henry! Please don't tell her. I shall do very well by myself.'

In the afternoon she drove away alone.

A month passed away, on the whole very pleasantly. Gertrude and I became fast friends. She interested me more than I ever thought anyone but my father could. She made a great difference to us. It did not seem the same house, nor did I seem to live the same life, as before. It was not that she was lively, or gay, for she was never that. On the contrary, she was invariably quiet, serious, and reserved. One would almost have said that she had lately undergone some great trouble, for she wore that air of calm dignity which grief brings to some natures and which is so graceful and touching in a beautiful woman.

We always spent our mornings together. Sometimes we took long walks into the country or around the shores; sometimes we drove, or rode, or stayed quietly at home to read. They were very pleasant those fine October mornings spent with such a beautiful companion. But the afternoons—we never spent them together. Every afternoon, without an exception, Gertie drove into town alone and returned alone. She never once mentioned where she had been, or what or whom she had seen, and no one else spoke of it. There seemed to be a tacit understanding between all three that the subject was not to be broached. I could not but have a pretty correct idea of whither she went, and, if for no other reason than to avoid scandal about her in the town, I thought she ought not to go there. At first I hoped that it would soon end, and that it would be unnecessary to speak about it. But seeing it go on for a month or more I naturally became anxious, and at last determined to speak to my mother.

One evening she was arranging something on the mantel-piece, and Gertie was out of the room. I went over and leaned upon the mantelpiece, and tried to look straight in her face.

'Mother,' said I, calling her for the first time by that sacred name, 'where does Gertie go when she drives into town?'

She blushed a little and tried to speak carelessly.

'To Mr. Egerton's, I suppose.'

'I thought so,' I replied; 'and if he is a married man, as you say, is it quite right for her to go to him as she does?'

'No; at least I suppose not. But he has always been so kind to her I really don't see what harm there can be in it.'

'There may be no harm in it, but in a small place like this we should take every possible precaution against scandal.'

For a moment she seemed to be thinking, and did not speak.

'You are right, Henry,' she said at last. 'But Gertie looks on him quite as a father.'

'We are Gertrude's natural protectors now, and she has no need of others,' I replied. 'If Mr. Egerton wishes to see her let him come here like an honourable man.'

She held down her head, and when she looked up again there were tears in her eyes.

'I will speak to Gertrude,' she said, 'but don't say anything to her yourself.'

'Very well,' said I; 'Gertie's own good is all that prompts me to speak of the matter.'

We said no more about it, and my mother left the room. The same evening, as Gertie said good-night and took her candle to go to her own room, my mother followed her out. From where I sat I could see them cross the large square hall to the stair-case. Gertie turned round with an air of displeasure, as though she anticipated something. She looked very queenly as she stood at the old-fashioned staircase, holding her train in one hand and a candle in the other.

'I told you he must go away,' said my mother in a whisper, but loud enough for me to hear. 'Henry has spoken to me, and he must go at once.'

I can never forget the look that Gertrude cast back at me. Anger, pride, contempt, were all expressed on that lovely face. I did not think that she could have looked so; but I admired her more in her wrath than ever I had before.

'And if I choose that he should not go?' cried she, 'who is to dictate to me?'

'Then you must bear the consequences,' said my mother, as the haughty, angry woman swept up the stairs.

The next morning Gertrude was only a little more quiet than usual; that was all. No allusion was made by any one to what had happened the night before. In the afternoon she drove away as usual; something told me that it was for the last time, and I hung uneasily about the place until she returned.

As she drove up to the door I went to hand her from the carriage. I saw at a glance that something unusual had happened. Her lips were almost bloodless, her face was pale, and her eyes had a stony, unconscious stare, which spoke of a great grief she was determined to suppress. Without a word she passed to her own room, and did not come down again that day.

Late in the evening I sat in my bed-room in the dark thinking about poor Gertie and her trouble and of what I could do to help her. All our bed-rooms opened on to the balcony, which ran along the side of the house. Suddenly I heard Gertie's window open, and she came out to walk. For nearly half an hour I watched the tall figure pass and re-pass my window. At last I determined to speak to her. Opening the window I stepped out, and waited for her.

'Gertie,' I said, 'what can I do for you. Tell me.'

'Nothing,' she answered, in a voice strangely unlike her own.

'Think,' I returned. 'You know I would do anything to save you from even a little trouble. Can you not make a friend of me? Won't you trust me?'

She did not answer, but dropped wearily into one of the balcony seats, with a sigh that was almost a moan. I sat down beside her and took her hand. Suddenly she started from her seat, took a step forward, and grasped the balcony rails.

'I cannot bear it,' she cried. 'It is too much. I will go away. Order

the carriage. I will go away; I will not stay here.'

'Gertie,' said I, putting my arm around her and trying to place her in a seat, 'try to be calm.'

She sprang away from me.

'Calm?' she cried. 'How can I be calm? How can I sit here and be calm, and know that in a few hours it will be all over? And I could stop it now if I would. But I must go on living your dull life here—all alone. And just because I am poor. If I were rich I *would* do it; I would do it in spite of you all. You have no power over me—none of you. You could not stop me. And what do I care for the world? What right has any one to say whether I ought to do this or that, right or wrong? What I chose to do would be right if only I had money. But I have none, and it must be all over—for ever. Yes, that is the worst of it. If it were only for years I could bear it and wait. But forever and ever! Oh! it is too cruel!'

'Don't say so, Gertie,' said I, trying to console her. 'There must always be hope.'

'No; there is no hope. Even when we die it will be always the same. There is no hope anywhere. I have to submit to what will never be changed—and I can *not* submit. Oh! I wish we could both die now!'

She clasped her hands and looked forward in dry-eyed despair into the night. It was very piteous. Like a poor caged bird, beating its wings against the bars which it cannot even bend, she opposed her own will to a fate which she knew to be unchangeable. For a few minutes neither of us spoke. I had had my own trouble, and I knew where I had always found a soothing relief for all rebellious and despairing moods.

'Gertie,' I said, gently, 'there is one who will help you if you will only ask Him.'

'Who?' she asked, turning round, and as if interested.

'Don't you know? I think you do.'

'Oh, yes!' she answered, impatiently. 'There is no use in that. I cannot pray; I never could.'

'But won't you try now?'

'No. It would do no good. If I could pray at all I would pray that things might be changed. But it is too late for that. They can never be changed—never, never.'

'But He will help you to bear what cannot be changed.'

She turned around and caught both my hands.

'O, Henry!' she exclaimed, wearily, 'don't speak of it. I have not lived the life that you have lived. I am not good, but you are. I am a wicked, worldly woman, and must remain so. Don't let us talk any more.'

She took my arm; I led her into her room, and lit a candle. Can I ever forget that haggard, yet lovely face, and those wild, brown eyes? I shall see them always, even when I die. O, my poor Gertrude, when I think of what you suffered during those few hours, I can forgive you everything.

I could not but admire the manner in which Gertie bore herself on the day after this wretched night. The same quiet, stately air, the same half-sad smile, the same grave, serious expression characterized her. She was a brave woman. None but a brave woman could have shown such perfect mastery of her feelings or such consummate self-control. No one but myself knew how she was suffering, and my sole thought was how I could help her. If some good man, now that Egerton had gone, would come and win her love? If I could be that man? My heart gave a great bound; but I put the notion aside at once. What could a beautiful, high spirited woman care for a half-mad, moping invalid like me?

The weeks slipped by quickly enough—happy, quiet weeks they were for me, but very monotonous and dull for poor Gertie, I think. As the winter came

on, Queensborough society began its season. Our society was not very select, but it was passable. It was very old-fashioned, and held firmly to the somewhat stiff English etiquette. Every winter regularly the same people gave balls and dinners, to which the same people always came. I thought Gertie would like to 'go out,' and insisted on her doing so. Although caring little for any kind of society, I always went with her. She was greatly admired, and had many ready to throw themselves at her feet. At first she liked the excitement, but she soon grew weary of it. Nothing seemed to interest her, except the arrival of her letters from Montreal.

We lived on a large island, and in winter when the crossing was bad, we were often without mails for two or three days, sometimes for even as many weeks. On such occasions it was painful to witness Gertrude's dejection and despair. No amusement that we could think of was sufficient to arouse in her the slightest interest. She would sit for hours without speaking, staring blankly out at the blinding snow; or would pace restlessly through the house, as though she were a prisoner eager to be out of it.

At times, however, she would cheer up a little; and then she was most kind and tender to me. I was by this time quite in love with her, and she was aware of it. I scarcely knew how to interpret her kindness — one day it would inspire me with hope, at another it would only make me more certain that we could never be anything but brother and sister.

Once that winter we had been without any mails for nearly three weeks —the weather had been so bad. Every day the boat did not cross brought a new disappointment to Gertie. With most persons the oftener disappointment comes the less they feel its bitterness. But it was not so with her. The probability that a thing will happen of course heightens hope and expectation. Every new day she was more hopeful than the last, and the pang was consequently harder to bear.

At last, on a wild, stormy, cold morning, the mails came in. It was too frightful a day to send any of the servants to town; but I could not resist the look of dumb pleading in Gertie's eyes. Through the deep snow-banks, and in the face of the bitterest wind, I made my way to the post-office. There were letters for my mother and myself, but none for Gertrude. It seemed bad enough to come into town, but it was worse to go back with such news. She met me at the door with eager, outstretched hands.

'There is no letter,' I said, as quietly as I could.

'No letter?' she said.

I shook my head.

'There *is* a letter. I know there is a letter—and you are keeping it from me. Oh, you coward! to keep a letter!'

I was staggered. Before I had time to reply she had gone to her room. At mid-day she came down to dinner, but did not speak to me. She was very pale, and I could see that she was suffering the most intense disappointment.

In the afternoon I resolved to go to town again, though the storm had not abated. The clerks were sometimes careless, and a letter might have been mislaid.

My mother and Gertie came into the hall as I was wrapping up.

'Henry, you shall not go,' cried my mother.

'Yes, yes; let him go,' said Gertie with eagerness.

'For shame, Gertrude,' I could hear my mother say as I closed the door.

She was right after all; there was a letter which had not been put into the box with the others. I returned home with a lighter heart than I had had for three weeks. Gertie did not meet me this time, but I sent the letter to her.

I went into the sitting-room and sat down all alone, watching the snow-storm, and thinking of Gertrude. I

had my back to the door, and heard no one enter. Suddenly a soft, low voice said:

'Henry!'

I turned round and saw Gertie at the door. She advanced half way into the room and stopped, as if in hesitation. I rose and went towards her.

'Henry, I have come to beg your pardon,' she said, with her head bent, and her cheeks on fire, as I had never seen them before. 'I have been very selfish and unkind—and—and will you forgive me?'

'Don't you know,' I said, 'it is my greatest pleasure to do anything I can for you? You have only to command.'

'But I have no right to command,' she answered, and I could see tears in her eyes as she spoke.

I thought the time had come at last.

'Gertie, dear,' I said, taking her hand, 'won't you give me the right to do things for you? You know I love you. Do you think you could make a great sacrifice, and become my wife?'

She took a step back from me, and turned very pale.

'I did not think of this,' she answered slowly, 'and—and—I must have time to think.'

'Take time to think,' I replied. 'I know I have little to offer you, but you will have my whole love, even if I am only a——'

'Madman' I was going to say, but I was too agitated to utter the word.

'I will tell you to-night,' she said, as she turned to leave the room.

That evening, as I sat in the twilight, my mother came in and sat down beside me.

'I am very sorry to hear what you have done,' she said, quietly. 'I would have spoken to you before, but I thought it was too soon. It is too late now; and you will never take back your offer?'

'Never, unless Gertie gives it back.'

'And she will not do that. You don't know her as I do. I hope you never may; but you will—I am sure you will. I am her mother and your's, and it is right that I should warn you. She will marry you; and do you care to know why?'

'Why?'

'Because you are rich. She will do anything for money; and she has no heart. For years she has been in love with John Egerton, and he with her. All Montreal knows it, and I know it. I thought her coming here would end it, but it has not, for she cares more for him than ever. She will marry you because you are rich, and she thinks that she can master you, and make you do what she pleases. But I know she will not do that, and you will both be unhappy. I say this only for your own good, Henry; and it is my duty to say it.'

'If Gertie will entrust her happiness to me, it is a great gift, at any cost,' I replied.

'She thinks that money will bring her happiness. She is trying to secure her own happiness, and she will ruin your's. That is all that can ever come of it.'

She left me, and I tried not to think of her words. But over and over again they would return. It was if someone had tried to blacken the fairest character that ever existed, or to persuade me that the lily was not pure. I waited patiently for the summons to hear Gertrude's answer. At last she called me into the drawing-room.

She stood under the light, and I could see the play of her beautiful features.

'I have considered, Henry,' she said, 'and—and if you think that I can make you happy——'

'Then you do love me, darling,' I said.

Then, and not till then, I completely forgot my mother's words.

We were married early in the spring. For our wedding-tour we went to Montreal. I would much rather have remained quietly at home, but

Gertrude wished to visit her friends, whom she had not seen for so long. I tried my best to dissuade her from it, but without success; her whole heart seemed to be set on it. Seeing her so determined, I became just as anxious for the visit as she was, but from different reasons. My suspicions were aroused. A stronger man would have put them aside at once, but I did not. I watched and mused on them, I fed them and nourished them, till I had got myself into such a state that the worst certainty would have been better. But in justice to myself I must say that, as subsequent events showed, my suspicions were well-grounded.

We intended staying two months in Montreal. As Gertie said, she had many friends, and all of them seemed to try their best to treat us kindly. Every night during the first month we had engagements of some kind. Gertie used to remark in her half-sarcastic way the difference between her present and her past position in society there, and the graceless manner in which some of her friends recognised that difference.

I cared nothing at all for the gaieties we went through, and took my part in them more from a sense of duty than from anything else. A man will do a great many disagreeable things when he knows they are expected of him. But the more we went out the more morbidly jealous I became. Everywhere we met John Egerton, and Gertie might almost be said to spend all her evenings with him; for in crowded rooms those who wish it can always secure the same seclusion as passengers in thronged thoroughfares. They seemed to have a recognised right to each other's society, much in the same way that two engaged persons have. I knew that people talked about my wife acting so, and sneered at me. I was confident that Gertie cared more for that man than for me, her husband, and yet I dared not speak to her. That which created in me only a feeling of pity for her as an unmarried girl filled me with mad jealousy now that she had become my wife. And yet I seem to have loved her more. I think I loved and hated her at the same time—that is what makes jealousy.

At first I tried to disguise my feelings, hoping that I should get over my suspicions; but as the days glided on I no longer cared to conceal them. I grew sullen, silent, and morose. Gertie perceived this change but took not the slightest notice of it. She did not even ask me if I were unwell, and she never spoke of Egerton.

One evening we were at a large ball at the house of one of the leading ladies in the city. Gertie looked unusually lovely—dressed in some sort of a cream-coloured dress with brown velvet. Throughout the evening Egerton seemed never to leave her side; I could do nothing but stand and stare at them. I knew that attention was attracted both to my own conduct and hers, but I cared little for that. I was standing by a door watching Gertie and Egerton waltzing; suddenly I heard my own name, and two men came up and stood behind me watching the dancers, apparently without recognising me. They were talking about my wife.

'She's a queer one,' said one of the two. 'Old Egerton ought to be ashamed of himself. But one would think the girl would give up that sort of thing now.'

'Why?' asked the other. 'They like each other, and why shouldn't they have as much of each other's company as they can get, if only for the sake of old times?'

'What sort of fellow is the husband?'

'Oh! lots of money, you know. Good old Nova Scotian family, but, between ourselves, they say he is not quite all there, something wanting in the upper storey; you understand? But lots of money you may be sure, if Gertie Allan knows her business, and I think she does.'

'I wonder what he thinks of this strong —friendship?' he asked with a sneer.

'He lets her do pretty much as she likes. That's always the way with these rich, retired, weak-minded fellows. She's head of that family, I imagine. What is it Vivien says about King Arthur? "Sees what his fair bride is and does, and winks." Well, that's what our friend does—he winks.'

I could stand it no longer. I saw Gertie sitting down with Egerton. I rushed across the room to where she sat.

'Come away from this,' I muttered savagely.

She looked at me in some surprise, but quickly recovered herself.

'Very well, Henry,' she said quietly; 'you look tired and I am tired too.'

During the drive to the hotel neither of us spoke. When we got to our rooms I threw myself half sitting, half reclining on a lounge. Gertie, having taken off her wraps, entered the sitting room. She came and sat down beside me and took my hand in both hers. Leaning forward she half whispered:

'My boy must be a good boy, he must not be jealous when there is no occasion.'

Her face was quite close to mine, there was a smile on her lips, but a strained, anxious, look in her eyes.

'How do I know there is no occasion?' I asked. 'What proof have I?'

'What proof? My word.' She answered, drawing herself up proudly.

'I cannot trust you.'

'Henry, what do mean?'

'You have deceived me. I can never trust you again.'

'Deceived you?'

'Yes. You have broken a vow; or rather you have taken a vow which you never intended to keep.'

'And what vow, pray?'

'The vow to honour and love your husband. Did you ever hear of that?'

'Is it my fault that I have broken it? Suppose I have tried to keep it—and God knows I have—and suppose I have found nothing in you to honour or love, is that my fault?'

'If you cannot honour me,' I replied, stung to the quick by her words; 'you can at least respect the name you bear. A woman has nothing but her good name—I have given you mine—you need not have disgraced it.'

'How dare you?' she cried, blushing a deep crimson.

'You have become a common talk —' She took a step towards me, and seemed to peer into my face with a wicked, malicious smile.

'You are not responsible for what you say,' she hissed. 'You are a madman.'

The blow was aimed in the right place. For a moment it stunned me, but when I came to my senses I was cooler. One thing was quite clear to me—we must return home immediately; at all events we must leave Montreal. While I had been making this resolution Gertie had walked into another room. I went to the door; she was standing by the table in the centre. I tried to speak as coolly as possible.

'You had better make all necessary arrangements,' I said; 'we leave for home to-morrow evening.'

'You cannot mean it, Henry,' she said in low, thrilling, pained tones.

'Certainly I mean it,' I replied.

'I will not go with you. I cannot go back to that dreary life again. I cannot go; it is impossible.'

'You are my wife; you will do as I desire.'

'Leave me then,' she said, and I went away.

Though much against her will, Gertrude made all her preparations to return home quietly and, apparently, cheerfully. We drove to the houses of a few of our most intimate friends to say good-bye, and in no word or deed did she betray the least disinclination to leave Montreal. Circumstances, she said, had compelled us to leave for home sooner than we had expected. That she felt any regret at doing so no one but myself could possibly imagine. She made her fare-

wells calmly and serenely, without any greater or less show of feeling than the occasion seemed to demand. Had all our plans been made by herself she could not have carried them out with more alacrity. But alone with me she was different. It was not that she made any resistance to what I had commanded; on the contrary, she took every means whereby we might not be delayed. But she was silent, cold and proud. All that day she scarcely spoke to me except when it was absolutely necessary that she should.

During the journey home I tried to make her forget what had happened and to be friends with her, but she met every effort that I could make with a chilly haughtiness which made me almost desperate. As we approached our journey's end, I leaned over to her, as she sat opposite me in the car, and whispered.

'Are we to be like this always?'

'Like what?' she asked.

'Are we never to be better friends?'

'We are quite friendly enough for me,' she replied.

'You are satisfied then?'

'Perfectly.'

When we had settled down at home, Gertrude became more distant and unhappy than ever before. A deep melancholy seemed to press upon her. She scarcely ever spoke to her mother or me. No work, no amusement, could ever allure her from the gloomy thoughts to which she seemed always a prey. I, at last, gave up even trying to please her. She who formerly had made our house so pleasant, now made it just as unpleasant. I could not bear to see, day after day, that beautiful face, sometimes with a look of utter, hopeless misery, and sometimes calm and cold as marble. Whole days I would absent myself from home, but my coming or going never seemed to arouse the slightest interest in her; she never even asked me where I had been.

But the more she became opposed in spirit to me, the stronger grew the desire in me to crush her. If she could not love me I determined she should fear me. I watched the mails carefully to see that she received no letters from Egerton. For a while I watched in vain, but at last one did come. Gertie was at her desk writing, and I took it to her. She looked up as I entered the room. I threw the letter on the table.

'Understand, Gertrude,' I said, 'you are to receive no more letters from this man.'

'Who can prevent it?' she asked, proudly.

'I can, and will.'

'You!' she replied in a tone of the most contemptuous scorn.

I said nothing more on the subject, but resolved to take even stricter precautions, so as to intercept any others that might come from him.

The days slipped by, and it was midsummer again. Gertie's unhappiness did not decrease, nor did my burning jealousy. But there were times when I would have given all I possessed in the world for a smile or a kind word from her.

One evening I sat on the balcony just outside our bedroom window, how long I sat there I cannot say; but I think I must have fallen asleep; when I woke it had grown quite dark, and the light from our room shone out on the balcony; I got up and looked in through the window, Gertie was in there, arrayed in a long white dressing gown, her hair in a tangle of brown curls falling over her shoulders, with her hands clasped before her; for a minute she gazed intently at a miniature painting, which was propped upon the table by a book; then she began to pace the floor, backwards and forwards, apparently in the deepest distress. An intense longing to be loved by this grand creature, my wife, stole over me; opening the window noiselessly, I entered; her back was towards me, but she turned round sharply;—

'Ha! you watched me!' she cried

in a frightened voice, snatching up the miniature.

'No Gertie, I did not watch you; I would never wish to be a spy upon your actions, if only there could be a little more confidence between us.'

She hung down her head and said nothing.

'I would do anything for you,' I continued, 'if you would only let me; let us both turn over a new leaf, dear, and be friends; think of the years we will probably have to spend together.'

'Yes, think of them!' she cried.

'We are only just beginning them now, and if we are commencing like this, how shall we go on, and what will the end be? O Gertie, think of that. We are young, and can change ourselves now; but it will soon be too late for that! Don't let us make misery for each other, you were made to be happy, and my happiness is in yours; if you cannot love me, you can let me love you, and we, at least, can be kind to each other; and the day may come, in God's own time, when you will learn to care for me a little.'

'No, I can never do that,' she cried passionately; 'you don't know me, or you would not speak so; if I had any way of annulling my vows I would do so this very night; O Henry! if you have any pity, if you wish to be kind to me, send me away from you, let me go back to him—'

'Gertrude,' I cried reproachfully, 'is this the appeal you make to me—your husband.'

'Yes; you are my husband; but there is no real bond between us; I would give anything to be free again; I knew I could never love you, but I did not think I could hate you as I do. Is there no way in which I can be free again!'

'Yes, I will kill you, for you might as well be dead!' I hurried from the room; I felt that if I stayed longer I might do something which I would regret; a certain burning in my brain, and a peculiar metamorphosis which seemed to be taking place in all things, warned me that reason was forsaking me; while I had still sufficient control over myself, I went into my own room and locked the door; I threw myself on the little bed, and surrendered myself to what I knew must follow. Ordinarily, I cannot recall what happens, or what I think when I am in this state, but this time I had a dim recollection of fearful, horrible visions of Gertrude, not my own beautiful Gertrude, but a woman with her face, only old and ugly. I knew that Gertie was in the next room, but still she seemed present with me; all the while I kept saying to myself, 'she might as well be dead.' I must have lain there a long while, because the moon rose late, and by-and-by I saw its beams steal across the floor; I can remember getting up then and saying aloud, 'The time has come;' then, perfectly conscious of what I did, but yet unable to resist the impulse which moved me, I went silently down stairs to the dining-room and procured a sharp carving knife; I came up-stairs again and entered Gertie's room; she was in bed and asleep; the place was perfectly silent, and the moonbeams fell right across the bed; I stood beside her, watching the play of light on the glittering blade; suddenly she made a slight movement and awoke.

'Henry is that you?' she asked.

'Yes,' I answered, 'I have come in to kill you.'

I sat down on the bed, and took both her hands in one of mine. She could not move, and dared not scream.

'You would not kill me, Henry?' she said piteously.

'Yes.'

I held the knife high so that the moon shone on it.

She shut her eyes, and screamed for very fright. Hearing her voice made me laugh. I sat on the bed laughing loud and long. The noise woke my mother, who stole into the room. As soon as I saw her, I got up and went out by the door that communicated with my own room, laughing all the

while. I undressed then and went to bed. I could hear them lock and bar every door, but it only made me laugh the more. All night long, those two frightened women sat there, shivering and trembling. I fairly shook with inward laughter as I heard their voices.

In the morning I was better, but I could recollect every circumstance of the previous evening. Gertrude remained in her own room and would not see me. To show that I was all right again, I walked into town for the mail. There was a letter for Gertrude from John Egerton. I procured a pen and re-addressed it to him. When I got home the carriage was at the front door, and I met Gertrude dressed for going out. She would have passed me without speaking, but I would not allow it.

'Do you see this?' said I showing her the letter, and the changed direction.

She looked at it, and then at me.

'You will repent this,' she muttered in a low, hard tone, 'bitterly, bitterly.'

Without another word she entered the carriage and drove away.

For three days afterwards I did not see her. She shut herself up in her own room, never leaving it.

On the third afternoon, pretending that I did not care, I took my gun and went out to shoot. But I did not fire a shot. I lingered around the fields for an hour or two, and then returned to the house. As I approached from the opposite side to the general entrance, I saw a man walk slowly up the avenue. As he drew near I recognised him. It was John Egerton. With a cry of joy my wife, rushed from the house and threw herself into his arms. I raised my gun and fired. I can remember no more.

Many days passed after that of which I have no recollection whatever. When reason next returned, I found myself in a strange room, bound to a bed with ropes. There were attendants in the room, and my mother sat by the bed.

'Henry do you know me?' she asked.

'Yes, mother. Where am I?'

'You are not well, dear, and—and—we thought it better——'

At that instant my eyes fell upon the window—the big window with iron bars.

'The mad-house!' I cried.

It was indeed the mad-house, the place which my imagination had always pictured as the most horrible in the world, where I had always feared that I should come. In my frenzy, I tried to break the cords which bound me, but I saw the utter uselessness of that.

'Henry, for God's sake try to keep quiet!' cried my mother.

'Yes mother, I will be quiet."

I lay back trying to recall the past. I remembered everything distinctly.

'Where is Gertrude!' I asked.

There was no answer.

'Tell me the worst; I can bear it. Has she left me?'

'O my boy, don't think of her; she is not worthy of it!'

'Has she left me.'

'She has left you. You were too good for her; don't think about it.'

I lay for a while in a sort of dream. The certainty was a little sickening, but it did not greatly move me. One gets so used to pain after a while that its effect becomes deadened, and new shocks make but little impression.

'And did she go without leaving one word for me?' I asked after some time.

'She left you this,' said my mother, drawing a letter from her pocket.

I opened it eagerly and read the following:—

'Forgive me Henry if you can. I was not fit to live with you. It is better that I should go away. True love could never exist between us. Try to forget me—you are free—marry again, for I am dead to you. Think of me as dead. Be kind to our mother. Good-bye for ever. GERTRUDE.'

The days pass slowly here. I have got used to my surroundings, and I shall never leave them till I die. And that will soon be. I feel that the shadow of death has fallen upon me; I belong more to the world of spirits departed than to earth. I look upon my past as from a great distance, as a soul might view the events of its life in the flesh. The end must be very near at hand

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THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

OH, whip-poor-will,—oh, whip-poor-will!
When all the joyous day is still,
When from the sky's fast deepening blue
Fades out the last soft sunset hue,
Thy tender plaints the silence fill,
Oh, whip-poor-will,—oh, whip-poor-will!

In the sweet dusk of dewy May,
Or pensive close of Autumn day,
Though other birds may silent be,
Or flood the air with minstrelsy,
Thou carest not,—eve brings us still
Thy plaintive burden,—whip-poor-will!

When moonlight fills the summer night
With a soft vision of delight,
We listen till we fain would ask
For thee some respite from thy task;
At dawn we wake and hear it still,—
Thy ceaseless song,—oh, whip-poor-will!

We hear thy voice, but see not thee;
Thou seemest but a voice to be,—
A wandering spirit,—breathing yet
For parted joys a vain regret;
So plaintive thine untiring thrill,
Oh, whip-poor-will,—oh, whip-poor-will!

Oh, faithful to thy strange refrain,—
Is it the voice of love or pain?
We cannot know thou wilt not tell
The secret kept so long and well;
What moves thee thus to warble still,—
Oh, whip-poor-will,—oh, whip-poor-will?

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

ROUND THE TABLE.

MORE 'CONFIDENCES'—STILL MORE CONFIDENT.

IT is just awfully good of that dear 'genuine old maid' to try to enlighten me, as she does in the September number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY. Of course I contrived to draw 'Mr. Charlie's' attention to it as soon as possible. I think a good deal of Charlie's opinion. Here is, pretty much, what he said about it. 'She's a good old soul evidently, but just as evidently she has not been in business; if she had, she would have known better than to talk that twaddle about "business men at the top of the tree" who have reached that airy situation by "counting truth and honour of infinitely more value than gold." Society is simply not in a state to permit of such men rising to the top. It ought to be, but it isn't. There are many merchants, traders and professional men who fully correspond to her description. It is upon these, as a basis, that the other kind erect themselves. They couldn't do it otherwise; for without a solid basis of honesty and integrity somewhere, trade would cease. Hath your monitress never seen the Eastern proverb: "The meanest reptiles are found at the tops of the highest towers?" To this an English philosopher has added, "there is always a judicious expenditure of slime in the process of climbing." Adherence to right and duty does not always find personal success as its reward. Instead of reaching the top of the pillar, it sometimes stops short at the pillory. All history is against the good old lady's award. Few, if any, of the men who have best served the age they lived in have died rich, and many have not even lived respected. It is so still. Nor do such men complain. Why should they? How can any one whose chief aim is to be of use to others—to the world at large—expect anything else than to be "used up?" But they differ from our "old maid" friend in this, that they don't deny, or ignore, even to themselves, the limited extent of their financial success. If they did, their several bank accounts could be brought up in evidence to convince any unprejudiced jury.'

So much for Charlie. Isn't it odd that I should remember his words so exactly? But there is a kind of impressive white-heat style about him when he is roused that burns into one's memory. For myself, I think my 'genuine old maid' adviser—and I am sure she is 'genuine' in her advice—does not meet my case very well in those she cites. Both her instances are married women who, at the death of their husbands, found a path they had already partially cleared for them. That they had pluck enough to follow it up is 'greatly to their credit,' and just goes to show what possibilities there are in us women. What I asked, and again ask, is, why are not such paths opened up to us by our teachers and parents from our earliest days—why are we not trained to usefulness — independently of the question of marriage altogether? Is it not true that *unmarried* women also have frequently proved themselves capable of 'business enterprise and trade success,' as Charlie would call it? Then further, if I am to be 'too dutiful a daughter to go against the wishes of my mother and attempt any employment of which she would not approve, why is not my mother to be so dutiful also as to point me to, and educate me for, some employment of which she *would* approve? Why is it that most mothers, aware that even the much-lauded matrimony implies duties which may possibly eventuate in running a book or drug store, utterly omit to educate their daughters so as to be *useful* as well as *ornamental*? What have I done, too, that 'a genuine old maid' should turn me over callously 'to cultivate my music' as the only means of possible livelihood? I have already said I have no special talents in that line; and it is notorious that women already over-crowd that profession. Does she advise it because she knows that only in that walk of life, or in 'governessing,' will I be free from part of that social

ostracism which society bestows on women who work for bread? It is exactly that attitude of society which I wish to see altered. I am glad to hear that the change 'is coming apace.' I had not noticed it. It ought to come; and then, perhaps, it will bring with it more just views regarding the duties of a mother. For when women have learned to mix more with each other in mutually sharing the toils of daily life, and, without lowering the standard of true ladyhood —*i. e.* refinement—have thus diffused it more easily among all classes, it may be quite possible to find a woman, as pure in heart and as cultivated in its expression as the mother herself, to tend and lovingly care for the children of several mothers while these are thus left free to do suitable work in the business or professional world which shall enable them to support their offspring. I fancy division of labour among women is as needful as among men. Some men are specially fitted for the internal guidance of affairs —domestic business-work, if one may call it so—such as office work, storekeeping and management, or the research, or study-part of professional life. Others are equally well suited to external occupations and the rougher kinds of handicrafts, agricultural or mechanical. Each department is alike honourable. Each class is of the greatest use to the other. Each helps the general sum of results attained. A similar division is needed among women. Women are not all of the same genius, though each is a woman; men are not all of the same genius, though each is a man. Cultivation and refinement, either in a man or woman, does not alter that natural bent of his, or her, genius. It merely makes its special outflow more perfect and beautiful. A cultivated mechanic will show his cultivation and refinement in the mechanism he constructs or plans. A refined lady, however highly cultivated, still longs to use her cultivated natural powers in work performed. When opportunity for this has been given by a wise and natural division of labour among women, then my 'Kinder-Garten' dream may possibly be realized, and the woman to whose genius the care of children is a delightful work, giving full scope to all the refinement and culture she can attain, will be allowed to help other women to be useful also according to their natural bent. Then, not on man only, will the whole weight of supplying the world's necessities be thrown; for women will be able to do their share.

Let me confess that, in much I have said, I may be unconsciously quoting Charlie; still, even if I am, that does not, in *my* opinion, make the ideas any less sensible. And if 'a genuine old maid' wants to set me right again, I've half a mind to leave it to 'Mr. Charlie' to fight it out. If he could convey on paper the expression of heartfelt enthusiasm he wears when he talks about it, I almost think that 'genuine old maid' would fall in l——; but of course she wouldn't! Such ridiculous nonsense! Still she might!!! On second thoughts I won't let Charlie reply. I'll do it myself, if need be.

'A Girl of the Period.'

'A HUSBAND'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR A WIFE'S DEBTS.'

A REJOINDER.

At our last social gathering we were told by 'F.' that 'of course it may be said, and with some show of plausibility, that this decision that a husband is not to be held liable for debts contracted by his wife, without his distinct authority, is the natural corollary of the decision that a wife's property is not to be taken to pay her husband's liabilities. But there is a very great difference between the two cases, and there ought to be an equally great distinction. The assumption which underlies the mutual relations of husband and wife is the idea that the former is the bread-winner and protector, the latter the loaf-giver or home provider.' Is she? What loaf? It cannot be the one of which he is the winner. They cannot both give the same bread. Where does she get it? She does not buy it and pay for it, because, if she 'happens to have property of her own, it is an accidental circumstance not supposed to be contemplated in the ordinary arrangements of social life.' We are told that he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, is a true benefactor of mankind. What must she be who makes two loaves of bread stand where only one stood before. Not to speak it profanely, we have here a new miracle of loaves. One loaf plays two parts, and ministers to two functions. It appears first as the

provision of the bread-winner, and next as that of the loaf-giver. Never was a loaf made to go so far. This is cut and come again with a vengeance. This is certainly to 'turn his earnings to the best account.' Such housekeeping as this enters upon the supernatural. You have only to carry the same conjuration into beef-steaks, breeches and boots, or whatever else may be required for 'home provision,' and you have Fortunatus' Purse at once. This is surely the quality which will command the 'matrimonial market' of the future. These will indeed be *valuable* wives. Plain or dowdy, no matter, these are the girls who will ride triumphantly over the heads of all the belles in town.

Stay though!

Will there be outward marks or indications by which the possessors of these super-uxorial powers will be known? If not, men will be as much at a loss as ever, and the proverbial eel may slip through their fingers after all.

We are told that the wife's 'contribution of *time and labour*' (?) are 'her fair share of the family burden.' Allowed at once; 'fair' is good. Equal is another matter. I have looked into Adam Smith and MacCulloch and Ricardo, and I find that there is labour which is productive and labour which is non-productive. The husband's labour is productive. The wife's labour is non-productive. We may again quote 'there is a great difference between the two cases, and there ought to be an equally great distinction.' The husband's work means money. It can be turned into bread and butter. And, when half-a-dozen hungry little mouths are gaping round the table, it is not difficult to estimate the importance of him who fills them. The phantom bread of the 'loaf-giver' will not be found to fatten.

To the victor the spoils. To the labourer his hire. To the bread-winner his meed of thanks. Why grudge it to him? Why set up this woman of straw, this 'loaf-giver,' to filch away half his credit from him? The wife may be all that is excellent and admirable in her own sphere, she may be all that is beautiful and lovable, but she is not the bread-winner nor the loaf-giver. What warm-hearted woman, what true mother does not take delight in the thought that it is the husband of her choice, the father of her little ones, who ministers to them?

We are taught to speak of our Father in Heaven. Beware how you lower by one iota the attributes of fathers on earth. There is profanity in it.

A. B. C.

ART AS REPRESENTED AT THE AUTUMN FAIRS IN CANADA.

As coming more under the notice of the writer of this article than any of the minor industrial gatherings, the Toronto Exhibition of 1880 will naturally form the basis of remarks incited by personal observation of the general display made by those artists and would-be artists who aspire to represent their country in what they fondly hope may be called a National Exhibition. How far this is so let us proceed to consider. In the first place a careful examination of the walls or even a perusal of the catalogue makes plain the rather unpleasant fact that many, we may almost say the bulk, of the best names in Canadian Art do not show themselves. Why is this? Why is it that, instead of embracing the capital, or apparently capital, opportunity for putting itself directly *en rapport* with its patron, the public, the artistic profession holds aloof, and persistently refuses, in spite of the golden baits held out in the shape of money prizes, shaken and dangled as it were before the eyes of needy but proud men, in spite, we say of such temptation these men keep their wares hidden away in their own rooms, refuse to bring out their bantlings to bask in the sunshine of popular favour and to accept the reward which the 'bourgeois mind' of the directors of Industrial Fairs naturally think should prove irresistible to sane and intelligent beings. This question we will answer. The facts are these. Artists well know that under existing arrangements to send their works to the Exhibition means not only that they will have to run the gauntlet of much careless handling, thereby incurring damage, but what to their sensitive minds is far worse,—it really amounts to setting them up as targets for such incompetent marksmen as are usually selected as judges to fire their random shots at in the shape of immense glaring, red, blue and yellow prize tickets, missles which have a most provoking habit of striking the worst pictures; and so persistently year after year has this been the case that it has become the general custom with the few visitors

who possess any knowledge of art to totally disregard the prize awards in forming their estimates of the respective works. Now, inscrutable as this may be to the uninformed mind, there is much good reason in the view taken by the artists of this matter. We believe the different branches of industry in all the other departments of the Exhibitions have a controlling voice in their management, while the directors seem to think that the artists either have not sufficient intelligence to do this or they imagine they possess too much. Accordingly, they do not trust the management of the Art Gallery to artists, but try to do it themselves, and the result of course is a plain and decided failure,—failure to satisfy or obtain the confidence of the profession, and certain failure to present anything like as creditable an Exhibition as should be put before the public.

Artists, though unlike other men in many respects, and we freely admit the comparison is not in *all* respects and always in their favour, have still, a keen sense of justice, and their sensitive nature will not allow them to brook the handling which they often meet with from vulgar wealth. The situation seems at present to be this that unless a marked reform takes place in the system of Exhibitions the best artists will more completely withdraw their support, and the Exhibitions lose what is perhaps, and certainly might be, the most pronounced attraction of their buildings. Let it not, however, be inferred from what has been said that there were no good pictures in the Toronto Crystal Palace this year, the new Vice-President of the Ontario Society of Artists would alone redeem it from this charge; and besides that gentleman's work we noted several very meritorious pictures by members of the Society and others; though it is whispered that unless a change be made in the management and the prize system abolished there will be much fewer of these to be seen next year. Loan collections, too, though a very good device in some cases, to fill up as on this occasion, cannot be depended upon for a repetition year after year as this course would soon exhaust the local works, and after experience of lending it is found that owners become more chary and refuse again to contribute. For a permanent annual display there is no resource but the work of our own studios and there is no valid reason why these should not furnish such a collection as would give delight to both the public and the special class strictly called lovers of art. One incident of the Exhibition in Toronto, it is pleasing to record, was that the leading journals, both the chief newspapers of the Province, warmly took the matter up and advocated a somewhat similar reform to that urged here. The situation bears a rather cheering aspect when we remember the number of Exhibitions which now call for contributions from the easels of Canadian artists. In May there is the Art Union Exhibition of Toronto; then follows that of our new Royal Canadian Academy, which next year will be held in Halifax, at about midsummer, which brings us round again to the Toronto Industrial (provided that be put on a desirable basis); and then the Art Association of Montreal intends holding at least one exhibition of Canadian work each winter. These opportunities for coming before the art world will be something in advance of the advantages offered to art in times past. Let us hope that in the future we may have a much more brilliant field to offer to talent and genius than we could but a short time ago have expected to hold out. * * *

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg, by ANNE AYRES. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

It was fitting that the life of such a man as Dr. Muhlenberg should be written; it was also fitting, and indeed necessary, that it should be done by one who was both intimate with him and thoroughly understood him. He was a great man, great as a schoolmaster, philanthropist and organizer, while his simple and unostentatious piety and his

quiet, indomitable energy and useful career made him beloved by all who knew him. Hundreds of men, many of whom have risen to eminence in the United States, owe their intellectual training to him; while St. Luke's Hospital in New York and St. Johnland, a model village, not far from the same city, are lasting monuments of his loving spirit and persevering mind. He belonged to that school of thought in the Protestant Episcopal Church to which he gave the name of Evangelical Catholic—a sort of æsthetical Low-Churchism. During his long life, extending over eighty years, he came into contact with many leading ecclesiastics and scholars both in America and Europe. The book before us is written by one who knew him personally for more than thirty years, and contains not only a very good summary of his life, but also many of his wise sayings and practical suggestions, extracts from his publications, some of his hymns, and a large number of amusing and instructive anecdotes. It is a volume that few will take up and leave unread.

Vivian, the Beauty, by MRS. ANNIE EDWARDES. Appleton's New Handy Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co; Toronto: Hart and Rawlinson.

This is a superlatively silly tale. Vivian Vivash, for such is the title-rôle heroine's impossible name, is an English professional beauty of the present day.

If we are to accept all the society papers tell us about these professional toasts as gospel truth, we must admit they are a sufficiently ugly outcome of our boasted civilization. But the ladies who occupy so much space in photographers' windows and the columns of *Truth* and *Vanity Fair* are modest and retiring compared with the study Mrs. Edwardes puts before us. It is conceivable that, in very clever hands, such a study might possess some pyschological value; but the shallow yet exaggerated manner in which the subject is treated in these pages only moves one to disgust. The tendency of the 'profession' no doubt does not point towards the most delicate refinement of character and conduct, but Vivian is painted as bluntly, personally and unreasonably rude. The 'beauty' whose tastes are pampered and whose fancies are met and anticipated by her admirers, naturally becomes more or less selfish. Vivian, however, does not content herself with this, but shows her self-seeking, her disregard of others, and her readiness to sacrifice the comfort and happiness of her companions for her own ends, in the most open and unblushing manner. Mrs. Edwardes, in her anxiety to show the profundity of her acquaintance with the symptoms of this modern social gangrene, overshoots her mark, and by making Vivian Vivash talk openly of the tricks of the 'profession,' she thoroughly convinces us that her knowledge of the class in question is derived from the public journals and not from any occult source of information. It would be perfectly impossible for three English people, one a lady in her own right, and the other a baronet of good family, to sit down at a stranger's table, as the precious trio do in the present case, and deliberately insult everyone present. Nor would even a 'foil' like Lady Pamela Lawless venture to mouth such a piece of buffoonery as she is credited with when she introduces the party to the astonished inmates of Schloss Egmont. The tale is as stale as the characters are intended to be novel, and the general result entirely unworthy of having even a waste half-hour bestowed upon it.

Russia, before and after the War: by the author of "Society in St. Petersburg," translated by EDWARD F. TAYLOR. No. 112 Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: Jas. Campbell & Son.

Various as are the phases of European politics we may safely affirm that nearly all their issues are affected more or less by the possible or probable future action of Russia. The Slavophil may see in that huge empire a vast regenerative force, the adherent to a policy of Turco-Anglican supremacy may regard it as a treacherous enemy to be baffled by cunning diplomacy, but both and all alike will agree that we should seize every means of acquiring some real information as to the internal economy of Russian society and the motives which will probably shape its conduct in the events of the immediate future. For such pur-

poses the present work deserves serious attention.

It is difficult to get at the truth about Russia. To the foreigner, its imposing mass, apparently moving to war or peace at the imperious dictate of a single will, presents an impression of overwhelming unity and unanimity which would seem to be irresistible. But in truth this effect is but attained by a rigid superficial discipline, beneath whose mask of steel play all the convulsed and contradictory impulses of opposing opinions and parties, which would freely show themselves upon the political countenance of a more civilised nation. Of late years we have seen much of this and have been able to guess more. The foreigner has, in some respects, attained a better point of observation than is afforded to native Russians, whose press is fettered and who are denied by the rigorous censorship of the post-office scissors what stray light might be derived from foreign newspaper comments. Between the revolutionary sheets of the Nihilists and the licensed inanities of the privileged press, the subjects of the Czar find but few organs of enlightenment.

Much has been written about the Universities of Russia, and the unruly nature of the students. Our author speaks of them from personal experience, and his account is sufficiently disheartening. When he matriculated at St. Petersburg in 1855, discipline, form and rigid adherence to rule in the perpetual wearing of the semi-military uniform were the most distinctive marks of Collegiate existence. After the perfunctory examination on entrance was over, the appropriate formula of admission was "You may order your uniforms." Here a motley crowd of Russians, Georgians, Germans, Crimeans, and even Jews were hustled with threats along the most antiquated roads to learning. The professors held the agreeable position of spies and watched at the theatres by turns to catch any lawless student who ventured to appear in the wrong uniform.

All interest in events of public importance was dead. The evil news of the capture of Sebastopol did not so much as break the current of small talk or excite any expression of feeling, and topics of literature, science and art were unable to attract the attention or conversation of the *alumni*. Since that time half concessions have been tentatively made, and, not succeeding, the authorities have tried repression and a return to the old military system. As it is, the students feel they must stand by each other in the most mutinous excesses, lest all the reforms so grudgingly conceded them should be once more swept away. Our space will not enable us to do more than say that this book contains much useful information on the state of Russian parties for the last quarter of a century.

A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities. By William Smith, D. C. L., being a continuation of the 'Dictionary of the Bible,' in Two Volumes. Illustrated. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. 1880.

Dr. Smith's well-known Dictionaries of Classical Antiquities and of the Bible have done for students of these subjects the service of collecting an immense variety of learning, the result of encyclopædic study and rare critical acumen. The value of these works has long been established, no one can begin to read for classical honors without the one; the other is equally necessary to the clergyman who seeks to enjoy the results of the vast wealth of modern learning in reading the Bible. A similar good work is aimed at by the present book, whose two handsome volumes are richly and profusely illustrated. What the Dictionary of the Bible has accomplished for the Biblical Period, the Dictionary of Christian Antiquities accomplishes for the student of Church History. The difficult task of impartial treatment has been fulfilled as far as possible—this we have tested by examining the articles written on two words which furnish a crucial test, 'Bishop' and 'Baptism.' On the former, while no opinion is expressed as to the existence in sub-apostolic times of the separate office or jurisdiction of the Bishop, as distinguished from that of the Presbyter, every salient evidence as to the nature of the office is fully given; the reader is furnished with all the facts of the case and is left to form his own conclusion. For all the details of Church history, for all the steps of that marvellous evolution of the mediæval aristocratic hierarchy from the primitive communion of the catacombs, this Dictionary gives all that the student might seek, at vain expense of time and money, through

libraries of works like that of Bingham. The 'Dictionary of Christian Antiquities' has reference to a period which has interest for all Evangelical Churches, and for all students of Biblical Literature. A more limited field is left for a Dictionary of the Middle Ages, a connecting link with a Dictionary of the 'Reformation Period,' and perhaps another of 'Modern Thought,' both of which might well fill a place inadequately occupied by such partial and inaccessible books as Peter Bayle's on the one subject, or the late George Cornewall Lewis's clever but doctrinaire work on the other.

This Dictionary, moreover, supplements our few good books on Church History—Milman's of the Latin Church and Robertson's less satisfactory book on the Three Primitive Centuries. It does this in a far more accessible form, and is full of interesting information on points which bear so closely on the genesis of our civilization and culture.

The greatest credit is due to the Toronto publishers, Messrs. Willing & Williamson, for the enterprise shewn in their arranging for a Canadian edition of so important a work, as well as for the admirable manner in which they have placed it before the public.

The Story of an Honest Man. By Edmond About. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1880.

M. About has, in the present work, turned his versatile talents to the fabrication of a tale in the manner of the already classical fictions of M.M. Erckmann-Chatrian. There is the grandfather, the old volunteer of '92, who is nick-named *La France* from his patriotic spirit, a spirit which induced him to run away from his family in 1814 by stealth to join the army that defended the sacred French frontiers.

He was a peasant, and his son, Pierre Dumont, was a carpenter, whose humanitarian notions earned him the title of 'my fellow creatures.' Evidently the lover of the aristocratic novel or the seeker after delineations of fashionable life may as well turn away at once from these pages. They contain those full details of life in a country district and in a small provincial town, in which modern French fiction finds such a charm. The deep-seated love which the peasant proprietor feels for his mother and for the little patch of mother-earth which supports the family, has of late found many exponents. It must surely be the sign of a demand for literature among people of this class, when we find skilled writers like M. About devoting themselves to the production of such elaborate studies of every-day life in the middle and lower ranks of French provincial society.

The hero of our tale gives us his first recollections, commencing with his old grandfather, his smooth-shaven face, bronzed by exposure to a reddish hue, and his fair hair 'which had never made up its mind to become white,' falling in curls upon his neck. The Dumont family are a sort of peasant-aristocracy, and pride themselves on the clannishness with which they hold together, and the care with which they hand down the family virtues from generation to generation. Dumont, the father, is a successful carpenter and machinist, with a contriving head and generous heart, which keeps him rather poor while assisting his less fortunate brothers and sisters. Still he has achieved a better position than that of his father, and the earliest lesson he inculcates to little Pierre is, that he, too, must follow the great law of progress and surpass his own father's successes.

Pierre goes to the local college, a miserable institution, where Greek and Latin are badly ground into the boys, and a most wretched management seems contrived to stunt and cripple both bodily and mental growth. Perhaps some of the most interesting pages in the tale are those which speak of the college and of the wonderful advances that are made when a new principal is installed in 1844, who upsets all the old rules and breathes the air of life into the institution. It will not do to follow our hero's adventures in detail much further.

Lovers of the now fashionable art of porcelain painting will be attracted by hearing that he goes into the crockery and majolica business, and earns laurels as a designer and manufacturer. At the close of the tale—swoop! down comes the Prussian horde of invaders, and the 'honest man' volunteers, as his grandfather did before him, to assist in repelling the invasion.

This must, we fear, be the conclusion, *de rigueur*, of all such biographies for

the next ten years or so: the details of death, wounds, or successful return being varied to taste. On the whole the translation is much more carefully done than usual;—we have only marked one glaring fault, 'revolutionary *memories*' instead of 'revolutionary *memoirs*.'

Little Comedies. By JULIAN STURGIS. Appleton's New Handy-volume Series. No. 59. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Six minute plays, averaging thirty pages apiece, and these pages rather widely printed; plays too, with a cast of two, or, at the most, three characters to unfold their plots. Such slender things as these may well be called *little* comedies.

They are slightly constructed and small in their dimensions, and can no more satisfy a healthy dramatic appetite than a mouthful of puff-crust would appease the hunger of a school-boy fresh from the cricket field.

But, if we set aside the two pieces called 'Half-way to Arcady' and 'Mabel's Holy Day,' which are both couched in verse, and are, to our mind, inferior to the rest, we shall find that these ephemeral productions may possibly fulfil a purpose. Every one knows the rage for parlour acting, which afflicts at times the best regulated communities, often leaving as distinct marks of its ravages as an epidemic of influenza or erysipelas. In such cases a dose of Mr. Sturgis's patent preparation may prove efficacious, and will, at any rate, lessen the inconveniences endured by the patient and applausive audience. It is hard, indeed, if the worst amateur company that ever entertained felonious designs upon the *Lady of Lyons* cannot muster two decent actors who could undertake such a trifle as 'Picking up the Pieces' or 'Heather.' The rest of the would-be performers will feel far more at home on the front benches, pulling the unlucky two into tatters than they would have felt on the boards, impersonating comic servants, obtrusive confidants, old men and yokels with impossible dialects.

Mr. Sturgis is at his happiest when he portrays the latest phases of fashionable do-nothingism or the affectations of modern art. The male interlocutor in 'Heather' is puzzled to account for his love for that healthy, irrepressible and vulgar flower. High Art tells him it is too assertive. 'It is not a sun-flower; it does not even wish to be a sun-flower; it is not wasted by one passionate sweet desire to be a sunflower; it seems to be content with itself.' Only those of our readers who have seen how the sun flower is hunted to death by the artists of the school of Burne-Jones will entirely appreciate this little bit of satire.

The passage which we have quoted occurs in a soliloquy addressed by the hero to his dog, modelled much after the fashion of the celebrated talk between Launce and his cur in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. We rather like the quaint way in which the lover's ridiculous substitute for a flower discloses itself in the following bit of musing:—'She loves me—she loves me not,—she loves,—no; she—but I perceive you do not like me to *pluck hairs from your tail!*'

Mr. Sturgis's dialogue is often smart and telling, but he aims too much at imitating the Shakespearean repartee as indulged in by such characters as Beatrice and Benedict. A few examples, taken at random from 'Fire-flies,' will show our meaning. Bice and Bino meet masked, and do not know each other. Bice remarks that many a mask hides wrinkles.

BINO. 'Not yours, on my life! Your mouth is not old.'

BICE. 'No younger than my face, I give you my word.'

Further on she says: 'You wear a mask on your mouth.'

BINO. 'Nay, 'tis but an indifferent mustache.'

BICE. '*A most delicate fringe for fibs.*'

Thomas Moore, his Life and Works, by ANDREW J. SYMINGTON. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

This little sketch forms a companion volume to the 'Life of Lover,' by the same author, which we lately reviewed in these columns. It is written in a similar vein of genial appreciation, and contains, as did its forerunner, an agreeable mixture of anecdotal biography and extracts from the author's works.

Thomas Moore was born in 1780; his

parents being trades-people at Dublin. Although Lord Byron, who knew and loved the poet well, was able to say of him with truth, that 'Tommy dearly loved a lord,' yet 'Tommy' was never forgetful of his old father and mother, or desirous of concealing the position from which he sprung.

Had the poet been less gifted with the social arts that endeared him to the first circles of English fashion, he might perhaps have taken a more practically decided stand as an Irish patriot than he did, and his political verse might have rung with a truer, sterner tone; but in no other respect does it appear that he was injured by his intimacy with the lettered aristocracy of the time of the Regency.

The days of patronage were hardly over, for Moore was not twenty-three years old and had published scarcely anything of note, except his translations of the Odes of Anacreon, when Lord Moira procured him an Admiralty post at the Bermudas. The duties of his office could be performed by deputy; but Moore crossed the Atlantic to take possession and appoint a *locum tenens*. On his way home he visited the States, Niagara and Toronto, and passed down the St. Lawrence, a trip to which we owe the charming 'Canadian Boat Song,' so well-known to our readers, and the lines to Lady Charlotte Rawdon, in which he speaks of the spot—

> 'Where the blue hills of Old Toronto shel
> Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed.'

Soon after his return he married, and went to reside near Dovedale, in Derbyshire. The 'Twopenny Post-bag,' a collection of satires, was his principal work of this period, although the Irish Melodies were being written, arranged to music, and put before the public from time to time; the first being published in 1807. So great a reputation did Moore obtain from these occasional poems that, in 1814, Messrs. Longman agreed to pay him £3,000 for a poem which was then unwritten, and as to the merits of which they consequently could not form an opinion. In three years (Mr. Symington says four, but the dates do not bear him out) the poem, Lalla Rookh, was completed and reached six editions in as many months.

In 1818, Moore became financially embarrassed through the defalcations of his deputy at Bermuda. It was thought well for him to spend some time in Paris out of the way of the unpleasant company of Sheriff's officers, till his creditors could be settled with. He was soon able to return, a free man again, and never was in actual need of money afterwards, although it is true that his generous, open-handed mode of living prevented him from saving anything out of the £30,000 he was calculated to have made by his pen alone.

It is impossible to commit to paper an adequate conception of Moore's wit, humour, and fancy. Much of his brilliancy was expended conversationaliy, and is to a great extent lost to us. His satirical and humorous poems, however, remain, and the structure of their verse and the curious surprises of their rhymes often recall to our memory the famous legends of Thomas Ingoldsby.

Mr Symington has not given many extracts from the poet's correspondence; here is one phrase that brims over with warm Irish affection, an affection that *must* be playful and can no more help showing itself by a smile than can some different natures help showing *their* fondness by suppressed grumblings. Moore is going home to his mother and writes to her that the thought of it will '*put a new spur on the heel of his heart.*'

If the letters of Moore are not laid heavily under contribution, his diary has not been forgotten, and well might we expect these stores to be rich which are to be found in the daily records of a man who passed his life with Rogers, Byron, Sydney Smith, Luttrell, Erskine, Lord Mahon, and Lord John Russell. A few examples will suffice, and must serve to wind up our notice without further apology.

26 July, 1821.—'Luttrell told a good phrase of an attorney, "I am sorry to say, sir, a compromise has *broken out* between the parties."'

11 June, 1823.—'Foote once said to a canting sort of lady that asked him if he ever went to church, "No, madam; *not that I see any harm in it?*"'

21 Sept., 1826.—'Quoted the saying of a Spanish poet to a girl, "Lend me your eyes for to-night; I want to kill a man."'

2 July, 1827.—'Lord Lansdowne received a letter from Ireland, speaking of the "Claw of an Act," evidently thinking that *clause* was plural.'

Health. By W. H. Corfield, M. A., M.D. (Oxon), &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.: Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1880.

These Lectures were originally delivered at the Society of Arts, under the auspices of the Trades' Guild of Learning and the National Health Society. Although very well adapted to the purposes for which they were delivered, we have not been altogether able to pursuade ourselves that their reproduction in book-form was really needed, either in London or New York. If we take the first seven chapters, we find they contain just the same sort of elementary description of our nervous system, of the respiratory organs, of the bony framework of our bodies, &c., as is to be found in any good introductory work on Physiology. It is quite right that such information should be given, over and over again, in the shape of lectures to people who will never have a chance or the inclination to open a book upon the subject. But it is quite another thing if every lecturer who can describe the valves of the heart is to have a short-hand reporter, as Dr. Corfield had, to jot down his account as something too precious to be lost.

The latter half of the book, containing the author's views on pure air and water, wholesome food, good drainage, epidemic diseases, and sanitary devices generally, is less hackneyed and more likely to prove of use. To an American public the Doctor's opinions will occasionally prove a little distasteful. They will not relish the stern disapproval with which he regards their favourite box-stove, which he condemns on account of its drying the air, and producing an undue amount of carbonic oxide gas, besides the smell of hot iron which it diffuses about the room. Neither will they like the condemnation of muffins, crumpets and new bread, which are so very indigestible, says Dr. Corfield, from their doughy nature as to go sometimes by the name of 'sudden deaths.' This little bit of spite will be naturally regarded as a slap at the Yankee preparations of dough and paste, which, because they are badly cooked once, are usually called 'biscuits' by our logical neighbours across the line.

The first part of the book would have been improved by a few diagrams, but the only illustration it contains from first to last is a very simple one of two squares of different sizes, which might easily have been left to the imagination of the reader. The point it is intended to elucidate is the excessive liability of young children to suffer from external cold. He says very truly that the smaller the child the greater proportion will its surface bear to its bulk. He proves this to demonstation with his two cubes, one ten times larger than the other, and winds up, in the true spirit of the scientific demonstator, who is not happy unless he can add the Q. E. D. to his problem, 'What is true of a cube is true of a baby!'

The old joke about seeing as far as most men through a millstone must be abandoned, if we are to accept the statement made (on p. 222) upon the authority of Professor Pettenkofer, that a candle can be blown out through a brick, if (mark me, there is much potency in your *if*) you only concentrate the breath on one point. In our own parlour experiment we have always found this to be exactly the point where the difficulty comes in. The Professor must be a very great man, for we find him quoted further on as doubting if the celebrated Broad street pump at Westminster really did cause the cholera in that neighbourhood, although people who had water supplied to them from it at a distance were attacked by the disease and the epidemic passed away soon after the pump was closed up. It requires all the abilities of a 'great German hygienist' to be able *not* to see so clear a connection between cause and effect. Probably it would not shake his doubting soul at all if he were informed that the pump in question drew its sparkling but death-dealing waters from the subsoil of what was once a pest-house field, originally given by Sir Walter Raleigh to the corporation at a time when the snipe flitted over the fields which are now covered with the bricks of Broad street and the stucco façades of Regent street. Here the dead-cart had discharged its ghastly load, year in and year out, as the plague paid its passing visits to St. Martin-in-the-Fields and the parishes outside the city walls. And long after the last bellman had chanted his dismal stave, 'Bring out your dead!' the poison germs so carefully stored away beneath the sod had once more betrayed their presence, and gone forth to reap their harvest, some fifty, some a hundred-fold.

A History of Classical Greek Literature. By the Rev. J. P. MAHAFFY, M. A. New York : Harper & Bros. ; Toronto : Willing & Williamson.

The progress of archæology during the past thirty-five years, in its effect on Greek literature, can be strikingly seen by comparing the well-known work of Dr. K. O. Müller with these volumes of Professor Mahaffy. In our day the pickaxe and shovel have become tools of refined research. At one time literary conjecture threatened to crush out of life all positive knowledge. Was the subject the topography of Troy? Presently the heap of literary guess-work rivalled the mounds of the Trojan plain; but Dr. Schliemann's pickaxe has revealed how slightly related the contents of the literary mound were to the contents of the other. So at Mycenæ ; and when Schliemann gets to work at Sardes and Orchomenas there will be rare fun in store for godless scoffers. Even at an earlier date some ludicrous mishap befel the critics. The position in its trilogy of the Æschylean drama, *The Seven against Thebes*, was a favourite subject of lucubration among the Germans : the discovery of the Medicean didascatiæ revealed the fact that of all the guesses only one was correct ; but this particular guess had long ago been abandoned by Hermann, its author ! On the other hand, some far-sighted prophecies of the earlier scholars have been verified in a most interesting, and indeed remarkable, manner. The inscriptions lately disinterred by Curtius at Olympia prove the lost Greek letter *digamma* (representing our *w*) to have been commonly used in Elis ; while Cesnola's excavations at Cyprus exhibit it in the Cypriote syllabary as late as the fourth century B. C. The Cypriote syllabary also carries forward to the same date the letter *yod* or *y*, which, at a much earlier era, had become quite lost to the Hellenic alphabet.

In archæology, the most trivial 'find' often involves far-reaching issues. An iron nail, or even a rust-stain, implies an epoch in civilization. The wall-scribblings and etchings of ancient loafers at Pompeii have thrown new light on old Roman life ; and thus these idle *graffiti* on the crumbling stucco have come to rank with solemn treatises on bronze or marble. About the middle of the 7th century B. C., Greek soldiers were serving under the king of Upper Egypt, Psammetichus, or Psamatichus, as they spell him oft. Once they beguiled an idle hour by scrawling five or six lines of Greek on the leg of a colossal figure that stands near the modern Abu-Simbel. This ancient *graffito* exhibits by no means the oldest alphabetical forms, and the really archaic Greek writing may have long preceded. Modern opinion had generally settled down to the belief that Homer's poem MUST have been preserved by professional reciters who handed down these treasures from one generation to another for between two and three centuries. By the discovery of this inscription the entire controversy has been re-opened, and many other disturbing facts have followed in quick succession. The student will thank Professor Mahaffy for his artistic *coup d'œil* of the general Homeric question, and for his *résumé* of the great discussion that has now in various phases lasted for more than twenty-three centuries. German criticism, from Wolf's famous Prolegomena down to the present, has for the most part been consistently destructive, but sometimes mutually destructive : it has, of course, denied the unity of authorship in the Iliad and Odyssey conjointly, or even singly ; it has even challenged the poetic merit of Homer's most admired passages. The parting scene of Hector and Andromache —the most famous passage in any literature—has in all ages touched the heart and extorted admiration ; but, in our day, a German critic declares it the interpolation of an inferior hand ! Mr. F. A. Paley has in some points outrun even German scepticism ; but English criticism has sometimes been too conservative. Colonel Mure contended for the unity in authorship of the whole of each poem, while Mr. Gladstone stoutly affirms the personality of Homer, his historical reality, and his authorship of both poems. Dr. Schliemann's realism laughingly offsets the prevailing German scepticism : on the one hand, the very existence of the Homeric cities is disputed ; but Dr. Schliemann would show us now actual Troy and Mycenæ ; he can scarcely refrain from identifying the very necklace of fair Helen and the sceptre of lordly Agamemnon. Our present author adopts Grote's Homeric theory, but with important modifications. Thus viewed, the Iliad known to us incloses much of the original Achilleïs, but seve-

ral heroic lays have been, if we may so say, grafted on it at various points, openings being effected by some severe pruning. These grafts have seriously altered the form and foliage of the original poetic growth. In the original plan, Hector and Patroclus must have had places of high courage and renown, one as the formidable antagonist, the other as the honoured companion of Achilles. In the present Iliad, they have receded to the second or third place in heroism. Hector has been humiliated to exalt the pedigree of certain Greek families, which, in the historic period, affected to trace their descent from Diomede, Ajax or Agamemnon.

The personality of Homer being surrendered, our author awards the place of honour in Greek literature to Æschylus, whose language he finely characterizes as "that mighty diction in which the epithets and figures come rolling in upon us like Atlantic waves."

The chapter on the Greek Theatre is especially valuable. It notices the inscriptions recently disinterred at Athens, and edited by Komanudes; it also embodies the author's personal explorations at the sites of ancient theatres where the acoustic and scenic arrangements are still quite apparent. In the great theatre of Syracuse, whose capacity ranged from 10,000 to 20,000 auditors, Professor Mahaffy found that a friend talking in his ordinary tone could be heard perfectly at the furthest seat, and that too with the back of the stage open. Here is something for modern architects to meditate on.

In his low estimate of the poetry of Pindar, and the philosophy of Socrates, our critic will probably find some eager antagonists, but his arguments exhibit a front that is not very assailable.

His orthography shows some playful eccentricities: why write *rythm* and not *ryme*, and *retoric;* if we adopt Nikias and Kimon, why retain c in Alcibiades!

LITERARY NOTES.

A new edition of the Works of Father Prout (the Rev. Francis Mahony) is about to be published in popular form by the Messrs. Routledge.

A well-conceived and suggestive work on Self-culture, moral, mental and physical, has just been published from the pen of Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, bearing the title of 'Plain Living and High Thinking.'

A volume entitled 'Passages from the Prose Writings of Matthew Arnold,' has just been brought out in England. The selections are classified under the following divisions: Literature—Politics and Society—Philosophy and Religion.

Mr. Francis Parkman's forthcoming work on 'Montcalm,' dealing with the final struggle between the English and French colonists in Canada, is, we learn, in an advanced stage of preparation. The volume, it is stated, will begin with the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle and end with the capture of Quebec and the death of Wolfe.

The Duke of Argyll has projected a series of papers on 'The Unity of Nature' which are to appear serially in the *Contemporary Review*. When completed they will form a complement to his Grace's notable book 'The Reign of Law,' and will doubtless be an important modern addition to the theistic side of the argument from Design in Nature.

A Work on 'Egypt, Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque,' from the German of Prof. G. Ebers, is announced to appear in about forty monthly parts, from the press of Messrs. Cassell & Co., of London. The work is to be illustrated by eight hundred drawings which are said to be of unexampled magnificence and beauty.

'A sensible, well-written book, showing a real knowledge of the subject, and containing many hints likely to be serviceable to beginners in Literature,' on the subject of 'Journals and Journalism,' has just been issued in England, by Mr. John Oldcastle. Messrs. Field & Tuer are the publishers.

The third and fourth volumes, completing the work, of Mr. Justin McCarthy's 'History of our Own Times' have just appeared in England. They cover the period from the accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. The fourth and concluding volume of Mr. John Richard Green's 'History of the English People' has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan, of London, and Harper Brothers, of New York.

Mr. W. Fraser Rae, the translator of Taine's 'Notes on England,' and the author of 'Westward by Rail,' 'Columbia and Canada,' &c., has just commenced a series of biographical sketches of the founders of New England, to be published in *Good Words*. The first of the series, on John Winthrop, the father of Massachusetts, appears in the September issue. Mr. Rae is at present on a visit to Manitoba and the North-West.

The October number of *The Bystander* reaches us as we are about to go to press, and we cannot refrain, before closing our pages, from calling attention to the high excellence of the new issue. Its appearance lays the reader under further and weighty obligation to the distinguished writer from whose pen it proceeds. The notable subject dealt with in the new number, as was to be expected, is 'the Pacific Railway Agreement,' and this and a disquisition on 'Freedom of Discussion,' which follows it, are handled with a freshness, originality, and vigour which makes a powerful impression upon the reader. Detractors may make light of the work to which the writer of *The Bystander* has addressed himself, in issuing this serial, but no sane reader of the publication can fail to appreciate the profound thoughtfulness of its articles, or doubt the influence which such fearless and independent criticism can have upon the thought and opinion of the country. We can but note here two other articles in the present number which are especially worthy of perusal—one on 'the Presidential Election,' and the other a reply to Mr. Pringle's 'Defence of Ingersoll.' The first of these is marked by keenness and accuracy of observation, and an intimate knowledge of the history of Parties in the United States; the other by a broad catholicity and a remarkable effectiveness in dealing with the phantoms of Modern Doubt. The service which this periodical is rendering to the literature of Canada which, like the nation itself, is only in process of formation, is simply incalculable. To the journalist it is a mine of thought and a life-long education in criticism and the art of saying things. To the politician and the people generally, it is at once a guide and an inspiration.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

ODE IN MEMORY OF ADELAIDE NEILSON.

'Ave et Vale.'

Ah! lost star of the stage, into the night, sunk where no eye shall see!
Past that gate of the grave, darkness of death husheth and hideth thee;
Thou whom all of the gods graced with their gifts, bidding each charm be thine,
Aphrodite in form, voiced like a muse, filled as with fire divine,
Shall we see not again, hear thee no more, never beholding now
Those fair tresses of gold, never again, crowning the queen-like brow;
Shall no Juliet now speak with her lips, win with the charm she wore?
Shall not Rosalind's voice wake into life, passion and pathos more?
Farewell, thou whom we loved, true is the word, that which the Seers have sung,
Be not envious at death, they whom the gods grace with their love die young;
So pass, star of the stage, into the night, there, where for all who dwell
It is well, we are sure, therefore, for thee, sure it is also well.

—Charles Pelham Mulvany.

Toronto.

An old coachman meets his master at a Scotch railway-station, having had several 'halves' during his wait. Master, sniffling: 'What's this, John? I get the smell of whiskey off you again!' John: 'Weel, weel, my lord, I've felt the smell o' whuskey aff you mony a time, and I ne'er said ocht aboot it!'

CANADA.

All-worthy Offspring of Earth's noblest, Then!
Bold in thy blameless life and staunch-knit frame
(Through which full course, as thy stout cheeks proclaim,
The healthful currents that from freedom flow),
Thou stand'st among the nations! On thy brow
Beams Virtue's diadem, whose jewels bright,
Kept by thy jealous care, a peerless light
Unwavering shed. With equal balance, lo,
At thy right hand sits Justice, Mercy-crowned!
Thy hand-maid Honour; while firm at thy side
Stands armoured Loyalty, pointing with pride
To thy Imperial Mother o'er enthroned!
Champion of Justice, Truth and Liberty,
As they are great, so shall thy glory be!

—R. Rutland Manners.

'See here,' said a fault-finding husband, 'we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept.' 'With all my heart,' sweetly answered his wife: 'and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should dearly love to know where they are kept.' He let things run on as usual.

Two grandsons of a late millionnaire had quarrelled, but were reconciled not long since over a good dinner and a bottle or two. Quoth one of them to the company, after the other had departed, 'That is my brother, you know. We have had a difference, but it is all settled, you understand. Same blood in his veins as in mine, you perceive. He can have a hundred pounds from me if he wants it. Yes, by George, he can have a thousand! Yes, ten thousand – if he gives me the securities!'

Sir Humphrey Davy, when a raw, awkward young man, once found himself in the company of a number of literary men much older than himself, and the conversation turned on the poetic beauties of Milton. In the middle of a declamation of one of the poet's finest passages by an enthusiastic admirer, Davy interposed the infelicitous remark that he 'never could understand Milton.' 'Very likely, sir,' said one of the company witheringly– 'nothing more likely; but surely you don't mean to blame the poet for that?'

During a debate in the American House of Representatives on a bill for increasing the number of hospitals, one of the Western members arose and observed, 'Mr. Speaker, my opinion is that the generality of mankind in gineral are disposed to take the disadvantage of the gineralty of mankind in gineral.' 'Sit down,' whispered a friend who sat near him: 'You are coming out of the same hole you went in at.'

The *Mémoires de Madame de Rémusat* contain many capital stories, but none neater in repartee than that of Bonaparte and Grétry. Bonaparte was in many respects less great than some of his admirers have given the world to understand. One of his favourite tricks was to disconcert people by pretending to forget them, just as at one time he took immense pains to captivate his soldiers by always managing to recollect them. He used to go round the ladies of his Court and enjoy the amusement of throwing them into confusion by asking them, 'Pray, who are you?' Gentlemen who attended his receptions in a semi-official way were exposed to similar interrogations. Grétry, a member of the Institute, frequently attended the Sunday receptions, and the Emperor was always coming up to him and asking his name. One day Grétry, who was tired of this perpetual question, answered the Emperor's rudely-uttered 'And you, who are you?' by replying, 'Sire, I am still Grétry.' Ever afterwards the Emperor recognised him perfectly.

A BALLADINE.

She was the prettiest girl, I ween,
That mortal eyes had ever seen;
Her name is Anabel Christine,
Her bangs were curled with bandoline,
Her cheeks were smoothed with vaseline,
Her teeth were brushed with fine dentine,
Her face was washed in coaline,
Her gloves were cleaned with gasoline,
She wore a dress of grenadine,
Looped over a skirt of brilliantine.
Her petticoat was bombazine,
Her foot was shod with kid bottine,
Her wounds were healed with cosmoline.
She sailed away from Muscatine
In a ship they called a brigantine.
She flirted with a gay marine
Till they reached th' Republic Argentine,
Where they were married by the Dean,
And lived on oleomargarine.

—*Scribner.*

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

'THE EARLY YEARS OF THREE RIVERS'*

BY WM. KINGSFORD, C.E., OTTAWA.

THIS volume, from the pen of Mr. B. Sulte, is, in every way, creditable to him. It is the result of reading and care, and is marked throughout by good taste and good feeling. Naturally Mr. Sulte writes as a French-Canadian. His motto is *faire aimer la patrie*, and he feels a laudable pride in the courage and endurance of his ancestors. Himself a native of Three Rivers, this work is a record of the early times of the city. Gathered from original sources of inquiry, it must have been a labour of love. It contains much which, in our condition of knowledge, is original and trustworthy; and we do not doubt but hereafter future writers of history will quote his pages as an authority. The style is pleasing and animated, so that, barren of interest and matter of fact as many of the incidents naturally must be, he makes pleasant reading out of much that is common-place. The task Mr. Sulte has set himself is to trace the history of an infant settlement, until it outgrew the troubles and trials which for forty years threatened its existence. His effort is to bring back these times vividly before us, and hence he portrays scenes of every day life, of which the account can have interest only from the view in which he places them, and from the memories the events themselves awaken.

Two important events changed the whole aspect of the world. The application of movable types to printing by Faust and Guttenberg, during the second half of the fifteenth century, and the Reformation, to which the stimulus given by printing to human intelligence, to a considerable extent, led some years later. We do not say this from what is called the Protestant stand-point. When Luther commenced his crusade against the Papacy of that date, he had on his side men like Erasmus, Dean Colet, and Sir Thomas More. No one with greater bitterness assailed the corruptions of the hour than Erasmus; but he hesitated when his companions went forward. But if his advance in opinion

* Chronique Trifluvienne, par Benjamin Sulte. Montreal: Compagnie d'Imprimerie Canadienne, 1879.

was not to the same extent, at least he gave his impress to the field where he remained, and whatever the word used may be, change undoubtedly followed in the life and government of the ancient religion. Half a century later, Loyola started on his extraordinary career, and the influences which he created were in full force when the events chronicled in this volume were taking place. The Jesuit has played a large part in the early history of Canada, and for much of the time his action was uncontrolled, more especially in the years which Mr. Sulte chronicles. His power was supreme, as governor after governor experienced.

Mr. Sulte commences his history at the period when Three Rivers was the limit of European civilization. Montreal was then Hochelaga, a *bourg* of the savage, and the western waters had been scarcely frightened from their security by the strange apparition of a white face. The fort at Three Rivers was constructed in 1634. Some few colonists had established themselves within its shadow, and in a short time appeared the inevitable Jesuit Father, concealing, under his unobtrusive humble look, the keenest ambition and a remorseless jealousy of the Recollet who had preceded him, intent on a policy which was to end in the ruin of the unhappy Red Man who became his convert, and to sap, over the larger domain of the continent, the power of the race and the creed he was working so hard to establish on the traditionary rock of faith. There were about seventy souls in the place at this date. The number increased scarcely to one hundred in the next four years. But at this period the whole French population in Canada was scarcely two hundred. This handful of men was literally the advanced guard of civilization, and a stern fight they and their descendants had before them, in which for half a century their existence never ceased to be imperilled. These men came from Normandy as a rule—the ancestors of the race of the *coureurs des bois*, and the descendants of those warriors who conquered England, whose deeds will live for ever in the Tapestry of Bayeux. They came generally from Rouen, Caën, Fécamp, and Fleury.

Champlain's map of 1632, which sets forth the explorations to within five years of its date, gives no indication of *habitation Française* above Quebec. But the records seem to establish that, as early as 1617, settlement commenced. The situation at that date was favourable to trade. Itself at the foot of the River St. Maurice, which was ascended to its source to cross to the tributaries of the Gatineau, for that river to be descended, so that the Ottawa could be gained. On the opposite shore, the mouth of the Richelieu was forty-five miles to the west; while on the south shore the Rivers St. Francis and Nicolet are more immediately in the neighbourhood. We can trace in these days much the same consequences as have hitherto taken place as settlement advances west. First came a few traders and Indians. As the numbers increase, the missionary appears upon the scene until a religious organization is established. The church was then built; and the fort followed, as the necessary protection against outward attack. Mr. Sulte tells us that Three Rivers held possession of the traffic for twenty years, and it was not until 1656 that Montreal, to any extent, partook of it. It was then that the great commerce of the West may be said to have taken its rise, and to control which the wars of the next century succeeded. However the quarrel may be described by other names, the real struggle was, if the 'peltry' and Indian wares should pass by the Mohawk to the Hudson and to New York, or whether it was to keep to the St. Lawrence, and take French ships to France, and if the supplies the Indians needed were to come by Quebec or by New York. That struggle is still being continued. If not in the same form, at least as zealously. The Dominion expenditure on

the canals has alone the end in view to bring the produce of the West to Montreal and the St. Lawrence. The enlargement of the navigation is to make it possible for vessels to start from Chicago for Europe, and to bring back an unbroken cargo of manufactured articles to an American port on Lake Michigan. The early inhabitants of the United States, the English colonists, were desirous that no canoe should pass below Lake Ontario, that the trade should ascend to the Mohawk and find its way to the Hudson. The struggle of *Nouvelle France* was to bring everything eastward. In the earlier history the St. Lawrence was not looked upon as the channel to the west; it was the Ottawa which was followed. The northern part of the Island of Montreal offered no such impediment as the Rapids of St. Louis, the Lachine Rapids. The Ottawa was taken to the mouth of the Matawan. This stream was followed to the portage which led to Lake Nipissing and, by the French River, Georgian Bay was gained. Access was thus had to the Huron Country. The Jesuit Fort, the traces of which remain, near the line of the Midland Railway, was reached by this route. The ruins yet stand on the shore in the great bay into which the Severn discharges, a branch of which penetrates to Penetanguishene, one of the most beautiful of the many picturesque sheets of water on the continent.

It has been the fashion to speak of Jacques Cartier as the founder of Canada. Cartier certainly visited the country, and he passed a winter here. In 1534, his first voyage terminated at Gaspé. His second voyage was in 1535. He reached Montreal, passed a few days, and wintered at Quebec in 1536.* In 1540 he again sailed to Canada in the expedition organised by Roberval, and returned to France in 1542. The mode of his departure gives one not too favourable a view of his character. Cartier then disappears from history. There is no trace of his presence, either in legislation, or manners, or jurisprudence, if we except the material memorial of some timbers found in the River St. Charles, which has been considered to be the remains of the *Hermina*. Cartier was not even the first to 'discover' Canada. The country had been visited in 1518 by De Levis; and Verazzani, ten years previous to Cartier's expedition, penetrated the St. Lawrence. The loss of Verazzani in the expedition of 1525, for he was never heard of after leaving France, has caused his name to be lost sight of, and explains why so little is known of his previous voyage.

The real founder of Canada is Champlain, and any non-recognition of this fact is a disregard of history. Champlain appears on the scene for the first time in 1603, some thirty years before the records of Three Rivers are marked by any interest. From 1543 to 1598 no effort of any kind was made to fit out an expedition to the St. Lawrence, or to colonize the country. It was in 1542 that Cartier abandoned Roberval in the Harbour of Newfoundland, by all accounts, in the night time. Roberval pushed on to Quebec and wintered there, and in the following summer, leaving a band of some thirty behind him, he returned to France. The fate of these men must ever remain unknown. In the succeeding year the brothers Roberval equipped a vessel and proceed-

* 'Plus proche dudit Quebec, y a une petite rivière qui vient dedans les terres d'un lac distant de nostre habitation de six à sept lieues. Je tiens que dans cette rivière qui est au nord et un quart du Nord-ouest de nostre habitation, ce fut le lieu où Jacques Cartier yverna, d'autant qu'il y a encores à une lieue dans la rivière des vestiges comme d'une cheminee, dont on a trouvé le fondement, et apparence d'y avoir eu des fossez autour de leur logement, qui estoit petit. Nous trouvasmes aussi de grandes pièces de bois escarries, vermoulues et quelques trois ou quatre balles de canon. Toutes ces choses monstrent evidemment que c'a été une habitation, laquelle a été fondee par des Chrétiens.'—*Œuvres de Champlain, Book III. ch. 4, Voy.* 1608.

ed to sea, but were never heard of. The vessel probably foundered. It was not until 1600 that Chauvin's expedition started for Canada, and made a settlement at Tadousac. We do not hear that Quebec was reached. Certainly it was not until 1603 that Champlain ascended the St. Lawrence to visit Hochelaga, when his progress was stopped by the Lachine Rapids, to which he gave the name of the St. Louis Rapids. Thus sixty years had passed since the thirty Frenchmen had been left by Roberval at Quebec. It is strange that not a vestige of tradition clings to their memory, except the slight traces spoken of by Champlain. One would think that some trace of their presence would have been retained, some slight vestige of their past, in the language in use when Champlain arrived. Some sound would have conveyed to his mind the fate of his abandoned, forlorn countrymen. Some weapon or utensil would have been found as a memento of their fate. We can picture to ourselves these men pining away one by one, hope having departed, and the feeling sinking into their souls that they had no home but with the red men, no lot but the Indian squaw and the filthy wigwam. Or did they make some effort to leave their prison, and regain their country in a vessel built by themselves? An impenetrable mystery covers them; no record of language, no utensil, no weapon, no tradition, was ever discovered to testify that they had lived and suffered. One theory is plain, they could not have remained in the country, for they would have left children behind them in middle life when Champlain came. Were they attacked and killed and eaten in some terrible time of famine, or did they trust their fortunes to the seas? *Memoria est quam mens repetit illa quæ fuerunt*, saith Cicero. But where can memory aid in the history of these first colonies, abandoned by their countrymen in France to their fate?

It was in 1608 that Champlain laid the foundation of Quebec, and became the founder of Canada. Champlain's words may again be quoted:—'Il n'en peut trouver de plus commode ny mieux situé que la pointe de Québec ainsi appellé des sauvages, laquelle estoit remplie de noyers.'

The early theories of Cartier's expectations seem to have been but slenderly entertained by Champlain. His good sense and his past experience did not lead him to look for the silver and gold of Peru. His duty was to found a colony, and there is little to show that he had any taste for, or foresaw at that date any prospect of gain by, commerce with the Indian. The fur trade was then unknown. A plentiful supply of furs could be obtained. But there were other requirements. If the trader grew out of the situation, the trader had to seek for furs, and he had to pay for them. Above all he had to be fed, and it was plain that the food could not come from France. Champlain, therefore, turned his first attention to the means of existing in the new land, and one of his efforts was to plant wheat and rye. The crop from this virgin soil must have been excellent. One of the early mistakes of Champlain was to listen to the representations of the Indians, and to interfere in their quarrels. The consequences were not foreseen. His temporary triumph brought terrible retribution. In after years the revenge it called forth threatened the destruction of the colony, and the feelings it created powerfully operated to narrow French domination within the limit which it could never permanently pass. The Algonquins persuaded Champlain to assist them against the Iroquois, the Five Nations, and this step was the commencement of a quarrel never to be terminated, while it potently contributed to the eventual uprooting of French power in British North America. It proved the cause of the utter destruction of the Hurons and the other Indians whose fortunes were linked with the French

cause. It was during this expedition that he discovered Lake Champlain, although these waters were doubtless well known to him by report. It was at the Chambly rapids that he must have been stopped, when his men deserted him. But Champlain continued his route to Lake George, where the enemy was descried and encountered. It was then that we see the commencement of that policy which will always be a blot on the French escutcheon in Canada. The Indians were allowed to torture their prisoners. It is said that so late as 1755, when Braddock was defeated by De Beaujeu, on the advance to Fort du Quesne, the British soldiers who were made prisoners were tortured by their Indian allies. The Jesuits in no way discouraged this conduct. Their motto appears to have been *Laissez les faire*. Mr. Sulte gives an example of this feeling in his chronicle. We quote the words of this reliable writer in his own language, so we shall not be accused of misrepresentation :—

'On les attaqua vaillamment ; mais, en verité, ils soutinrent le choc avec un courage et une dexterité non attendus, mais, au bout du compte, se croyant trop faibles pour resister aux assauts qu'ils devaient attendre le jour suivant, ils demandèrent qu'on ne tirât point de part ni d'autre pendant la nuit, et cependant ils s'evadèrent à la sourdine devant la pointe du jour. "Jean Amyot, plus rempli de courage qu'il n'a de corps," les suivit à la piste et en decouvrit une cache dans le tronc d'un arbre. Deux Iroquois avaient été blessés et sept fort blessés. On trouva dans leur rédoute quelques arquebuses plus grosses et plus longues que celles des Français. Deux sauvages du côté des Trifluviens avaient été, tués et six Français blessés ; l'un d'eux mourut peu après à Quebec où on les avait envoyés pour être soignés à l'Hôtel Dieu. Jean Amyot conduisit son prisonnier à Quebec. Là on fit avouer à cet homme qu'il etait l'assassin du Père Jogues. "M. le gouverneur le tint en prison huit ou dix jours ; *enfin les sauvages de Sillery s'ennuyant, M. le Gouverneur le leur envoya ;* il fut brûlé le 16.

''Il ne fut dans les tourments qu'une heure. Son corps fut jêté dans l'eau. *Il fut baptisé et morut bien.*''

(Journal des Jesuites, p. 95, *Relation* 1647, p. 73.)

The italics are ours.

The advantages of Three Rivers as a trading station were early seen, and these records commence when it emerged into something like a community. M. de Montmagny was then Governor-General, and M. de Champfleur, Governor of Three Rivers. The place by this time had become the rendezvous of the Attekamegues from the St. Maurice, and the Algonquins from Allumette Island. The word Huron, familiar to us, is French. The name comes from *hure*, the crest of the wild boar, to which, it was held, the head dress of the Indian bore some resemblance, and the term came to be used to distinguish the friendly Indians, who embraced Christianity, in contradistinction to those of the Five Nations, at enmity with them. There was a chronic state of war ; the French were few in number, uncared for in France, incapable, from their poverty of resource, of the least aggressive movement. The Iroquois, numerous, warlike, utterly false and treacherous, offered peace when events on the Mohawk made an enemy the less necessary, and broke the truce if they held it advantageous to recommence aggression. In the neighbourhood of Three Rivers the Algonquins made some efforts towards clearing the land and settling down ; but neither white nor red man could count upon reaping his harvest. Three Rivers appears to have early gained the preference over Quebec with its Indian visitors. It was nearer to the West, and possibly more *sans façon*. But the establishment of Montreal ultimately interfered with the advantages it possessed. In 1641 there was the usual alarm.

Two white men had been seized in the winter of 1640, close to the rising town. One would scarcely have expected that the Iroquois would have been in hiding in February, but such was the case, and the possession of these men led to an expedition, consisting of twenty canoes, in which the double purpose seems to have been to detach the French from any alliance with the Algonquins, and to obtain firearms. The Iroquois, in spite of the poverty of numbers and resources of the French, felt their rising power, and found themselves unable to cope with their ancient enemies when ranged with the new comers. The two men were brought in by the expedition, and it was hoped that by their intervention the end in view could be accomplished. There was another incidental request. The Indians demanded thirty-six guns. Marguerie, one of the persons who, on *parole*, carried the message, is recorded to have played the heroic part of Regulus. Himself a prisoner, sent as a hostage, with the prospect of having his fingers cut off one by one, his nose slit, his eyeballs stripped, and finally to be burned — cast all thought of self aside, and recommended the refusal of the request. But time had to be gained. A canoe was sent off to Quebec for the Governor-General, and negotiations were opened, the Indians being given to understand that it was only the Governor-General who could enter into a treaty that was binding. They therefore settled themselves down, protected themselves with trees in the form they followed, and awaited his arrival. M. de Montmagny came. One of the first sights he witnessed was an Algonquin canoe taken, the women killed, and the man carried off a prisoner. A meeting was held, the Indians gave over the white men, and it was understood that M. de Montmagny was to visit the Iroquois in the morning. The scheme appears to have been to seize the Governor-General himself, and to have made his exchange the basis of future demands. But the scheme failed, for, from the commencement, the French declined to enter into any arrangement which would not include their Indian allies. In the meantime an armed sloop arrived from Quebec. The Iroquois saw that they had to deal with men who believed that their best protection was in force. The Indians therefore declined any further meeting, waved the scalp of an Algonquin in defiance, and made preparation for their return. Their encampment was attacked by cannon. Leaving fires during the night in the first fort, they vacated it for a second fort, which they had constructed in their rear, and so managed to retreat with little loss; the cannon, however, caused great dread.

For some years, until about 1660, the colony was constantly subjected to scenes of this character. The records are of greater or less interest, but they are marked on the part of the Indian by the same ferocity and craft, by the Frenchman with the same constancy and courage. Entirely neglected by France, the wonder is that the French Canadian was not swept away. That such was not the case was owing entirely to his gallantry and endurance. The neglect of the colonist in America by the French Government was to a great extent the result of the religious character given to the emigration. There were doubtless thousands of Protestants in France who would have shared the fortunes of their countrymen. The difficulties of the hour would have given more serious occupation than quarrels about the extent of the Real Presence and the number of sacraments. One thousand Frenchman of any creed would have chased these Indians to their strongholds, and in a few months would have taught them a lesson the red man would never have forgotten. But the Jesuit was there with his narrow, gloomy, uncompromising faith. Careless of his own life, he was equally indifferent to

the happiness and welfare of others. Garneau well says he desired to make a Paraguay of Canada. Ready to devote himself to flames and torture, possessing the courage, with the intolerance, of fanaticism, he started for the west doubtful if he would reach the first rapid above Montreal. When tortured and burnt, another took his place. One feels how more wisely and nobly all this devotion might have been exercised. It was in this struggle in France, as in most others, that the real object was lost sight of. The dread of Protestantism with the governing classes was something more than mere dogma. As in England, the fear of Puritanism was that it would engender thoughts of personal rights and liberty, which would shake existing institutions. The persecution by the Anglican prelates of any freedom of thought in religion, which culminated under Laud, concealed the desire to crush any effort for greater personal liberty ;—a struggle to take the form of war, turmoil, and difficulty for nearly a century, and which really and in fact only took a settled form in the third decade of this century. The leaders in France knew well what they were battling for. Sully tells us that when Protestantism seemed on the eve of triumphing, Catharine de Medicis remarked, 'We shall then say our prayers in French instead of in Latin.'* But the ductile mind of the people had no such complacent opinions. They were taught early in life a deep and rooted bigotry, as the end of their being, and under its influence for 40 years their countrymen in Canada were left on the verge of destruction.

But the French in Canada never lost their self assertion, and their fortitude was unshaken. They must have felt that their lives depended on their own efforts alone. They felt that their safety lay in the fears of their enemies. Taken prisoners in 1652, Agontarisati, with one Ta Alleurat, two of the most formidable of their enemies, they burnt them at Three Rivers. No one can deny the necessity of this act. The Indians, of course, were duly christened before execution, *sine ceremoniis*. 'Prior Franciscus vocatus est, posterior Franciscus,' so runs the Jesuit record. There was no hesitation in Three Rivers, and it was felt that there could be none. In August of the same year, the Governor, M. Duplessis Bochart, hearing that some inhabitants of the place had been attacked at the entrance of the Saint Maurice by some Iroquois canoes, at once organized an expedition against the Indians, who were in hiding at Cap de la Madelaine. Seeing the enemy, he attempted to land among the sedge and reeds, trusting to his gallantry and courage. In a few moments he fell dead. Seven of his countrymen were sacrificed with him, some dying of their wounds, and one being burnt. Mr. Sulte gives the names of the fifteen killed and wounded.

It is not possible, in our limits, to run through the record of these events. The struggle still continued. M. Boucher has left a record of the state of feeling. 'A wife is ever fearful that her husband, who in the morning has started for his work, may be taken or killed, and she may never again see him. For this reason the *habitants* are generally poor. The Iroquois kill their cattle and prevent the crops from being harvested, burning or pillaging the farms as occasion offers.'

It was this same Boucher, whose name must ever be remembered in the annals of Canada as having been the principal instrument in turning the aspect of affairs. In 1661, he went to France accredited by the then Governor, M. D'Avangour. Colbert was then

* 'On a soutenu que l'intérêt de la vraie religion n'entroit pour rien dans la politique de cette reine. Témoin cette parole qu'on lui entendit dire, lorsqu'elle crût la bataille de Dreux perdue : "Eh ! bien, nous prierons Dieu en Français." '—Note, Sully's *Memoires*, An 1586. Vol. I.

in the ascendant. Boucher obtained the ear of the king, and awoke his desire to extend his glories by the firm establishment of La Nouvelle France. The result was that reinforcements were sent. They, however, tardily came; still their presence gave hope and vigour to the colonists. They were followed by others; finally the celebrated Carignan Regiment arrived, and the days of Iroquois terror passed away for ever from Three Rivers.

But from the days of Champlain to Tracy, the colony passed through a terrible ordeal. Its first forty years of life have but few parallels in modern history. In 1621, the European population of Canada was under fifty, and new blood was but slowly poured in from Europe. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that Quebec was taken by an English expedition, under Sir David Kirk, in 1629. There was a strong party in France who considered La Nouvelle France a costly and dangerous acquisition, that had been well got rid of. The French Ambassador in London had the reputation of entertaining this view. The public opinion of France in those days was the opinion of the Court. Champlain's genius ranged it on his side, and his representation to Richelieu led to the adoption of opposite views. Champlain knew and understood the wealth and value of Canada, and a series of Champlains might have changed the destiny of the country. The treaty of St. Germain accordingly restored French Canada to France, and in 1633 an expedition started with new settlers. We may say that it is really at this date that the history of Canada, as a colony, commences. In the early stage of colonization the effort had been to get adventurous spirits to cross the seas. Religion had had little influence on the choice. Two-thirds of Champlain's crews had been Protestants. Under the great Henry and Sully toleration had been permitted. But the Protestants, yearning for personal liberty, ill accorded with the arbitrary theories of the French Court. It was resolved that such aspirations should be excluded from the new settlement, and that when any Protestant offered to join the expedition he should be refused. It was determined that hereafter in America, the taint of what is called heresy should not exist. Champlain is spoken of as being very strict as well as religious, but of dogmatic views. There is nothing to show that he did more than conform to the views of the French Court. Frenchmen of his character in those days had few philosophical opinions, and they changed from one side to the other as their interests dictated. It remained for the next century to produce the men who should turn the current of thought in Europe. The proximity of the Protestant colonies of New England and on the Hudson, then called the Orange River, suggested to French Statesmen the policy of raising up in Canada a totally different language and creed, which could not be tempted to swerve from its allegiance and orthodoxy, whose prejudices, in no way relieved by education, could ever be appealed to or excited. Had the dagger of Ravillac not destroyed the career of Henry so soon after Champlain's first expedition, Champlain's life, to our mind, would have taken a different impression, for he was thoroughly and truly a great man, above that deformity and passion, and the mean malignant instincts which are the invariable accompaniments of bitterness, mediocrity, and dishonesty. The Governors who followed Champlain—till we come to Tracy—excepting his immediate successor, Montmagny, were not men of capacity, and were not fitted to deal with the difficulties which threatened the life of the community. Montmagny had the example and traditions of Champlain; moreover, he did not suffer from the same difficulties which marked his successors—the efforts of the

Jesuits to control the whole policy and government of the country, and to place the State under the heel of the Church. Montmagny remained until 1647. As early as 1615, the Recollets had established themselves in the colony. The Jesuits did not appear until 1625, and it was not until ten years later that they commenced their remarkable missions. It was after Montmagny's departure, in 1648 and 1649, that the Hurons were destroyed, and Brebœuf and Lallement tortured and burned. D'Aillebout was a man entirely deficient in energy. Lauzon was insulted by the Indians under the very guns of Quebec. D'Argenson better understood the situation, and asked for troops to commence an aggressive movement on the Iroquois; but no aid was forthcoming from France, and he was continually thwarted by Bishop Laval, intent on establishing the pre-eminence of the Church, and who finally obtained his removal. D'Avangour, who succeeded him, was a blunt soldier, but was equally powerless. He was recalled at the instigation of the same clerical influence. De Mezy followed, to be persecuted as his predecessors had been. He died in two years, and Tracy came in 1665. It was his vigorous policy which changed the fate of the country, and that such was the case was owing to the mission of Boucher to France, who, to have attained his purpose, must have been a remarkably able man. Boucher came to Canada when only seven years of age, and he may claim to be the first native Canadian of eminence. That he was the first Canadian ennobled by Louis XIV. is a trifling matter compared to the reputation he has left of honesty, ability, courage and worth. We may add here that it is one of the most curious points of Three Rivers history that the first men ennobled were all from Three Rivers—Boucher, Godefroy, Hertel and Le Neuf. Mr. Sulte traces the various branches of these families. Senator de Boucherville yet represents the first of these names. The family of Godefroy have lost their ancient splendour. M. de Hertel is also not among the wealthy. Le Neuf left Canada at the conquest.

Possibly no more enterprising expedition was ever undertaken than that under Courcelles in 1666. We know the fact, not simply from French report, but from the narrative which is given of the expedition in the documentary history of New York. In the depth of winter, Courcelles, with 600 volunteers, passed along the frozen St. Lawrence, marching on snow-shoes, carrying their provisions on *traineaux*, till the Richelieu was reached. The Richelieu was then ascended to Lake Champlain—crosing to Lake George the waters were traced to where the Fort of William Henry was afterwards built, and the trail was taken to the Iroquois country; but, says the English record, 'by mistake of his guides, happened to fall short of the castles of the Mauhaukes, and to encamp within two miles, at a small village called Schonectede. The consequence was that a deputation was sent to Monsieur Coursell, to inquire of his intention in bringing such a body of armed men into the dominions of His Majesty of Great Britain.' 'Surely,' saith the writer, 'so bold and hardy an attempt (circumstances considered) hath not happened in any age.' Courcelles got safely back, but he lost some men, having dropped into an ambush consisting of nearly 200 Mohawks, planted behind trees, who at one volley slew eleven Frenchmen, whereof one was a lieutenant. The wounded men were sent to Albany. Experience had now established that there could be no safety for Canada until the Iroquois were made incapable of injuring the settlers. A series of forts was therefore constructed along the waters by which be approached. One at the junction of the Richelieu and St. Lawrence; one, the celebrated Chambly Fort, at the foot of the rapids; one a league to the

south, at Ste. Therese; one, which gave rise to the present town of St. John's, on the Richelieu; one, Fort St. Frederick, at Crown Point, and eventually Fort Ticonderoga was built. It is not shown on the Carte du Lac Champlain of 1748, par le Sr. Auger, arpenteur du Roy en 1732 fait à Quebec, le 10 Octobre, 1748. Signé, De Lery. Lake George was then known as Lac St. Sacrament. The English forts commenced at the Great Portage, between the waters of Lake Champlain and the Hudson. The first was built in 1711. There was also another fort on Lake Champlain, Ste. Anne, on Isle La Motte, about twenty leagues above Chambly. It was here that Dullier de Casson passed a winter.

It was in 1666 that Tracy organized his expedition, and inflicted the chastisement on the Indians which led them to keep their peace for twenty years. He commenced by hanging a boasting scoundrel at Quebec, who, at his own table, declared he had murdered the Governor's nephew, young Chazy. With 1,300 men, in the early autumn weather, when the heat had passed, and the swamps were dry, and the flies, those pests of Canadian sylvan life, had disappeared, he followed the track of Courcelles. His success must have exceeded his expectations. He burned five Iroquois fortifications—with the food they contained, retaining only what was necessary for himself, and took possession of the country for his master—so far as ceremonial went—and returned to Quebec.

The result of the peace is evident. In 1688 the population increased to 11,249; in 1667 it was something over 4,300.

But the French Canadian remained poor.* It was not until he lived under the blessings of English liberty that he became rich and independent. He had nothing to learn in the shape of gallantry, courage and endurance. When we praise the Jesuits for their courage and fortitude, we omit to state that it was simply the tone of the country. Every man carried his life in his hand. He never knew what the day would bring forth. When danger came he had to meet it. He could not count the odds, and he could never better his situation by hesitating to face it. His life was one unceasing struggle against numbers, but he remained undaunted and self-reliant, with his nerve unshaken and his heart true and firm and right.

He was thrifty and industrious, but he could get no further than merely living. Nobody was in want, but there was no money. Canada was regarded in France as an *annexe* where the Mother Country could obtain the articles she wanted, and where she could sell the articles she manufac-

* Il regne dans la Nouvelle Angleterre une opulence dont il semble qu'on ne sait point profiter, et dans la Nouvelle France, une pauvreté cachée par un air d'aisance qui ne paroit point etudié. Le commerce et la culture des plantations fortifient la premiére, l'industrie des habitans soutient la seconde, et le goût de la nation y repand un agrément infini. Le colon Anglois amasse du bien et ne fait aucune depense superflue, le François point de ce qu'il a et souvent fait parade de ce qu'il n'a point. Celui-la travaille pour ses heritiers, celui-ci laisse les siens dans la necessité où il s'est trouvé lui-meme, de se tirer d'affaire comme il pourra. Les Anglais-Americains ne veulent point de guerre, parce qu'ils ont beaucoup à perdre; ils ne menagent point les sauvages, parce qu'ils ne croient point en avoir besoin. La jeunesse Française, par les raisons contraires, deteste la paix, et vit bien avec les naturels du pays, dont elle s'attire aisement l'estime pendant la guerre, et l'amitié en tout temps. . . . Tout le monde a ici le necessaire pour vivre: on y paye peu au Roi; l'habitant ne connait point la taille; il a du pain à bon marché, la viande et le poisson n'y sont pas chers; mais le vin, les étoffes et tout ce qu'il faut faire venir de France coûtent beaucoup. Les plus à plaindre sont les gentilshommes et les officiers qui n'ont que leurs appointements, et qui sont chargés de famille. Les femmes n'apportent ordinairement pour dot à leurs maris que beaucoup d'esprit, d'amitié, d'agrement et une grande fecondité. Dieu repand sur les mariages, dans ce pays, la benediction qu'il repandoit sur ceux des patriarches; il faudroit, pour faire subsister de si nombreuses familles, qu'on y menât aussi la vie des patriarches, mais le temps en est passé.

tured. Therefore the French Canadians could only buy and sell in France. But in the days of Iroquois invasions there was scarcely anything to sell, for the commerce in furs was nearly destroyed, and by all accounts money was not often handled and rarely ever seen. Later in the history of Canada it was the habit of the officials to deal in all sorts of merchandize, making what in modern language is called 'rings' to keep out the legitimate trade. There was then what always happens in such circumstances, favoured individuals became rich, while the country was impoverished. The people existed.

We are getting, however, entirely beyond the limit of Mr. Sulte's labour, which closes at 1665. With men of education, and with all those acquainted with the epoch of which he treats, he will obtain consideration. Literature, however, has so few rewards in Canada that we question if he will gain any substantial recognition of what he has done. He has the satisfaction, however, of knowing that he has added some pages to Canadian literature, which will not pass away, but be quoted with Charlevoix, Le Mercier, and Mère L'Incarnation, for he has revivified the past by the original records. We have only one piece of criticism to make. He introduces the numeral '8' (*huit*) to express the W. For example, Isond8-tannen. It seems some of the Jesuit writers took this course, and Messrs. Laverdier & Casgrain printed the text of the Jesuit journal in this form. These Indian languages have passed away, and hence there is little consideration required for any delicacy of sound regarding them. But were it otherwise, and if there be no W in French, we have *ou* or *gu* to represent it. Surely we do not require a new letter to bring out this nice distinction in Indian, when we can do without it in Paris in the type of the dramas of the Theatre Français or the Sermons of Notre Dame. To our mind, it is too much like the enthusiasm of the *Fonetik Nuz:* we hope never to meet it again. Even the merits of Mr. Sulte fail to reconcile us to this formidable innovation.

There is one more point before we close, on which we wish to speak. We have said that the time has come when Jacques Cartier should take his true place in history—not metaphorically, but actually, to descend from the pedestal where it is proposed to place him,—for there has been some talk of erecting a statue to him. If there be any statue raised to the founder of Canada it should be to Champlain, and we believe that there is not a voice in Canada which would not accord with this honour to the memory of a great man. If we put ourselves right in this respect, there is another minor point which calls for attention. The late Sir George Cartier always insisted that the word Dominion should be translated by *Puissance.* He appears to have got bewildered in this respect, and that he made it a personal matter. Any contradiction with respect to it, he almost regarded as an insult. His personal qualities led many to accept his opinion. But we never heard anyone justify it. Years have fled since poor Sir George passed away, and it is with no desire to wound his memory that we say the time has come when we should cease to appear ridiculous in the eyes of the French *litterateur* and of all French scholars. The proper translation of the word Dominion is to gallicise the word with a masculine noun *Le Dominion.* If this be objected to there is *la Confédération Canadienne.* But are we a Confederation? Has not the word Dominion the greater significance? We put it to any French Canadian man of letters if this view is not correct, to Mr. Sulte himself, to Arthur Buies, Chauveau, Abbé Cosgrain, Hector Fabre, even to Mr. Pagnuelo, or the distinguished Father Braun, or the author of *La Comedie Infernale.* Mr. Baby and Mr. Masson are both

students of Canadian history and collectors of Canadian books and portraits,—we would leave the point with them, indeed, with any man of sense who knows French, and we are very sure that he will say with us that to translate the English word Dominion, as we use it, by the term 'Puissance' is simply a folly.

Perhaps some of the gentlemen we name may take the matter up. Why not our friend Mr. Sulte, of whom, we trust, we only take leave for a short period.

ABSENCE.

BY ALICE HORTON.

SURELY the blest are those who stay
Rather than those who rove,—
Few can remain a year away
Nor miss a face they love.

And if our fears are unfulfilled,
And every dear one there,
We find that our own place is filled—
That we have grown to spare.

The friends who mourned to see us go,
And wept such tears about us,
Have learnt, because they must, we know,
To get on well without us.

Grass grows not over graves so fast
As new love ousts the old;
If our joys pass, our griefs scarce last
Until our tears are cold!

Absence has half the powerlessness
And hopelessness of death:—
What the eye sees no more, the heart
Hardly remembereth.

The dove should fly nor east nor west,
But in her green copse wait,
If she would one day build her nest,
And keep a faithful mate!

ECCENTRICITIES OF A BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY HAYDON HOLME.

II.

THERE is another member of the 'House' side of our boarding-house, whom we have not yet noticed. We must say a word about Sadie Lane; she was the younger sister of Hendryson's Miss Lane, of low stature, round as a beer-barrel, and with as much of a figure, sallow-complexioned, with bloodless lips and hair banged over her forehead like the strings of a floor mop.

The curiosity of her sex Miss Sadie had to a three-fold extent; it afforded us endless amusement to see her on the street; she slowly rolled along with a kind of vacant stare, stopping at every store window gazing at its contents, until she knew every article in it, and the marked price of every article off by heart. She would never pass an advertisement bill, a conspicuous sign-post, or a street car laden with advertising matter, but she would read out loud what was printed thereon; a man-fight, a dog-fight, any kind of a row she would stop to see the end of; would spend hours leaning against the railings of some concert-hall, listening to what was going on; and whenever, or wherever, she saw a crowd, would be sure to add to its number; anything to see, she would see; anything to hear, she would hear. When in the house, Sadie never seemed to know what to do; she would sit for hours in one position, staring with uninterested interest at the cat, fire, or stove pipe, crooning with ceaseless monotony; occasionally she was visited by a gigantic specimen of masculine humanity, who had, to use an expressive phrase, 'a sort of hankering after her.' Donald Robertson, the gigantic specimen, was about six feet high, with shoulders broad as a Dutchman's, strong as an ox, and with a voice loud and thunderous enough to waken the Seven Sleepers; alongside of her huge lover, Sadie looked most interestingly comical; when taking her Donald's arm, by holding hers as straight up as she could possibly get it, her fingers would just reach; his strides were so long that Sadie could not by any means keep up with them, and consequently was always an arm's length behind. Donald looked like a lumbrous canal barge having a small boat in tow; he—Donald—when he came to see Sadie, would amuse her all the evening with shouting and laughing; he had a terribly powerful voice, and an always-present grin. Laughing and '*lunging*' were his only accomplishments, and both he could do to perfection; we never saw him but we saw his grin and heard him shout; he had one favourite word—we have forgotten it though—formed of a combination of the first syllable in the names of a number of people with whom he once camped a season amongst the 'magnificences' of Muskoka, and this word he would, when in our boarding-house, roar out with terrific thunderousness. He was a very good fellow was Donald, kind-hearted as a sister of mercy, a mass of good nature, and as thoroughly honest as the hanger-on of a travelling circus.

And now we may introduce the 'Opposition' party of our boarding-house.

Mr. Stitches, the law student, was

the oldest boarder on the 'Opposition' benches, and seemed to be acknowledged that side's leader. He was a little fellow, was this Mr. Stitches—a very little fellow—five feet five. He had a small head, the top of which he kept constantly shingled, so that it looked like a much cut-up patch on a skating-rink; his face was a very funny one, oval as an egg, flat as a grid-iron; nose that was all nostrils, and eyes so small that spectacles had to assist them to do their work. He sometimes wore a beard and moustache; occasionally wore neither; hair on his face became him better than hair off, as the lower part of his face was all angles and very shapeless. Stitches, when talking, had a peculiar habit of shaking his little scrubby head, and when he became excited it was quite amusing to hear his rapid utterance and note how well his head kept time to what he was saying. He was easily irritated—the least annoyance troubled him like sea-sickness. If a meal was delayed half an hour he fumed and fretted like a caged lion, and didn't get over it for a week. He was nearly always grumbling; he grumbled so much that we really believe his grumble was so much a part of his nature that without it he could not exist. One peculiarity about him was that he was always fancying himself ill, and what with his physicing, dieting, cold-bathing and flannel clothing, he might have been the most delicate consumptive that ever breathed. He had six medical works constantly on hand for easy reference if he felt a new ache or pain, and quite a drug store of patent medicines in his room. The poor little fellow, too, was always complaining of being cold; he seldom got warm even in summer. Before October was fairly in, he got out his winter wraps, fur cap and ulster, and every day met you with the same question, 'Isn't it cold?'

Mr. Arches and Mr. Dupernay occupied a room on the top flat adjoining Mr. Stitches. They were studying for the ministry, hence the house spoke of them as the 'divines.' Mr. Arches was a long and lanky divine, quite six feet from the earth, a good specimen of Euclid's definition of a line—'length without breadth'—he had evidently grown faster than he ought to have done; his limbs didn't seem to have a proper understanding with the body, the arms hung from his side like two pump handles, and the legs, awkward and ungainly, one would think, had been nailed into position; they followed the body in such a loose, slovenly manner when walking. Mr. Arches had a long thin, though rather heavy-featured, face, high cheek-bones, and methodist-parson expression. He was not a bad fellow, seemed to be well-read and clever; like most divinity students was excessively nervous, blushed much, and once a week knocked his tea or coffee over.

His room-mate and brother divine, Mr. Dupernay, was a French Canadian. He lacked in length, and had in breadth what Arches had in length and lacked in breadth. Heavily made, with a back broad enough for a church foundation, and long, so long that his back was all you would notice if you saw him going before you down the street. When he walked, this back of his was bent, doubled and crooked like a railway car after a collision, especially if he walked fast; then it wriggled and twisted about most singularly. He had a big, thick head, heavy, loose kind of features, wore glasses, through which, somehow or other, he could never look at you; he would lift them—the eyes—occasionally, but drop them again hurriedly as soon as he caught yours upon him, with the sheepish expression generally seen on a fellow's face when caught kissing a girl. He simpered so innocently when he talked—which was seldom—as every time the mouth opened it sent a blush all over his face. In his movements he was as awkward as Arches was in appearance, falling

down stairs every other day, always knocking against someone, and never coming to table without upsetting two chairs, and generally tripping over the door-mat.

Stitches, Arches and Dupernay seemed very fond of each other, and appeared to have one feeling in common with regard to the house. An injury from the House side to any of them was received by the whole three as an injury to all of them.

Visitors occasionally came to our boarding-house. There was Miss Castiron, a huge Amazonian, weighing about two hundred pounds, who never came but she brought some kind of ailment with her.

It was pitiable to behold her delicate frame, and to listen, as she half lounged on the most comfortable seat in the room—she always made for the best seats—to a long and decidedly interesting list of her illnesses. She, poor dear! must have lived a weary life; from her own account she had suffered from all and many more of the usual ills flesh is heir to, probably had touched and tasted every patent puff brought out for the cure or alleviation of said ills, and to gull gullible mankind. When we first met her—we were introduced to her voice first—she was descending from her sick-room to greet us with a grasp of her clammy nine-inch hand, mourning her lot in a tone of voice which—harsh at its best—had, through the training she had given it, become one of the most hideously, unearthly, and scratchy monotone. She frightened us. We thought a resurrection had taken place, and the new life, shrouded in its grave-attire, was coming to speak of the horrors of rooming six feet below the earth. When her gigantic frame darkened the door-way and stood before us, looking strong enough to draw a ton of coal the length and breadth of a nine-acre newly-ploughed field—well, we thought, invalid! Not much! We spoke to her, muttered something in sympathy with her sufferings, kept looking anxiously to the door, and felt so relieved when we got from her. We kept our distance when she was by after that, only hearing of her as a dangerous gossip, mischief-maker and general all-round black-cat-loving 'Disagreeable.' Miss Castiron was forty years old.

Another ancient spinster whom we occasionally saw was a not badly figured, but plainly featured, lady of red-coloured hair. The general house opinion as to her age was that she had lived thirty-five years; her own—shared by none but herself—was that she was ten years younger; but as she had given this as her age for quite a number of years, it was not unnaturally considered by the majority as a fable. Miss Bell Bellian—she got that name soon after her advent into the world was registered—had for a very long period, extending from her early teens to her second tens, been under the delusion that she was in love. Doubtless she was, and the only difference between hers and the average love was that the favoured 'he' did not seem to have the slightest inclination, much less intention, of becoming 'Barkis.'

He had seen her about twice a year since meeting her first, and during that time had been constantly kept in mind of her being still in the flesh by the receipt of numerous gifts, from a smoking-cap to a spittoon, a dressing-gown to an easy-chair.

Like Miss Castiron, Miss Bell Bellian was ardently fond of cats. She had six, three in constant attendance, one for each shoulder, and one for her lap. Her disposition was peculiar; on the slightest provocation she would fly into a fearful rage, snap and snarl at all times, whether in company or out. She had a faded complexion, shrunk-all-angles' kind of face, mean-looking eyes, short upturned nose, and a shrieky voice, intensely disagreeable.

Two more ladies completed the list of female visitors. Miss Maddish—

such a dear girl—was one. She never had anything to say, but somehow or other was always saying something. She minced her words so delightfully, and simpered so charmingly, that—well—it made ill-natured people speak of her as a much affected, senseless little idiot. They oughtn't to say such things though. The other was a sister of Donald Robertson, christian-named Eva. It must have run in the family—that laugh—as like Donald, Eva, too, was never seen without a laugh-extended mouth, and she laughed so easily. Hold your finger up, and she would roar herself almost to death. She was a bright-looking girl, was Eva, but too heavy. She was as large as two ordinary-sized girls. We ought to mention Miss Katie Ways as another visitor, only she never came unless to a meal. She also was full-bodied. Rotundity—female rotundity—seemed in high favour at 14 Groater St. The two Lanes, Miss Castiron, Miss Robertson, Miss Ways, five big, square females—they would hold down their side of a pair of scales with twice the number of average-sized females trying to balance the other side.

Of males none but Robertson and a Mr. Bilton, a nice young man of faultless attire and careful utterance, stiff figure, and ever-present semi-sarcastic grin, were regular visitors. Robertson came to see his little lump Sadie, and Bilton had a leaning towards Fanny, Dimmelow's girl. Hence his rather frequent visits.

As winter, with its long and cheerless nights, drew nigh, our boarding-house dining-room became quite a love bower. Everybody was loving. Every evening, tea over, all fell to hugs and kisses. Hendryson and Miss Lane in one arm-chair loved. Dimmelow, the elder, with Miss Crowes in another arm-chair loved. Dimmelow, the younger, took Miss Sadie to arms and kisses in another chair—not an arm-chair—until sharp at seven Robertson and his sister Eva would be round, when Sadie was transferred to the former, and Bertie Dimmelow accepted the latter. The Opposition had even got love-infected. Upstairs the divines, for want of 'Divinenesses,' were hugging each other like a drunken man a gate post, while Law was in the kitchen kissing the servant. We must confess that we, too, felt bad, so bad that we must get something to love and hug. We tried, and tried, and tried, until—we got the cat.

December came, and its sharp frosts opened the skating rinks. We often spent our evenings, on iron and ice, at a rink not very far from 14 Groater Street. There we frequently noticed Bertie Dimmelow skating and whirling around with his brother's girl, Fanny Crowes. We thought it strange Red was never about, and a pity, too, since the couple evidently appeared to us to be flirting rather too zealously. It was nothing of our business though, so we skated about and 'knitted,' and said nothing. A fortnight or more of this passed, when one evening, a partly starry, wholly moonlight night, the thermometer registering one degree below zero, as we leaned against a fence surrounding the rink we were on, gazing upwards into space, with thoughts of the future alternately troubling us with probabilities, and encouraging us with possibilities, something dashed passed us with the rapidity of a lightning flash, and almost frightened us off our feet and on to our back. We looked, and as we did so the profile of Redward Jaynes Dimmelow whirled round a corner, and was lost to view. We had noticed and spoken to Bertie Dimmelow and Miss Crowes some short time previous; they were sitting arm-in-arm on a form, looking very loving, and apparently were happy. Red must have caught them thus; and, in a few moments, as his 'faithless fair' and guilty younger brother, we saw rapidly whizz past us, with him in full pursuit, was evidently trying to renew the catch, we became interested, and followed. For ten minutes the

race and chase was kept up, the couple dodging about and doubling back so frequently that poor Red didn't know what to do. He scuttled about hither and thither like a big bottle tossed at the mercy of the waves, and only caught them when the runaways stopped to unskate. Bertie took off Fanny's skates and his own. Red had lost his key and was trying hard to borrow one. He succeeded just in time to hear his brother's mocking 'good night,' and see him take the arm of his once-loving Fanny leaving the skating rink.

We had had enough skating for that night, so we, too, left the rink and followed Red, who, thinking the couple had gone towards the house, ran off after them with all the eagerness of a policeman in chase of a burglar. When we reached the house the couple were not in, nor did they put in an appearance until an hour afterwards. Red, flushed and agitated like a sensitive prisoner at the bar, was trying to tell Mrs. Crowes and Hendryson what had happened. He did tell what had happened, but not until Bertie was heard did the real state of the affair come out. Then it transpired that Bertie had wagered with Red that he could take his girl away from him. Red, sure of himself alone, having Fanny's love, accepted the wager, one of the conditions being that he should not interfere for a fortnight with either brother or girl. A week of the fortnight had not passed when Red, becoming uneasy, had gone to see how the wager was likely to result for him, favourably or otherwise; he knew Bertie and Fanny were at the rink, so to the rink he went. He saw them, and so saw them that jealousy and rage got the better of him; he forgot the wager, himself, and so gave Fanny's mother the above, which she afterwards learned from the villainous younger Dimmelow himself.

The scene that followed the arrival home of Dimmelow junior and the fickle Fanny was interesting in the extreme. Dimmelow junior, after getting into the house and laying aside his skates, immediately went up to bed, or rather to his room. He was followed there by his brother and the Crowes—Mrs. and Miss—who were conversing loud enough for inhabitants of a deaf and dumb asylum, and in language more expressive than choice. From their noisy and excited manner all the opposition boarders were certain something was wrong, and, naturally, all the opposition boarders wanted to know what. We saw the divines horizontally inclined at the head of the stairs, their heads stretching so far forward as to be just above the edge of the third flight, whilst law, standing on the tip-toe of his right leg, the left leg high in air, was half hanging over the bannister; his position was extremely perilous. A sigh breathed behind him might have sent him over altogether.

We noted this much and then entered the Dimmelows' room. Don't ask how we got into the room. Don't ask why we were privileged to witness the play, but remember that we —like all other we's whose pen is the public's—get passes to everything and every place that has a part in our narrative. Well then, we entered the room, and the first note we made was with reference to the position of the company. Mrs. Crowes sat on the couch with her hands crossed, her feet ditto, and her temper most ditto; she was much flushed and very excited; she looked annihilation, or as near to it as she possibly could, and if we had had time to be frightened would have scared us out of the room. Her daughter, the heiress, who had been crying before we entered the room, half lay on the couch, behind her mother's back, her dishevelled hair streaming over her forehead, and tears streaming down her face. She lay like a stricken deer, and looked as pathetically miserable as a dying parrot. Occasionally she would lift up her aching head and

cast reproachful glances at the younger Dimmelow, lying down again with something between a smothered sigh and a stifled sob. Ten feet of carpet separated the culprits from the irate mother and heart-broken daughter. On a cane-bottomed chair lolled, lounged and otherwise tried to seat himself, in as cool and unconcerned a manner as possible, the younger Dimmelow, coatless, slipperless and a little undressed about the neck, seemingly, we thought, enjoying the mischief he had so well and wickedly brought about, from the fact that when the ladies weren't looking we frequently noticed his characterless mouth smile with undisguised pleasure, and afterwards assume an expression as innocent as a baby's dream, and as hypocritical as a Judas's kiss. At right-angles from this youth's unreality, wildly throbbed the diseased heart of its much and many loving owner, Redwood Jaynes. He—R. J.—had eighteen inches of bed for his seat, though he might have had more, but was in such a nervously-agitated state of mind as not to be able to maintain a hold on even that much of the bed. So restless was he that several times he nearly left the bed and sat on empty air; eventually landing on the carpeted floor, after falling through three feet of space. He tried crossing his legs, and placing his arms, then his hands in various positions, finally conquering his seeming St. Vitus's dance by placing his left foot over the right knee, leaning on the knee of the left, and energetically rubbing the stockinged foot of the same. As is generally, we might say always, the case in rows, neither side can, owing to its state of mind, possibly frame its remarks with anything like ordinary intelligibleness, much less with grammatical sequence, so that, as this row was no exception to the rule, it was characterized only by, on the female side—a few tears, five interrogatory shrieks, six exclamatory ditto, a lot of wild, unmeaning adjectives, a number of beautiful nouns—aliases for the younger Dimmelow's special benefit and adoption—some feminine gall, a sprinkling of uncompleted sentences, beginning with 'You—,' and ending there, owing to the nervous agitation of the fair declaimer, all of which our poor pen could not do justice to, unless we could accompany them with a series of pictures illustrative of the same, giving attitudes, &c., concluding with a notice to quit, and exit of mother and daughter; and, on the male side, absurdly worded and most laughable replies, contradictory evidence, mild sarcasm, spleen, won't-do-it-again avowals, graciously offered apologies (scorned), good-night (snubbed), with an acceptance of the 'notice.' The door closed. The law just saved himself from falling over to the landing below in his hurried anxiety not to be seen by Mrs. C. as she issued from the room, and the divines quietly but rapidly stole away into their roost. Five minutes had not been added to the nineteenth century's age since Mrs. and Miss C. had left Red and Bertie before the room was again entered, this time by Mr. Hendryson, who, with a face as solemn as a judge's assuming the black cap, wanted from the younger Dimmelow an explanation of his conduct. The guilty younger did not give it. If he had intended an explanation he was prevented from giving it by what we are now going to relate. Redward Jaynes, still writhing under the slight that his pure love had suffered from the faithless Fanny's fickleness, was burning for some kind of revenge. None seemed to him more revengeful than the return of all the 'loves' in the shape of substantial matter which he had accepted from his 'now-no-more,' so, instead of calmly retiring to rest, as the hour was pretty late, and waiting till the morrow for further steps, he immediately began to gather up everything of his that had once been Fanny's. First, he tore from its nail on the wall, a framed motto, reading something like the following: 'What

is Home without a Mother ;' savagely opened the door and bursting into his quondam lady's room, fiercely flung the innocent motto on to her evening couch and the bed-clothes-covered-form of Fanny's sister, Patty, giving utterance to the extent of his feelings by a vehement 'there,' then turning hurried for something else.

This proceeding suggested to Fanny that she ought to do likewise, and so for a space of fifteen and a half minutes the reminiscences of other and happier days were returned to their respective donors. All this time the house was in a perfect bedlam of uproar. Red was bellowing, Fanny boo-hooing ; Patty, from beneath her sheets and blankets, kept up a constant enquiry, 'when that Pinafore business was going to end?' Mrs Crowes on the landing, stormed and stamped about like a legion of Jezebels let loose ; the villainous Bertie hemmed and coughed to prevent death from too much laughing ; below Miss Lane and Hendryson—the latter, had got frightened out of the room by Red's fury—were smothering ; above, law and theology lay on the floor kicking and roaring with uncontained delight ; outside, quiet and hushed as a budding thought fell the unheard snow.

While the returns were being made we amused ourselves by taking an inventory of the 'goods.' They were of a very miscellaneous and interesting character. We observed the following :

The outcome of the female love first returned was, as we have said, a framed motto ; then followed a pair of worked slippers, very red ; a walking stick, very knotty ; a tie, very blue ; a snuff box, a tobacco pouch, a match-holder, an eye-glass, some tooth picks, three portraits (she), a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief, full, and one of Clark's Blood Purifier, half full ; literature well represented by 'Lost for a Woman,' 'His Last Crook, or a parish Priest's Excentricities,' by May Agnes Hardtoford ; 'Observations on the Colorado Beetle,' by Christopher Columbus ; 'Black-eyed Susan ;' a pugilistic love poem by Lord Byron ; 'Tramps Abroad ;' 'A Warning by a Police Magistrate,'—this was a pamphlet,—a Common Prayer, ten tracts, and some jewellery.

The male love receiving again what was his, had flung into his room—four portraits (he), a box of Florimel for the Teeth and Breath, a nearly emptied bottle of Eau-de-Cologne, some stuff called Vegetine, a tooth-brush, a hand-mirror, a hair-comb, several ribbons, a pair of No. 5 shoes, the red slippers he had returned only a few minutes previously.

We couldn't understand why Miss Fanny brought these back ; we could only speculate and think that, seeing them in her room, and being at a loss to find some of Red's gifts just at the moment, in her excited state of mind recognised only the slippers as one of the gifts that had passed between them ; hence their arrival in Red's room. We would have been better pleased if Fanny had not made the mistake, as one of the slippers, hurled with some violence, hit our respectable self right in the eye. Completing the list came a fan, a number of nick-nacks, and a lot of thirty cent literature, amongst which we noticed 'Nono,' and another work with an unpronounceable French title ; we forget it. Anyhow, it was the sequel to 'Nono,' several cheap sheets of music, and a pair of skates. In addition to all this each received a number of envelopes, stamped and unstamped, covering lots of love, little of sense, and plenty of kisses. But the way in which these beautiful presents were picked up and returned was truly an interesting sight. Fanny's room was about five yards from Red's, entered from, indeed was a continuation of, the landing, an end room, whilst Red's was a side room, and it would almost have made a door-knocker laugh to have seen the interesting couple rushing backwards and forwards from each of these rooms. They seemed to be

trying which could get rid first of the now-unloved trash, and not unfrequently did they collide with each other, once or twice so severely that both must have felt the effects for some time afterwards. We almost roared when Florimel for the Teeth and Breath came flying into the room, passing *en route* Clark's Blood Purifier, journeying to its destination, the Eau-de-Cologne bottle meeting Radway's Ready Relief bottle, smashing each other into pieces and scattering their liquid contents over the landing carpet; and the Common Prayer hurrying past 'Nono' and the 'sequel,' as well it might. It is no exaggeration to say, that when we got into a convenient corner, we laughed until we almost cried. It was rare fun.

After the storm subsided, Red and his scoundrel of a brother retired to rest, whilst Fanny, her mother, Mr. Hendryson and Miss Lane sat round the dining-room fire and held a parliament, until two or three hours past midnight. They all agreed that the younger Dimmelow was a most contemptible cad, a sneaking hypocrite and impudent rascal, who deserved hanging and to come alive and be hanged a second time.

Of course, on the following day, a sort of funereal gloom hung over the house, we kept a constant look out for more, but save for noticing that Red's brother, with most unpardonable and exceedingly bad taste, sat at table laughing all the time, the two divines and the one law smiling at and whispering to each other, occasionally glancing at the Dimmelow brothers and Miss Crowes with humorous interest, we did not hear or see of anything worth recording. Before the day closed, however, we learned that the notice to quit given to the brothers had been cancelled by Mrs. Crowes, who for pressing private reasons wanted them a little longer in her house.

For some time previous, and up to about a week before the scene we have just recorded took place, 'somethings,' —they called them 'rehearsals,'—were of rather too frequent occurrence at our boarding-house. There was a 'rehearsal' taking place almost every third night; they were attended or rather parts in the 'rehearsals' were taken by three persons, always the same three—Donald Robertson, Redward Jaynes, and Miss Fanny. What they 'rehearsed' we never learned; we frequently heard them allude to some 'grand act' that was to come off before a private gathering in the dining-room at 14 Groater Street some time or other; and it would have been, no doubt, a very interesting 'grand act,' certainly a most uncommon one; there was such a terrible amount of unearthly shrieks in it, every two minutes a peal of laughter, and every three, cock-crowing was indulged in with more energy than correct imitation.

The 'grand act' never came off.

Our sketch is now near its close.

After the Dimmelow row it became pretty evident to all in the house that a break-up in the shape of some departures, would be the result. A stranger dining at 14 Groater Street, about this time, would not fail to have been struck with the quiet and solemnity of the proceedings at every meal; a death cloud seemed to hang over the table; every one was as quiet as a door mat, and not only so, but as uncomfortable as a tender foot in a boot filled with small cinders. Miss Crowes could hardly lift her eyes from her plate without her face crimsoning with hot blushes. The Dimmelow brothers sat the meals through with the brilliant red of a guilty conscience never leaving their faces for a moment. If law spoke for theology to reply, law purpled the hue of a roostor's comb, and theology's face became as scarlet as the juice of red currant pie. Mrs. Crowes and Hendryson also blushed at nothing and for nothing. Miss Lane only had sufficient control over her sympathetic nerves to keep her blood flowing its ordinary flow, and of course we, who are so hardened as to be ca-

pable of doing almost anything bad, without our conscience upbraiding us with its tell-tale blush.

Thus a fortnight passed away, and the first departure from our boarding-house came.

It had been known more than a week previous in the house that the younger Dimmelow was going on the following Saturday. The villainous young reprobate, as his time drew nigh, seemed to grow more and more insultingly impudent. He didn't say anything, but he looked unutterable insolence. He ceased blushing—we often thought this interesting youth could colour his face at will—and looked the table round with an air of complete indifference to the position he had placed himself and others at 14 Groater Street in, staring hard at Miss Fanny until her hot blushes almost boiled the water in the glass by her side, and passing remarks touching upon the past, provoking and paining to those who had been interested in that past. His time came. After a Saturday's dinner, late on in December, his unsatisfactory roll passed our dining-room window, after leaving the house for the last time. None of our boarders, save ourself, bade him 'good bye.'

He went, and two weeks later followed Mr. Red, the brother, who, however, still under the influence of Fanny's magnetic love, was drawn back into her folds, after less than a month's absence, and we doubt not will leave the Crowes family never again, unless with his going he takes the eldest daughter away with him as his Mrs. Red.

The divines were called off to the mercies of another boarding-house next, and they in due course were succeeded by the law, who felt too lone and cold tenanting the top part of our house, with none other beside. A short interval and Mr. Hendryson, with his Miss Lane, after a week-day visit to church, and a series of 'I will' responses, being duly registered, and advertised next day—man and wife—went forth from 14 Groater Street to battle with life and play house-keeping, and then, like the last verse of 'Ten Little Nigger Boys,' there was only left one more to go. That one was the veracious chronicler of these adventures.

We silently stole away one bright moon-light night, about the time when January's death was to give February birth, six days after the last departure. A hundred yards from the house, we turned, and as we did so the moon sank beneath a thick black cloud, darkening the region of 14 Groater Street, hiding herself from our view for a time, and our boarding-house from us for ever.

LIFE is like a tear
Born in the sad depths of a woman's eyes—
That brims up slowly through them, and then lies
And rocks as in a cradle, warmly hid
In the rich brown shadow of her glossy lid:
And then peeps out beneath it warily,
Quivering in tremulous uncertainty,
And rainbow'd like a bubble in the sun
Upon the twinkling verge —until, with one
Wild leap and gush of ripe intensity,
It darts away.

UNFORGOTTEN.

BY A. M. MACHAR, KINGSTON.

MARGARET! I see thee yet
In the quiet woodland way,
While the sun, about to set,
Crowned thee with a rosy ray.

Dost remember,—dearest one—
That October evening rare,
How the hazy crimson sun
Sank into the purple air?

How the scarlet maple burned
Through the pine tree's dusky shade,
While the placid stream returned
All the glory that it made?

How the river sweeping wide,
Wandered toward the glowing west,
Rosy-tinged its glassy tide,
Shadowy islets on its breast?

Dost remember all the pain,
All the sweetness, all the glow—
How we felt that loss was gain—
Parting—union—loving so?

Dost remember how, with tears,
Then we sought, since part we must,
Strength to meet the lonely years,
The sweet strength of love and trust?

How we looked across the long
Vista of this lower life:—
Heaven makes perfect every song
Drowned amid the earthly strife!

How we felt that souls that love,
Though life's tossing waves divide,
On the Father's heart above
Still together may abide!

Yes! for well I ween, thy heart
Could not learn the word *forget*,
Though our lives have moved apart,
Still, my love,—Margaret—
Thou, I know, art waiting yet!

ON THE BASIN OF MINAS.

BY THOMAS CROSS, OTTAWA.

LEAVING the pretty and thriving Village of Parrsboro', in Nova Scotia, a drive of some two miles in a south-westerly direction brings the traveller to an eminence commanding a scene of extraordinary beauty.

Down below, the broad expanse of the Basin of Minas. To the right, a few hundred yards away, the bold promontory of Partridge Island gives to the landscape a foreground of such striking grandeur as at once to rivet the eye. To the left, the pictured rocks of the New Red Sandstone (the Bunter Sandstein, or *gay sandstone* of German geologists) trend far away to the eastward, forming, with the rich verdure of the overlying country, a combination of colour rare and striking. In front, placed in fine perspective by the nearer features of the scene, and at a distance just sufficing to bring out all its grandeur, towers Blomidon, noblest of American headlands, nearly six hundred feet above the waters; its steep base of bright red sandstone partially covered by bright green bushes, and surmounted by two hundred feet of perpendicular basaltic cliffs, crowned by the 'forests old,' upon which the eyes of Evangeline once looked from across the Basin.

At the foot of the hill is a solitary and quiet hostelry, known as the 'Ottawa House,' where we propose to take up our quarters for a few weeks, sure of clean rooms, unfailing kindness on the part of the household, and perfect freedom.

People who go to the sea-side in summer for the purpose of meeting the same people they meet in winter, and doing the same things they do in winter, and bearing the same fashionable yoke they bear in winter, of course know where to go; but people in quest of a thorough change of life, as well as of air and scene, and craving a respite from those eternal and unchanging 'amusements' without which it has been well said that life would be tolerable, these people cannot always hear of a place abounding in all things they seek, and free from all things they would escape from; and to them I would speak of the Basin of Minas.

When we turn up Principal Dawson's 'Acadian Geology,' and find that the rocks of these shores consist of 'New Red,' carboniferous and trap, we are in some degree prepared for the learned author's statement, that 'for grandeur and beauty of coast scenery, this part of the Minas Basin and the Minas Channel are not surpassed by any part of the eastern coast of North America.' For the trap will give us bold and peaky headlands like Partridge Island and Cape Sharp, enclosing deep quiet bays with pretty wooded islets. Or else it will rise, as at Blomidon, in a sea-wall of columnar basalt of overpowering majesty. The 'gay sandstone' will furnish those broad bands of bright colour which from afar call for 'three cheers for the red, white and blue.' Nature herself stamped the British colours on these coasts. The rich verdure combines well with the painted rocks below; and if we leave the coast the inland scenery

displays a variety no less pleasing—rich farms, luxuriant forest, pretty trout streams, and cascades hidden in deep rocky dells, and overhung by interlacing foliage.

The ordinary attractions of sea-side and country are here in perfection. Capital bathing, with caves and projecting friendly rocks whither both sexes may retire, separate though not far sundered, while preparing for a happy meeting in the waves; good roads to many a lovely spot; streams where a man may kill more trout in a day than he finds comfortable to carry. But the distinguishing pursuit hereabout is that of hunting for 'specimens'—*i. e.*, of the amethyst, agate, jasper, stilbite, &c., for which the locality has for many a year been famous. The trap cliffs and the shores at their base have long been ransacked by geologists and unscientific visitors too, but yearly the thaws and frosts of spring dislodge fresh masses from above, displaying new treasures, and the pretty minerals of the zeolite family and most of the varieties of quartz, may be studied in their most beautiful forms.

Beneath the basaltic cliffs of Blomidon, the pebbles we tread on are water-worn amethysts. Walking round Partridge Island at low tide, we pick our steps among crystals of stilbite and calc-spar thrown down from above with the falling masses of 'almond-cake' trap. At Two Islands, stones of most unpromising appearance, more like unwashed potatoes than anything else, prove the unwisdom of judging by appearances. One skilful tap of the hammer, and we have a little cavern filled with fresh and sparkling beauties, amethyst or acadiolite.

The fact of having these pretty things brought under one's eyes, of being in a measure forced into their company, is attended with results beneficial in at least a temporary way. Anything so undeniably pretty or 'nice,' captivates the ladies at first sight. They soon hunt for these gems with all the ardour of fair gamblers at Baden or Hombourg, scrambling over the rocks with an energy which soon proves the vanity of shoes with thin and narrow soles and heels in the middle. Dorsal muscles and lungs, almost annihilated by corsets, are not the things for this rough and wholesome work. But they stick to it nobly. Their interest in the beautiful objects of their search, extends to the question—What are they and how came they to be? And from the gems themselves attention is drawn to the rocks round about. For on these lovely shores the 'elder scripture, writ by God's own hand' is so plain, that even those who know not the alphabet of the writing, see that there *is* writing. Here, a hundred feet overhead and standing on end, is a broad slab of sandstone, bearing, fresh as in the beginning, the ripple-mark it took from the wavelets, when it lay, a level expanse of soft sand, beneath the ebb and flow of the tide. There, left behind by the wasting away of the softer rocks which enclosed them, are vertical walls of hard trap, once seething torrents of lava, poured from some submarine vent over the sands, then covered afresh by new deposits, and finally upheaved by a new volcanic effort into the position we see them in. So plain a page of the 'manuscripts of God,' as that of the cliffs of West Bay, is rarely to be found. In places like this, the repressive cruelty of fashionable education shows itself painfully; education, falsely so-called, which leaves its victim physically incapable of enjoying this glorious nature, and without the mental equipment, the *a, b, c*, of natural science, which would help its possessor to a rational enjoyment of the earth we live in.

But all the beauties of this northern coast cannot keep our eyes from the southern shore of the Basin. True, it has no beauties such as we have spoken of. For towering headlands and painted rocks, we shall have low marshes and flats of red mud; for clear green wa-

ter, red puddle. But as imperial Blomidon gave an amethyst to the crown of France, so those low-lying diked marshes have given to English literature one of its purest gems, moving and charming all gentle hearts throughout that 'Greater Britain' which girdles the world. For over there, hidden by the great promontory, once stood the 'beautiful village of Grandpré.'

It is strange how proximity to its scene awakens our interest in the sad page of Acadian history, written by the American poet in characters more lasting than brass. In vain the archives of Nova Scotia tell us the Acadians were unwilling and troublesome subjects, and had to be removed. Poetry has thrown its 'arm around them, and we see but their simple lives. Arcadian though in Acadia, and the saintly sweetness of Father Felician, full of all the poetry of that wondrous religion, and above all the picture of Evangeline, one of the loveliest forms of womanhood ever presented by history or fiction. Alas, the stories of the women who interest us, whether in history or fiction, are uniformly sad stories.

Taking the steamer *Earl of Dufferin*, at Partridge Island wharf, a run of some three hours brings us to Wolfville. As we near the shores, we see the long line of dikes, built by the industrious Normans to secure the rich wide marsh, the *Grand Pré*. No need to ask the whereabouts of the classic spot, and we reach it after a drive of some twenty minutes through a rolling 'new red' country, a land of rich farms and orchards, and smiling gardens and pretty homes; a land where, as in Evangeline's day, the richest are poor (or what a modern millocrat would call poor), and the poorest live in abundance. Here and there an ancient apple tree, standing alone in a field or by the way-side, is pointed out as a 'French apple tree.' We reach the supposed site of the 'French Chapel,' the church of Father Felician, where the unfortunate peasants received their harsh and cruel sentence. Here are two or three large stones which may have formed part of the foundation, and near by is a hole filled up with stones, said to be a 'French well.' On what was the north side of the church, if it stood here, is a row of vast and ancient willow pollards. The scene before us is well described by the poet—

Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number;
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields,
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old; and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

Standing in silence on this spot, the ghosts of a century and a quarter ago pass before us, obedient to the poet's resistless wand—

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides the children ran and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

So fresh and profound is the sadness that comes over us, that it might be yesterday, and not a hundred and twenty-five years ago—

When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.

So complete was the destruction of the unfortunate settlement that when a Connecticut colony took possession of the Acadian farms, five years later, they found no trace of their predeces-

sors, save some sixty ox-yokes, and the bones of several hundred sheep and oxen which had perished during the first winter.

Nought but traditions remains of the beautiful village of *Grand Pré*,

and even tradition is silent on this haunted spot itself. The 'forest primeval' is gone, and the Norman cap and kirtle of homespun. None speaks the tongue of Evangeline, and her story, though true as it is sweet and sorrowful, is heard no more in the scenes of her early days. The people of the neighbourhood wonder what the stranger 'goes out for to see;' and why he stands uncovered under an old willow tree, gazing so long and so sadly across a wide flat marsh.

FAME AND LOVE.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

BY GEO. MURRAY, M.A.

WHEN, dearest, thou dost speak of Fame,
With bitterness I smile—
That phantom—a delusive name—
Shall me no more beguile.

Fame passes quickly from our ken,
Pale Envy's blazing brands
Spare its white statue only when
Beside a tomb it stands.

Earth's so called happiness takes wing,
Imperial power decays:
Love, noiseless love, alone can bring
True solace to our days.

I ask no blessings here below,
Except thy smile and song:
Air, sunshine, shade, the flowers that blow,
To all mankind belong.

When from thy presence sundered far,
In joy or sorrow's hour,
I miss thy glance alone, my Star,
Thy fragrance, O my Flower!

Beneath the lids that veil thine eyes
  Illumined from above,
A universe of feeling lies,
  I seek for nought but love.

My soul, that Poesy inspires,
  With thoughts to man unknown
Could fill the world—yet it desires
  To fill thy heart alone.

Oh, smile and sing! my ecstasy
  Transcends Elysian joys,
What matters now yon crowd to me
  With all its roaring noise?

Too keen at length my rapture seems,
  And so, to cause its flight,
I call before me in my dreams
  The poets' forms of light:

But still, regardless of their blame,
  I'll love thy soothing songs
More than the stirring trump of Fame,
  While Heaven my life prolongs.

And if my name on wings of fire
  Should soar to worlds above,
Half of my soul would still desire
  To linger here, and love.

Sadly, or pensively at least,
  I'll love thee in the shade—
Love's radiance ever seems increased
  By dusky twilight's aid.

O Angel with the starry eyes!
  O maid, whose tears are sweet!
Take my soul with thee to the skies,
  My heart is at thy feet.

Montreal.

A GIRL'S ATTEMPT AT FISHING.

BY J. M. TOOTS.

SINCE the 1st of May the masculine portion of our town has been hugely exercised over 'trout fishing.' Fishing-tackle and baskets have been brought forth from winter resting-places, and there is hardly a corner of our garden which does not show traces of promiscuous digging for unhappy worms.

We have had several treats of trout, and a warning from our domestic that 'she'll leave' if she has any more to dress and cook—a threat which has not alarmed our boys very much.

I am the only girl among a lot of brothers, and as I heard them relate in glowing terms the delights of the sport, I felt keenly the disadvantage of belonging to the weaker sex. Having ineffectually offered all sorts of bribes if they would take me on one of their excursions, it was with extreme pleasure I received and accepted an invitation to join a party of boys and girls who were going, under the chaperonage of my friend, Mrs. Kelly, for a day's fishing to a trout stream some miles away. Having the misfortune to be eighteen, and a 'grown-up young lady,' my presence at first, I fear, was not regarded with great favour by the rest of the party; but I made myself agreeable and trust that, if they did not find me an acquisition, at least I was not a kill-joy. We went by train as near to our destination as possible and a merry party we made. We had a goodly supply of 'nice things,' in substantial lunch baskets, good spirits, and a fine day.

The boys all sneered at the idea of my catching anything, and fired my soul with an intense desire 'to do or die.' Once arrived at the stream our party separated, each one to choose a spot to entrap what members of the finny tribe he or she could. The stream was a pretty one, and looked like a silver thread winding in and out of the trees that grew on its banks, but we didn't stop to admire its beauties, only waiting to hear Mrs. Kelly's last instructions to be back in time for lunch in the shady nook she had chosen. I made friends, no matter how, with Jack Taylor. 'Jack dear,' I said in my most coaxing manner, and taking hold of the somewhat unwilling boy's arm, 'won't you put on my bait for me?'

With an inimitable look of scorn and an 'Oh, you're squeamish, are you? What sillies girls are!' he proceeded to comply with my request, turned up the end of his oyster can, helped himself to a large fat worm and commenced to pierce its body with the cruel hook.

I turned my head away at the first glimpse of the operation; but with that fatal fascination to look at the sight that we wish to avoid seeing, of course, I looked round again. The sight of the helpless, wriggling body, quite unnerved me, and with a mercy too lately aroused, I begged Jack to let it go. Not he. He finished his work with boyish nonchalance, heedless of my request; logically explaining to me that it would feel worse being 'half-done than finished;' 'besides,' he rejoined, 'how can you fish without something to tempt 'em? I can tell you (pointing to the worm) I've given you a prime

fellow ; ' and his eyes gloated with satisfaction on the thick spiral body of his victim, ' and,' added he, 'it 'll be worse for the fish, for he'll be thinking he's makin' a good mouthful, and the first thing he'll know will be a hook in his gills, he's hauled on shore and cooked and eaten himself instead.'

' I hate fishing. I'll never taste him,' I exclaimed with disgust. ' I can't think how you can be so cruel.'

'Tain't cruel ;' and glancing at me, ' any ways *you* won't catch anything, so I may as well keep the rod myself,' retorted Master Jack with lofty contempt.

His cool, contemptuous words and manner put to flight my tenderness, and made me more determined than ever to get a fish. I seized my rod, saying, ' I suppose, as the worm is pierced through it won't suffer more by being thrown into the water.' Jack, glad to be off on ' his own hook,' as he expressed untrammelled action, did not wait for my thanks.

I struck off alone to seek what I fancied might be a haunt of the ' speckled delicacies,' and threw my line over an open space of clear water; but after patiently waiting for about fifteen minutes for a ' bite,' and getting none, and remembering that fish are said to lurk in dark places, I walked further on until I saw a spot on the other side of the stream which was well shaded by trees. This, I thought, suited the requirements of my case. At the first 'throw' my line only reached mid-way, the second brought it, if anything, nearer to me, a third throw sent it on the edge of the shadow; but I wasn't to be baulked, so after some further unsuccessful efforts, I at length succeeded in getting it in the desired place, and stood quietly waiting for the tug that was to inform me a fish was nibbling.

It was a long time before I felt any pull on the line that could justify such a hope. It was pretty warm, the sun shone disagreeably in my eyes, and unpleasantly suggested freckles innumerable, and sun-burn to my complexion, which I secretly prided myself on being exceptionally fair. The rod was heavy, and the bank of the stream too muddy just there to sit down, so I began to tire of such exceedingly still sport.

Just as I was about to remove my rod to a new place, however, I felt a drag on the line, and in an instant was oblivious to fatigue and heat in the glorious thought of coming victory. I gently drew up my rod, and felt sure from the weight that I had caught a remarkably fine specimen of trout. Indeed, it was so heavy, it wouldn't come up at all, or at least not until I bent all my strength on the refractory object, cracked my rod in the effort, and almost fell backwards. When at last the thing did come out of the water, instead of the beautiful fish I expected to see, I was disgusted beyond measure to find nothing attached to my hook but a quantity of water-grass and a piece of decayed wood that my hook had torn off the trunk of some tree which had long lain hidden under the water. I began to wonder where the ' fun ' in fishing came in, and felt inclined to go back and sit with Mrs. Kelly under the trees; but remembering that such a course of action would only prove what my brother and Jack had declared, ' that girls weren't fit for fishing,' I gathered together my ebbing enthusiasm and determined to try again.

I perceived the necessity of getting rid of the grass and wood, and, throwing my rod on the ground, pulled some of the string-stuff off. In doing so I utterly ruined my gloves, which I had kept on to save my hands; but now, reckless of consequences, and finding the wet gloves uncomfortable, I drew them off, and with dainty fingers picked off all I could of the adhering rubbish on my line. In doing so I noticed that, in some way or other, half the long worm hung on the hook, yes, and the horrid thing, to my utter astonishment, really seemed to be

alive. It is needless to say, I did not replace the struggling 'half' on the hook, notwithstanding Master Jack's explanation of the additional misery the worm suffered by half-way doings. I walked on some distance by the side of the little rivulet until I came to a part where there were no trees growing, and, I devotedly hoped, none concealed.

My line seemed to develop a strong inclination to fall on the muddy bank, instead of the middle of the stream, as I desired this time—disgusted as I was with shaded spots. So, after several vain attempts to send the tiresome thing there, I raised my arm with all my strength, being impatient of delay, and sent it with such swinging force that it rebounded, going nearly as far behind. The first thing I was conscious of was a sharp pain on the back of my head.

A sudden puff of wind having blown my hat across the water, I got a pretty hard blow, and casting down my rod to discover the cause, I felt a rapid and agonizing up-heaval of my back hair, and the awful conviction that hook, lead—and, horror of horrors, the 'worm!' had caught in my much-admired golden locks, almost depriving me of my senses.

I tugged madly at the line, tearing out enough of my 'capillary' to have furnished love-sonnets for two or three lovers. How I wished that I had followed the advice of some of my girl-friends, and worn a switch,—'it would have been off in a minute.' I screamed, shrieked, but to no purpose. I had wandered too far away to be heard by the others. I danced round in the most absurd fashion, and still my hair held in a gordian knot the wretched worm and hook.

At last I calmed down somewhat, and by breaking away the hair that detained the unwelcome prisoner, with a last vigorous, excruciating pull, my head was free, when worse than anything I had endured, I felt a slimy, cold, crawling thing on my neck, and before I could arrest its progress, it had wriggled with loathsome movement down my quivering back. Shiver!! I should think I did—great drops of perspiration stood on my face, I was moist with fear, and trembling from head to foot with disgust and loathing at the glutinous contact. How my poor back contracted, but—

'The more I tried to get it off,
The more it stuck the faster.'

A horrible creeping sensation ran all over me as I felt the squirming thing cling to my shaking frame. In my life I had never felt so distracted. Without any thought of possible spectators (not that there was much chance of any), I had the waist of my dress off and my hand on a search for the reptile that I felt sticking to me. As my fingers touched it, my flesh, already the proverbial 'goose-flesh,' became, if I may use the expression 'more goosey.' But I didn't hesitate long, and to the intense relief of my back, drew away in haste and added disgust at the object which had caused me so much perturbation, a long viscous blade of green grass!!

I was sitting resting after my late exertions, but presently the hot sun beating down on my unprotected face, aroused me to the fact that I must go and get my hat which was securely caught in some bushes on the other side of the stream, no kind wind having blown it back to me. The water, some two to four feet deep, couldn't be waded, so I set off on a search for a bridge. After walking quite a distance, I discovered the trunk of an old tree that spanned it, it was round and slippery—the bark worn smooth by the combined influences of age and water, was covered with moss and lichens, and looked a rather treacherous footway.—but I thought that with due care it might serve my purpose. With cautious steps I got over safely enough, rescued my hat, rather the worse for its trip, and retraced my steps to the primitive bridge which, I have no doubt,

I would have found as useful as before, if it hadn't been that my dress caught in an inconvenient branch that time had not yet worn away from the parent stem. I looked hastily around to see what was detaining me, forgetting the insecure nature of my footing, and, before I knew where I was, fell into the water with a splash.

I was not in the least afraid of being drowned, for Mrs. Kelly had chosen that particular stream because it was too shallow to endanger the life of any of her party—besides my feet touched the bottom;—but I confess I was considerably put out by the accident.

In novels there are always convenient young men to help maidens in distress and to throw the halo of romance over similar misfortunes, but as I quickly regained a standing posture, I failed to find anything romantic in my situation, but a good deal of unpleasantness. I scrambled out of the hateful stream as well as I could and tried to adjust my intensely clinging garments, thinking with dismay of the comical figure I would be obliged to present to the laughing eyes of the boys and girls.

However, there was no help for it, I had to go back and get Mrs. Kelly to tell me what to do.

That walk was a labour, I can tell you. It was with difficulty I dragged myself along, my boots seemed to have become water cans, and made a fearful slushing sound as they carried me wearily on. My white skirts, free from starch, became unnaturally long, and gathered reeds, grasshoppers and mud, as they trailed after me; the soft little curls that usually are so becoming to me, had vanished; long strings of hair had taken their place and became channels for water to ooze down over my cheeks and the ridge of my nose; collar and cuffs hung limp, and looked as helplessly forlorn as I felt; indeed I was a very sorry-looking, dejected damsel.

Luckily Mrs. Kelly was alone, she advised my going to the station which was the only house visible, to beg some dry clothes from the station-master's wife—advice which I followed.

An hour afterwards, clothed in such articles of dress as that kind woman could lend me, I had given up all idea of making any further acquaintance with old Izaak Walton's favourite pastime, and was ready to agree with any one 'that girls wasn't fit to fish.' I got some dinner there, and waited at the station until the remainder of the party came to take the afternoon train home.

They had evidently had a jolly time, though on enquiry I learned that the net result of the day's fishing was four chubb and six small trout, which Jack Taylor said was 'as much as any one could expect when girls were along,' and gave it as his solemn conviction that 'a grown-up young lady falling into a creek was enough to frighten away every fish in it.' Convinced of my unlearnedness regarding matters piscatory, I couldn't contradict him.

I reached home that evening with a face as red as a lobster, a dilapidated hat and ruined gown, as the only reward of my 'first,' and I venture to add, my 'last' attempt at angling.

TRYING TO TURN THE TIDE.

BY 'ROSE,' SIMCOE.

APART from the many, alone, I stood
While watching the masses stemming the flood ;
They were jostled together, each in strife,
They were trying to turn the tide of life,
Trying to turn the tide.

The pain on the faces of many there
Told tales of sorrow and tales of despair :
With their arms in anguish extended wide,
They were trying to turn life's fearful tide,
Trying to turn the tide.

And some who were there were struggling with woe,
And some were battling with passion, their foe :
They were striving 'gainst fate that conquers all
They were fighting their life, and many did fall
Trying to turn the tide.

Some cried for an ebb, some cried for a flow,
Some shrank from the waters, fearing to go :
They were spending their years in bitter strife,
They were trying to turn the tide of life,
Trying to turn the tide.

I noticed that some grew fainter each day,—
Their strength and courage were wearing away ;
Then they sought the life they had scorned before,
But they found, alas! they had struck the shore
Trying to turn the tide.

Then they fought once more with their shortened breath,
Not the tide of life, but the tide of death :
And as many, prostrate with anguish, lay,
They were calling, calling, seeming to say,
'Mighty One, turn the tide!'

RUSSEL OF THE EDINBURGH 'SCOTSMAN.'

BY H. G. GRAHAM.

FOUR years ago there died one of the most representative of Scotchmen, and one of the most prominent men in Scotland, one whose writings had given more constant interest to politics and more vivacity to conversation for thirty years than those of any other man. His name was as familiar to everyone in the obscurest cranny of the country as was his figure in Princes Street of Edinburgh. As he walked along to and from his office, big and burly, with his genial rubicund face full of clever expression, his tilted inquisitive nose, like an incarnate note of interrogation, his bright eyes peering through his spectacles, and his hat a little back on his enormous head, as if to see the better below as well as through his glasses, passers-by would whisper, 'That's Russel of the "Scotsman,"' and then they would look back curiously to see his broad—not too gainly—shoulders disappear amongst the afternoon crowd, like a three-decker amidst a fleet of sloops. A journalist's fame is slowly won and quickly lost; his writings appear without his name, so that his personality is hidden; the subjects on which he writes are ephemeral, so that his papers which to-day are, to-morrow are cast into the oven. Soon, therefore, his reputation, however great, passes away, and even a generation will soon arise in Scotland that knew not Russel. And yet, fleeting as his fame may be, for thirty years Russel was able to put the mark of his genius on the newspaper he edited, and by that paper to influence greatly the whole political and public affairs of Scotland, to represent lay opinion in ecclesiastical and economical questions, and commonsense in every social movement.

Dead now only four years, it is already difficult to get details of the past life, and instances of the long-famed humour, of this journalist who was so powerful, of this nature that was so charming; this writer with many foes, this man of many friends. These friends tell—and are never tired of telling—of the quickness of his conversational wit, the endless jokes and overflowing jollity, the stories that convulsed them in those old days and nights at dinner or supper parties, at social gatherings or sporting expeditions, or at 'The Nest,' the scene of many a convivial saturnalia of the Edinburgh Angling Club, with its 'concourse wild of jocund din.' But alas! when you say to these appreciative friends, 'Come, do tell us something about him,' they are silent. The charm is left on them, the impression of social delightfulness remains, and that is nearly all.

Alexander Russel was born in Edinburgh on December 10, 1814. His father, who was a solicitor, died when his son was young, leaving his family to the care of a mother who had much originality and great shrewdness of character. After a school life which was marked by his usual independence, relieved by keen sports and varied erratic reading, he entered a printing establishment, where he acquired that mechanical aptitude which served him well in his first connection with the press. Early in boyhood he became

acquainted with Mr. John Johnstone, then editor of the *Inverness Courier*, and found true and kindly friends in him and his able wife, who edited *Tait's Magazine*, and who is best known as author of the novel 'Clan Albyn,' and as chief contributor to 'Edinburgh Tales,' which, if not read now, are still readable. Through them 'Alick,' as they called him, was introduced into literature, and by writing for *Tait's Magazine* he got practice for his pen, initiation into staunch Liberal politics, and acquaintance with literary characters of Edinburgh. Amongst these friends was Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, whose coarse humour afforded him much amusement and supplied him with many stories. Russel was working hard for his living, and all the harder because he enjoyed work, and liked to be independent of others, as he liked to be independent in his views. There was as much earnest as jest in his reply to a friend who asked him once, 'What is your coat-of-arms?' 'My shirt sleeves,' he answered. Whig principles he espoused with all his heart, and defended with all his strength; and he used to tell how, when the news of the defeat of the Reform Bill in 1831 reached Edinburgh, full of excitement and wild indignation he rushed off from town, wandering about the Pentlands till darkness fell, trying to cool his youthful wrath in the bracing breezes of the hills.

Adopting journalism as a profession, he was appointed editor of the Berwick *Advertiser* in 1839. His remuneration was not enormous—70*l.* per annum paid in weekly instalments. 'For this,' wrote the proprietor, 'I will expect you to devote a portion of each day, less or more, to the reading of newspapers, selecting and abridging from them Parliamentary reports and other news. New publications and the literary periodicals must have your notice. And you will also have to write political articles and a summary of news such as we have hitherto had. On the occurrence of an election or any great meeting I will require your aid in reporting. And, lastly, the attacks of our political adversary will be expected to produce your retort.' The last clause is decidedly good. And in such euphemistic and highly dignified terms the new editor was appointed to maintain Whig principles, and crush his political rival with the well-known urbanity of a provincial print. Local newspapers must indulge in personal amenities, else how can inhabitants exist in these country towns, where the streets are usually so dull and deserted that on a market-day you wonder where on earth the people have come from, just as you wonder at the buzzing noisy reappearance of flies on the window panes, on a sunny winter's day, from behind the genial retirement of the shutters. But the prescribed editorial work did not take up all his time; nights when fun was fast and furious alternated with evenings full of steady quiet reading, and it was during his stay in Berwick that he laid in that store of literary information which used to puzzle friends and foes alike, as he illustrated his arguments with choice bits from Swift, apt couplets from Pope, recondite passages from Dryden, lines from Goldsmith and Thomson. Big volumes in short-hand still survive full of copious extracts from authors, chiefly in old standard English literature, whom he loved to quote throughout his journalistic career, and he was specially fond of the old-fashioned poetry, with its formal measure, and its feet that are as stately as a minuet.

In 1842 Russel was appointed editor of the *Fife Herald*. In his new post he had more congenial work, and in his new residence he had more genial society. The best qualities of the journalist now got free play, and the Scotch political leaders soon recognised his power and welcomed his friendship, while eager readers enjoyed his articles, bubbling over with exuberant nonsense, or, rather, extravagant sense, and sedate citizens shook

their heads over his audacious assaults on time-honoured ways. Politics in Fife were keen, and party feelings were strong, so that every week the Whig *Fife Herald* and the Tory *Fife Journal* attacked each other with appalling fury. The Tory paper was under the editorship of James Bruce, an able, genial, accomplished man (not unknown in literature, by his 'Classic Portraits' and 'Eminent men of Aberdeenshire'), and while the rival papers were in deadly hostility the rival editors were boon companions, and would make merry at night over the virulent leaders of the morning in which they assailed each other, and sometimes they would secretly exchange editorial chairs, and assault their own papers with ferocity.

In the course of two years Russel, after an unsuccessful application for the editorship of a Glasgow paper, became editor of the *Kilmarnock Chronicle*, newly started, and for six months he resided in that town, of which he had afterwards no very savoury recollections. During this time, also, he had been appointed by Mr. Duncan Maclaren to write leaders in an Anti-Corn Law newspaper, called the *Chronicle*, at the rate of £50 a year, and to attack with all his force the Protectionist party. This brought him into correspondence with the Great League Council, and under the notice of Richard Cobden. Soon, however, a post was offered him which fulfilled his journalistic ambition. His writings in Cupar had attained more than local fame, and were sometimes quoted in influential papers throughout Scotland, and attracted the attention of the proprietors of the *Scotsman*. In 1845 he was appointed sub-editor, while he was occasionally to act also as a reporter. Mr. Charles Maclaren, who was at that time editor-in-chief, was the type of a hard-headed, sagacious, unhumorous Scotchman. He knew political economy as thoroughly as he did geology. His conscientious articles were written with great pains, and the sentences were so carefully rounded, that they immediately rolled off every reader's recollection; and he would examine a ridiculous town council squabble with as much sobriety as he would a piece of Silurian strata. A joke he could in a manner see, but certainly he could not *feel* it; and he would laboriously turn it round and round, as if it were a curious specimen, and carefully examine it to see what was in it. For instance, some one having quoted from 'Candide' the incident which veraciously relates that every time Dr. Pangloss coughed he spat out a tooth, the editor, gravely calculating how few teeth man has at his best estate, after a pause of serious rumination, very thoughtfully remarked, 'Well, he couldn't go on long at that rate.' Now, however, he had a colleague who was his opposite in everything except staunch Liberalism and steady accuracy, and he could only marvel mutely and awfully, as does a sedate hen that has hatched a duckling, at the exuberance of humour and the fertility of resource of his sub editor. In perfect astonishment he observed that his young man could joke on everything. 'Now,' added he, 'for my pairt I can joke, but then I joke with deeficulty.' By the end of the year, Mr. Maclaren ceased to act as editor, although he held the post formally till 1849, when he finally retired, owing to an honourable aversion at receiving credit for work he had not done.

We have been told by one who heard them that the last words of Lord Elgin on his deathbed were, 'I wonder what *The Times* will say of me,' and this anxiety assuredly did not arise from fear of what *The Times* itself might say, but of what his country thought of him; for he knew well that what such a paper said to day, society either had thought yesterday or would repeat to-morrow. People are apt to estimate very lightly the power of a Scotch paper in comparison with that of such great English

contemporaries. In London there are so many able newspapers, all competing with each other, each speaking to some particular section of readers, and trying to neutralize the effect of the others, that no one journal is omnipotent. But in Scotland, where there was only one powerful representative Liberal paper, which had no Conservative rival of any force, which was read by men of both parties and of all ranks, its influence was enormous to shape political thought in every town and village in the country, and every class of the people. When Russel sat in the editor's chair, article after article came forth which surprised by its easy mastery of every political subject, and delighted by its easy humour; and as each morning's paper appeared eyes scanned eagerly the columns to see if there was another racy article out, and as they read the eyes brightened, the mouth relaxed into an expectant grin, and the grin widened into a broad laugh. Every wide political question was discussed with admirable pith and ingenuity; but what the ordinary people enjoyed most, we suspect, was often his 'admirable fooling,' and no country gives finer scope for it than Scotland, with its few important towns, its many self-important citizens. Public bodies, busybodies, and presbyteries were invaluable to him, and after he had exhausted many a leader upon some foolish divine or eminent citizen, he knew that he would break out in fresh places again, and afford scope for his Gargantuan mirth. 'There are pickings on him yet,' the editor would confidently say.

While Russel staunchly supported Whig measures and Whig leaders, he never felt it the duty of a journal which assumes a high place to be the mere mouthpiece of a party or the obsequious echo of a statesman. Never extreme in his views, he said that the present Lord Derby, if he only joined the Liberal side—a wish now fulfilled—would represent best his principles. Whenever an aggressive or retrogressive movement was on foot, he firmly set his foot upon it. He was too honest to justify measures which he deemed unjustifiable, whatever people might say, or however subscribers might murmur. Bravely and alone the *Scotsman* ridiculed the alarms of Papal Aggression and condemned the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of 1851, when even staid citizens lost their heads, as much as fanatic Protestants, who, 'like those who take hay-fever the moment they smell grass, can never be expected to keep their senses when the faintest whiff of Pope is in the air.' Then in one day, by one post, a third of the subscribers gave up the paper—and that was no slight matter at a time when the subscribers were only a twelfth of the present number. In the course of his editorship he had many a hard fight to make in defence of his Whig principles. In his own time he was not always successful. In vain he tried to moderate the bitter bigotry which in the Anti-Maynooth agitation led to Macaulay's rejection in Edinburgh; in vain he tried to hush the anti-papal outcry which led to the abortive Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; in vain he opposed the petty Radical cliques which caused nobodies to be sent to represent the Scottish capital in Parliament; single-handed he fought when in 1854 Macaulay retired, and fortunately Adam Black was returned. In 1868 we find him anxious to get a man of mark to stand for the city. He asked Dickens, but in October Dickens wrote: 'My conviction that I am more useful and happy as I am than I would be in Parliament, is not to be shaken. There is no man in Scotland from whom I would consider this suggestion a greater honour.' And months before—in July—Russel had been in correspondence with Sir Henry L. Bulwer, who consented, at his request, to stand if there was any chance of success. But though not omnipotent in Edinburgh, his influence was immense throughout the country. When Sir W. Harcourt

swooped down upon the Kircaldy burghs to oust in 1858 the old Whig member, the *Scotsman* attacked him with unequalled energy and persistency day by day. Harcourt rejoined as day by day Russel assailed him, and no terms were measured, no love was lost. It is well known how a criticism on Mr. Duncan Maclaren, M. P., caused an action of libel in 1856, resulting in damages of 400*l.* against the *Scotsman*. 'Very hard,' as Russel would plaintively remark, 'for only quoting what somebody else had said.' Libelled for having likened a respectable M.P. to a 'snake,' the editor said, in a very rare pun, referring to his opponent's arithmetical skill, 'if he is not a snake, no one can deny at least that he is a remarkable *adder*.' Mulcted in damages for the freedom of his pen, Russel retained through all this matter the sympathy of the public, and, four years after, a handsome testimonial was presented to him for his unsurpassed services to the Liberal cause. In ecclesiastical questions the same impartial love of fairness and freedom was shown. Evangelical, Ritualist, Broad Churchman, Gorham, Bennett, Colenso in England, Dr. Robert Lee in Scotland, had each and all toleration demanded for them ; and it mattered nothing to him that after some bold article, next morning's post brought letters from indignant subscribers, saying, 'Sir, be good enough to cease sending me your paper from this date.'

When Mr. Russel joined the *Scotsman* it came out twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday ; and only when the newspaper stamp duty was abolished, in 1855, did it come out daily, and even then at first in the modest dimensions of a moderate-sized pocket-handkerchief. In the old bi-weekly times it was comparatively easy work for a journalist. Then he could think out, read up, and talk over a subject, while an editor like Maclaren gravely tapped out geological specimens with his hammer, or Russel grew wild over curling ; and when he had written on it, two days at least would pass before fresh news would arrive to cruelly overturn, like a castle of cards, every ingeniously constructed theory. Mr. Russel illustrated the contrast between present days of hurry and the leisurely times when news jolted laboriously along at ten miles an hour by post, by the little incident of a clerk in the *Scotsman* office in London being locked out, and unable by his knocking to rouse the sleeping clerk within. In a minute he wires to the office in Edinburgh, requesting a telegram to be sent to the office on Fleet Street, to bid the slumbering clerk let him in. Quickly the telegram comes and the tinkle of the bell opens the sleeper's eyes, and he reads the message, 'Open the door.' While all-important news took days to travel when Russel began work, long before he ends it a message travels 900 miles in a few minutes on the insignificant errand of directing that a door be opened, while the man hardly leaves the door-step till it is done. And yet he considered that the average articles of to-day are quite as good as in the deliberate days of old. Albany Fonblanque wrote two short leaders a week for the *Examiner*, and found his strength exhausted, and needed his two or three months of autumn yatching to recruit ; but the modern journalist, who has six articles a week, at least, to write, works at high pressure. He cannot elaborate, and often is in consequence all the more successful. The points that strike the editor's mind to-night are just those which will convince the citizen's mind to-morrow ; the arguments which come soonest into his head are exactly those which will most readily enter into other people's. No doubt leaders, which, like rolls, must come piping hot to breakfast, get a little stale by keeping ; but they form that daily bread which nourishes wonderfully the political system of the people.

Russel for many years had to go off to his office every night, and returned about three or four o'clock in

the morning, after seeing the paper through the press. Sometimes he wrote three articles a day, and, if in the spirit, would do them with great rapidity. Two books he had always by his side—a concordance to Shakespeare and a concordance to the Bible, both of which he knew astonishingly well. When in conversation as to any acrostic a Scriptural 'light' was needed, he was sure to find it. If he was wont to startle reverent natures by the audacity with which he couched his humour in biblical phrase, and shocked even still more some Presbyterian souls by his irreverence in using the quaint language of the Shorter Catechism, he after all meant no harm. Indeed, the articles which annoyed some prudish minds most, we suspect, he did not write. While often admiring friends would say or write to him that 'they were glad to recognise his fine Roman hand at last,'—he having written without intermission for months; at other times they would pleasantly say of an article he had never touched, 'One of the best things you ever did, Russel.' Of course on these trying occasions he looked in answer with an air of simple bashfulness which confirmed them in their sagacious opinion, and gave them the satisfactory impression they had done and said a very kind thing.

While thus busy day and night in his editorial work, he had to correspond with and to be interviewed by political and local magnates from all quarters; not only Whig leaders to advise, but burghs in search of a candidate and candidates in search of a burgh; different classes who besought him to find a class representative; and farmers, who came to him professing themselves indifferent as to political opinions, but wishing from him a member 'sound on hares and rabbits.' If an unknown candidate started for any place, he knew at once all his antecedents; or, if he did not at the moment recollect, up went his spectacles over his forehead, his features puckered with aggrieved perplexity, as he muttered, rubbing his bald head, 'Bless my soul! My memory *must* be going,' merely because he did not remember what it would be a marvel if any mortal knew; then gradually his face would brighten as he called to mind some appearance or disappearance of the gentleman in question in rather equivocal circumstances, and with rather shady views, long years ago, in some obscure nook of the political world. On one occasion Lord John Russell was wondering in some company who a certain person was, when the editor reminded him that he had been one of his lordship's own secretaries.

Besides these distractions, he found time for reading and for reviewing, for occasionally writing for the 'Edinburgh,' or the 'Quarterly,' or for 'Blackwood.' Turning to one article in the 'Edinburgh' on 'The Highlands—Men, Sheep and Deer,' we find a very good example of his thorough and careful work, his curious versatility of illustration and argument, in the manner in which he exposes the outcry against depopulation raised by poets, theorists, sentimental uneconomists and politicians. The manner in which he begins must have delighted the commonsensical mind of excellent old Charles Maclaren.

'Not many false sentiments have had more injurious or foolish consequences than that to which Goldsmith gave new wings when he sent forth the assertion—

> A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
> When every rood of ground maintained its man.

It is rather sharp practice to encounter poetry with arithmetic, but it may be useful to hint by way of illustration, that a rood of ground never yet maintained its man in England or anywhere else. It takes four roods of pretty good ground to maintain a sheep. Although England now maintains at least three-fold the population of the time ere her griefs began, it is found that

even in her richest agricultural districts sixteen roods are required to maintain a man. In Ireland an attempt was made to make ten roods to maintain their man—perhaps the nearest approach ever made in these latitudes to the Goldsmithian proportions—and we saw and felt what it came to.'

So he goes on with curious detail to expose one by one the pathetic crotchets of sentimentalists.

The cares and fatigues of the office were not without relaxation. Now he was in Ireland with his friend Mr. Hill Burton; now, with the same companion, 'jumping' in Jura (for he protested it was impossible to 'walk,' and only possible to progress there by 'jumps' over hag and crag and bog). One year he was in Skye, another fishing by the Ettrick, another in Sutherland, letting few facts or fish escape him. Then he felt the glory of having no work to do to-day, of having no care for the morrow. Palmerston might declare war, but amongst the hills around Gairloch he would never hear it; Disraeli might change his policy, and Gladstone might denounce it; but neither the epigrams, which passed for conviction, of the one, nor the mellifluous sentences of the other, awoke echoes by the side of Loch Maree. What mattered it to him, in his holiday enthusiasm, even if, as he unreeled his rod, the keeper damped his matutinal ardour by telling him there was 'only a happenin' beast,' or by grudgingly owning that 'there micht be transient brute.' There he stood in the stream as the hours went expectantly by, cold, lonely and chittering; for though—as he wrote—'the wind was in his eye and the water in his boots, yet hope, the charmer, lingers still in his heart.' [The printers, to his vexation, *would* persist in printing the sentiment: 'Hope lingers in his *hat*.'] There he would stay 'till the hour when no man can fish, and every sensible man takes thought of what he shall eat and how much he shall drink and wherewithal he shall be bedclothed.'

Yet amidst all his amusements he had his eyes, ears, and mind open to everything. There was not a shepherd he met by the river-side that he did not question, it might be about the relative feeding properties of the soil or feeding powers of the sheep and deer; not a farmer did he meet and delight with his talk over their toddy at the little inns, from whom he had not quietly extracted facts about the rental, manure, and cropping. Of course everything ludicrous took his finely outrageous fancy, as when he broaches a delightful theory that Highlanders kept to their native districts because of the difficulty presented to Highland emigration by the demand of a half-penny pontage at Perth. A local guide-book, having described some wretched elevations as 'the most beautiful hills in Scotland,' he is reminded of a funny passage in Miss Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs' (which he cannot possibly have read since boyhood), where she speaks of the Scottish army wheeling its march along beneath the frowning gigantic range of the Corstorphines. The absence of trees in Caithness caught his whimsical compassion, for is it not asserted that 'up Strathaladale, within the Sutherland boundaries, there is a clump of the scrubbiest birches that ever disgraced the name of "a wood;" and the Caithness people came thirty or forty miles to picnic on that happy bog, and revel in forest scenery.' This Caithnessian defect is visible even in the interiors of the churches, the timber in which the natives owe much more to the sea than to the land; and even pulpits, it is said, being ordinarily constructed, and that with little adaptation to altered circumstances, out of the wrecks of fishing boats. He audaciously asserts that 'in one Caithness kirk which had been fitted up with timber not much altered from the state in which it had been cast ashore, a friend found himself embarked in a

pew inscribed, 'The Brothers of Banff;' while the minister appeared to be considerably at sea in a pulpit, which, as all men might read, had in its unregenerate days buffeted the waves as the 'Jane of Portsoy.'

Meanwhile, though enjoying richly the ludicrous aspects of everything, few men were more susceptible to the charms and beauty of scenery,—the song of the birds, the glint of light and play of shadows upon the mountain side, the solemn loveliness of silent moorland lochs, and the hoary memories of historic scenes. Few men knew, few men gave him credit for, deeper thoughts than those he spoke lightly and jocularly to his friends, and yet few could describe better, and feel more keenly than he, at once the humours of men, the pleasures of sport, and the picturesqueness and mystery of nature; as we see in his paper on his 'Angling Saunter in Sutherland':—

'At Scourie, if the angler, slightly sated by diligence in his proper avocation, desires to seek variety of interest, he has it at hand. There is the island of Handa, probably the most stupendous cliff scenery in the British Islands. No description, no expectation is felt adequate when, after the slow ascent from the landward side of the island, you at once stand on a wall of rock 700 feet sheer above the Atlantic, which chafes and thunders eternally against that mighty battlement. Here, the front presented to the assailing surges is without ledge or cleft that would give footing to a bird, or hiding to an insect. There you see it rent and worn by the storms of ages, and look down upon the fallen turrets and upon the savage and half-enroofed bays, within which the wild waters are at one moment lying in grim repose, the next roaring and leaping in fierce impatience. Standing on this sublime rampart, awed by the alternating silence and the thunder of ocean's artillery, as each slow, succeeding wave crashed against the repelling rock, or rushed booming into the caves and bays, a singing bird, unseen on the face of the cliff, sent forth a strain so low, so clear, so sweet, like a spirit visitant from some far and better world. Awe stole in by eye and ear in presence of that truceless war between the invading ocean and the defying land; but so it was—a deeper though less dreary dread came from the faint notes of that tiny and unseen songster. No fine-strung mental frame was required to hear in it an echo and memory of that "still small voice," which, issuing, we know not whence, is heard ever and again amid the loudest storms and fiercest tumults of our moral state.'

We think that a man who could write in such a strain and with such a style had powers of tender feeling and expression far greater than either the outside world, or even his intimate friends, ever gave him credit for possessing.

In these angling expeditions Russel acquired a remarkable acquaintance with the rivers and their inmates; of every salmon cast and every bend of the streams; and of the deep mysterious question, 'What is a parr?' And his knowledge theoretical and practical rendered his frequent evidence valuable before Parliamentary committees, and his suggestions practical in legislation. Writing with readiness and fulness of information, his articles in the 'Quarterly,' 'Blackwood,' and 'The Scotsman' were afterwards expanded into his well-known work on 'The Salmon.'

By the Ettrick, where he often resorted, he had much to try his skill, and a good deal more to try his patience; and we suspect the Lowlanders were not so 'poor spirited' as the Highlanders, who in Sutherland incurred the lofty contempt of the Southern keepers. '*Them* poach!' said to the editor one of these who had confessedly 'dune something on his ain accoont,' both with gun and leister, on his native Ettrick. 'When I cam' first I gaed to the folk in the clachan up there, and said, quite

bold, "I hear ye hae guns amang ye; you maun pit them awa'." Ye'll no believe me, sir, but the puir-speerited deevils actually did it. Besides, if ane o' them does mair guid for himsel' ony nicht than the rest o' them, some o' them is sure to tell. Hoo can folk be poachers when they've nae honour?' It was on one of these fishing holidays that a clergyman met him, and on the editor asking him if he ever fished, he answered that 'he was only a fisher of men.' 'I am afraid you don't make much of it then,' rejoined Russel; 'for I looked into your creel on Sunday, and there was very little in it.'

Every great conversationalist has his limited store of anecdotes which have seen an enormous deal of dinner service. One naturally compassionates the wives and offspring who have to listen to the same jokes with the same air of perennial surprise. With Russel, on the other hand, the effort was, not to evade, but to get the anecdotes—'Tell us that story again,' people would ask, and certainly they never asked in vain; and after all, what faint recollections remain of his talk, so vivid, so bright, so intelligent, so ready, so witty—only a few anecdotes with the ludicrous touches gone, only a few meagre jokes with the rich mellow fun away. At dinner, topic after topic came and went; a new book, a new measure, politics, ecclesiastics, society, are all discussed, brightened by some fresh thought, or illustrated by some quaint story, each guest being with kindly tact brought into the tide of talk, as the host chatted and sipped his grog,—he having persuaded himself firmly that the doctors ordered him to take whisky on the precarious ground that they had ordered him not to take wine. One remembers vaguely how the conversation went. He may be speaking of the difficulty of conciliating those whom he has ridiculed in his paper, for those who have little dignity to spare cannot forgive the loss of it; and he mentions how Mr. Lowe one day wisely remarked, 'You can't unpull a man's nose.' The talk turns on Lord Melbourne, and he describes the interview between the easy peer who was shaving and the secretary to the Lord Advocate, when he brings before him the draft of some bill. 'Well, Mr. M., this is another of your demned Scotch jobs, I presume?' 'Just so, my Lord; so, having settled the preamble, we will now proceed to the clauses.' Strong-minded women are spoken of, and a lady remarked that one noted female emancipationist, of masculine appearance, is much more of a lady than one who had, the day before, sharply criticised her. 'Well, she is much more of a *gentleman*, at any rate, my dear,' consolingly conceded the editor, with quiet sarcasm. Speaking of self-educated men, he mentions a remark by Emerson; when some one spoke of Abraham Lincoln as 'a self-made man,' the philosopher quietly said, as he thought of that ill-made figure, 'that saves Providence then a great deal of responsibility.' The Ballot question suggests the case of a farmer, who said to his landlord, in disgust at the new Act: 'Afore, everybody kent that I voted for your lordship, but noo the waurst o' 't is, if I gaung to the poll, folks micht think I was voting according to my conscience.' The editor relates his experience of the Irish. He recalls instances of their bulls, as, for instance, the entry he found in the inn-album, by a Colonel: 'I stopped here by mere chance, and would advise every person to do the same.' He recalls their inveterate desire for money—if gained without any labour: the boatman in Killarney having coolly and objurgatively affirmed an object in the distance to be a 'rale Irish eagle,' while Russel's companion in travel denied it. 'In that case,' replied his friend, 'we'll soon know—if it's an Irish eagle, it will pounce on the company and ask for sixpence for showing itself.' The clergy are brought in for some chaff, and he mentions how King-

lake in his drawling tones remarked that 'he thought the clergy could be indicted under the common law against fortune-telling.' 'As far as my experience goes,' remarks a guest, 'it is rather *in*fortune telling.' Somehow the talk passes on to the humbug of servants' registers, the keeping of which, he protests, is the easiest profession in the world, and requiring the most limited of capital—for it only needs a pen, a sheet of paper, and a bottle of ink. The name of Charles Maclaren makes him tell how at a large party the grave and respectable appearance of that gentleman suggested that he should be asked to say grace. In deep agitation he rose, and in confusion he began, and made one or two bewildered efforts to say it. At last, looking round the company in abject despair and anguish, the unfortunate victim to respectability exclaimed, 'Ladies and gentlemen, my memory has clean gone to the deevil.' 'Why, your hair is getting grey,' says Russel to a friend. 'Yes, but there's plenty of it, at least,' looking at the editor's head, a Sahara of baldness. 'Oh yes,' added he; 'you see mine preferred death to dishonour.'

Strangely few true anecdotes remain of him, although of no man are there more false ones told, and often told very cleverly. Asking him one day if he had said some witty thing reported to be his, he answered, 'I only wish I could.' Driving past a well-known daft man who was haranguing a crowd of little children: 'Now,' remarked Russel, with a laugh; 'give that man a little education and make him a minister, and, bless you, he would never be found out.' Those very proper and pious persons who met him first with the notion 'that he was that dreadful Mr. Russel,' went away with the impression that he was 'a most charming man.' Old ladies without an idea behind their ringlets, old gentlemen without a thought beyond their denomination or their crops, sat and listened, worthy souls! as the editor poured out stories and made jokes, while they were themselves afraid to smile in case what he said was meant to be serious, and were afraid to look solemn in case he had meant to be funny, and therefore preserved an expression of wonderful mental and facial perplexity. 'Poor old chap, I like him,' the host would say, when the simple guest had departed in his goloshes. 'He is a very decent old fellow, do you know? though he cannot see a joke, and his grace is far too good and long for the dinner,' he remarks as some respectable dissenting minister goes off. Absurdities and follies struck his humorous mind, but defects and weakness raised his pity. Benjamin Franklin tells of an old gentleman with one deformed foot, who always judged of a man's character by noticing whether he looked at the shapely or the maimed limb first. Well, Russel would instinctively notice the deformed foot first, but he would pretend he had never seen it, and would act so that others might not notice it. This amiability pervaded his whole character. He could not blame in private, though none could hit harder in public, for he hated the infliction of pain on any being he met, and this quality servants knew to his cost; and he felt apologetic and awkward when he tried to find fault, as if he were really the culprit himself. And, curiously enough, though none were quicker to own the merit of others, he was absurdly shy and clumsy at praising; and as one who knew him well says, 'he seemed to think there would be some of the snobbishness of patronage in praise for work well done;' while he recognised without jealousy the talents of others, and even sometimes suppressed an article by himself to insert one by a friend which he considered more effective than his own, or rather than give disappointment.

During the last ten years of his life he had more ease and could take more leisure, although he wrote constantly from sheer pleasure, and laughed at

those who anxiously bade him give up work as being too much exertion. Certainly the old buoyancy had abated, the exuberant spirits had diminished; for after the death of one of his sons by drowning, which caused him unutterable grief, he never was quite the same man, although there was still wonderful vivacity and heartiness. Sometimes he went up to London, entering into the most brilliant political circles, gathering clusters of Liberal friends round him, in the lobby of the House of Commons, and at many a club, and getting in Parliamentary coteries refreshment for his jaded political ideas. Not that he considered London journalism itself devoid of narrowness, nor lacking an amount of Cockney arrogance and superfluity of ignorance on unmetropolitan affairs and interests, as if 'there were no world without Verona's walls.'

In 1869 he visited Egypt, in order to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal, of which he wrote home graphic notes. The incongruities of the scenes and the gravity of the occasion impressed him with equal readiness, and through all the mischances of his journey he carried the same even good nature, whether through the inevitable sickness in the Bay of Biscay, on the third day after which he re-appeared on deck, 'looking purified by suffering,' or during the miseries of Egyptian travelling, through unpopulated places by day, and in populated beds at night. Although as open to see the excellence of foreign ways and scenes as was that candid Aberdonian, who, on first seeing St. Paul's, owned that 'it made a clean fule o' the kirk o' Fittie,' it may be suspected that he had some sneaking sympathy with the Scotch bailie who, on seeing the majestic Pyramids, asked, 'What idiot biggit thae things?' At any rate he enters extremely rapidly into Thackeray's feelings when, in his book, the novelist said, 'they are very big,' and then 'dropped the subject and went home again.' He tries his best, however, to write impressively, for he feels bound to say something. 'And these are the Pyramids! is the first thought, if not the exclamation, of every beholder; and in the mere fact that they are the Pyramids, whose history, builders, uses, and age have baffled human inquiries for generations, is the source of the interest and solemnity with which they are gazed at. You feel that to see them is an event in your life, though you cannot satisfactorily explain to yourself why it should be so'—and so on. Neither do the sandhills, seen as he sails down the canal, impress him deeply when he discovers that these form the land of Goshen: 'If that land was of old anything like what it is now, depend upon it, that when Joseph invited his brethren to dwell there, he only meant to be upsides with them for their previous maltreatment.' But not lightly did he feel the moment when they arrived at Suez, and 'glad with grave thoughts,' proved the triumphant success of that great work which brought east and west 8,000 miles nearer to each other.

In November, 1872, he went abroad again, but this time it was the first serious attack of his illness which drove him away from Edinburgh at a season when, as in Pope's Castle of Spleen, 'the dreaded east is all the wind that blows,' and sought a warmer climate. For some time he stayed in Arcachon and entered into all the beauties and interests of the place—such as they are. As a sportsman, how pathetically he laments the utter absence of life in the woods. 'For some years past everybody has been shooting everything, so that now nobody can shoot anything. During three weeks we have seen only one sparrow and heard another; and as to singing birds, such as the lark—of which the French cookery book so affectionately says, "This charming songster eats delightfully with bread-crumbs"—it has arrived to them to be extirpated; and when some igno-

rant gull does appear above the horizon, shots begin going off all along the shore and from patiently waiting boats, as if a regiment of volunteers had broken into file-firing.'

He afterwards passed on to Portugal, whose lovely Cintra he admirably describes; to Spain and northern Italy, with eye more sensitive than most tourists to the beauty of the sunny South. On the whole he was not sorry to quit France, its formalities and its officialism; as many will agree with him that, 'though they manage things better in France, they manage them a great deal too much.'

Pleasant as idleness and travelling were to him, work and home were pleasanter still, and though a man of 'cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows,' illness was reminding him that life was a very uncertain thing. In the frequent spasms of his complaint he sometimes could only write kneeling. Yet how full of life and energy he was—so keen for work, so bright in society, so surrounded by old friends and ready to make new friendships. No one met with more people, and yet it is curious that he was miserably shy of public appearance, he hated to appear on platforms, he was in agony at the prospect of making an after-dinner speech; and when asked to stand as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen in 1875, he declined the honour at once. But in private he was not shy, and rejoiced in the presence of friends round his table. What a number and variety of faces had appeared there in Ramsay Gardens in old days, at Chester Street in later years, who talked and laughed their best! Thackeray, up in Edinburgh lecturing on 'The Georges' (when Aytoun bade him 'stick to the Jeamses'), came and was not even cynical; James Hannay, clever and conceited, would tell his most piquant stories and prove his claims to a dormant peerage (which his host remarked 'it would be more to the point if he could prove a dormant half crown'); and then roll off with more than his usual sailor's gait to the *Courant* office to write a spiteful article on the editor of the *Scotsman*;' Mr. Grant Duff would come, fresh from some Elgin oration and with some fresh schemes on European policy; Dr. Robert Lee, of Old Greyfriars, cleverest of ecclesiastics, most liberal of Churchmen, ablest of debaters, would often turn up sarcasms at his 'pre-posterous' brethren in the Church, or as he delicately cut up some 'pious goose' of a minister who was stirring charges against him of heresy; Captain Burton even appeared in the course of going to and fro on the earth, and would tell some risky tales and utter some wild opinions on polygamy, and leave the impression, as ladies hurriedly left him, he had on emergency fed on—and rather enjoyed—a fellow-creature; Fitzjames Stephen would appear, not the least fatigued by his defeat at Dundee, having proved too good for the place, and very thankful for his new friend's powerful support; George Coombe and Hill Burton of course were of old frequent guests; and Lord Neaves, too, although of a different political faith, who would send upstairs for the presentation copy of his 'Songs,' which he knew was in the house, and give the company the benefit of his own musical interpretations, already very familiar to some of them. Now there came the Liberal whip to talk over political prospects, and get counsel about a new movement; and now local magnates dined who could tell the chances of the next Edinburgh contest or the new water scheme of the Provost; now it was Professor Huxley, so fresh, so unalarming, that, as a clergyman finishes saying grace at dinner, Russel exclaims, 'Halloa, was that you saying grace, Professor?' 'No,' replies he meekly and blandly, 'I trust I know my place in nature.' Russel's house was the meeting place of all sorts and conditions of men—certainly not excluding clergy: dissenting ministers, narrow in doctrine and Radical in politics, holding protec-

tion in religion, and free-trade in corn; Broad Church clergy, whom he regarded as rational beings; worthy old moderate divines who were admirable at table and sadly dull in the pulpit, who preached the driest of sermons, and gave the driest of sherry—who, in fact, from the good wine and bad discourses they gave, as Lord Robertson of facetious memory said, 'were much better in bottles than in wood.'

When people wish to know a man they are never satisfied till they know his creed, and in the case of Mr. Russel it is not easy to gratify such a wish. To pious temperaments who measure natures by the straitest of rules he was 'a most regardless man;' and in spite of his steady attendance in Old Greyfriars Church, he was asserted, with pious recklessness of assertion, 'never to be in the house of God;' and when he ridiculed clerical folly and sectarian bigotry, they gave him up as lost; truly, as he said, his praise was in none of the churches. Brought up as a United Presbyterian, he died in connection with the Church of Scotland, having with many of its clergy much friendship, and with its general liberality of feeling most sympathy. An established Church—whose policy he often condemned, and whose flaws he never wearied of pointing sarcastically out—he yet maintained to be the best safeguard for independence of thought and expression, as lifting its ministers above the servile need of teaching for doctrines of God the commandments of the pews. He did not believe in hard, dry dogmas; he winced under dogmatic assertions which tried to define the incomprehensible and to limit the illimitable; and he did not trust in preachers who professed to know the mind of God when they did not even know their own. The fact is that in him there were, as in most men, two conditions of mind, one that was believing and the other which was doubting. These alternated according to temperament and society, and, like those old-fashioned barometers, with the figure of a man at one end and the figure of a woman at the other, one of which comes out to mark the weather as the other goes in, so according to circumstances and intellectual atmosphere, the feminine belief comes out as the masculine doubt retires. There was much of the old Scotch religious character in Russel to the last. As the language of the Catechism clung to his memory, so religious associations and beliefs clung to his mind. Amidst all the Bohemian regardlessness of form, there was a deep vein of sentiment, which increased with his years. He loved religious teaching that was simple, and touched with a vein of true feeling, and he always retained a living awe of the unseen and a loving reverence for the Master of our faith. No doubt the 'articles' he wrote did not exactly square with any articles of faith that men sign. He belonged, according to the saying, to that religion to which all sensible men belong, and which all sensible men keep to themselves.*

His death was unexpected; the symptoms which had startled him ever and anon were becoming more frequent, but yet he had no fear. One day, not long before his death, he had been at the office and had dictated three articles, one of which appeared five months after he had died. On July 18, 1876, when he was looking forward to going to the quiet and pleasant leisure of the country, he passed

* It is useful to trace a story to its origin; and as many attribute the saying to which we refer to Samuel Rogers and others, here is the true source, which is found in John Toland's *Clidophorus*, c. xiii. 'This puts me in mind of what I was told by a near relation of the old Lord Shaftesbury. The latter, conferring one day with Major Wildman about the many sects of religion in the world, they came to this conclusion at last: that notwithstanding these infinite divisions caused by the interest of the priests and the ignorance of the people, *all wise men are of the same religion*: whereupon a lady in the room, who seem'd to mind her needle more than their discourse, demanded with some concern what that religion was? To which the Lord Shaftesbury strait reply'd, "Madam, wise men never tell."'

away, after a short illness, with the suddenness which attends heart disease. As the news of his death quickly spread, it cast a sorrow, sincere and deep, over the country, to which his writings had for a generation, to political friends and foes alike, been a source of never-failing delightfulness. The untiring vigour of his work, the clearness and pith of his style, his skill in political dialectics, his unsurpassed political knowledge, his remarkable powers of sarcasm, his rare sense of the ludicrous, his wit and mirthfulness, were familiar to all readers. The real generosity of nature, the sterling honesty of purpose, the exquisite simplicity of character, the warm, genial, kindly, trustful nature, however, were known most to those who knew him best. Men who have held a prominent place in the world do not like to be forgotten when they die, or to think that their memory will soon pass from the minds of those they leave behind. Such a fate Russel really feared. It is natural truly to wish to be missed for long years to come, and to hope that in many a familiar gathering of old friends,

> Amid their good cheer
> Some kind heart may whisper
> 'I wish he were here.'

Amidst the now swiftly thinning ranks of his past friends, that wish has been felt and uttered many and many a time, with all their heart, since he went away.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

AUTUMN.

BY SARA DUNCAN, BRANTFORD.

'O, STATELY maiden with dreaming eyes,
With Summer's secret so wondrous wise,
Wandering free under gentler skies,
By the brooks where the water is foaming!

'Wrapped in thine own mysterious haze,
The soul of thine Indian Summer days,
A golden glory in all thy ways,
'Tis bravely apparelled thou'rt roaming!

'Alas, fair maiden! The winds are cold,
And the mists are gray that were all of gold,
Speed thee away! Thou art growing old!'
And she saith good-bye in the gloaming!

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

PROCEEDINGS OF FIFTH MEETING, REPORTED BY THE POET.

'I LIKE the kind of looking-glasses they have in the house,' observed Lily Cologne, slowly revolving before the object of her admiration. 'They make a person look so pale and interesting.'

The house referred to is a very fine one, situated on Jarvis-street (more explicit than that in its location I dare not be), and, although it is richly and beautifully furnished, its chief adornment is the Duchess. By this I do not mean that Her Grace is what is vulgarly known as a raving, tearing beauty, for she is not; but she has a good deal of style about her, and style in society seems to be of as much importance as it is in literature. One respects people and books when they are full of information, and shuns them when they are shallow. One admires them for a handsome appearance, and likes or dislikes them, chiefly, I think, on account of that subtle indefinable individual thing called 'style.' 'There are an hundred faults in this Thing,' says Goldsmith of his masterpiece, and I have frequently thought the same of a friend of mine, whose charm for me is as real and lasting as is that of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

Smarty says she suffers from a constant desire to do or say something that will startle or shock people who are habitually as 'polite as peas,' and I have heard other girls make similar remarks. It seems to me that that is an accomplishment in which any barbarian might excel, but to do or say something that

> 'Sets one heart at ease,
> And giveth happiness or peace,'

requires very little less than genius.

Don't I remember one evening last winter, when I was taking tea with the Duchess. I never take tea with any one else, for Doc would have us believe that tea is the ruination of the nervous system, and all that, but one can't resist the cup that cheers, when it also intoxicates—intoxicates by its appearance, I mean. That is the kind of teacup they had there—frail and delicate as an eggshell, and fit to put to the lips of an Old-World Duchess. Through some unaccountable piece of awkwardness, the adage 'There is many a slip,' etc., was very literally illustrated in my case that evening, and I was dismayed to find my cup upset and its contents threatening the carpet. Then came the maid-servant to poke me with one elbow while the other was bent on retrieving my misdoings. If the rest of the company had only laughed a little or said something about taking warning by this downfall it would not have been so bad, but they were too hopelessly high bred for that. They simply assumed an air of studied unconsciousness, which by force of contrast seemed to add to my misery. Suddenly a welcome sound fell upon my ear. It was a little half shriek from the Duchess, who, strange to relate, had upset her tea in much the same way that I had done, and who now fastened all eyes upon herself by the frantic way in which she drew back from the table and exclaimed over the mishap. Then everybody looked relieved, and some smiled, and one of them asked what it was we had been reading that affected our nerves that way. And so we began to talk about books and be happy once again. But that deliberately designed

and artistically accomplished accident did seem to me to be the very pink flower of Christian kindliness and courtesy. I did not thank my preserver in words. No; I knew a better plan than that. Previous to this affair, the Duchess had asked me—on seventy-times-seven different occasions, I believe—to write in her preference album, and I had invariably declined, with thanks, as the editors say. But this evening I did not wait for the four-hundred-and-ninety-first invitation. I just attacked the album as if it had been an arithmetic and worked out the answers to the questions with all the skill I knew. In the light of my deliverance at the tea-table, I could not be sorry for the pains I took nor the pains I suffered.

But to return, as the novelists have it, to our last meeting. On our arrival we were confronted by the Irish girl, of whom Smarty inquired:

'Arrah, bedad thin, and can the likes of ye tell us whether the young misthress is not at home, upstairs, or where she is, faix?'

The girl did not look pleased, and I was about to put in a conciliatory word—for that little affair of the elbow was long ago forgiven—when the Duchess appeared to give us kindly greeting and to invite us upstairs. She did not drive us up as if we had been a flock of geese, but she herself led the way. At the top she turned with a smile, and said:

'Do whistle something, Smarty, I shall fancy that you don't feel at home unless you do.'

Thereupon, Smarty, glancing at the luxurious appointments about her, began softly to whistle a few bars from the song of Arthur Hugh Clough, one of the lines of which runs thus:

'How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!'

'What a pretty tune,' exclaimed Doc. 'What are the words to it'?

'Oh, the words,' returned the Whistler, with a shrug, 'are very poor—they're not worth repeating.'

'Smarty,' I said in a low aside, while the others were chattering together, 'I don't think it would have been in good taste for you to repeat the words here, but you need not have called them poor, I think them very fine.'

'Now Poesy,' exclaimed the Irrepressible, 'I wonder at you praising up your own works in that style. Don't you remember that parody you wrote:

'How pleasant it is to be funny, heigh ho!'

'Well, it was the parody I was whistling.'

After that I began to pay attention to what the others were saying, and then it was that Lily Cologne made that remark about looking-glasses, with which I began this report.

'For myself,' said the Judge, 'I prefer a mirror, which, without any flattery, will let you see yourself as others see you.'

'But so many of them are constructed on a system of misrepresentation,' observed Lily mournfully, and then she went on to relate a melancholy circumstance which moved us deeply—but not to tears. It appears (I like to say 'It appears'—it sounds so much like a professional reporter), that once when she was travelling in the depths of the country she met with an accident which bruised her forehead and enforced a few hours stay at the village inn. On going to the glass to discover the extent of her injuries she was surprised to behold her image in a dissolving view, as it were, which led her to believe, as she herself expressed it, that she had 'gone all to pieces.' Closer investigation, however, revealed the encouraging fact that her worst fears were groundless, and that she was only cross-eyed, and crooked-faced, and frightfully gashed in the brow. 'Words cannot express my thankfulness,' concluded Lily, 'when I reached home and found that my mother recognised me at first glance.'

When we came down stairs the

Duchess produced some different pieces of fancy work, at which she had lately been employed, for the girls' inspection. I don't care for that sort of thing myself, but did not dare to say so. Grum was more reckless, and consequently came to grief.

'I must say,' she remarked deprecatingly, 'that I can't see the use of it.'

'Oh, it isn't intended for use,' returned Doc. 'But can't you see the beauty of it?'

'No, I confess I cannot see anything in it.'

'Perhaps' put in Smarty, who must always have something to say, 'it isn't necessary that our friend *should* see anything in it.'

Grum turned a deaf ear to this remark, and went over to the piano, where she produced a musical uproar by leaning both arms on the keys at once. The Duchess sent an inquiring glance or two in her direction, and finally went over to shew her some new music, leaving us to our own resources. Doc thereupon put her arm around the waist of the Judge (that is to say, as far around as it would go), and together they wandered off to look at some new books. Smarty's eyes lazily followed them as she said:

'I suppose the reason why it is called fancy-work, is because the idea that you are working when you are busy with it is merely a fancy.'

'Perhaps,' responded Lily indifferently. 'Oh; I must tell you a new way to make a cigar case: First you take a common pine box, line it or paint it.'

That was all I heard of that sentence. Whenever I read in a paper for making, what the writer is sure to call a 'thing of beauty,' in which a pine box or board box has to be lined or painted or otherwise decorated, I always turn away and try to think of something else. In turning away this time, I found myself near the piano.

'I have heard that he is something wonderful,' remarked the Duchess.

'He is everything that is wonderful,' said Grum with energy. 'When you have once listened to Liszt, you don't want to hear or see pianos or piano-players any more. You just want to go off to some nice quiet place and hang yourself.'

'But suppose,' I suggested, 'that you couldn't find any place convenient.'

'Oh, then,' said Grum, 'you could do nothing but sink deeper and deeper into the bottomless pit of your own conscious inferiority.'

The thought that Grum could really and strongly admire anything, moved me very much—away over to where the Judge was standing.

'What are you reading now-a-days Doctor,' she asked?

'Nothing at all.'

'Well, there are thousands of books worse than that. Do you find it interesting?'

'I can't say that it is exactly thrilling, but'—

I listened no longer. The conversation of a girl who can live without reading something every day of her life has no charms for me. In the middle of the room Lily Cologne was admiring a picture, and Smarty was supposing that the Duchess would as soon think of hanging a circus poster on the wall as a chromo.

If the rest of the girls think that this report has anything fragmentary and unfinished about it, let them remember how they divided themselves asunder refusing to conform themselves unto the commonest laws which govern the ordinary public assembly. In spite of this we parted then as always 'ever the best o' friends.'

TO A MOSQUITO.

BY STEPHEN M'SLOGAN, OTTAWA.

HAIL, winged torture, born of ill!
Foe to my sweet repose!
Thou'st venom in thy nasty bill
For unprotected toes.

This night, about the hour of nine,
I tumbled into bed;
Where soon I heard a sound divine,
From out thy tuneful head.

I closed my eyes with might and main;
I roll'd and toss'd till two;
And then I tumbled out again
To search about for you.

And lo! thou camest gaily by,
Blowing thy dismal horn;
But, by the rood, thou'rt doom'd to die
Before the break of morn!

How bold on my submissive hand
You fill your famished frame
With the red juice! but, where you stand,
You'll e'en disgorge the same!

How dext'rously you ply your lance
In taking blood from me!
Methinks some College may, perchance,
Have made you an M. D.

Enough: I'm tired; and you have dined;
Now set your conscience right;
For verily it's in my mind
To end your days this night.

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Before the Story.

FIRST SCENE: BOULOGNE-SUR-MER—THE DUEL.

I.

THE doctors could do no more for the Dowager Lady Berrick.

When the medical advisers of a lady who has reached seventy years of age recommend the mild climate of the South of France, they mean in plain language that they have arrived at the end of their resources. Her ladyship gave the mild climate a fair trial, and then decided (as she herself expressed it) to 'die at home.' Travelling slowly, she had reached Paris at the date when I last heard of her. It was then the beginning of November. A week later, I met with her nephew, Lewis Romayne, at the club.

'What brings you to London at this time of the year?' I asked.

'The fatality that pursues me,' he answered grimly. 'I am one of the unluckiest men living!'

He was thirty years old; he was not married; he was the enviable possessor of the fine old country seat, called Vange Abbey; he had no poor relations; and he was one of the handsomest men in England. When I add that I am, myself, a retired army officer, with a wretched income, a disagreeable wife, four ugly children, and a burden of fifty years on my back, no one will be surprised to hear that I answered Romayne, with bitter sincerity, in these words:

'I wish to heaven I could change places with you!'

'I wish to heaven you could!' he burst out, with equal sincerity, on his side. 'Read this.'

He handed me a letter addressed to him by the travelling medical attendant of Lady Berrick. After resting in Paris, the patient had continued her homeward journey as far as Boulogne. In her suffering condition, she was liable to sudden fits of caprice. An insurmountable horror of the channel passage had got possession of her; she positively refused to be taken on board the steamboat. In this difficulty, the lady who held the post of her 'companion,' had ventured on a suggestion. Would Lady Berrick consent to make the channel passage, if her nephew came to Boulogne expressly to accompany her on the voyage? The reply had been so immediately favourable, that the doctor lost no time in communicating with Mr. Lewis Romayne. This was the substance of the letter.

It was needless to ask any more questions.—Romayne was plainly on his way to Boulogne. I gave him some useful information. 'Try the oysters,' I said, 'at the restaurant on the pier.'

He never even thanked me. He was thinking entirely of himself.

'Just look at my position,' he said. 'I detest Boulogne; I cordially share my aunt's horror of the channel passage; I had looked forward to some months of happy retirement in the country among my books; and what happens to me? I am brought to London in this season of fogs, to travel by the tidal train at seven to-morrow morning—and all for a woman with

whom I have no sympathies in common. If I am not an unlucky man—who is?'

He spoke in a tone of vehement irritation, which seemed to me, under the circumstances, to be simply absurd. But *my* nervous system is not the irritable system—sorely tried by night study and strong tea—of my friend Romayne. 'It's only a matter of two days,' I remarked, by way of reconciling him to his situation.

'How do I know that?' he retorted. 'In two days the weather may be stormy. In two days she may be too ill to be moved. Unfortunately, I am her heir; and I am told I must submit to any whim that seizes her. I'm rich enough already; I don't want her money. Besides, I dislike all travelling—and especially travelling alone. You are an idle man. If you were a good friend, you would offer to go with me.' He added, with the delicacy which was one of the redeeming points in his wayward character. 'Of course, as my guest.'

I had known him long enough not to take offence at his reminding me, in this considerate way, that I was a poor man. The proposed change of scene tempted me. What did I care for the channel passage? Besides, there was the irresistible attraction of getting away from home. The end of it was that I accepted Romayne's invitation.

II.

SHORTLY after noon, on the next day, we were established at Boulogne—near Lady Berrick, but not at her hotel. 'If we live in the same house,' Romayne reminded me, 'we shall be bored by the companion and the doctor. Meetings on the stairs, you know, and exchanging bows and small talk.' He hated those trivial conventionalities of society, in which other people delight. When somebody once asked him 'in what company he felt most at ease,' he made a shocking answer—he said, 'In the company of dogs.'

I waited for him on the pier while he went to see her ladyship. He joined me again with his bitterest smile. 'What did I tell you? She is not well enough to see me to-day. The doctor looks grave; and the companion puts her handkerchief to her eyes. We may be kept in this place for weeks to come.'

The afternoon proved to be rainy. Our early dinner was a bad one. This last circumstance tried his temper sorely. He was no gourmand; the question of cookery was (with him), purely a matter of digestion. Those late hours of study, and that abuse of tea, to which I have already alluded, had sadly injured his stomach. The doctors warned him of serious consequences to his nervous system, unless he altered his habits. He had little faith in medical science; and he greatly over-rated the restorative capacity of his constitution. So far as I know, he had always neglected the doctor's advice.

The weather cleared towards evening, and we went out for a walk. We passed a church—a Roman Catholic church, of course—the doors of which were still open. Some poor women were kneeling at their prayers in the dim light. 'Wait a minute,' said Romayne, 'I am in a vile temper. Let me try to put myself in a better frame of mind.'

I followed him into the church. He knelt down in a dark corner by himself. I confess I was surprised. He had been baptized in the Church of England; but, so far as outward practice was concerned, he belonged to no religious community. I had often heard him speak with sincere reverence and admiration of the spirit of Christianity—but he never, to my knowledge, attended any place of worship. When we met again outside the church, I asked him if he had been converted to the Roman Catholic faith.

'No,' he said, 'I hate the inveterate striving of that priesthood after social

influence and political power as cordially as the fiercest Protestant living. But let us not forget that the Church of Rome has great merits to set against great faults. Its system is administered with an admirable knowledge of the higher needs of human nature. Take as one example what you have just seen. The solemn tranquillity of that church, the poor people praying near me, the few words of prayer by which I silently united myself to my fellow-creatures have calmed me, and done me good. In *our* country, I should have found the church closed. out of service-hours.' He took my arm, and abruptly changed the subject, 'How will you occupy yourself,' he asked, 'if my aunt receives me to-morrow?'

I assured him that I should easily find ways and means of getting through the time. The next morning, a message came from Lady Berrick to say that she would see her nephew after breakfast. Left by myself I walked towards the pier, and met with a man who asked me to hire his boat. He had lines and bait at my service. Most unfortunately, as the event proved, I decided on occupying an hour or two by sea-fishing.

The wind shifted while we were out and before we could get back to the harbour, the tide had turned against us. It was six o'clock when I arrived at the hotel. A little open carriage was waiting at the door. I found Romayne impatiently expecting me, and no signs of dinner on the table. He informed me that he had accepted the invitation, in which I was included, and promised to explain everything in the carriage.

Our driver took the road that led towards the High Town. I subordinated my curiosity to my sense of politeness, and asked for news of his aunt's health.

'She is seriously ill, poor soul,' he said. 'I am sorry I spoke so petulantly and so unfairly, when we met at the club. The near prospect of death has developed qualities in her nature, which I ought to have seen before this. No matter how it may be delayed, I will patiently wait her time for the crossing to England.'

So long as he believed himself to be in the right, he was, as to his actions and opinions, one of the most obstinate men I ever met with. But once let him be convinced that he was wrong, and he rushed into the other extreme—became needlessly distrustful of himself, and needlessly eager in seizing his opportunity of making atonement. In this latter mood he was capable (with the best intentions) of committing acts of the most childish imprudence. With some misgivings, I asked how he had amused himself in my absence.

'I waited for you,' he said, 'till I lost all patience, and went out for a walk. First, I thought of going to the beach, but the smell of the harbour drove me back into town,—and there, oddly enough, I met with a man, a certain Captain Peterkin, who had been a friend of mine at college.'

'A visitor to Boulogne?' I inquired.

'Not exactly.'

'A resident?'

'Yes. The fact is, I lost sight of Peterkin when I left Oxford—and, since that time, he seems to have drifted into difficulties. We had a long talk. He is living here, he tells me, until his affairs are settled.'

I needed no further enlightenment—Captain Peterkin stood as plainly revealed to me as if I had known him for years. 'Isn't it a little imprudent,' I said, 'to renew your acquaintance with a man of that sort? Couldn't you have passed him, with a bow?'

Romayne smiled uneasily, 'I dare say you're right,' he answered. 'But, remember, I had left my aunt, feeling ashamed of the unjust way in which I had thought and spoken of her. How did I know that I mightn't be wronging an old friend next, if I kept Peterkin at a distance? His present

position may be as much his misfortune, poor fellow, as his fault. I was half inclined to pass him as you say—but I distrusted my own judgment. He held out his hand, and he was so glad to see me. It can't be helped now. I shall be anxious to hear your opinion of him.'

'Are we going to dine with Capt. Peterkin?'

'Yes. I happened to mention that wretched dinner yesterday, at our hotel. He said, "Come to my boarding-house. Out of Paris, there isn't such a table d'hôte in France." I tried to get off it—not caring, as you know, to go among strangers—I said I had a friend with me. He invited you most cordially to accompany me. More excuses on my part only led to a painful result. I hurt Peterkin's feelings. "I'm down in the world," he said, "and I'm not fit company for you and your friends. I beg your pardon for taking the liberty of inviting you!" He turned away, the tears in his eyes. What could I do?'

I thought to myself, 'You could have lent him five pounds, and got rid of his invitation without the slightest difficulty.' If I had returned in reasonable time to go out with Romayne, we might not have met the captain—or, if we had met him, my presence would have prevented the confidential talk, and the invitation that followed. I felt I was to blame—and yet, how could I help it? It was useless to remonstrate; the mischief was done.

We left the Old Town on our right hand, and drove on past a little colony of suburban villas, to a house standing by itself, surrounded by stone walls. As we crossed the front garden on our way to the door, I noticed against the side of the house two kennels, inhabited by two large watch-dogs. Was the proprietor afraid of thieves?

III.

THE moment we were introduced to the drawing-room my suspicions of the company we were likely to meet with were fully confirmed.

'Cards, billiards, and betting'—there was the inscription legibly written on the manner and appearance of Captain Peterkin. The bright-eyed yellow old lady who kept the boarding-house would have been worth five thousand pounds, in jewellery alone, if the ornaments which profusely covered her had been genuine precious stones. The younger ladies present had their cheeks as highly rouged and their eyelids as elaborately pencilled in black as if they were going on the stage, instead of going to dinner. We found these fair creatures drinking Madeira as a whet to their appetites. Among the men, there were two who struck me as the most finished and complete blackguards whom I had ever met with in all my experience, at home and abroad. One, with a brown face and a broken nose, was presented to us by the title of 'Commander,' and was described as a person of great wealth and distinction in Peru, travelling for amusement. The other wore a military uniform and decorations, and was spoken of as 'the General.' A bold bullying manner, a fat sodden face, little leering eyes, and greasy-looking hands, made this man so repellant to me that I privately longed to kick him. Romayne had evidently been announced, before our arrival, as a landed gentleman with a large income. Men and women vied in servile attentions to him. When we went into the dining-room, the fascinating creature who sat next to him held her fan before her face, and so made a private interview of it between the rich Englishman and herself. With regard to the dinner, I shall only report that it justified Captain Peterkin's boast, in some degree at least. The wine was good, and the

conversation became gay to the verge of indelicacy. Usually the most temperate of men, Romayne was tempted by his neighbours into drinking freely. I was, unfortunately, seated at the opposite extremity of the table, and I had no opportunity of warning him. The dinner reached its conclusion; and we all returned together, on the foreign plan, to coffee and cigars in the drawing-room. The women smoked, and drank liqueurs as well as coffee, with the men. One of them went to the piano, and a little impromptu ball followed; the ladies dancing with their cigarettes in their mouths. Keeping my eyes and ears on the alert, I saw an innocent-looking table, with a surface of rosewood, suddenly develop a substance of green cloth. At the same time, a neat little roulette-table made its appearance from a hiding-place in a sofa. Passing near the venerable landlady, I heard her ask the servant, in a whisper, 'if the dogs were loose?' After what I had observed, I could only conclude that the dogs were used as a patrol to give the alarm in case of a descent of the police. It was plainly high time to thank Captain Peterkin for his hospitality, and to take our leave.

'We have had enough of this,' I whispered to Romayne in English. 'Let us go.'

In these days, it is a delusion to suppose that you can speak confidentially in the English language, when French people are within hearing. One of the ladies asked Romayne tenderly, if he was tired of her already. Another reminded him that it was raining heavily (as we could all hear), and suggested waiting until it cleared up. The hideous General waved his greasy hand in the direction of the card-table, and said, 'The game is waiting for us.'

Romayne was excited, but not stupefied, by the wine he had drunk. He answered, discreetly enough, 'I must beg you to excuse me; I am a poor card-player.'

The General suddenly looked grave. 'You are speaking, sir, under a strange misapprehension,' he said. 'Our game is lansquenet—essentially a game of chance. With luck, the poorest player is a match for the whole table.'

Romayne persisted in his refusal. As a matter of course, I supported him, with all needful care to avoid giving offence. The General took offence, nevertheless. He crossed his arms on his breast, and looked at us fiercely.

'Does this mean, gentlemen, that you distrust the company?' he asked.

The broken-nosed Commander, hearing the question, immediately joined us, in the interests of peace—bearing with him the elements of persuasion, under the form of a lady on his arm.

The lady stepped briskly forward, and tapped the General on the shoulder with her fan. '*I* am one of the company,' she said; 'and I am sure Mr. Romayne doesn't distrust *me?*' She turned to Romayne with her most irresistible smile. 'A gentleman always plays cards,' she resumed, 'when he has a lady for a partner. Let us join our interests at the table—and, dear Mr. Romayne, don't risk too much!' She put her pretty little purse into his hand, and looked as if she had been in love with him for half her lifetime.

The fatal influence of the sex, assisted by wine, produced the inevitable result. Romayne allowed himself to be led to the card-table. For a moment, the General delayed the beginning of the game. After what had happened, it was necessary that he should assert the strict sense of justice that was in him. 'We are all honourable men,' he began.

'And brave men,' the Commander added, admiring the General.

'And brave men,' the General admitted, admiring the Commander. 'Gentlemen, if I have been led into expressing myself with unnecessary warmth of feeling, I apologise, and regret it.'

'Nobly spoken!' the Commander pronounced. The General put his hand on his heart and bowed. The game began.

As the poorest man of the two, I had escaped the attentions lavished by the ladies on Romayne. At the same time, I was obliged to pay for my dinner, by taking some part in the proceedings of the evening. Small stakes were allowed, I found, at roulette; and, besides, the heavy chances in favour of the table made it hardly worth while to run the risk of cheating, in this case. I placed myself next to the least rascally looking man in the company, and played roulette.

For a wonder, I was successful at the first attempt. My neighbour handed me my winnings. 'I have lost every farthing I possess,' he whispered to me piteously; 'and I have a wife and children at home.' I lent the poor wretch five francs. He smiled faintly as he looked at the money. 'It reminds me,' he said, 'of my last transaction, when I borrowed of that gentleman there, who is betting on the General's luck at the card-table. Beware of employing him as I did. What do you think I got for my note of hand of four thousand francs? A hundred bottles of champagne, fifty bottles of ink, fifty bottles of blacking, three dozen handkerchiefs, two pictures by unknown masters, two shawls, one hundred maps, *and*—five francs.'

We went on playing. My luck deserted me; I lost, and lost, and lost again. From time to time, I looked round at the card-table. The 'deal' had fallen early to the General; and it seemed to be indefinitely prolonged. A heap of notes and gold (won mainly from Romayne, as I afterwards discovered) lay before him. As for my neighbour, the unhappy possessor of the bottles of blacking, of pictures by unknown masters, and the rest of it, he won, and then rashly presumed on his good fortune. Deprived of his last farthing, he retired into a corner of the room, and consoled himself with a cigar. I had just risen to follow his example when a furious uproar burst out at the card-table.

I saw Romayne spring up and snatch the cards out of the General's hand. 'You scoundrel,' he shouted, 'you are cheating!' The General started to his feet in a fury. 'You lie!' he cried. I attempted to interfere; but Romayne had already seen the necessity of controlling himself. 'A gentleman doesn't accept an insult from a swindler,' he said, coolly. 'Accept this, then!' the General answered—and spat on him. In an instant, Romayne knocked him down.

The blow was dealt straight between his eyes; he was a gross big-boned man, and he fell heavily. For the time he was stunned. The women ran, screaming, out of the room. The peaceable Commander trembled from head to foot. Two of the men present who, to give them their due, were no cowards, locked the doors. 'You don't go,' they said, 'till we see whether he recovers or not.' Cold water, assisted by the landlady's smelling-salts, brought the General to his senses after a while. He whispered something to one of his friends, who immediately turned to me. 'The General challenges Mr. Romayne,' he said. 'As one of his seconds, I demand an appointment for to-morrow morning.' I refused to make any appointment, unless the doors were first unlocked, and we were left free to depart. 'Our carriage is waiting outside,' I added. 'If it returns to the hotel without us, there will be an inquiry.' This latter consideration had its effect. On their side the doors were opened. On our side the appointment was made. We left the house.

IV.

IN consenting to receive the General's representatives, it is needless to say that I merely desired to avoid

provoking another quarrel. If those persons were really impudent enough to call at the hotel, I had arranged to threaten them with the interference of the police, and so to put an end to the matter. Romayne expressed no opinion on the subject, one way or the other. His conduct inspired me with a feeling of uneasiness. The filthy insult of which he had been made the object, seemed to be rankling in his mind. He went away thoughtfully to his his own room. 'Have you nothing to say to me?' I asked. He only answered, 'Wait till to-morrow.'

The next day the seconds appeared.

I had expected to see two of the men with whom we had dined. To my astonishment the visitors proved to be officers of the General's regiment. They brought proposals for a hostile meeting the next morning; the choice of weapons being left to Romayne as the challenged man.

It was now quite plain to me that the General's peculiar method of card-playing had, thus far, not been discovered and exposed. He might keep doubtful company, and might (as I afterwards heard) be suspected in certain quarters. But that he still had, formally speaking, a reputation to preserve, was proved by the appearance of the two gentlemen present as his representatives. They declared with evident sincerity, that Romayne had made a fatal mistake; had provoked the insult offered to him; and had resented it by a brutal and cowardly outrage. As a man and a soldier, the General was doubly bound to insist on a duel. No apology would be accepted, even if an apology were offered.

In this emergency, as I understood it, there was but one course to follow. I refused to receive the challenge.

Being asked for my reasons, I found it necessary to speak within certain limits. Though *we* knew the General to be a cheat, it was a delicate matter to dispute his right to claim satisfaction, when he had found two officers to carry his message. I produced the seized cards (which Romayne had brought away with him in his pocket), and offered them as a formal proof that my friend had not been mistaken.

The seconds—evidently prepared for this circumstance by their principal—declined to examine the cards. In the first place, they said, not even the discovery of foul play (supposing the discovery to have been really made) could justify Romayne's conduct. In the second place, the General's high character made it impossible, under any circumstances, that *he* could be responsible. Like ourselves, he had rashly associated with bad company; and he had been the innocent victim of an error or a fraud, committed by some other person present at the table.

Driven to my last resources, I could now only base my refusal to receive the challenge on the ground that we were Englishmen, and that the practice of duelling had been abolished in England. Both the seconds at once declined to accept this statement in justification of my conduct.

'You are now in France,' said the elder of the two 'where a duel is the established remedy for an insult, among gentlemen. You are bound to respect the social laws of the country in which you are for the time residing. If you refuse to do so, you lay yourselves open to a public imputation on your courage, of a nature too degrading to be more particularly alluded to. Let us adjourn this interview for three hours, on the ground of informality. We ought to confer with *two* gentlemen, acting on Mr. Romayne's behalf. Be prepared with another second to meet us, and reconsider your decision before we call again.'

The Frenchmen had barely taken departure by one door, when Romayne entered by another.

'I have heard it all,' he said quietly. 'Accept the challenge.'

I declare solemnly that I left no means untried of opposing my friend's resolution. No man could have felt more strongly convinced than I did,

that nothing could justify the course he was taking. My remonstrances were completely thrown away. He was deaf to sense and reason, from the moment when he had heard an imputation on his courage suggested as a possible result of any affair in which he was concerned. 'With your views,' he said, 'I won't ask you to accompany me to the ground. I can easily find French seconds. And, mind this, if you attempt to prevent the meeting, the duel will take place elsewhere—and our friendship is at an end from that moment.'

After this, I suppose it is needless to add that I accompanied him to the ground the next morning as his second.

That night he made his will—in preparation for the worst that could happen. What actually did happen was equally beyond his anticipations and mine.

V.

WE were punctual to the appointed hour—eight o'clock.

The second who acted with me was a French gentleman, a relative of one of the officers who had brought the challenge. At his suggestion, we had chosen the pistol as our weapon. Romayne, like most Englishmen at the present time, knew nothing of the use of the sword. He was almost equally inexperienced with the pistol.

Our opponents were late. They kept us waiting for more than ten minutes. It was not pleasant weather to wait in. The day had dawned damp and drizzling. A thick white fog was slowly rolling in on us from the sea.

When they did appear, the General was not among them. A tall, well-dressed young man saluted Romayne with stern courtesy, and said to a stranger who accompanied him, 'Explain the circumstances.'

The stranger proved to be a surgeon. He entered at once on the necessary explanation. The General was too ill to appear. He had been attacked that morning by a fit—the consequence of the blow that he had received. Under these circumstances, his eldest son (Maurice) was now on the ground to fight the duel, on his father's behalf; attended by the General's seconds, and with the General's full approval.

We instantly refused to allow the duel to take place; Romayne loudly declaring that he had no quarrel with the General's son. Upon this Maurice broke away from his seconds; drew off one of his gloves; and, stepping close up to Romayne, struck him on the face with the glove. 'Have you no quarrel with me now?' the young Frenchman asked. 'Must I spit on you as my father did?' His seconds dragged him away, and apologised to us for the outbreak. But the mischief was done. Romayne's fiery temper flashed in his eyes. 'Load the pistols,' he said. After the insult publicly offered to him, and the outrage publicly threatened, there was no other course to take.

It had been left to us to produce the pistols. We therefore requested the seconds of our opponent to examine, and to load them. While this was being done, the advancing sea-fog so completely enveloped us, that the duellists were unable to see each other. We were obliged to wait for the chance of a partial clearing in the atmosphere. Romayne's temper had become calm again. The generosity of his nature spoke in the words which he now addressed to his seconds.

'After all,' he said, 'the young man is a good son—he is bent on redressing, what he believes to be his father's wrong. Does his flipping his glove in my face matter to Me? I think I shall fire in the air.'

'I shall refuse to act as your second if you do,' answered the French gentleman who was assisting us. 'The General's son is famous for his skill with the pistol. If you didn't see it in his face just now, I did—he means to

kill you. Defend your life, sir!' I spoke quite as strongly, to the same purpose when my turn came. Romayne yielded—he placed himself unreservedly in our hands.

In a quarter of an hour, the fog lifted a little. We measured the distance; having previously arranged (at my suggestion) that the two men should both fire at the same moment, at a given signal. Romayne's composure, as they faced each other, was, in a man of his irritable nervous temperament, really wonderful. I placed him sideways, in a position, which in some degree lessened his danger, by lessening the surface exposed to the bullet. My French colleague put the pistol into his hand, and gave him the last word of advice. 'Let your arm hang loosely down, with the barrel of the pistol pointing straight to the ground. When you hear the signal, only lift your arm as far as the elbow; keep the elbow pressed against your side—and fire.' We could do no more for him. As we drew aside—I own it—my tongue was like a cinder in my mouth, and a horrid inner cold crept through me to the marrow of my bones.

The signal was given, and the two shots were fired at the same time.

My first look was at Romayne. He took off his hat, and handed it to me with a smile. His adversary's bullet had cut a piece out of the brim of his hat, on the right side. He had literally escaped by a hairbreadth.

While I was congratulating him, the fog gathered again more thickly than ever. Looking anxiously towards the ground occupied by our adversaries, we could only see vague, shadowy forms hurriedly crossing and re-crossing each other in the mist. Something had happened! My French colleague took my arm and pressed it significantly. 'Leave *me* to inquire,' he said. Romayne tried to follow; I held him back—we neither of us exchanged a word.

The fog thickened and thickened, until nothing was to be seen. Once we heard the surgeon's voice calling impatiently for a light to help him.

No light appeared that *we* could see. Dreary as the fog itself, the silence gathered round us again. On a sudden it was broken, horribly broken, by another voice, strange to both of us, shrieking hysterically through the impenetrable mist. 'Where is he?' the voice cried, in the French language. 'Assassin! Assassin! where are you?' Was it a woman? or was it a boy? We heard nothing more. The effect upon Romayne was terrible to see. He who had calmly confronted the weapon lifted to kill him, shuddered dumbly like a terror-stricken animal. I put my arm round him, and hurried him away from the place.

We waited at the hotel until our French friend joined us. After a brief interval he appeared, announcing that the surgeon would follow him.

The duel had ended fatally. The chance course of the bullet, urged by Romayne's unpractised hand, had struck the General's son just above the right nostril—had penetrated to the back of his neck—and had communicated a fatal shock to the spinal marrow. He was a dead man before they could take him back to his father's house.

So far, our fears were confirmed. But there was something else to tell, for which our worst presentiments had not prepared us.

A younger brother of the fallen man (a boy of thirteen years old) had secretly followed the duelling party, on their way from his father's house—had hidden himself—and had seen the dreadful end. The seconds only knew of it when he burst out of his place of concealment and fell on his knees by his dying brother's side. His were the frightful cries which we had heard from invisible lips. The slayer of his brother was the 'assassin' whom he had vainly tried to discover through the fathomless obscurity of the mist.

We both looked at Romayne. He

silently looked back at us, like a man turned to stone. I tried to reason with him.

'Your life was at your opponent's mercy,' I said. 'It was *he* who was skilled in the use of the pistol; your risk was infinitely greater than his. Are you responsible for an accident? Rouse yourself, Romayne! Think of the time to come, when all this will be forgotten.'

'Never,' he said, 'to the end of my life.'

He made that reply in dull monotonous tones. His eyes looked wearily and vacantly straight before him. The extraordinary change in him startled me. He showed no signs of a coming loss of consciousness—and yet, all that was most brightly animated in his physical life seemed to have mysteriously faded away. I spoke to him again. He remained impenetrably silent; he appeared not to hear, or not to understand me. The surgeon came in, while I was still at a loss what to say or do next. Without waiting to be asked for his opinion, he observed Romayne attentively, and then drew me away into the next room.

'Your friend is suffering from a severe nervous shock,' he said. 'Can you tell me anything of his habits of life?'

I mentioned the prolonged night-studies, and the excessive use of tea. The surgeon shook his head.

'If you want my advice,' he proceeded, 'take him home at once. Don't subject him to further excitement, when the result of the duel is known in the town. If it ends in our appearing in a court of law, it will be a mere formality in this case, and you can surrender when the time comes. Leave me your address in London.'

I felt that the best thing I could do was to follow his advice. The boat crossed to Folkestone at an early hour that day—we had no time to lose. Romayne offered no objection to our return to England: he seemed perfectly careless what became of him. 'Leave me quiet,' he said; 'and do as you like.' I wrote a few lines to Lady Berrick's medical attendant, informing him of the circumstances. A quarter of an hour afterwards we were on board the steamboat.

There were very few passengers. After we had left the harbour, my attention was attracted by a young English lady—travelling, apparently, with her mother. As we passed her on the deck she looked at Romayne, with compassionate interest so vividly expressed in her beautiful face that I imagined they might be acquainted. With some difficulty, I prevailed sufficiently over the torpor that possessed him to induce him to look at our fellow-passenger.

'Do you know that charming person?' I asked.

'No,' he replied, with the weariest indifference, 'I never saw her before. I'm tired—tired—tired—tired! Don't speak to me; leave me by myself.'

I left him. His rare personal attractions—of which, let me add, he never appeared to be conscious—had evidently made their natural appeal to the interest and admiration of the young lady who had met him by chance. The expression of resigned sadness and suffering, now visible in his face, added greatly, no doubt, to the influence that he had unconsciously exercised over the sympathies of a delicate and sensitive woman. It was no uncommon circumstance in his past experience of the sex—as I myself well knew—to be the object, not of admiration only, but of true and ardent love. He had never reciprocated the passion—had never even appeared to take it seriously. Marriage might, as the phrase is, be the salvation of him. Would he ever marry?

Leaning over the bulwark, idly pursuing this train of thought, I was recalled to present things, by a low, sweet voice—the voice of the lady of whom I had been thinking.

'Excuse me for disturbing you,'

she said, 'I think your friend wants you.'

She spoke with the modesty and self-possession of a highly-bred woman. A little heightening of her colour made her, to my eyes, more beautiful than ever. I thanked her, and hastened back to Romayne.

He was standing by the barred skylight which guarded the machinery. I instantly noticed a change in him. His eyes wandering here and there, in search of me, had more than recovered their animation—there was a wild look of terror in them. He seized me roughly by the arm, and pointed down to the engine-room.

'What do you hear there?' he asked.

'I hear the thump of the engines.'

'Nothing else?'

'Nothing. What do *you* hear?'

He suddenly turned away.

'I'll tell you,' he said, 'when we get on shore.'

SECOND SCENE: VANGE ABBEY—THE FOREWARNINGS.

VI.

As we approached the harbour at Folkestone, Romayne's agitation appeared to subside. His head drooped; his eyes half-closed — he looked like a weary man quietly falling asleep.

On leaving the steamboat, I ventured to ask our charming fellow-passenger if I could be of any service, in reserving places in the London train for her mother and herself. She thanked me, and said they were going to visit some friends at Folkestone. In making this reply, she looked at Romayne. 'I am afraid he is very ill?' she said, in gently-lowered tones. Before I could answer, her mother turned to her with an expression of surprise, and directed her attention to the friends whom she had mentioned, waiting to greet her. Her last look, as they took her away, rested tenderly and sorrowfully on Romayne. He never returned it—he was not even aware of it. As I led him to the train he leaned more and more heavily on my arm. Seated in the carriage, he sank at once into profound sleep.

We drove to the hotel, at which my friend was accustomed to reside when he was in London. His long sleep on the journey seemed, in some degree, to have relieved him. We dined together in his private room. When the servants had withdrawn, I found that the unhappy result of the duel was still preying on his mind.

'The horror of having killed that man,' he said, 'is more than I can bear alone. For God's sake, don't leave me?'

I had received letters at Boulogne, which informed me that my wife and family had accepted an invitation to stay with some friends at the sea-side. Under these circumstances, I was entirely at his service. Having quieted his anxiety on this point, I reminded him of what had passed between us on board the steamboat. He tried to change the subject. My curiosity was too strongly aroused to permit this: I persisted in helping his memory.

'We were looking into the engine-room,' I said, 'and you asked me what I heard there. You promised to tell me what *you* heard, as soon as we got on shore ——'

He stopped me before I could say more.

'I begin to think it was a delusion,' he answered. 'You ought not to interpret too literally what a person in my dreadful situation may say. The stain of another man's blood is on me ——'

I interrupted him in my turn. 'I refuse to hear you speak of yourself in that way,' I said. 'You are no more responsible for the Frenchman's death than if you had been driving, and had accidentally run over him in the street. I am not the right com-

panion for a man who talks as you do. The proper person to be with you is a doctor.' I really felt irritated with him—and I saw no reason for concealing it.

Another man, in his place, might have been offended with me. There was a native sweetness in Romayne's disposition, which asserted itself even in his worst moments of nervous irritability. He took my hand.

'Don't be hard on me,' he pleaded, 'I will try to think of it as you do. Make some little concession, on your side. I want to see how I get through the night. We will return to what I said to you on board the steamboat to-morrow morning. Is it agreed?'

It was agreed, of course. There was a door of communication between our bedrooms. At his suggestion it was left open. 'If I find I can't sleep,' he explained, 'I want to feel assured that you can hear me if I call you.'

Three times in the night I woke, and, seeing the light burning in his room, looked in at him. He always carried some of his books with him when he travelled. On each occasion when I entered the room, he was reading quietly. 'I suppose I forestalled my night's sleep on the railway,' he said. 'It doesn't matter; I am content. Something that I was afraid of has not happened. I am used to wakeful nights. Go back to bed, and don't be uneasy about me.'

The next morning the deferred explanation was put off again.

'Do you mind waiting a little longer?' he asked.

'Not if you particularly wish it.'

'Will you do me another favour? You know that I don't like London. The noise in the streets is distracting. Besides, I may tell you I have a sort of distrust of noise, since ——' He stopped, with an appearance of confusion.

'Since I found you looking into the engine-room?' I asked.

'Yes. I don't feel inclined to trust the chances of another night in London. I want to try the effect of perfect quiet. Do you mind going back with me to Vange? Dull as the place is, you can amuse yourself. There is good shooting, as you know.'

In an hour more, we had left London.

VII.

VANGE Abbey is, as I suppose, the most solitary country house in England. If Romayne wanted quiet, it was exactly the place for him.

On the rising ground of one of the wildest moors in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the ruins of the old monastery are visible from all points of the compass. There are traditions of thriving villages clustering about the Abbey, in the days of the monks, and of hostelries devoted to the reception of pilgrims from every part of the Christian world. Not a vestige of these buildings is left. They were deserted by the pious inhabitants, it is said, at the time when Henry the Eighth suppressed the monasteries, and gave the Abbey and the broad lands of Vange to his faithful friend and courtier, Sir Miles Romayne. In the next generation, the son and heir of Sir Miles built the dwelling-house, helping himself liberally from the solid stone walls of the monastery. With some unimportant alterations and repairs, the house stands, defying time and weather, to the present day.

At the last station on the railway the horses were waiting for us. It was a lovely moonlight night, and we shortened the distance considerably by taking the bridal path over the moor. Between nine and ten o'clock we reached the Abbey.

Years had passed since I had last been Romayne's guest. Nothing, out of the house or in the house, seemed to have undergone any change in the interval. Neither the good North-country butler, nor his buxom Scotch wife, skilled in cookery, looked any

older; they received me as if I had left them a day or two since, and had come back again to live in Yorkshire. My well-remembered bed-room was waiting for me; and the matchless old Madeira welcomed us when my host and I met in the inner-hall, which was the ordinary dining-room of the Abbey.

As we faced each other at the well-spread table, I began to hope that the familiar influences of his country home were beginning already to breathe their blessed quiet over the disturbed mind of Romayne. In the presence of his faithful old servants, he seemed to be capable of controlling the morbid remorse that oppressed him. He spoke to them composedly and kindly; he was affectionately glad to see his old friend once more in the old house.

When we were near the end of our meal, something happened that startled me. I had just handed the wine to Romayne, and he had filled his glass, when he suddenly turned pale, and lifted his head like a man whose attention is unexpectedly roused. No person but ourselves was in the room; I was not speaking to him at the time. He looked round suspiciously at the door behind him, leading into the library, and rang the old-fashioned hand-bell which stood by him on the table. The servant was directed to close the door.

'Are you cold?' I asked.

'No.' He reconsidered that brief answer, and contradicted himself. 'Yes—the library fire has burnt low, I suppose.'

In my position at the table I had seen the fire: the grate was heaped with blazing coals and wood. I said nothing. The pale change in his face, and his contradictory reply, roused doubts in me which I had hoped never to feel again.

He pushed away his glass of wine, and still kept his eyes fixed on the closed door. His attitude and expression were plainly suggestive of the act of listening. Listening to what?

After an interval, he abruptly addressed me. 'Do you call it a quiet night?' he said.

'As quiet as quiet can be,' I replied. 'The wind has dropped—and even the fire doesn't crackle. Perfect stillness, indoors and out.'

'Out!' he replied. For a moment he looked at me intently, as if I had started some new idea in his mind. I asked as lightly as I could, if I had said anything to surprise him. Instead of answering me, he started out of his chair with a cry of terror, and left the room.

I hardly knew what to do. It was impossible, unless he returned immediately, to let this extraordinary proceeding pass without notice. After waiting for a few minutes, I rang the bell.

The old butler came in. He looked in blank amazement at the empty chair. 'Where's the master?' he asked.

I could only answer that he had left the table suddenly, without a word of explanation. 'He may perhaps be ill,' I added. 'As his old servant, you can do no harm if you go and look for him. Say that I am waiting here, if he wants me.'

The minutes passed slowly and more slowly. I was left alone for so long a time that I began to feel seriously uneasy. My hand was on the bell again, when there was a knock at the door. I had expected to see the butler. It was the groom who entered the room.

'Garthwaite can't come down to you, sir,' said the man. 'He asks if you will please go up to the master on the Belvidere.'

The house—extending round three sides of a square—was only two storeys high. The flat roof, accessible through a species of hatchway, and still surrounded by its sturdy stone parapet, was called 'The Belvidere,' in reference as usual to the fine view which it commanded. Fearing I knew not what, I mounted the ladder which led to the roof. Romayne received

me with a harsh outburst of laughter —that saddest false laughter which is true trouble in disguise.

'Here's something to amuse you!' he cried. 'I believe old Garthwaite thinks I am drunk—he won't leave me up here by myself.'

Letting this strange assertion remain unanswered, the butler withdrew. As he passed me on his way to the ladder, he whispered, 'Be careful of the master! I tell you, sir, he has a bee in his bonnet this night.' Although not of the North-country myself, I knew the meaning of the phrase. Garthwaite suspected that the master was nothing less than mad!

Romayne took my arm when we were alone—we walked slowly from end to end of the Belvidere. The moon was, by this time, low in the heavens; but her mild mysterious light still streamed over the roof of the house and the high heathy ground round it. I looked attentively at Romayne. He was deadly pale; his hand shook as it rested on my arm—and that was all. Neither in look nor manner did he betray the faintest sign of mental derangement. He had perhaps needless alarmed the faithful old servant by something that he had said or done. I determined to clear up that doubt immediately.

'You left the table very suddenly,' I said. 'Did you feel ill?'

'Not ill,' he replied. 'I was frightened. Look at me—I'm frightened still.'

'What do you mean?'

Instead of answering, he repeated the strange question which he had put to me down stairs.

'Do you call it a quiet night?'

Considering the time of the year, and the exposed situation of the house, the night was almost preternaturally quiet. Throughout the vast open country all round us, not even a breath of air could be heard. The night-birds were away, or were silent at the time. But one sound was audible, when we stood still and listened—the cool quiet bubble of a little stream, lost to view in the valley-ground to the south.

'I have told you already,' I said, 'So still a night I never remember on this Yorkshire moor.'

He laid his hand heavily on my shoulder. 'What did the poor boy say of me, whose brother I killed?' he asked. 'What words did we hear through the dripping darkness of the mist?'

'I won't encourage you to think of them. I refuse to repeat the words.'

He pointed over the northward parapet.

'It doesn't matter whether you accept or refuse,' he said, 'I hear the boy at this moment——there!'

He repeated the horrid words—marking the pauses in the utterance of them with his finger, as if they were sounds that he heard.

'Assassin! Assassin! where are you?'

'Good God!' I cried, 'you don't mean that you really *hear* the voice?'

'Do you hear what I say?' I hear the boy as plainly as you hear me. The voice screams at me through the clear moonlight as it screamed at me through the sea-fog. Again and again. It's all round the house. *That* way now; where the light just touches on the tops of the heather. Tell the servants to have the horses ready the first thing in the morning. We leave Vange Abbey to-morrow.'

These were wild words. If he had spoken them wildly, I might have shared the butler's conclusion that his mind was deranged. There was no undue vehemence in his voice or his manner. He spoke with a melancholy resignation—he seemed like a prisoner submitting to a sentence that he had deserved. Remembering the cases of men suffering from nervous disease who had been haunted by apparitions, I asked if he saw any imaginary figure under the form of a boy.

'I see nothing,' he said; 'I only

hear. Look yourself. It is in the last degree improbable—but let us make sure that nobody has followed me from Boulogne, and is playing me a trick.'

We made the circuit of the Belvidere. On its eastward side, the house wall was built against one of the towers of the old Abbey. On the westward side, the ground sloped steeply down to a pool or tarn. Northward and southward, there was nothing to be seen but the open moor. Look where I might, with the open moonlight to make the view plain to me, the solitude was as void of any living creature as if we had been surrounded by the awful dead world of the moon.

'Was it the boy's voice that you heard on the voyage across the channel?' I asked.

'Yes, I heard it for the first time—down in the engine-room; rising and falling, rising and falling, like the sound of the engines themselves.'

'And when did you hear it again?'

'I feared to hear it in London. It left me, I should have told you, when we stepped ashore out of the steamboat. I was afraid that the noise of the traffic in the streets might bring it back to me. As you know, I passed a quiet night. I had the hope that my imagination had deceived me—that I was the victim of a delusion, as people say. It is no delusion. In the perfect tranquillity of this place, the voice has come back to me. While we were at table I heard it again—behind me, in the library. I heard it still when the door was shut. I ran up here to try if it would follow me into the open air. It *has* followed me. We may as well go down again into the hall. I know that there is no escaping from it. My dear old home has become horrible to me. Do you mind returning to London to morrow?'

What I felt and feared in this miserable state of things matters little. The one chance that I could see for Romayne was to obtain the best medical advice. I sincerely encouraged his idea of going back to London the next day.

We had sat together by the hall fire for about ten minutes, when he took out his handkerchief, and wiped away the perspiration from his forehead, drawing a deep breath of relief. 'It has gone!' he said faintly.

'When you hear the boy's voice,' I asked, 'do you hear it continuously!'

'No, at intervals; sometimes longer, sometimes shorter.'

'And, thus far, it comes to you suddenly, and leaves you suddenly?'

'Yes.'

'Do my questions annoy you?'

'I make no complaint,' he said sadly. 'You can see for yourself—I patiently suffer the punishment that I have deserved.'

I contradicted him at once. 'It is nothing of the sort! It's a nervous malady, which medical science can control and cure. Wait till we get to London.'

This expression of opinion produced no effect on him.

'I have taken the life of a fellow-creature,' he said. 'I have closed the career of a young man who, but for me, might have lived long and happily and honourably. Say what you may, I am of the race of Cain. *He* had the mark set on his brow. I have *my* ordeal. Delude yourself, if you like, with false hopes. I can endure—and hope for nothing. Good night.'

VIII.

EARLY the next morning, the good old butler came to me, in great perturbation, for a word of advice.

'Do come, sir, and look at the master! I can't find in my heart to wake him.'

It was time to wake him, if we were to go to London that day. I went into the bedroom. Although I was no doctor, the restorative importance of

that profound and quiet sleep impressed itself on me so strongly that I took the responsibility of leaving him undisturbed. The event proved that I had acted wisely. He slept until noon. There was no return of 'the torment of the voice'—as he called it, poor fellow. We passed a quiet day, excepting one little interruption, which, I am warned not to pass over without a word of record in this narrative.

We had returned from a ride. Romayne had gone into the library to read; and I was just leaving the stables, after a look at some recent improvements, when a pony-chaise with a gentleman in it drove up to the door. He asked politely if he might be allowed to see the house. There were some fine pictures at Vange, as well as many interesting relics of antiquity; and the rooms were shown, in Romayne's absence, to the very few travellers who were adventurous enough to cross the heathy desert that surrounded the Abbey. On this occasion, the stranger was informed that Mr. Romayne was at home. He at once apologised — with an appearance of disappointment, however, which induced me to step forward, and speak to him.

'Mr. Romayne is not very well,' I said; 'and I cannot venture to ask you into the house. But you will be welcome, I am sure, to walk round the grounds, and to look at the ruins of the Abbey.'

He thanked me and accepted the invitation. I find no great difficulty in describing him generally. He was elderly, fat and cheerful; buttoned up in a long black frock coat, and presenting that closely shaven face, and that inveterate expression of watchful humility about the eyes, which we all associate with the reverend personality of a priest.

To my surprise, he seemed, in some degree at least, to know his way about the place. He made straight for the dreary little lake which I have already mentioned, and stood looking at it with an interest which was so incomprehensible to me, that I own I watched him.

He ascended the slope of the moorland, and entered the gate which led to the grounds. All that the gardeners had done to make the place attractive failed to claim his attention. He walked past lawn, shrubs and flowerbeds, and only stopped at an old stone fountain, which tradition declared to have been one of the ornaments of the garden in the time of the monks. Having carefully examined this relic of antiquity, he took a sheet of paper from his pocket, and consulted it attentively. It might have been a plan of the house and grounds, or it might not—I can only report that he took the path which led him, by the shortest way, to the ruined Abbey church.

As he entered the roofless enclosure, he reverently removed his hat. It was impossible for me to follow him any further, without exposing myself to the risk of discovery. I sat down on one of the fallen stones, waiting to see him again. It must have been at least half an hour before he appeared. He thanked me for my kindness, as composedly as if he had quite expected to find me in the place that I occupied.

'I have been deeply interested in all that I have seen,' he said. 'May I venture to ask, what is perhaps an indiscreet question on the part of a stranger?'

I ventured on my side, to inquire what this question might be.

'Mr. Romayne is indeed fortunate,' he resumed, 'in the possession of this beautiful place. He is a young man, I think!'

'Yes.'

'Is he married?'

'No.'

'Excuse my curiosity. The owner of Vange Abbey is an interesting person to all good antiquaries like myself. Many thanks again. Good day.'

His pony-chaise took him away. His last look rested—not on me—but on the old Abbey.

IX.

MY record of events approaches its conclusion.

On the next day we returned to the hotel in London. At Romayne's suggestion, I sent the same evening to my own house for any letters which might be waiting for me. His mind still dwelt on the duel: he was morbidly eager to know if any communication had been received from the French surgeon.

When the messenger returned with my letters, the Boulogne post-mark was on one of the envelopes. At Romayne's entreaty, this was the letter that I opened first. The surgeon's signature was at the end.

One motive for anxiety—on my part—was set at rest in the first lines. After an official inquiry into the circumstances, the French authorities had decided that it was not expedient to put the survivor of the duellists on his trial before a court of law. No jury hearing the evidence would find him guilty of the only charge that could be formally brought against him—the charge of 'homicide by premeditation.' Homicide by misadventure, occurring in a duel, was not a punishable offence by the French law. My correspondent cited many cases in proof of it, strengthened by the publicly-expressed opinion of the illustrious Berryer himself. In a word, we had nothing to fear.

The next page of the letter informed us that the police had surprised the card-playing community with whom we had spent the evening at Boulogne, and that the much bejewelled old landlady had been sent to prison for the offence of keeping a gambling-house. It was suspected in the town that the General was more or less directly connected with certain disreputable circumstances, discovered by the authorities. In any case, he had retired from active service. He and his wife and family had left Boulogne, and had gone away in debt. No investigation had thus far succeeded in discovering the place of their retreat.

Reading this letter aloud to Romayne, I was interrupted by him at the last sentence.

'The inquiries must have been carelessly made,' he said. 'They ought to have applied to the police. I will see to it myself.'

'What interest can *you* have in the inquiries?' I exclaimed.

'The strongest possible interest,' he answered. 'It has been my one hope to make some little atonement to the poor people whom I have so cruelly wronged. If the wife and children are in distressed circumstances (which seems to be only too likely) I may place them beyond the reach of anxiety—anonymously, of course. Give me the surgeon's address. I shall write instructions for tracing them at my expense—merely announcing that an Unknown Friend desires to be of service to the General's family.

This appeared to me to be a most imprudent thing to do. I said so plainly—and quite in vain. With his customary impetuosity he wrote the letter at once, and sent it to the post that night.

X.

ON the question of submitting himself to medical advice (which I now earnestly pressed upon him), Romayne was disposed to be equally unreasonable. But in this case events declared themselves in my favour.

Lady Berrick's last reserves of strength had given way. She had been brought to London in a dying state, while we were at Vange Abbey. Romayne was summoned to his aunt's bedside on the third day of our residence at the hotel, and was present at her death. The impression produced on his mind roused the better part of his nature. He was more distrustful of himself, more accessible to persua-

sion than usual. In this gentler frame of mind he received a welcome visit from an old friend, to whom he was sincerely attached. The visit—of no great importance in itself—led, as I have since been informed, to very serious events in Romayne's later life. For this reason I briefly relate what took place within my own hearing.

Lord Loring—well known in society as the head of an old English Catholic family, and the possessor of a magnificent gallery of pictures—was distressed by the change for the worse which he perceived in Romayne, when he called at the hotel. I was present when they met, and rose to leave the room, feeling that the two friends might perhaps be embarrassed by the presence of a third person. Romayne called me back. 'Lord Loring ought to know what has happened to me,' he said. 'I have no heart to speak of it myself. Tell him everything, and if he agrees with you I will submit to see the doctors.' With those words he left us together.

It is almost needless to say that Lord Loring did agree with me. He was himself disposed to think that the moral remedy in Romayne's case, might prove to be the best remedy.

'With submission to what the doctors may decide,' his lordship said, 'the right thing to do, in my opinion, is to divert our friend's mind from himself. I see a plain necessity for making a complete change in the solitary life that he has been leading for years past. Why shouldn't he marry? A woman's influence, by merely giving a new turn to his thoughts, might charm away that horrible voice which haunts him. Perhaps you think this a merely sentimental view of the case? Look at it practically, if you like, and come to the same conclusion. With that fine estate—and with the fortune which he has now inherited from his aunt—it is his duty to marry. Don't you agree with me?'

'I agree most cordially. But I see serious difficulties in your lordship's way. Romayne dislikes society; and, as to marrying, his coldness towards women seems (so far as I can judge) to be one of the incurables defects of his character.'

Lord Loring smiled. 'My dear sir, nothing of that sort is incurable, if we can only find the right woman.'

The tone in which he spoke suggested to me that he had got 'the right woman'—and I took the liberty of saying so. He at once acknowledged that I had guessed right.

'Romayne is, as you say, a difficult subject to deal with,' he resumed. 'If I commit the slightest imprudence, I shall excite his suspicion—and there will be an end of my hope of being of service to him. I shall proceed carefully, I can tell you. Luckily, poor dear fellow, he is fond of pictures! It's quite natural that I should ask him to see some recent additions to my gallery—isn't it? There is the trap that I set! I have a sweet girl to tempt him, staying at my house; who is a little out of health and spirits herself. At the right moment, I shall send word upstairs. She may well happen to look in at the gallery (by the merest accident), just at the time when Romayne is looking at my new pictures. The rest depends, of course, on the effect she produces. If you knew her, I believe you would agree with me that the experiment is worth trying.'

Not knowing the lady, I had little faith in the success of the experiment. No one, however, could doubt Lord Loring's admirable devotion to his friend—and with that I was fain to be content.

When Romayne returned to us, it was decided to submit his case to a consultation of physicians at the earliest possible moment. When Lord Loring took his departure, I accompanied him to the door of the hotel; perceiving that he wished to say a word more to me in private. He had, it seemed, decided on waiting for the result of the medical consultation, before he tried the effect of the young

lady's attractions; and he wished to caution me against speaking prematurely of visiting the picture gallery to our friend.

Not feeling particularly interested in these details of the worthy nobleman's little plot, I looked at his carriage, and privately admired the two splendid horses that drew it. The footman opened the door for his master—and I became aware, for the first time, that a gentleman had accompanied Lord Loring to the hotel, and had waited for him in the carriage. The gentleman bent forward, and looked up from a book that he was reading. To my astonishment, I recognised the elderly, fat, and cheerful priest, who had shown such a knowledge of localities, and such an extraordinary interest in Vange Abbey!

It struck me as an odd coincidence that I should see the man again in London, so soon after I had met with him in Yorkshire. This was all I thought about it at the time. If I had known then, what I know now, I might have dreamed, let us say, of throwing that priest into the lake at Vange, and might perhaps have reckoned the circumstance among the wisely-improved opportunities of my life.

To return to the serious interests of the present narrative, I may now announce that my evidence as an eye-witness of events has come to an end. The day after Lord Loring's visit, domestic troubles separated me, to my sincere regret, from Romayne. I have only to add, that the foregoing narrative of personal experience has been written with a due sense of responsibility, and that it may be depended on throughout as an exact statement of the truth.

JOHN PHILIP HYND
(late Major, 110th Regiment).

The Story.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONFIDENCES.

IN an upper room of one of the palatial houses which are situated on the north side of Hyde Park, two ladies sat at breakfast, and gossiped over their tea.

The elder of the two was Lady Loring—still in the prime of life; possessed of the golden hair and the clear blue eyes, the delicately florid complexion, and the freely developed figure, which are among the favourite attractions popularly associated with the beauty of Englishwomen. Her younger companion was the unknown lady admired by Major Hynd, on the sea passage from France to England. With hair and eyes of the darkest brown; with a pure pallor of complexion, only changing to a faint rose tint in moments of agitation; with a tall graceful figure, incompletely developed in substance and strength—she presented an almost complete contrast to Lady Loring. Two more opposite types of beauty it would have been hardly possible to place at the same table.

The servant brought in the letters of the morning. Lady Loring ran through her correspondence rapidly, pushed away the letters in a heap, and poured herself out a second cup of tea.

'Nothing interesting this morning for me,' she said. 'Any news of your mother, Stella?'

The young lady handed an open letter to her hostess, with a faint smile. 'See for yourself, Adelaide,' she answered, with the tender sweetness of tone which made her voice irresistibly charming, 'and tell me if there were ever two women so utterly unlike each other as my mother and myself?'

Lady Loring ran through the letter,

as she had run through her own correspondence. 'Never, dearest Stella, have I enjoyed myself as I do in this delightful country house—twenty-seven at dinner every day, without including the neighbours—a little carpet dance every evening—we play billiards, and go into the smoking-room—the hounds meet three times a week—all sorts of celebrities among the company, famous beauties included—such dresses! such conversation!—and serious duties, my dear, not neglected—high church and choral service in the town on Sundays—recitations in the evening from Paradise Lost, by an amateur elocutionist—oh, you foolish, headstrong child! why did you make excuses and stay in London, when you might have accompanied me to this earthly Paradise?—are you really ill?—my love to Lady Loring—and of course, if you *are* ill, you must have medical advice—they ask after you so kindly here—the first dinner bell is ringing before I have half done my letter—what *am* I to wear?—why is my daughter not here to advise me, &c., &c., &c.'

'There is time for you to change your mind, and advise your mother,' Lady Loring remarked with grave irony as she returned the letter.

'Don't even speak of it?' said Stella. 'I really know no life that I should not prefer to the life that my mother is enjoying at this moment. What should I have done, Adelaide, if you had not offered me a happy refuge in your house? *My* "earthly Paradise" is here, where I am allowed to dream away my time over my drawings and my books, and to resign myself to poor health and low spirits, without being dragged into society, and (worse still) threatened with that "medical advice" in which my poor dear mother believes so implicitly. I wish you would hire me as your "companion," and let me stay here for the rest of my life.'

Lady Loring's bright face became grave while Stella was speaking.

'My dear,' she said kindly, 'I know well how you love retirement, and how differently you think and feel from other young women of your age. And I am far from forgetting what sad circumstances have encouraged the natural bent of your disposition. But, since you have been staying with me this time, I see something in you which my intimate knowledge of your character fails to explain. We have been friends since we were together at school—and, in those old days, we never had any secrets from each other. You are feeling some anxiety, or brooding over some sorrow, of which I know nothing. I don't ask for your confidence; I only tell you what I have noticed—and I say with all my heart, Stella, I am sorry for you.'

She rose, and with intuitive delicacy, changed the subject. 'I am going out earlier than usual this morning,' she resumed.' 'Is there anything I can do for you?' She laid her hand tenderly upon Stella's shoulder, waiting for the reply. Stella lifted the hand and kissed it with passionate fondness.

'Don't think me ungrateful,' she said; 'I am only ashamed.' Her head sank on her bosom; she burst into tears.

Lady Loring waited by her in silence. She well knew the girl's self-contained nature, always shrinking, except in moments of violent emotion, from the outward betrayal of its trials and its sufferings to others. The true depth of feeling which is marked by this inbred modesty is most frequently found in men. The few women who possess it are without the communicative consolations of the feminine heart. They are the noblest—and but too often the unhappiest of their sex.

'Will you wait a little before you go out?' Stella asked softly. She had conquered her tears, but her head still drooped while she spoke.

Lady Loring silently returned to the chair that she had left—hesitated for a moment—and then drew it nearer

to Stella. 'Shall I sit by you?' she said.

'Close by me. You spoke of our school days just now, Adelaide. There was some difference between us. Of all the girls, I was the youngest—and you were the eldest, or nearly the eldest, I think?'

'Quite the eldest, my dear. There is a difference of ten years between us. But why do you go back to that?'

'It's only a recollection. My father was alive then. I was at first homesick and frightened in the strange place, among the big girls. You used to let me hide my face on your shoulder, and tell me stories. May I hide in my old way, and tell *my* story?'

She was now the calmest of the two. The elder woman turned a little pale, and looked down in silent anxiety at the darkly beautiful head that rested on her shoulder.

'After such an experience as mine has been,' said Stella, 'would you think it possible that I could ever again feel my heart troubled by a man—and that man a stranger?'

'My dear! I think it quite possible. You are only now in your twenty-third year. You were innocent of all blame, at that wretched bygone time which you ought never to speak of again. Love and be happy, Stella—if you can only find the man who is worthy of you. But you frighten me when you speak of a stranger. Where did you meet with him?'

'On my way back from Paris.'

'Travelling in the same carriage with you?'

'No—it was in crossing the Channel. There were few travellers in the steamboat, or I might never have noticed him.'

'Did he speak to you?'

'He never even looked at me.'

'That dosn't say much for his taste, Stella.'

'You don't understand—I mean, I have not explained myself properly. He was leaning on the arm of a friend; weak and worn, and wasted, as I supposed, by some long and dreadful illness. There was an angelic sweetness in his face—such patience! such resignation! For Heaven's sake keep my secret. One hears of men falling in love with women at first sight. But a woman who looks at a man, and feels—oh, it's shameful! I could hardly take my eyes off him. If he had looked at me in return, I don't know what I should have done—I burn when I think of it. He was absorbed in his suffering and his sorrow. My last look at his beautiful face was on the pier, before they took me away. The perfect image of him has been in my heart ever since. In my dreams, I see him as plainly as I see you now. Don't despise me, Adelaide!'

'My dear, you interest me indescribably. Do you suppose he was in our rank of life? I mean, of course, did he look like a gentleman?'

There could be no doubt of it.'

'Do try to describe him, Stella. Was he tall and well dressed?'

'Neither tall nor short—rather thin—quiet and graceful in all his movements—dressed plainly and in perfect taste. How can I describe him! When his friend brought him on board, he stood at the side of the vessel, looking out thoughtfully towards the sea. Such eyes I never saw before, Adelaide, in any human face—so divinely tender and sad—and the colour of them that dark, violet blue, so uncommon and so beautiful—too beautiful for a man. I may say the same of his hair. I saw it completely. For a minute or two, he removed his hat—his head was fevered, I think—and he let the sea breeze blow over it. The pure light-brown of his hair was just warmed by a lovely reddish tinge. His beard was of the same colour; short and curling, like the beards of the Roman heroes one sees in pictures. I shall never see him again—and it is best for me that I shall not. What can I hope from a man who never once noticed me? But I *should* like to hear that he had recovered his health and

his tranquillity, and that his life was a happy one. It has been a comfort to me Adelaide to open my heart to you. I am getting bold enough to confess everything. Would you laugh at me, I wonder, if I——'

She stopped. Her pale complexion softly glowed into colour; her grand dark eyes brightened—she looked her loveliest at that moment.

'I am far more inclined, Stella, to cry over you than to laugh at you,' said Lady Loring. 'There is something to my mind, very sad about this adventure of yours. I wish I could find out who the man is. Even the best description of a person falls so short of the reality!'

'I thought of showing you something,' Stella continued, 'which might help you to see him as I saw him. It's only making one more acknowledgment of my own folly.'

'You don't mean a portrait of him!' Lady Loring exclaimed.

'The best that I could do from recollection,' Stella answered, sadly.

'Bring it here directly!'

Stella left the room, and returned with a little drawing in pencil. The instant Lady Loring looked at it, she recognised Romayne, and started excitedly to her feet.

'You know him!' cried Stella.

Lady Loring had placed herself in an awkward position. Her husband had described to her his interview with Major Hynd; and had mentioned his project for bringing Romayne and Stella together, after first exacting a promise of the strictest secresy from his wife. She felt herself bound—doubly bound, after what she had now discovered—to respect the confidence placed in her; and this at the time when she had betrayed herself to Stella! With a woman's feline fineness of perception, in all cases of subterfuge and concealment, she picked a part of truth out of the whole, and answered harmlessly without a moment's hesitation.

'I have certainly seen him,' she said—'probably at some party. But I see so many people, and I go to so many places, that I must ask for time to consult my memory. My husband might help me, if you don't object to my asking him,' she added slily.

Stella snatched the drawing away from her, in terror. 'You don't mean that you will tell Lord Loring?' she said.

'My dear child! how can you be so foolish? Can't I show him the drawing without mentioning who it was done by? His memory is a much better one than mine. If I say to him, "Where did we meet that man?"—he may tell me at once—he may even remember the name. Of course, if you like to be kept in suspense, you have only to say so. It rests with you to decide.'

Poor Stella gave way directly. She returned the drawing, and affectionately kissed her artful friend. Having now secured the means of consulting her husband without exciting suspicion, Lady Loring left the room.

At that time in the morning, Lord Loring was generally to be found either in the library or the picture gallery. His wife tried the library first.

On entering the room, she found but one person in it—not the person of whom she was in search. There, buttoned up in his long frock coat, and surrounded by books of all sorts and sizes, sat the plump, elderly priest who had been the especial object of Major Hynd's aversion.

'I beg your pardon, Father Benwell,' said Lady Loring; 'I hope I don't interrupt your studies?'

Father Benwell rose and bowed, with a pleasant paternal smile. 'I am only trying to organise an improved arrangement of the library,' he said simply. 'Books are companionable creatures—members, as it were, of his family, to a lonely old priest like myself. Can I be of any service to your ladyship?'

'Thank you, Father. If you can

kindly tell me where Lord Loring is——'

'To be sure! His lordship was here five minutes since—he is now in the picture gallery. Pray permit me?'

With a remarkably light and easy step for a man of his age and size, he advanced to the further end of the library, and opened the door which led into the gallery.

'Lord Loring is among the pictures,' he announced. 'And alone.' He laid a certain emphasis on the last word, which might or might not (in the case of a spiritual director of the household) invite a word of explanation.

Lady Loring merely said, 'Just what I wanted; thank you once more, Father Benwell'—and passed into the picture gallery.

Left by himself again in the library, the priest walked slowly to and fro, thinking. His latent power and resolution began to show themselves darkly in his face. A skilled observer would now have seen plainly revealed in him the habit of command, and the capacity for insisting on his right to be obeyed. From head to foot, Father Benwell was one of those valuable soldiers of the Church who acknowledge no defeat, and who improve every victory.

After a while, he returned to the table at which he had been writing when Lady Loring entered the room. An unfinished letter lay open on the desk. He took up his pen and completed it in these words: 'I have therefore decided on trusting this serious matter in the hands of Arthur Penrose. I know he is young—but we have to set against the drawback of his youth, the counter-merits of his incorruptible honesty and his true religious zeal. No better man is just now within my reach—and there is no time to lose. Romayne has recently inherited a large increase of fortune. He will be the object of the basest conspiracies—conspiracies of men to win his money, and (worse still) of women to marry him. Even these contemptible efforts may be obstacles in the way of our righteous purpose, unless we are first in the field. Penrose left Oxford last week. I expect him here this morning, by my invitation. When I have given him the necessary instructions, and have found the means of favourably introducing him to Romayne, I shall have the honour of forwarding a statement of our prospects so far.'

Having signed these lines, he addressed the letter to 'The Reverend the Secretary, Society of Jesus, Rome.' As he closed and sealed the envelope, a servant opened the door communicating with the hall, and announced:

'Mr. Arthur Penrose.'

(To be continued.)

WORLDLY PLACE.

EVEN in a palace, *life may be led well!*
So spoke the Imperial sage, purest of men,
Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
Of common life, where, crowded up pell-mell,
Our freedom for a little bread we sell,
And drudge under some foolish master's ken,
Who rates us if we peer outside our pen—
Matched with a palace, is not this a hell?
Even in a palace! On his truth sincere
Who spake these words, no shadow ever came;
And when my ill-schooled spirit is aflame
Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
I'll stop and say: 'There were no succour here!
The aids to nobler life are all within.'

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MORALITY WITHOUT THEOLOGY.

BY WM. D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

THE Rev. Dr. Stevenson, in the kindly reply he has made to my article in the June number of this magazine, on the relations between Morality and Religion, has brought the discussion to a critical point, and thus enables me to say, in comparatively few words, all that the interest of my argument requires. The only thing that troubles me is this: Dr. Stevenson has conceded so much that I am compelled to believe he is prepared to concede more; and, until we know for certain the limit to which he is willing to go, it is impossible to say how far his views and mine really differ. In answer to my demand for something like a definition of the sense in which he understands Christianity, when he speaks of it as something with which the moral life of humanity cannot dispense, he tells us that he means 'as much of Christianity as is common to Mr. Channing, for example, and the Pope.' Well, then, as what is 'common to Dr Channing and the Pope,' can only be what Channing himself held of Christian doctrine, we find Dr. Stevenson adopting, as his line of defence in this discussion, simply the Unitarianism of a generation ago. Let it not be supposed that I am here using an argument *ad invidiam*. Far from it. Dr. Stevenson, no doubt, comes many degrees nearer the Pope in his personal belief than Channing did; but the position is this, that the excess of his belief over what the eminent Unitarian held does not enter into his conception of essential Christianity, or at least of that Christianity which is required as a supplement to natural morality.

This, as far as it goes, is very satisfactory. It helps me at once to a partial answer to the question my opponent puts when he asks what are the elements in religion which I think might be removed without loss to morality. I answer (provisionally), *all that Channing left out of his scheme of doctrine*. Morality, therefore, does not at all depend for its support upon the doctrine of the Trinity, or upon that of the Atonement. But it is my turn to ask a question here. Why was the line drawn at Channing? Was it because he was a believer in miracles, and professed his readiness to accept anything that could be clearly proven from Scripture? If so, then Dr. Martineau falls below the line, and must be considered as cut off from the full moral life that it was Channing's privilege to enjoy. I have serious doubts, however, as to whether Dr. Stevenson is prepared to draw any line that would consign Dr. Martineau or the leading representative Unitarians of to-day to a position of moral inferiority. With Dr. Martineau's writings and character, Dr. Stevenson is, no doubt, more or less acquainted; but if he also knows the writings of such men as the Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, the Rev. J. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, and others whom I could name, he must be aware that it would be a perilous thing to say that the morality which these men—far in advance as they are of Channing, doctrinally—preach and exemplify is of a lower order than that to which Channing himself attained. If, however, I am in error, and the line was drawn at Channing on the specific ground of his

unreserved acceptance of Biblical miracles and doctrines, then I am quite prepared to avow my conviction that the highest moral life is compatible with a disbelief in miracle and the freest handling of Scripture in subordination to reason. I must here express my surprise that my opponent should deny the legitimacy of my demand for some clear definition of the sense in which he used the terms Christianity and religion. He says that 'Christianity has not been so long in the world without men knowing its main outlines.' Yet, he knows perfectly, that after Christianity had been for centuries in the world, men slaughtered one another by thousands over questions of doctrine; and that a simple profession of what *he* would, perhaps, be disposed to call its main outlines would, in many ages, have consigned the person making it to the rack, or the stake. What to day are 'the main outlines of Christianity' to the Roman Catholic? And outside the Roman Catholic Church, who pretends to have any authority to say what the main outlines are? The most fundamental doctrines of a system are not generally those in which its especial virtue resides, for these it may share with other systems. Take for example the existence and personality of God. This is a doctrine of Christianity; but so it is also of Mohammedanism and Judaism. Take the doctrine of an incarnation: Brahminism and Buddhism both possess this element in full development. It is surely legitimate to ask wherein lies the essential virtue of Christianity as compared with these systems; and, when Christianity is put forward as the indispensable supplement to natural morality, it is equally legitimate to ask at what point, in what way, by virtue of what inherent and peculiar property, it accomplishes the results attributed to it. Dr. Stevenson was, of course, not conscious of the evasion really involved in referring me, in answer to my request for a definition, to the vague and shifting conceptions that float through society at large. To some the essence of Christianity resides in its doctrines, and they would rather be guilty of a crime than err in the faith; others find it in certain emotions awakened in them by the practices of religion; others again make it a matter of life and work. The latter was the view taken in a reported sermon that lately fell under my notice. To go to the average man for a definition of Christianity would be about as hopeful as to go to the first passer-by for an exposition of the philosophy of Kant. When a special function is assigned to anything, the thing itself should be susceptible of being specialised. In the present case a very special function is assigned to Christianity; and it is not only fair, it is the most natural, and, indeed, inevitable thing imaginable, that a demand should be made for such a definition as shall do away with all doubt as to what is considered the essential thing in it that works the alleged result. I go further: I say that those who make the claim should be forward, of their own accord, to remove all doubt on the subject, instead of accusing enquirers of 'trailing a red herring across the scent.' Such a definition G. A. M. was prepared to give. He *did* state that what the world required to save it from corruption was 'the apostolic doctrine of the cross;' and I am quite sure he would not have accused me of trailing a red herring across the scent, if I had asked him to explain a little more fully what he meant by the words he had used. Dr. Newman again, instead of shrinking from definitions, is everywhere labouring to define what he means by Christianity, when he places it in opposition to other systems, or to what is natural in man. And so with everyone who has a clear grasp of Christian doctrines; but *not* so with those who are uncertain as to the doctrinal ground on which they stand. Far be it from me to reproach the Rev. Dr. Stevenson with not being a more

rigid doctrinarian than he is: but, at the same time, if his repugnance to definitions arises, in any degree, from doctrinal vagueness it is, to use his own figure, very like drawing a red herring across the scent, to pretend that the demand for definitions is itself unreasonable.

I am told that it is I who require to be definite. Well, I have endeavoured to be so, and I do not think it has been shown that I have failed in this respect. The fallacy that is involved in this attempt to turn the tables on me is one, however, that can be very easily exposed. My position briefly stated is this:—that morality does not depend for its direction or support upon any supernatural revelation or influence. This position does not require me to discard, or to treat as of little account, any personal influence that may ever have been exerted in the world; and all that can be received as historically true in regard to the great leaders of humanity in the past forms, from my point of view, part of the realized treasure of natural morality. If I am asked whether I consider it a matter of great moment that Jesus of Nazareth should have lived the life he did, and uttered the words he did, I say Yes, I look upon it as an historical incident of the highest importance. So was the appearance in another sphere of Mahomet, and in another of Gautama. So, in the intellectual region, must we account the activity of an Aristotle and a Shakespeare. But what the believers in Evolution maintain is, that these historical incidents, striking as they are, and even seemingly out of relation to contemporary facts, were yet the product of antecedent causes, and exerted their influence by virtue of a certain previous work of preparation in society. It does not rest with the upholders of this view to show that certain events were *not* of a supernatural character; it behoves those who believe them to have had that character, to prove it. It rests with those who recognise a natural and a supernatural, and who earnestly proclaim the weakness and insufficiency of the natural, apart from the supernatural, to show us where the one begins and the other ends. The advocate of a naturalistic morality is as definite as he can be expected to be when he takes up his position clearly. If you would attack his position you must show that certain things which he has embraced as natural are supernatural, and that what is merely natural is not sufficient for a perfect morality. The definiteness is thus required from those who make distinctions, and who discourse confidently as to the relations of the things they distinguish. When therefore, the Rev. Dr. Stevenson says that 'the definiteness needed is of another sort, and it is due from Mr. Le Sueur, if it come at all,' he is not doing justice to his own perspicacity.

I am asked if 'reverence for an ideal of perfection' can be laid aside without loss, I answer No; but that natural morality makes ample provision for such reverence, and that history is full of examples of it quite unconnected with any theological belief. When Longinus says that the man of letters should write as in the presence and under the eye of the great masters of style, and should constantly ask himself what Plato or Demosthenes would say to this or that, he illustrates reverence for an ideal of literary perfection. The lion of Chæronea and all the monuments reared by national gratitude to the memory of departed heroes, bespeak a feeling nearly akin to reverence, for the noble in action. Nothing indeed is more conspicuous on the face of history, than the fact that great deeds inspire emulation and homage; and if so, how can it be supposed that a naturalistic morality should be embarrassed in presence of 'reverence for an ideal of perfection,' which is simply a more refined and abstract form of one of the most widespread of human sentiments—admiration of what is good.

As to the theistic belief which, according to Dr. Stevenson, lies at the foundation of the sense of duty, I must frankly state that I look upon that itself as one of the products of the human mind, and not as something imposed upon it from without, or communicated (as some would affirm) by special revelation. Important therefore, as its reactions may be upon morality, I cannot look upon it as controlling moral evolution, nor can I at all share the view that the sense of duty derives from it all its vital power. Dr. Stevenson asks: 'Why ought I to do what is beneficial to myself and others?' and he answers that he feels a whispered 'thou shalt' in the very centre of his soul. If the agnostic philosophy prevail, however, a sense of interest alone, he considers, will prompt any kindness or truthfulness that men may subsequently display. Here I cannot refrain from a quotation from one who is probably classed as an agnostic, Matthew Arnold :—

> 'Nay, look closer into man!
> Tell me, can you find indeed,
> Nothing sure, no moral plan,
> Clear prescribed, without your creed!'

A closer view would, I am persuaded, convince Dr. Stevenson that the sentiments of charity and brotherhood which now obtain among men are much more deeply rooted than he takes them to be. I am not arguing now, nor do I feel disposed to argue at any time, against theism as a form of belief; but what I seem to see clearly is this, that if, apart from a belief in God, men can only be swayed by self-interest, the belief in God furnishes no escape from the domination of that motive. Let us suppose, for a moment, that we are dealing with a man who, having never heard of God, avows that he is only governed by self-interest in his relations with other men. You then persuade him that there *is* a God; and you unfold to him, as well as you can, the character of the Being in whom you personally believe. What then? The man has never been moved to any unselfish emotion by the spectacle of human unselfishness, and it is not in the least likely that your words, however fitly spoken, will awake any such emotion in him now. He has never yet loved his brother whom he *has* seen, and how is he going to love a Being whom he only knows by hearsay, and whose attributes far transcend his comprehension? He will govern himself in relation to this newly-discovered Being precisely as he has done in relation to his fellows. He will ask: 'What can He do to me, or for me?' He will assuredly neither fear Him nor serve Him for naught. It is needless, however, even to resort to this supposition; for if Dr. Stevenson will press the question, why should a man do right to his neighbour, we may carry it on by asking, why should a man obey God? The latter question has generally been answered by theologians in terms of pure self-interest, and is so answered to-day in the consciousness of the vast mass of Christendom. The answer is, because God has heaven to offer as a reward, and hell to threaten as a punishment. If this answer is repugnant (as it is) to the finer sensibilities of some, the fact is due, as I firmly believe, to the progressive purification of human relations. Men and women who can be disinterested toward one another are ashamed not to be so towards the supreme object of their worship. Dr. Stevenson, however, in an unwary moment, concedes the whole point at issue, when he says that 'the acknowledgment and acceptance of duty as an appointment springing out of the character of God, and enforced by His will is (here I italicise) *as plain a matter of moral right as reverence to parents or honesty toward other men.*' Men swear by the greater and illustrate by the more evident; and I rejoice to find that the duty of obeying God's will is here compared with the more instinctively-understood duty of reverence to parents and honesty to our fellow-men.

My opponent has devoted considerable space to the discussion of special points in my June article; and in regard to most of these I must leave my readers to draw their own conclusions from what has already appeared. In regard to one or two, however, it seems proper that I should offer brief explanations. I am charged with having almost 'formally contradicted' myself in the following words: 'I should be the last to deny that the thought of God is with many a powerful influence, that in some it dominates the whole moral life; but what I contend is that the development of morality follows its own course, and that whatever is healthful in any morality that is strongly tinged by theology is 'of natural and human origin.' I can easily believe that a person not accustomed to the point of view from which these words were written might find them somewhat obscure; but once seize the right stand-point, and the obscurity vanishes. Assume, for a moment at least, that there are laws of moral evolution, and that the course of that evolution is, in general, as traced by Mr. Spencer in his latest work; it is still possible to conceive that the thought of God taking possession of an individual mind profoundly affects its moral sentiments, adding to the intensity of some and possibly diminishing that of others. The thought of God, for example, may add to the solemnity of a formal oath, and *pro tanto* diminish the sense of responsibility in regard to simple affirmations. Many shrewd persons argue for the retention of judicial oath-taking, on the express ground that multitudes of men who would lie freely, if unsworn, are more or less compelled to tell the truth when sworn. The thought of God leads them to wish to interpose a thumb between their lips and the Bible, but establishes no general obligation to tell the truth. On the contrary, it may be said to rob that obligation of much of the natural force it would have were it not for the special solemnity attaching to the formal oath. The thought of God urges some men on to the most painful of ascetic observances, and, on the other hand, disinclines them to take any interest in schemes for the removal of social abuses, or for any amelioration of the material conditions of human life. Let Dr. Newman again be my witness. 'Many pursuits,' he says, 'in themselves right and honest, are, nevertheless, to be engaged in with caution, lest they seduce us; and *those perhaps with especial caution* (italics mine) *which tend to the well-being of men in this life.* The sciences, for instance, of good government, of acquiring wealth, of preventing and relieving want, and the like, are especially dangerous; for fixing, as they do, our exertions on this world as an end, they go far to persuade us that they have no other end.'* According to this teaching the moral risks that our greatest social reformers run are simply immense. It was once said, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of Heaven,' but Cardinal Newman, to whose mind the thought of God is ever present, supplies us with a far harder saying still, 'How hardly shall the toiling benefactors of humanity enter into the kingdom of Heaven!'

It will help to dissipate the obscurity of my language in the sentence above quoted to remember that the Bible itself lays down the principle that men frame gods after their own image: and Col. Ingersoll but follows this thought to a legitimate conclusion when he sententiously reverses the statement that 'an honest man's the noblest work of God.' Let a man be pure in heart, and his God will be a pure God; let him be impure, and what does the Psalmist, speaking in the name of the Divine Being, say to him? 'Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself.'†

* Parochial and Plain Sermons, Vol. vii., page 30. † Psalm l., v. 21.

Here is the whole case in a nutshell. Moral evolution follows its own course; the thought of God (first, however, of *Gods*) emerges and exerts a varying influence, at times profoundly colouring men's lives, but in no way destroying the ultimate dependence of morality upon the general conditions of human life. The 'thought of God' being the thought of the particular God that the moral condition of the individual enables him to conceive, it does not thwart moral evolution, but simply supplies to the individual a synthesis for his scattered, and often not too concordant, perceptions of right and wrong. This is the resolution of that tangle of words which my critic could only compare with 'the darkest sayings of the most metaphysical divines'—a terrible image of darkness indeed.

Dr. Stevenson makes a safe statement when he says that 'exegesis of the sacred text' is not my 'forte,' but, though I readily admit the conclusion, I am not prepared to grant the sufficiency of the evidence by which, in this case, it is supported. Let Dr. Stevenson 'quote my folly' if he will, but let him quote it on good grounds. The doctrine of the 'eternal burning' of the wicked, and the companion doctrine that the wicked were the great majority of mankind, the thronging multitudes upon the broad road leading to destruction, have held their place too long in Christian belief to be brushed aside with a word. The ages when these doctrines were unquestioned *were* the ages when the Bible was believed in without reserve, without *arrière pensée* of any kind. The age when these doctrines are becoming a burden intolerable to be borne, is one in which the question of the inspiration of the Bible gives rise to innumerable difficulties in the minds of all intelligent men who still incline to hold the doctrine in a general way. To this extent, what I said upon the point in question is justified by the most palpable and obvious facts; and Dr. Stevenson, I respectfully submit, must deal more seriously than he has yet done with the subject if he wishes to invalidate my position. In declining to follow *Fidelis* into certain rather refined argumentations, I may have expressed myself hastily, but I leave my vindication to those who took the trouble to observe how far what *Fidelis* urged was from touching the point at issue, and how purely evasive the question he sought to raise appeared.

Exception is taken to the words 'prejudice and passion,' which I used in connection with the article of *Fidelis*. I may, of course, have been mistaken in my estimate of certain features in the article in question, and if so, I sincerely regret having employed the language complained of. But it is hard, I submit, not to suspect the existence of one or other, or both of the mental affections referred to in a case like the following (not mentioned in my article in the June number). In replying last January to G. A. M., I wrote as follows: 'If we say that Christianity--not perhaps as interpreted by G. A. M. in the present year of grace, but as interpreted by the average consciousness of mankind in different ages—has been pre-eminently the parent of persecution, we shall hardly encounter contradiction.' The parenthesis it will be observed, is here of the greatest importance to the sense of the sentence; yet *Fidelis* ignoring it entirely, writes: 'We are told that Christianity "has been pre-eminently the parent of persecution."' Qualified, as I qualified it, my statement expresses the barest historical truth; but strip away the qualification, as *Fidelis* has done, and there is room for the objection he proceeds to raise. I grant the possibility that neither prejudice nor passion was at work here; but I hold that it is most unsatisfactory to be quoted in such a fashion from whatever motive, or under whatever circumstances.

The only other point that seems to demand notice, is where I am accused

of 'attempting to narrow and even to confuse the question,' by stating it in a particular way. Dr. Stevenson says that a previous writer (to whom I did not think it necessary to reply, the discussion being already in able hands on the side which he represented, and two opponents at once being enough for a person of ordinary pugnacity), 'has spoken effectively if a little severely on this point.' What struck me in reading the article in question, was that the writer had shown very scant respect to a contributor to this Magazine, the tone and style of whose paper certainly entitled him, apart from everything else, to all possible consideration. I refer, of course, to G. A. M., who handed me the question in the precise form in which I am ridiculed for having taken it up. If I rightly understand Mr. Inglis, the doctrine that 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross' is necessary to the moral life of the world is too absurd for discussion, or, at least, is not worth discussing; and Dr. Stevenson apparently agrees with him. I make bold, however, to say that G. A. M's affirmation, or something equivalent to it, marks the true line of separation between the naturalistic and the supernaturalistic theories of moral life and development; and that Dr. Stevenson, if he wishes to argue on any distinctively Christian grounds, will have to advance from the standpoint of Channing to that of G. A. M.

Here, therefore, I close the discussion upon my side; for although I should be glad to hear from Dr. Stevenson again, and trust that he will try to set one or two points in a clearer light, and especially tell us his reasons for making essential Christianity type itself in Channing, I do not think that any further statement of my side of the question is necessary. My first article on the subject was published in January last; and I could scarcely excuse myself to the readers of the MONTHLY, were I to open another year with a further instalment of polemic. Dr. Stevenson's kind wishes, as expressed in the concluding paragraph of his article, meet upon my part with the most cordial response; and, though my thoughts are not occupied with that future life of which he speaks, I can hope and trust that we may both come to understand and realize the true significance of *this* life, and enjoy the great peace which, as I believe and almost know, comes of a loyal acceptance of the conditions of our existence here.

FAITHFULNESS.

BY ESPERANCE.

'TAKE them away' both the veil and the chaplet,
And all the gay finery intended for me,
Tell me, in mercy, I shall not be married!
Tell me, O tell me, I still shall be free!
Free to remember a dear one departed,
Free to be only the bride of the dead—

O what a mock'ry a chaplet of roses,
And drap'ry of lace on this poor aching head!
Every fond thought of the brain they would cover
Centres, alone, in that grave in the sea—
Clings to the mem'ry of him whom I worshipped,
He who was nearest and dearest to me!
Well they may robe me in satins and velvets!
Cover the heart that is throbbing with pain!
Well they may tell me my waiting is useless!
Tell me I never shall see him again!
Never till severed the thread of existence,
Never till life and its sorrows are o'er,
Till in the joy of an endless reunion
Stand we at last on the Heavenly shore!
Yes, they have told me my darling has perished,
Told me his vessel was wrecked on the sea!
Mother, I tell you they all are mistaken,
For in my visions he cometh to me,
Not as a spirit—but just as he left me,
Just as I saw him long years ago;
Blue are his eyes as the day that he wooed me,
Brown are his curls o'er the forehead below.
Light is his step as the deer's on the mountain,
Merry his smile as the sunshine of day,—
Mother, 'tis thus he appears in my dreamings,
God has *not* taken my lover away!
O when he whispers in tones I have listened,
Holding my hand in his own all the while,
O when I hark to his words of affection,
Finding my joy in the light of his smile,
How, do you think, can I dream of another
Taking the place which was given to him?
Claiming the love which is *his*—and which never
Waiting and watching are able to dim!
If I should give, to the one you have chosen,
That which you bid me—the gift of my hand,
What were it worth when my heart is another's?
Mother, I dare not obey your command!
He you have chosen is noble and faithful,
Richly deserving the whole of my heart,
Then were it sin to be wedded unto him
When I can give him not even a part!
No! take the fin'ry in which you have robed me!
Here are the flowers from my poor aching head—
Now I am free when he comes back to claim me,
Or I am ever the bride of the dead.

YORKVILLE.

WAVES OF LEGAL HISTORY.

BY K. N. M'FEE, B.A., MONTREAL.

I.

HISTORY is the record of the great movements, changes and achievements of the past, traced out by the light of modern progress for the instruction and guidance of the present and future. The course of history is not a steady onward progress over a beaten road, but is rather the wayward track of a wave over the ocean of life, now rising aloft on the topmost crest of advanced thought and enlightenment, and anon sinking low in the trough of ignorance and gross superstition. At one time we see mankind reaching the pinnacle of civilization and refinement under the enlightened sway of an Augustus Cæsar, at another time we see it grovelling in the depth of barbarism under the degenerating and materializing influences of the dark ages. But with this alternate rising and falling, there is withal substantial progress and the human race has advanced greatly and universally during the period of its existence upon the earth. As it is with history in general so it is in an especial manner with legal history. Here, too, the progress has not been uniformly onward, but has been marked by many a period of retrogression and many an era of stagnation. During the course of the world's history, so far as it has been handed down to us by tradition or by written record, we can distinguish times of great legal activity and periods marked by unwonted advances in legal thought. It is noteworthy, too, that these legal fermentations have not been of a merely local character, but that a widespread and universal improvement in laws and jurisprudence over the civilized world can be traced during special and well-defined periods. The earliest system of laws of which we have any record was promulgated by Moses for the Jewish people, and is remarkable among early codes for the humane and enlightened spirit which pervades all its enactments. Though manifestly adapted for a primitive and pastoral people, in which it resembles the first legal endeavours of other nations, it is characterized by a wisdom and foresight to which these are strangers. Its provisions respecting slaves and debtors are noted for their leniency and thoughtfulness. We have no account of the state of legal thought among contemporary nations, but we know that many of the Jewish laws were drawn from Egyptian sources, and we have hints in the sacred record which give reason to infer that a law of nations was known at that early period, and that the institution of so thorough and perfect a system of law as the Mosaic code was not a solitary and isolated phenomenon, but that the legal movement, of which Moses was the great exponent, extended to surrounding nations as well. Thus we read that the Israelites before attempting to pass through the territory of the Amonites, sent ambassadors to Sihon the king, asking his permission to do so and promising to respect the rights of private property.* This request was preferred in almost similar terms to those which a King of France would employ in ask-

* Numbers xxi. 21.

ing permission of the King of Italy to pass through his dominions with an army of fighting men, and shows that some at least of the principles of international law were recognised at that time.

An interval of about eight hundred years elapses before any decided general system of law reform can be discerned, although isolated legislators, at various periods within that interval, effected important improvements in local laws. Thus Lycurgus completed the Spartan code shortly after Jehoshaphat established judges throughout Israel, but no general legal illumination occurred until the age of Solon, when a widespread and universal revival of the legal spirit became manifest among all civilized nations. Draco, the famous Athenian legislator, drew up his code of laws so noted for their severity about the year 624 B.C., and shortly afterwards Solon, reputed one of the seven wise men of Greece, remodelled the Athenian constitution and perfected its jurisprudence, materially improving upon the laws of Draco. At precisely the same period, Josiah, King of Judah, found the ancient book of the law of Moses, and re-established these laws throughout Israel. If, too, we give credence to the rationalistic commentators of the Bible, the Book of Deuteronomy was written at this epoch by the prophet Jeremiah, and contains a wonderfully complete and systematic code of Jewish law. To the same period also the promulgation of the Twelve Tables of Roman law has been referred, the tradition having been handed down to us of a visit of the Roman Decemvirs to Solon, the Athenian legislator. Although this visit may never have been made, or only made a century later, the tradition is an indication of unwonted legal activity taking place in Rome at that time. The appearance of Cyrus, and the rise of the Empire of the Medes and Persians, whose laws were so fixed and unalterable that they have become synonymous with unchangeability, belong to the same period. Thus all the nations of any historical importance at that time seem to have participated in a general legal awakening, of the details of which, however, we have but slight record.

Passing over another eight hundred years of legal quiescence, we come to the age of Justinian, whose influence upon legal development has permeated all succeeding legal systems. During this interval the Roman law had been gradually, but imperceptibly, growing in breadth, comprehensiveness and liberality. The Twelve Tables which had satisfied every legal requirement in the infancy of the Roman people when the complications between man and man were few and primitive, were found insufficient to solve the more intricate questions springing out of an advanced civilization, and some amelioration of law had to be obtained. This legal development, or in the words of Sir Henry Maine, this adaptation of law to social wants and necessities, was carried on by three great agencies of legal reform which that distinguished jurist has profoundly and beautifully generalized from the history of legal progress, viz., Fiction, Equity and Legislation. But the growth of Roman law did not keep pace with the advancement of the Roman commonwealth in influence and military supremacy, and it was not until the Roman power, having reached its greatest height, was far on its decline that the Roman law attained its fullest maturity. The wealth of legal principles for which it is so famous was the product of the years of decadence of the Roman Empire when it was tottering to its fall. To Gaius and Papinian, to Paul and Ulpian, who lived in the second and third centuries of our era, we are indebted for the fulness and comprehensiveness which characterize the Roman law. They laid the foundation and built the walls of the noble edifice of Roman jurisprudence, so that all that

remained for Justinian was to lay the corner-stone and give completeness to the structure by cementing and consolidating the labours of his predecessors. This he did with the able assistance of Tribonian, who carried out the plans of his master with consummate wisdom and skill. The fame of Justinian, therefore, is not that of an originator of law, but rather of a systematiser and compiler. He gathered together and put into permanent form the scattered fragments of previous commentators and legislators, and published them in three well-known works, the Institutes, Digest and Code. These have been handed down to us in complete form, and have entered largely into modern legal systems. This legal effort of Justinian was the dying gasp of Roman culture. As the setting sun illumines the sky with the greatest richness and brilliancy, so the extension of Roman power is marked by a splendid halo of legal glory. It seems as if the light of legal progress, which had been burning with steady brilliancy for a couple of centuries, shone now with unwonted splendour just before its final extinction. The illumination of Justinian is succeeded by an almost total darkness. In the chaos and confusion which attended the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, all regard for law is cast aside, and no trace of legal spirit or legal advancement is discernible. The irruption of hordes of lawless barbarians, and the supremacy which they attained over civilized nations, extinguished everywhere all legal culture, and reduced Europe to a state of primitive barbarism. The dark ages followed, wholly devoid of mental culture of any kind, and *a fortiori* of legal culture. For eight centuries, the whole of Europe was sunk in the grossest ignorance and superstition.

At times a faint beam of enlightenment glimmers amid the surrounding darkness, as in the days of the Venerable Bede, and the patriotic Alfred, but these are wholly exceptional instances, and do not betoken any universal amelioration of the prevailing barbarism. During this period the feudal system grew into a gigantic power, embracing in its iron grasp the Aryan nations of Europe. The despotism and aggressiveness of the feudal barons became at length intolerable, and the commercial and artizan classes united with the sovereigns to curb their unruly spirits. Many anecdotes are told by the ancient chroniclers to illustrate the untamed spirits of the barons. One of the best of them is, that which gives the pun made by Edward I. upon one of his lords named Bigod. Edward had asked his barons to accompany him on an invading expedition to Gascony, this they declined to do, alleging that their feudal oath only obliged them to fight at home. Baron Bigod was spokesman, and gave their answer to the king. 'By God (Bigod) you shall go or hang' said the king in a rage. 'I, by God (Bigod) will neither go nor hang' replied the baron. And go he did not. Again, when the same Edward appointed a Commissioner to enquire by what title his barons held their lands, the Earl of Warrenne throwing his sword haughtily upon the table in front of the Commissioner said, 'There is my title, by the sword my ancestors, fighting at the side of William the Norman, won their lands, and by the same title, I, their descendant, intend to preserve mine.' Such was the *animus* of the barons during this feudal period, and many of them were strong enough to defy their kings with impunity, paying them merely nominal homage. But the feudal system was too rigid to withstand the encroachments of advancing civilization, and had to succumb to the attacks of the wise legislators of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. This was the period of the legal renaissance as the sixteenth century was of the religious and philosophical renaissance. In every

country in Europe there arose at this time men of superior legal talent, who devoted their energies to reducing order and system out of the crude and anomalous collections of laws everywhere prevailing. This is the age which produced Alphonso the Wise, of Castile, Saint Louis of France, Frederick of Sicily, and our own Edward I. kings imbued with a fine legal spirit, of great administrative ability, possessing wonderful power of organization and thoroughly in earnest in carrying out liberal measures of reform. They had rough and unyielding material to work upon, and some of the means which they employed to carry out their plans might not commend themselves to the refined tastes of the nineteenth century; but more lenient measures would not have been effective. At any rate the monuments of jurisprudence which have come down to us from that period, attest the wisdom and enlightened spirit of these ancient lawgivers. The celebrated Spanish code, Las Portidas, the most comprehensive system of laws published since the time of Justinian was digested by Alphonso the Wise, King of Spain, whose fame in the sciences rivalled that of the Arabian. The good St. Louis of France was so meek that when some of his seditious subjects reproached him in the coarsest terms as unworthy to reign, and fit only for a cowl and a cloister, he replied calmly, and unaffectedly. 'It was all too true, and no one could be more sensible than himself, how unworthy he was of the station to which Providence had called him,' and yet he succeeded beyond any of his predecessors, in curbing the spirit of his barons, and in materially diminishing their power. This prince is also noted for his *Etablissements*, a compilation of the local customs, previously unwritten, in force in several of the French Provinces, viz.: Paris, Anjou and Orleans. From this monarch may be dated the growth of the French legal system, which reached its perfection in the Code Napoleon, and from which is derived the great body of the civil law of Lower Canada.

Frederick the Second of Germany and First of Sicily, is equally celebrated for his law reforms. He abolished private combats, effectually checked baronial usurpations, and appointed a Superior Court for both kingdoms. But his greatest work was the codification of the laws of his predecessors, which he promulgated under the name of *Constitutions*, published both in the Greek and Latin languages. The basis of this work was the Lombard law; but he also borrowed from the Roman civil law. He was assisted in these reforms by his Chancellor, Peter delle Vigne, a man of great learning and consummate ability, a worthy Tribonian for this Sicilian Justinian.

Such was the age in which Edward the First lived, and such were the enlightened contemporaries by whose influence he was surrounded, and among whom he shone with no inferior lustre. Edward was himself a man of acute legal mind, and possessed in a high degree the faculty of organization. 'His passionate love of law broke out even in the legal chicanery to which he sometimes stooped, but in the judicial reforms to which the first half of his reign was devoted we see the handiwork of our English Justinian.'

The character of Edward was formed under the supervision and training of one of the wisest and most patriotic statesmen that ever guided the helm of English affairs, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. To De Montfort we owe the inception of our present representative system, and the settlement of the fundamental principles of our English Constitution, of which we are justly so proud. And to Edward, the pupil of Simon, who did honour to his teacher, we owe the consolidation of the constitutional principles introduced by Simon, and also the adoption of a great system of legal reform which has endured to the present day. The influence of the training of De Mont-

fort was abundantly manifest in the development of Edward's character during his life, in his military as well as in his legal and constitutional achievements. The veteran statesman himself noted this with pardonable pride, when on the eve of the battle of Evesham, he rode to a hill to reconnoitre the army of Edward, which was advancing to attack him. Seeing the orderly arrangement in which Edward had drawn up his forces, his experienced eye at once recognised the training of his own skill. 'By the arm of St. James,' he cried, 'they come on in wise fashion, but it was from me they learned it.'

Apart from the superior training which he enjoyed, Edward possessed great natural ability. Physically he was the beau ideal of a perfect man. 'Tall, broad of chest, and long of limb, he was capable alike of endurance and action;' a powerful swordsman, and trained athlete, he encountered, single handed, a famous freebooter after the battle of Evesham, and forced him to sue for mercy. He was brave without being reckless, and courageous without being rash. 'Great in counsel, ingenious in contrivance, and rapid in execution, he had a passionate desire to be a model of the fashionable knighthood of his day.' But in disposition he was 'a typical representative of his race, wilful and imperious as his people, tenacious of his right, and indomitable in his pride,' qualities which were overlooked because of the sympathy and consideration he manifested for his soldiers and his people. This was shown especially during the Welsh campaign, when his whole army was almost destroyed and the survivors reduced to great distress. Some of his soldiers had managed to forage a cask of wine, and presented it to him, but he refused, saying he did not wish to feast when so many of his followers were starving.

The motto of Edward was 'keep troth,' and he was all his life a truth-loving and honourable king. It is true 'he sometimes kept the law in the letter rather than in the spirit, and strained legal rights beyond the line of equity,' but this was the effect of a mind prone to legal chicanery, and that delighted in adhering to strict forms of law. If we compare Edward with the kings that preceded him, and with those who came after, we cannot but admire the wisdom of his statesmanship and the enlightened and temperate use he made of his exalted position. 'He had, besides force and honesty, a clear perception of true policy and an intuitive knowledge of the needs of his people.' 'The improvements in the laws, the elaborate arrangement of rights and jurisdictions, and the definite organization of government which mark this reign were unquestionably promoted, if not originated, by the personal action of the king.'

II.

The legal fame of Edward and his claim to the title of 'English Justinian' rest, not upon any code or digest compiled by him, but upon the perfection and completeness to which *quasi per saltum* the law attained during his reign. He had to assist him in these reforms Chancellor Burwell and Francesco Accursi, the former a man of great and varied endowments, to whom we owe the Saxon tinge which our laws and constitution retain; the latter a man of profound erudition whom Edward brought from the Continent to aid him in bringing his laws into accordance with the spirit of the Roman law, of which Accursi was a well-known exponent. For new life had been infused into the study of Roman Law by the discovery, a short time before, of a complete copy of the works of Justinian in the Library of Amalfi, and a class of enthusiastic students and commentators had grown up on the Continent.

The Legal Reforms of Edward may

be treated under four heads, according as they related to—I. The Constitution. II. The Church. III. Private Rights. IV. The Administration of Justice.

The principal changes effected by Edward in the Constitution had reference to the composition and powers of the respective Houses of Parliament. Former kings had assembled in Parliament persons belonging to the various classes of their subjects, but none of them had ever formed a complete representation of the three estates of the realm, as at present constituted. The clergy, for instance, used to assemble in convocation apart from the laymen, to pass canonical regulations, and grant spiritual taxes; but they were for the first time summoned to Edward's model Parliament of 1295, as representative of the one spiritual estate of the realm. The bishops and higher dignitaries of the Church held seats *ex officio*, but the inferior clergy were represented by duly elected delegates. The clerical members, however, did not coalesce with the other constituents of Parliament; they obstinately persisted in voting and deliberating by themselves, so that, after a couple of centuries, they ceased to be summoned, and have now no direct representation in either House. Those prelates who were wont to be called to previous parliaments still took their seats, not as clerical representatives, however, but as spiritual barons. It is these who are now the sole standard-bearers of clerical interests in Parliament, in which they are still possessed of some influence, having lately defeated the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. In our Canadian constitution, however, the clergy are not assigned any representatives, and their influence in public affairs is altogether indirect.

The baronage, too, was brought under Edward's remodelling influence. The tenure of land, which had, from time immemorial, entitled the proprietors to a seat in the Great Council, was now considered insufficient, and the hereditary reception of the king's writ became an essential qualification for the king's councillors, and the true mark of nobility in the peerage.

The lesser barons, who were not summoned as peers, were compensated for the loss of their seats with the Lords by a representation in the Commons. The knights of the shire were elected by the full county court in which the lesser barons had a predominating influence. The rights of the commercial classes to a voice in the deliberations of the Great Council of the nation were recognised by the summons to the principal towns to send two representatives each to Parliament. Similarly, the importance and influence of the cities obtained recognition by having two seats allotted to each. The Commons in Edward's model Parliament of 1295 thus comprised two knights from each shire, to represent the landed gentry of England; two citizens from each city, to represent the commercial interests of the large trade centres, and two burghers from each borough, to represent the manufacturing and artizan classes of the towns. This is essentially the present constitution of the English Parliament, and to Edward the First must be ascribed the honour of giving the English people so thorough and complete a system of representation. It is worthy of note here, however, that Parliament was not divided into the two Houses of Lords and Commons, as at present, for nearly a century later. It then consisted of but one House, comprising three bodies, which deliberated and voted separately, and usually granted different amounts of taxes, the Lords giving sometimes an eighth, the Clergy a tenth, and the Commons a fifteenth.

Though Edward was fond of power, keenly sensitive of his rights and tenacious of his privileges, the powers of Parliament were enlarged during his

reign, and its functions strictly defined. He first recognised the exclusive right of the representatives of the people to grant taxes, and bound himself 'from henceforth for no occasion to take any manner of aids without the common assent of the realm.' He was also the first to concede definitely to the Commons the right to participate in the legislation of the kingdom, and the Statute of '*quia emptores*,' passed in 1290, was probably the last case in which the assent of the Commons was taken for granted in legislation.

In his struggles with the Church, Edward showed a wisdom and foresight which stamp him as our greatest of kings. The clergy of the thirteenth century were large landowners, and their possessions were augmenting rapidly and steadily, not only by natural increase of wealth, but by the donations and bequests of the spiritual sons of the Church. Many tenants in-chief, too, desirous of escaping the laborious and irksome duties which they had to perform as vassals to secular lords, transferred their feudal allegiance to the religious corporations, which were less exacting of feudal obligations and did not require their tenants to perform military service for the king. As the military and financial strength of the kingdom was weakened by these transfers, the celebrated Statute *de Religiosis* or Mortmain was passed to stop this drain upon the royal resources. It enacted 'that no religious or other person should acquire or appropriate to himself any lands or tenements so as such land should come into Mortmain.' This statute is the foundation of our law of Mortmain, and had the effect of putting a check upon the gigantic evil of allowing lands to be become locked up in the hands of religious associations.

The sovereigns of Europe were, about this time, at variance with the Pope; but the contest was carried on with political rather than with military weapons, acts and bulls taking the place of sword and spear. The kings always considered the ecclesiastical wealth a reserved store from which they could draw supplies at pleasure when they were in need. The clergy finding these drafts becoming too frequent remonstrated, but without effect. They then appealed to the Pope, who issued a bull, forbidding the clergy to pay taxes to support the temporal power. But the European sovereigns were too poor to forego so profitable a source of revenue, and they set the Pope and his bulls at defiance. Edward forced his clergy, almost at the point of the sword, to grant him aids in spite of the Papal prohibition. The bull having become a dead letter was repealed a few years afterwards.

About the year 1300, the throne of Scotland became vacant, and Edward put forward a claim to the Scottish crown. Pope Boniface VIII. ordered him not to molest the Scots until he had appeared at Rome and proved his claim to that kingdom. Our constitutional king replied that he could do nothing without the consent of his barons, and forthwith assembled a parliament, and laid the matter before them. The parliament, having given the question due consideration, passed a resolution affirming the absolute independence of England in temporal matters with respect to any foreign judge, or power whatsoever, and asserting their unalterable determination that the king should not answer before the Pope as to his rights to the Kingdom of Scotland. In such terms was the freedom of England of any foreign control positively and explicitly asserted, and the principle of temporal independence definitely established. This bold assertion of parliament was followed in 1307 by the still bolder step of prohibiting the payment of tallages by religious commmunities to their superiors in foreign lands, which had been a constant drain upon the resources of the country. By these measures, Edward instituted the system of anti-Roman legislation which has

characterized our country ever since, and which caused the principles of the Reformation to take such deep root on English soil.

While Edward was engaged in these contests with the Roman hierarchy, the domestic interests of this kingdom were not neglected, and he consummated most important changes in the body of the laws and in the administration of justice. The Statute of Westminster Second is a veritable code, embodying the principal statutes then in force, and introducing reforms in nearly every department of law. The first chapter entitled *De Donis Conditionalibus* contains most valuable legislation. It provided that property left to the issue of the donee could not be alienated by the donee, but must remain for the benefit of his children. This was the beginning of the giving of land in entail, by which the land of England has been accumulated in the hands of large proprietors. The Statute of Westminster First, also contains a vast amount of useful information. It prescribes *prison forte et dure* against notorious felons, who refuse to plead to the charges laid against them, which was a frequent practice, because conviction after plea involved forfeiture of rank and estates. The *prison forte et dure* was most cruel, the prisoner being loaded with irons and fed on water alone one day, and bread alone the next. Sometimes the prisoner was loaded with heavy weights to which practice Milton alludes in his 'Ode to the University Carrier,' and makes a pun upon the eagerness of the carrier to have well laden carts.

'That even to his latest breath (there be that say't)
As he were pressed to death he cried more weight.'

Another statute was entitled *quia emptores* and affected the privileges of the barons, by prohibiting tenants from subletting their lands. This practice had become very popular and was producing a new class of squires, or intermediate barons, to whom the power and influence of the king and greater barons were gradually being transferred. This statute checked the process of sub-infeudation, as it was called, and obliged under tenants to hold lands directly from the superior lords, and not from his tenants.

The Statute of Winchester gives an interesting picture of the state of the country at that time. It orders the gates of the cities to be closed from sunset to sunrise, and the highways to be cleared of wood for a breadth of 200 feet. This was to lessen the danger from highwaymen along the wayside, and from robbers entering the towns at night. These active measures for the prevention of crime made England comparatively free from robberies, and a safe country to dwell in.

But wise laws would have been of little use, without proper organization for having them enforced. The itinerant judiciary, which had been established by Henry the Second, were performing their functions very irregularly, and gave rise to much dissatisfaction and complaint. Edward's first step was to order a general circuit of the towns and shires to be made for the trial of offences committed during the past twenty-five years. This, however, was only a temporary measure, and was followed in a few years by the institution of a reformed system of judicial administration. Two sworn justices were appointed, before whom, together with one or two of the discreetest knights of the shire into which they came, should be held the assizes, three times a year. These justices were to try all cases brought before them, but if they failed to hold their courts, the suitors had a right to bring their suits to Westminster. The writs henceforth summoned the parties to Westminster, unless (*nisi prius*) the sworn justices held their visitation before a fixed day. From these writs, these courts obtained the name *nisi prius*, which they still retain.

A slight innovation in the sheriff's

courts gave rise to our modern 'justices of the peace.' To enforce an Act respecting the peace of the realm and possibly also to watch the sheriff who had become an elective officer, a *custos pacis*, or conservator of the peace was assigned to each shire. These officers proved so useful that their office became permanent, and their powers were extended under the name of justices of the peace.

The modifications in the higher courts were, however of much greater moment. The powers of the Court of Exchequer were strictly defined and its jurisdiction restricted to matters touching the king's revenue. This court was forbidden to decide civil suits between subjects, which were placed under the sole cognizance of Common Pleas, and all other suits were to be heard by the King's Bench. The same judges were no longer allowed to hold the several courts indifferently, but separate judges were assigned to each tribunal.

It was at this time also that the equitable jurisdiction of the Chancellor arose, which gave redress in cases where the rigid rules of the common law could not be applied, and decided petitions respecting the grievances of the subject. It was a tribunal analogous to that of the Roman Prætor, and its decisions were founded upon equity and natural right, irrespective of legal technicalities.

Edward also made his Great Council a Supreme Court of Appeal for the kingdom and gave it original jurisdiction in important suits between his more powerful subjects. The Privy Council still retains the powers of a Court of Appeal and exercises its functions for the whole empire through its Judicial Committee.

A complete system of law, however remarkable for wisdom and justice, and a perfect organization for the administration of justice, however thorough and comprehensive, would be of slight benefit with a corrupt judiciary, and Edward did not hesitate to clean out the Augean stable. Becoming convinced that his judges were not men of irreproachable integrity, he dismissed every one against whom there was the slightest suspicion. The Chief Justice was banished from the realm and many of the inferior judges were fined and imprisoned. Some of the dismissals may have been influenced by political considerations, but Edward doubtless saw that an entirely new and unspotted judiciary was requisite to inaugurate the new system.

Of such a character and magnitude then were the reforms which Edward instituted in every branch of the legal system, and they have been dwelt upon at greater length than those of contemporary kings, because they were more thorough and decided, and because they proved more permanent and stable, having been handed down almost without modification to our own time. This permanency and stability were due partly to the excellence of the institutions which he founded, and partly to the character of the English people, and perhaps in a greater degree to the perfect adaptability of these institutions to the nation over which they were established. It must not be forgotten, too, that the dispositions of the people of that time greatly aided the sovereigns in their reforms, and, indeed, may be said to have forced them in many instances to grant legal advantages they would not otherwise have conceded. It was, indeed, an age of great results in constitutional development, of radical and enduring improvement in the administration of justice, and of wise and substantial additions to the science of jurisprudence. The waves of legal progress which had been rolling along for so many ages attained their greatest volume and height in the thirteenth century, and then gradually subsided into complete quiescence. As we look back at the achievements of that time, we cannot but admire the daring and skill with which these farseeing legislators, bearing aloft the banner of law-reform, guided the constitutional

craft over troubled seas into the quiet waters in which it still remains.

Future progress is slow and laboured, and our puny efforts at legal advancement are insignificant compared with the attainments of that Augustan-age jurisprudence. Our laws are still inefficient and cumbrous, and afford large scope for a future Edward or Justinian. The cycle, however, is not yet complete, and we are still only in the seventh century of its revolution. Another century nearly must elapse before the waves of legal progress will again have reached their loftiest height, and the year 1980 may be expected to witness the advent of another Justinian to reduce the formless mass of modern jurisprudence to primitive simplicity and effectiveness.

LISSA.

(July 20, 1866.)

BY DAVID TUCKER, M.D.

ON the island the white surf is dashing,
And seaward the billows are high:
Through the scud you may see the guns flashing,
And smoke-wreaths are veiling the sky.

From the battle-mist slowly uprearing
Her form on the swell of the wave,
Lo! 'The King of Italia' appearing!
She fights for the land of the brave.

Four to one! see the conflict is pending,
The prows on her sides dash their blows;
While from maintop and deck she is sending
The signals of death to her foes.

A crash and a sudden commotion!
She quivers and reels to her doom;
She is grasped in the arms of old Ocean,
And whirlpools are marking her tomb.

As she sinks a fierce volley of rifles
Sends many a Teuton to sleep;
And a cheer, which the wave alone stifles,
Rings wild o'er the roar of the deep.

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* These verses refer to an interesting incident which occurred at the battle of Lissa, when the celebrated Italian ship, *Il Re d'Italia*, was sunk by an attack from the rams of four Austrian vessels. A large body of sharpshooters were on board 'Il Re,' who, as the ship was overwhelmed by the waves, fired off a volley and went down with a cheer.

That cheer was a shout of defiance,
A scorning of Tyranny's might,
A pledge of unshaken reliance
On Valour, and Honour, and Right.

'Hurrah for Italia, our Mother!
Hurrah for the land of our birth!
Hurrah for Italia, our Mother!
The first, fairest land of the earth!

Hurrah for our new liberation!
And joy unto all may it bring:
Hurrah for the fresh-risen nation;
And long live good Victor, our King!'

That cheer will not perish for ever,
Though the riflemen's race has been run,
But by haven, and city, and river,
It floats through the land of the Sun.

It wanders through Venice, the sea-born,
'Twixt the azure of wave and of sky;
And tells how her sons were once free-born,
Ere the white-coated spoiler came nigh.

Far away through the beautiful valley
Of Arno the echo has passed;
And the children of Florence will rally
For Freedom and Union at last.

And Rome, on her hills seated proudly,
The vision of glory foresaw;
While from temple and palace rang loudly—
'One People, one Monarch, one Law!'

Arise, thou great Parent of Nations!
Strike home for thine honour once more:
Emerge from thy deep tribulations—
Stand forth in thy might as of yore!

From the Mincio the Teutons are flying
Out of strongholds they've reared up in vain;
And northward their corses are lying
All foul in the down-trodden grain.

Are Italians less strong and stout-hearted
Than when Curtius and Cocles were here?
Think of Lissa's stern heroes departed—
The riflemen's volley and cheer.

Then hurrah for Italia, our Mother!
Our might to her and let us bring:
Ev'ry son of Italia's our brother.
And Victor the Gallant's our King!

THE LEGAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF CRIMINALS.

BY MACHAON.

THE circumstances connected with the recent homicide of a prominent Canadian politician and journalist have directed the attention of thoughtful men to the present state of the law in reference to the responsibility of criminals, and the due administration of justice when these are brought to trial. There are several important points in connection with this subject worthy of consideration, the most striking of which are the mental condition of the accused at the time when the offence with which he is charged was committed, the effects of the medical and surgical treatment to which the victim of the prisoner has been subjected, and the propriety or impropriety of the Crown providing the means necessary for his defence, when he is destitute of pecuniary resources.

The question of responsibility is one of the most difficult within the range of jurisprudence, and it will be found that, concerning it, there is a wide difference of opinion even amongst the most eminent jurists. There can be no doubt, that the plea of insanity has, particularly in the neighbouring Republic, been quite too frequently advanced, and sometimes in cases where it was utterly out of place. Of late years there seems to have been a general reaction in this particular, as far at least as the courts of Great Britain and her colonies are concerned; and in these, that plea is so much an object of suspicion, that a prudent advocate will hesitate before he ventures to present it to a jury. Notwithstanding this fact, the actual chances of obtaining from an alienist expert an opinion favourable to a prisoner, where there is even a slight ground for the supposition of the existence of mental disease, are everyday becoming greater. The diagnosis of the varied forms of insanity, as well as their suitable treatment, has been much advanced since the days of dark cells, filth and fetters. The humane spirit which has annihilated these, has also moved physicians to insist that but a small variation from the standard in cerebral power or function will warp the judgment so that the worse may, to the poor sufferer, appear the better course to pursue; and it is worthy of remark, that those professional gentlemen, whose positions in large institutions for the management and cure of the insane have afforded them the best possible opportunities for the study of the phenomena of mental disease, are the most ready to interpose the two-fold ægis of science and humanity, between its victims and the grasp of the executioner.

It is generally conceded that where reason does not exist there can be no responsibility. This rule applies not only to cases of congenital idiocy and confirmed insanity, but is applicable also to those temporary eclipses of rationality which are the results of bodily injuries and diseases. A fever patient, if left alone, will sometimes precipitate himself from his chamber window and lose his life in consequence. No person considers the suicide, under such circumstances, to have been accountable for the act. Various forms of vice, as the medical officers of any asylum for the insane

are well aware, induce diseases of the mind, and of course involve irresponsibility on the part of the patients. But the irresponsibility resulting from the effects of the vice of intemperance in using alcoholic beverages does not seem to be regarded in the same light as that arising from an obscuration of reason produced by any other cause. As to the maddening effect of wine and spirituous liquors, the general voice of mankind speaks without hesitation. Such adages as 'when wine is in wit is out,' are common; and our great national bard, three hundred years or so ago, called intoxicating liquor an enemy that would steal away the brains.

In the matter of irresponsibility from the effects of such drink much seems to depend on the length of the time during which the obscuration of reason has existed. If a person has voluntarily taken opium or any other intoxicating substance commonly classed as a drug, his responsibility, as far as I am aware, is not legally insisted upon if the crime of which he is accused was committed whilst the effects of the drug continued. Why the effects of alcoholic drink are differently regarded, must be accounted for from social considerations, rather than from philosophical reasoning. But even amongst learned interpreters of the law, there seems to be a difference of opinion as to admitting the plea of the effects of habitual drunkenness as an extenuation of crime, or in mitigation of punishment. A few days ago I read, in the September number of this magazine, a well written and suggestive article, by the gentleman who so chivalrously conducted the defence of the misguided creature by whose act the late Senator Brown came to his death. In that article the author takes exception to some remarks which the present writer had made in a communication sent to one of the daily papers, the tone of which was generally favourable to the convict. He observed that Macbaon 'seemed to be unaware that if a man, by drinking, renders himself furious or insane, he is responsible for what he does, and if he kills any one when in that state is guilty of murder.' I had given more attention to this subject than the author of the article in question supposed, having had, from time to time, in the discharge of my duties, a good deal to do with criminal prosecutions, the examination of the insane, and the question of mental capacity as connected with jurisprudence. I had learned that if a person voluntarily makes himself drunk, the law, considering that he was sober when he commenced the process, holds him responsible for all he does when under the influence of the intoxicating agent. I will add that my communication was written long after Bennett's trial, and not prompted by a hope of his finding a mode of escape by any legal technicality. It was an appeal in mitigation, looking to the moral aspect of the case, and addressed to the broad principles of equity, clemency, and philanthropy, as existing in the hearts of those who might have influence with persons in high places, who have power to modify or neutralize a judicial sentence. Mr. Davin took a more narrow view of my communication, and, as was natural, regarded it with a professional eye. He was probably looking to immediate and practical results, it may be in the form of another trial and fresh medical evidence. But, to return to the question of responsibility, a man, when suffering from *delirium tremens* has, to use Mr. Davin's own words, by drinking, rendered himself 'furious and insane,' and yet high legal authorities have pronounced that a person labouring under this disease is irresponsible for his acts. Prisoners have been acquitted of the charge of murder on this plea, even when there was an apparent motive for the crime, and a deliberate planning for its execution. English cases quoted to establish this fact are—*The Queen against Simpson*; Westmoreland Assizes, summer, 1845;

and *The Queen against Watson;* York Assizes, winter, 1845.

There is a condition of body and mind induced by habitual drunkenness which cannot properly be designated *delirium tremens*, but in which also reason is for a time dethroned. In *delirium tremens* the patient appears busy, excitable, nervous, alarmed, full of groundless fancies, but not always violent. The skin is moist, and the hands tremble: hence the qualifying participle used in the designation of the disease. Some use the term *mania à potu* as synonymous with *delirium tremens;* but such designation would appear to be more applicable to the condition to which I have first alluded, and which is characterized sometimes by a flushed face and a strong, exciteable pulse; and almost always by a tendency to abusiveness of language and violence of action. If a distinction were to be maintained between the two conditions, perhaps the term *furor à potu* would better express the febrile and violent condition resulting from excess. *Delirium tremens* is said to invade a drunkard in consequence of the sudden deprivation of the stimulus to which he has long been accustomed. The other condition seems to be the culmination of a continued debauch, which has been indulged in for ten, twelve, or fifteen days. If the debauch be persevered in, and the accustomed stimulus withdrawn, the symptoms of *delirium tremens* will supervene. Otherwise the complaint is more amenable to treatment. But it is very evident that the subject of such a disease has not, during its continuance, the proper use of his reasoning faculties. Ought he then to be held responsible for his actions. From what has been published concerning Bennett's habits and conduct, it would appear that he had been affected in this way for some days prior to his attack on Mr. Brown. He was clearly not fit to be at large; but whose duty was it to place a restraint upon him? Dr. Taylor, whom Mr. Davin quotes as a high authority, alluding to this condition of a drunkard, says,—'Some judges have admitted a plea of exculpation when the crime has been committed in a state of frenzy arising from habitual drunkenness.' In the interests of society no doubt great caution is necessary as regards admitting this plea; and if it were uniformly admitted those interests would demand that measures should be provided for the safe keeping and restraint of persons who, by indulging in vicious courses, render themselves dangerous to their fellow creatures; the more so as this 'frenzy' is sometimes characterized by a homicidal tendency, which fact I have myself seen verified. Regarding the matter in reference to the rigid principles of justice, if, when suffering from *delirium tremens* an individual commits a crime, and is held irresponsible for his act, why should the judgment be reversed if the criminal has been suffering from a mental ailment induced in a similar way, and impairing the reasoning powers, but which may have existed for a somewhat shorter time? The law humanely recognises the correctness of the Roman sentiment *ira furor brevis est*, when it distinguishes between manslaughter and murder. Why should it not also recognise the *furor brevis* which follows the debauch? The real difficulty in the matter is that if a criminal could plead a condition of drunkenness, though long continued, in extenuation or exculpation of his offence, an evil-disposed person might make himself drunk so that he might commit a long meditated crime with comparative impunity. It is often easier to point out an injustice than to supply a suitable remedy for it. The most satisfactory proceedings towards the adjustment of the anomaly above alluded to would perhaps be the establishment of inebriate asylums, in which habitual drunkards would be compulsorily confined till a reformation of habits could reasonably be ex-

pected. But here the financial objection would certainly meet us. Bennett was evidently unfit to be at large. Yet it was the business of no person to confine him. The liberty of the subject is precious to the community; but it is the liberty of the unoffending subject. The liberty of one man may be the peril of a thousand. In view of the disgraceful number of convictions throughout the land for drunkenness and crimes resulting from indulgence in that vice, it is surely time that a limit should be placed to the facilities for obtaining alcoholic stimulants, or else the punishment of the chronic sot ought to be rendered more severe; if necessary, by means of surveillance and continuous restraint. The perpetually repeated thirty-day sentences of our police courts result in no real good, and are a source of great expense to the country. When the offender has been discharged from prison, where he or she has been sheltered in idleness, the old temptations are presented afresh and yielded to. If we are not yet ready for a prohibition law, why could not the Gothenburg system be adopted experimentally in one or two cities of the Dominion? It appears to have done a good work in Sweden, and is worthy the attention of our legislators. Under such an arrangement the country or the municipality receives all the profits of the sale of intoxicating drinks, and the agents, being persons of respectability, and good moral character, paid by salary, have no desire to make people drunk; nor would it be to their advantage to do so. Even if vested interests demanded a pecuniary outlay on the part of the authorities, the saving in the expenses of the administration of justice would make such outlay justifiable. Were some such measures taken for the protection of the community from the outrages of drunkards, a more lenient interpretation of the law of personal responsibility, as it affects chronic inebriates, might be established and uniformly observed.

There is another interesting question connected with responsibility, which has likewise been suggested by the trial of Bennett, and which also seems to be waiting for a satisfactory solution. How far, and in what manner, ought the medical and surgical treatment of the victim of an assault, or the absence of all treatment, or the interference of an ignorant quack, or the wilfulness of the sufferer himself, to influence the fate of the accused? Mr. Davin expresses regret that such persons, as 'An Old Army Surgeon,' had not communicated with him when their opinions would have been of some practical value. In the face of what he states to be the present law, it is difficult to perceive what benefit the accused could have derived from such interference. The only hope of the advocate in employing such evidence would have been in mitigation; and the chance for mitigation, when such a 'rope' of circumstantial evidence, as he expresses himself, existed to ensure conviction, would have been small. The dictum of Lord Hale, which Mr. Davin says is an exposition of the present law, reads thus: 'It is sufficient to constitute murder that the party dies of the wound given by the prisoner, although the wound was not originally mortal, but becomes so in consequence of negligence or unskilful treatment; but it is otherwise when death comes, not from the wound, but from unskilful applications used for the purpose of healing it'. Let us try, with this statement, the evidence which, judging from his admirable letter, 'An Old Army Surgeon' would, most likely, have given in court. He objected to the elevating of the leg. Yet he could scarcely swear that such elevating was an operation intended for curing the wound, but which had killed the patient. He also found fault with the application of cotton batting for the first few days to the wound, instead of a carbolized lotion. But could he make oath that such 'application' was the cause of death? He could

only express his opinion that the wound was unskilfully treated. But his lordship says that makes no difference. Even if unskilful treatment rendered a wound, comparatively simple, a mortal one, still the prisoner is held guilty of murder. Another surgical witness might, with considerable show of reason, testify that the wound, being merely subcutaneous, and extending a long way, formed a sinus, and that the established treatment of a sinus is to lay it open from end to end, in order to facilitate discharges, promote granulation, and prevent matter from burrowing. But errors of omission are ruled out of court altogether by his lordship, and it will be observed that the distinction which he attempts to establish involves in reality little, if anything, of a difference; 'for unskilful applications or operations' in the second clause of his rule are necessarily included in the 'unskilful treatment' of the first clause, though a different and contrary thing is predicated of each. It is, perhaps, a presumptuous thing to say, but it would really seem, on examination, that this celebrated dictum contradicts itself. Commissioners who have since been appointed to define the criminal law, are in some points as severe as Lord Hale. Their decision is that, in case of the wounded man's death, the assailant is guilty of homicide, 'although if timely remedies or skilful treatment had been applied, death might have been prevented.' It would appear from the remarks of Dr. Taylor, and perhaps the experience of practitioners in the courts may verify his view, that judges do not always hold themselves to such uncompromising interpretations of the law. The doctor's words are 'When death is really traceable to the negligence or unskilfulness of the person who is called to attend on a wounded party, this circumstance ought to be, and commonly is, admitted in mitigation, supposing that the wound was not originally of a mortal nature. In reference to the proper view, which ought to be taken of the effective treatment of wounds, as influencing the punishment of the party accused, he very justly states: 'There are, it is obvious, many kinds of wounds which, if properly treated in the first instance, may be healed and the patient recover; but, when improperly treated, they may prove fatal. In the latter case, it will be a question for the witness to determine how far the treatment aggravated the effects of the violence; and from his answer to this, the jury may have to decide on the degree of criminality which attaches to the prisoner.' It would appear, then, that there is no rigid rule which judges observe in this matter, and that each takes such latitude as seems to him consistent with the due administration of justice. Lord Hale's opinion tends to show that nothing in the nature of treatment will clear the accused of the crime of murder, unless some heroic action should be taken, like amputating a limb without securing the arteries, or applying to the wound an arsenical ointment, which would be absorbed into the system and poison the patient. The latter may have a good surgeon in attendance, or a bad one, or no surgeon at all, but an old woman or a charlatan; he may submit to the orders of his attendant, or he may think himself wiser in professional matters than his surgeon; he may take improper food or drink, refuse necessary medicine, tear off the dressings, get out of bed, or make a long speech and still his death will lie at the door of his assailant. But judicial decisions do not, by any means, uniformly vindicate such an interpretation of the law. A Scotch judge, Lord Meadowbank, caused a prisoner to be acquitted who was charged with the manslaughter of a boy, whose shoulder he had dislocated by a blow. The boy fell into the hands of a bone setter, who treated him so roughly, that inflammation ensued and the boy died. Baron Platt is credited with having laid it down as a rule that 'if a man inflicted a

wound likely to produce death, and the wounded party should fall into the hands of an unskilful practitioner, whereby death was hastened, the aggressor would still be responsible for the result. If the wound had not been likely to produce death, but by unskilful treatment death ensued, then that would not be murder.' It would be a great blessing, if out of the various opinions of these and other legal luminaries a standard could be formed for the guidance of lawyers on this important subject. As it is, the counsel of a prisoner, charged with homicide, hardly knows, under certain circumstances, what to expect from the bench.

It would also greatly facilitate the ends of justice if, at certain central points, courts-medical were established for the solution of certain questions within their province; their decisions being accepted by courts of law. The decisions of a majority of, say a dozen, able and experienced professional men, would be valuable. Questions are constantly recurring in court connected with toxicology, medicine, obstetrics, gynæcology, surgery, testamentary capacity and insanity, which could thus be disposed of and much saving of time, annoyance, and distraction to the judges. It is a humiliating sight when four or five medical sciolists on each side of a case of murder, malpractice, or presumed insanity or imbecility, swear point blank against each other. It is nearly as bad when the members of a clique recklessly testify to defend the opinion and treatment of one of their party.

Mr. O'Flannagan, who has written some interesting books concerning the bench and bar of Ireland, in alluding to an important criminal trial, states that the Crown Counsel, who, on that occasion was, I believe, the Attorney-General, finding that the prisoner was undefended, requested in open court that counsel should be provided him; adding that he would guarantee that the gentleman should be paid for his trouble. I am not aware that Canadian crown officers often display their humanity and sense of fairness in a similar manner. Unless the prosecuting counsel should be himself in the Government, probably such an arrangement would not be made without special instruction from the higher powers. Sometimes in British and American, including Canadian, courts, the judge, perceiving that the prisoner has no counsel, will nominate and invite a junior member of the bar to undertake the case. Presumably this is regarded as a compliment, and the junior is pleased to act, even gratuitously, that he may have an opportunity of showing what he is made of, and what he carries in his cranium. As regards tenderness towards prisoners on trial, our conduct has not been on all occasions uniform. In 1866, when our Province was invaded by a band of armed marauders, bent on rapine and murder, and after these had actually killed some of our young men who had bravely turned out to defend their homes, the bandits were tried with all the formalities and safeguards of the law, and at heavy expense to the country. The fees paid to the late Hon. J. H. Cameron alone, who acted as crown prosecutor on the occasion, would, as a year's income, made glad the heart of a junior barrister. And, in addition to the expenses of prosecution, when these fellows were sent back to their native or adopted land they were kindly supplied with cash to meet their contingent expenses. Being caught redhanded, their doom in some other countries would have been a drumhead court-martial and a firing party, or else a strong rope for each. But in Bennett's case there was no international complication. He was a poor and friendless man, with a strong prejudice against him. It would have been a graceful and merciful act if the authorities had enabled him to provide a satisfactory defence. But, if there was not an

international, there was a strong political, complication. The Reform party was horrified and indignant at the shooting of their Coryphæus, and the Conservatives, even had they seen any ground for a plea in the prisoner's favour, would have feared to urge it, lest their charity or pity should be misinterpreted. There is a modicum of comfort conveyed in the acknowledgment of the prisoner's counsel that he is satisfied with the result of the trial. He probably watched from the beginning all the factors working towards the inevitable and fatal end. The judge, true to his character and his duty, did not fail to present to the jurors the question whether or no the prisoner really knew what he was doing when the fatal shot was fired; and in the reply which they were bound to give the most momentous issues were involved. The trial and fate of Bennett will always occupy a prominent place in Canadian history, connected as it is with the death of one who so long watched over the cradle of our infant country. The whole case affords valuable suggestions to the lawyer, the employer of labour, the speculative philosopher, and the philanthropist. From it, as a text, grand discourses might be uttered concerning the rights of prisoners on trial, the field for missionary labour at home, the attitude of the capitalist towards the working man, the question of fatalism and of man being partly the product of his environment, the most efficient modes of repressing and preventing youthful crime, and the regulation of the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors. As to the moralist, his true comment will be in accord with such sentiments as we often hear and often disregard—that Godliness is profitable for all things; and that, if a man would be happy, he must first be pure and holy.

TO THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

WHITE as fleeces blown across the hollow heaven,
Fold on fold thy garment wraps thy shining limbs;
Deep thy gaze as morning's flamed thro' vapours riven,
Bright thine hair as day's that up the ether swims.
Surely I have seen the majesty and wonder,
Beauty, might, and splendour of the soul of song;
Surely I have felt the spell that lifts asunder
Soul from body, when lips faint and thought is strong;
Surely I have heard
The ample silence stirred
By intensest music from no throat of bird:—
Smitten down before thy feet
From the paths of heaven sweet,
Lowly I await the song upon my lips conferred.

—*Prelude to Mr. Roberts'* '*Orion and other Poems.*'

JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

BY D. B. READ, Q.C., TORONTO.

THE subject of 'Juvenile Offenders,' and how they are to be dealt with, is at the present moment attracting the attention of those in authority in the British Isles, and must be of interest to those who wield authority in this Province and the Dominion of Canada. We have our Homes for Boys and Girls, a Home for Orphans, and other Houses of Refuge, aided by the State and city; they are most useful, of their kind, and all those who take part in the good work they carry on are deserving of the greatest praise. We have our jails and reformatories for imprisonment of *all classes* of criminals, and it is in respect of these classes that the defect in our mode of dealing, not only with those awaiting trial, but with those convicted of offences against the criminal or municipal law, is most apparent. Grand juries have, over and over again, presented the defects which exist in their various forms to the Courts. Judges have pointed out the faults in the system—the herding together of the most vicious with those yet but a little steeped in crime, the too often mingling of the innocent awaiting trial, incarcerated on some charge which may turn out wholly unfounded, with the convicted felon, are evils too transparent to require more than a passing notice. But what shall we say as to the state of our law, our criminal law, as it affects little children—boys and girls from, say, six to ten years of age? The Ontario Reformatory Prison Act provides that, 'Whenever any person under the age of sixteen years is convicted of any contravention of an Act of the Legislature of Ontario, which is punishable on summary conviction, and is thereupon sentenced and committed to prison in any common gaol,' then, after due enquiry into the circumstances, a Superior Court Judge, or County Court Judge, may 'direct such offender to be sent, either forthwith or at the expiration of his sentence, to the Reformatory Prison, to be there detained for a period of *not less* than six months.' The eighth section of the Reformatory Act provides, 'No offender shall be directed to be sent and detained as aforesaid, unless the sentence of imprisonment to the common gaol as aforesaid is for fourteen days at the least.'

It will be seen from this enactment that for offences ordinarily punishable on summary conviction, the accused, if found guilty, must first be sentenced to the common gaol, and after a fourteen days' incarceration there, he may, by the favour of the law, be removed to the Central Prison for six months, and this too in the case of any youth under sixteen years of age. It may be a great privilege for a person of the most tender years to be thus dealt with on being found guilty of the most trivial offence, as in the case of the little one who, not many years ago, was, in the Lime Stone City, charged with putting her little fingers between the boards of a fence and plucking a gooseberry, an act which was magnified into the crime of 'stealing.' How many little boys and girls are brought before the administrator of criminal law to answer for small indiscretions which they thoughtlessly or unconsciously,

and in total ignorance that they were violating any law, have committed, and yet for this have to suffer the ignominy of a public trial, and are sent to gaol, there to meet others worse, much worse, than themselves —culprits grown to man's estate in crime? A little boy from one of our rural districts, eight years of age, was placed, a few weeks ago, in the criminal dock in one of the Courts of Toronto, on a charge of having stolen an article of but little value. To a stranger entering the Court, he must have felt surprise and have turned from the picture with pain. There was the little fellow, apparently unconscious of having done any wrong, standing in the dock surrounded with a court audience and dignitaries of the law, as if he were mentally enquiring what it was all about? The charge was proved to be entirely false, and he was acquitted; he had, however, run the gauntlet of a trial in a crowded court —not an edifying spectacle in itself, or of benefit to the lad, as, although acquitted, he had experienced the charms of a committal for no offence. How many children are there who are totally without education, and may not know what parental control is, either being orphans or with parents who have shewn total neglect of their offspring, or too abandoned to shew the young ones the proper way?

All have to suffer the same if perchance they trespass on the domain of established law. Now, the question is not whether punishment or, let us rather use the term (as a better one for the case), *chastisement*, ought not to be administered, the question rather is, *what kind of chastisement or punishment* should be administered? May we not profit by going back to olden times, even to the ancients, and take a lesson from their mode of dealing with the youth of their States. Dr. Gillis, in his 'History of Greece,' referring to the Spartans, and the laws of Lycurgus, thus describes the old system of bringing up youth. He says:

'After attaining the ordinary branches of education, youths are frequently left the masters of their own actions. Of all practical errors, Lycurgus deemed this the most dangerous. His discernment perceived the value of that most important period of life which intervenes between *childhood* and *virility*; and the whole force of his discipline was applied to its direction and improvement. Instead of being loosened from the usual ties of authority, the Spartans, at the age of adolescence, were subjected to a more rigorous restraint; and the most extraordinary expedients were employed to moderate the love of pleasure, to correct the insolence of inexperience, and to control the headstrong impetuosity of other youthful passions.' Their bodies were early familiarized to fatigue, hunger, and watching; their minds were early accustomed to difficulty and danger. The laborious exercise of the chase formed their principal amusement; at *stated* times, *the magistrates took an account* of their *actions*, and carefully examined their appearance. If the seeds of their vicious appetites had not been thoroughly eradicated by a life of habitual toil and temperance, they were *subjected to corporal punishment*, which it was their custom to endure with patient fortitude. The *maxims of honour* were instilled by *precept*, and *enforced* by *example*.'

This kind of training has not been lost sight of in much more modern times. Any boy who has passed through Rugby School, or the Upper Canada College of years gone by, when the rattan was used with wholesome regard to the improvement of the lad, will remember how much good he derived from a well but not cruelly administered *corporal* punishment. How the maxims of honour were instilled by precept (+ a drubbing, to use a familiar term, if the precepts were not obeyed), and enforced by example.

Why may not the same regard be paid to the youth of the present day? When brought up for a trivial offence,

why not try precept, once or even twice? Why not let the magistrate take the youthful prisoner to his room, and there lecture him on his fault, warning him of the consequence of disobedience and evil doing? If lecturing fails, if advice is not taken, then let a little wholesome flagellation be applied. Doubtless, by this many a boy may be saved the disgrace of being imprisoned in a felon's cell.

When the Anglo-Saxon youths were brought before Pope Gregory, he is said to have exclaimed: 'Non Angli, sed Angeli forent si essent Christiani.' If boys had instilled into them proper principles by magisterial advice or wholesome correction of the kind to which I have adverted, they might not be open to the rebuke of not being Christians, though they might not reach so high a place in the scale of morality and virtue as to be dignified with the appellation of 'Angels.' The subject of how to deal with 'Juvenile Offenders,' is one that may well engage the attention of the philanthropists. May success attend their efforts.

ROUND THE TABLE.

IS THE WIFE'S LABOUR NON-PRODUCTIVE?

A. B. C.'s 'rejoinder' to F. at the last meeting round the table, seems to me to be superficial and fallacious. A. B. C. may, as he says, have 'looked into' the works of the great economists whose names he mentions, but is it possible that he has *read* them? I claim no intimate acquaintance with McCulloch and Ricardo; but I fancy there be others, as well as myself who will be astonished if A. B. C. can give us a definition of 'non-productive labour,' drawn from those authors, which would include therein the labour of the industrious wife of any professional man. A.B.C. is zealous for the credit of the 'bread-winner,' and the dignity of the father. But what of the credit of the bread-winner's stay; and what of the dignity of that holiest and most reverend of all human creatures, the devoted mother? Is the good husband and father any the less good because the industry and thrift and thoughtful affection of his true wife, by modifying to his advantage the conditions of his labour, enable him to accomplish more, to 'produce' more than without them he could hope to do? Or, does he deserve less 'credit' because with the favourable conditions, her faithful care procures to him, he can produce more than he could produce without them? Surely not. He that doeth with his might that which his hand findeth to do deserves 'credit,' not in proportion to the greatness of his achievement, but, in proportion to the honesty of his effort. If the conditions of his effort be more favourable he must accomplish more, or his credit would suffer; if less favourable, he may accomplish less without diminution of merit. The credit for his additional achievement with favourable conditions of effort, belongs not to him, but to her who makes the favourable conditions; and to the extent to which a wife by her labour (in which may properly be included every act of thoughtful kindness that helps to make the husband's home a place of rest and refreshment for body and mind) creates for her husband favourable conditions of effort; to that extent her labour is productive, for to that extent her labour goes to increase the product of his. Man loses nothing either of 'credit' or of dignity by acknowledging ungrudgingly the merit and dignity of woman in her characters of wife and mother; and to attempt to dis-

parage her share of the world's work by calling it 'non-productive' and comparing it to its disadvantage with man's share of that same work is as unwise and as fallacious—not to say nonsensical—as it is to warn people against the 'profanity' of 'lowering by one iota the attributes of fathers upon earth,' whenever one ventures to raise a voice to claim some merit for mothers. No one wishes to 'filch away half his credit' from the bread-winner. By all means give him full credit for all he does, and if he does *his best*, let the measure of his credit be full and overflowing. But do not 'filch away' from the help-meet the credit to which she is entitled for her share of the work. To do so is to rob her of that which enriches him, and make her poor indeed. For, as I have said above, the credit he *deserves* is proportioned not to the sum total of his actual achievement, but to the honesty and wisdom of his efforts. For so much of that achievement as is due to the favourable conditions in which he works, not *he* deserves the credit, but the maker of the favourable conditions. And surely no man is enriched by receiving credit *undeserved* at the expense of the woman he would be glad to believe the most worthy of all credit. A.B.C. asks 'What warm-hearted woman, what true mother does not take delight in the thought that it is the husband of her choice, and the father of her little ones, who ministers to them?' I ask in turn, What true man, what faithful husband and father, does not take delight in the thought that it is to the wife of his choice and the mother of his little ones that he is indebted for the restful peace and comfort of his home, whence he goes forth each day like a giant refreshed to his toil, that it is that same wife and mother that 'ministers' (far more truly than he can be said to do) to those little ones, not only in supplying their bodily wants, but in what is of infinitely more consequence here and hereafter, the moulding of their characters, and the training of them up in the ways of righteousness? Let A.B.C. 'beware how he lowers by one iota the attributes' of *mothers!* It is the result of such teaching as his that so many women are what they are, useless and contemptible in the eyes of themselves and others, in no way contributing to the work of the world (God's work), faithless to their children, whose happiness in this world and the next will depend to an enormous extent upon the characters they carry with them into the world formed by the influences surrounding them in childhood. Tell a young girl that as a wife and mother her work in the world must of necessity be of secondary importance, that her labour, however assiduous, in the care of her household, and the nurture of her children will after all be 'non-productive,' and of little importance in comparison with the labour of her husband, because that is 'productive' and means 'money' and 'can be turned into bread and butter,' and if she be foolish enough to believe you, she will, according as her character be strong or weak, do one of two things. Either she will despise the part which she is best fitted to perform in the world, and set before herself as the only worthy object of her ambition a career wherein her labour shall 'mean money,' and can be 'turned into bread and butter'—as if 'bread and butter' were the only or the best thing to live for—or she will surrender herself to what will appear to her the inevitable, and become deliberately a trifler and a doll, content to regard herself merely as the toy of her husband's fancy, the amuser of his idle hours, a figure head for his table, a piece of pretty furniture to adorn his drawing-room. In either case she will not do well the work it is her duty to do in the world. If she be wealthy enough to do so, she will delegate to other and probably less competent hands than her's should be, all the work (in her eyes so unimportant) that properly belongs to her to do herself. If she be not so wealthy she will do such of that work as she is *compelled* to do; but she will do it grudgingly, with distaste, without understanding, without a sufficient sense of responsibility, and therefore badly. Alas for the husband and children of such a wife and mother! Alas and alack a day for the poor woman herself! But tell that same young girl that she should strive to be independent and able to do the work that 'means money' so that lack of 'bread and butter' may never make her marriage a matter of necessity and not of choice; and tell her also, what is the simple truth, that if it be her happy fate to link her future with that of a true man, to be his helpmeet, not his toy, her work as wife and mother will be some of the

most important—ay, perhaps the most important that the world knows—immediately 'productive' in so far as by her care and encouragement her husband may be strengthened for the work he has to do in the outer world. Ultimately productive in so far as her children, growing up under her care, shall go forth at last to *their* work, strong in body, noble in soul, righteous in conduct—but deriving its importance far less from its 'productiveness' in the economic sense of the word, than from its influence—an influence almost infinitely far-reaching in its effects for good or evil—upon the character and happiness of her husband, of herself, of her children, of her servants, of her friends, of all that come within the charmed circle of her sacred work :—I say tell her this and get her to thoroughly grasp and believe it, and you will give to herself and to her life in her own eyes a dignity and value that will make her what she should be, the noblest creature in the glorious universe. And that the work of the wife and mother is the most important part of the world's work is true. We do not live to eat : we eat to live. Productive labour is most important from the standpoint of the economist, because the economist has to do solely with the science of material wealth. But material wealth and progress are chiefly valuable because they make favourable conditions for that other kind of labour ('non-productive' in the economic sense of the word), whereby man becomes better and nobler, more worthy of veneration, more truly happy, 'more angel and less worm.' And it is the wife and mother that does the most of that other kind of labour. So that her labour really bears the more immediately and directly upon the great end for which all should work, and the 'productive' labour of the husband is secondary to that of the wife and mother. She does most of the really important work : he helps her by providing favorable conditions for her to work in.

But these comparisons should not be made at all :—

> 'Nothing useless is or low,
> Each thing in its place is best,
> And what seems but idle show
> Strengthens and supports the rest.'

The grand resultant effect upon the sum of human happiness of the joint efforts of a true man and a true woman as man and wife, and as the father and mother of a family, is utterly incapable of analysis into what is due to one and what to the other. An individual excellence in the discharge of duty is from the point of view of the moralist, dependent not upon what others do or have done, but upon what is the *capacity* of each. Let each do his or her *best* in the conditions by which each is surrounded, and each will deserve that highest of all praise—'She hath done what she could.' Nor will the bestowal of that praise on the one in any way detract from its value when deserved by the other.

F. B. R.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Orion and other Poems. By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Fredericton, N. B. Philadelphia : J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

The readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY are familiar with the name of Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, as the author of a beautiful lyric, 'The Ballad of the Poet's Thought,' published in these columns. Most of us have also read with pleasure and pride as Canadians the lyrics contributed by this young Canadian poet to the pages of *Scribner's* Magazine, and high expectations were formed of the treat which lovers of genuine lyric poetry might expect from this volume. The volume takes its name from the longest poem, Orion, which is epic in form : the blank verse, vigorous and musical, bears the impress of no particular school, certainly

not that of the prevalent Tennysonian rhythm. The plot of the story is that of an old myth. Orion, the mighty hunter, is engaged by Œnopion ('the wine-drinker'), king of Chios, to clear that island of wild beasts, in return for which he is to receive the king's daughter in marriage. Orion comes forward with the last wolf ready bound for sacrifice.

'Meanwhile, from out a neighbour gorge, which spake
Rough torrent-thunders through its cloak of pines,
Along the shore came one who seemed to wear
The grandeur of the mountains for a robe,
The torrent's strength for girdle, and for crown
The sea's calm for dread fury capable,—
A hunter laden with the spotted pride
Of kingly beasts before not dared of men,—
And stood without the laurel's sacred shade,
Which his large presence deepened. When the knife
Let blood well-pleasing to Apollo forth
The victim's gasping throat,—who yet cried not,
But glared still hate upon his murderers,
And died uncraven,—then the hunter bent
His godlike head with awe unto the gods,
And so kept bowed, the while the king drew forth
Wine from a full skin-bottle nigh, and poured
A beaded, dark libation.'

The king deals treacherously. Orion is drugged with poisoned wine. A venomed juice is dripped into his eyes: he has lost his sight. But the sea nymphs gather round Orion, and sing an exquisite chorus of sympathy.

'We all are made heavy of heart, we weep with thee, sore with thy sorrow,—
The Sea to its uttermost part, the Night from the dusk to the morrow,
The unplumbed spaces of Air, the unharnessed might of the Wind,
The Sun that outshaketh his hair before his incoming, behind
His outgoing, and laughs, seeing all that is, or hath been, or shall be,
The unflagging Waters that fall from their well-heads soon to the sea,
The high Rocks barren at even, at morning clothed with the rime.'

It is revealed to him that his sight shall be restored, 'Get thee up to the hills! Thou shalt behold the morning.' Eos comes to heal him.

'A mist of gold flung down about her feet,
Her dewy, cool, pink fingers parting it
Till glowing lips, and half-seen snowy curves
Like Parian stone, unnerved him, waited SHE—
Than Circe skilfuller to put away
His pain, to set his sorrow afar off,—
Eos, with warm heart warm for *him*.'

Surely this is poetry, thoroughly Greek, and saturated with the spirit of the glorious Greek religious art. Surely it is like what Keats wrote and Shelley; that is to say, it is true poetry, unmarked by mannerism any more than Shelley is marked by it. Of equal beauty, but in lyric form, is Ariadne. A strain of mediæval music clad in modern richness of expression is 'Launcelot and the Four Queens.' 'A Ballad of Three Mistresses' is mystical and voluptuous.

'Fill high to its quivering rim
The crimson chalice, and see
The warmth and whiteness of limb
Light-draped luxuriously.'

'Memnon' and 'Drowsyhood,' are familiar to the readers of *Scribner*. Among the other lyric poems—all good, not one feeble or wanting in *verve*, and originality—we specially commend those which revive ancient classical forms, those in Sapphics and Choriambics. With a quotation from the latter, we close the brief notice that the space at our disposal permits. But first we would ask, does not the publication of such a book as this by Mr. Roberts, of New Brunswick, justify us in auguring good things of the spread of a genuine literary spirit in Canada? Here is a writer whose power and originality it is impossible to deny—here is a book of which any literature might be proud.

'Ah, Love, what would I give just for a little light!
Cryings born of the wind wake on its undertones.
Vainly praying the shore wearily all the night
Round me the ocean moans.

'Ebb-tides laden with woe flee with a wailful song
Far down out of the dark, calling my trembling soul.
Ah, Love, where is the light? Why is the way so long? ....
Hearken how sad their roll!'

Our quotations do but scanty justice to Mr. Roberts. His poetry should be judged by a far larger sample of his varied and vivid powers as a lyrical poet. But what we have given is enough to induce those who are lovers of poetry for its own sake to order this volume, which, by the way, is as prettily bound and printed as such a book deserves to be.

A Trip to Manitoba, or Roughing it on the Line, by MARY FITZGIBBON. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1880.

'On the line,' gentle reader, does not imply by any means on the equator. Another line, also to some extent imaginary, is intended, namely the line of the Canada Pacific Railway. And, as we read in books of sea-travels, of the hardships which novices have to undergo at the hands of King Neptune in crossing the 'old original' line, so we learn here of the miseries of those who pass a more or less muddy existence in going to and fro along the route of our prospectively great national highway. These discomforts are very graphically and naturally told by Miss Fitzgibbon, whose little work shows capacity both for humour and description, and (still rarer praise to fall from a reviewer's pen now-a-days!) contains no hackneyed French phrases, no superabundance of quotations and quotation-marks, and to sum up all, no padding!

Here is a Dutch picture of the party setting out from Winnipeg for a journey over the prairie. 'Can you imagine a three-seated waggon, containing a load of valises, travelling-bags, a tin box of edibles for a week's journey, tents, blankets, pans, kettles, pails, a box of earth containing bedding plants, a bundle of currant bush slips, a box of cats (being *the* cat and five kittens), a box of family silver, engineer's instruments, wraps of every description, provender for horses, a bag of bread, the driver's own provisions (it was part of the bargain that he was to "find" himself), loose articles of all kinds thrown in at the last moment, five adults, two children, one small dog and an unhappy-looking bird!' Imagine such a load jolted along a corduroy road and through a succession of mud puddles so that the edibles get mixed up and they have to drink salted tea! Heavy rain and mosquitoes attack the travellers together, the canary's cage has to be emptied of water repeatedly, and the cat claws vigorously at any one who comes near her hamper! Curious are the places they have to take shelter in. At one house on the Dawson route, the hopeless wife of the proprietor moved about 'in melancholy protest, or sat with her head leaning against the wall, applying the corner of her apron to her eyes so constantly that that particular corner would not lie flat when allowed to drop.'

But this was luxury compared to the accommodation afforded to emigrants at Fisher's Landing (before they reached Winnipeg). The '*Ho*-tel' there was so crowded that seven men slept on the floor of a room and about twenty women, who had to take refuge from the mud and rain while waiting for the steamer, had to pay twenty-five cents a-piece (children half price) for standing room under cover! But Miss Fitzgibbon found Fisher's Landing much improved on her way back.

Miss Fitzgibbon gives us a graphic account both of canoeing and camping out and also of the everyday life of an engineer's family on one of the advanced sections of the line. The studies of Indian, Irish, and half-breed characters which she comes across are very life-like, and her descriptions of scenery are often really pretty. The only part in which our author appears out of her element is in some of the few explanatory notes she gives. For instance, at p. 24, speaking of the Michigan canal at the Sault, and the command which it would give the Americans in case of war, she considers all difficulty would be obviated by making the Imperial Government joint proprietors. It does not seem to occur to her that in case of war such joint rights would mean nothing, we should still have to seize with the strong hand, which is no more and no less than we should have to do as matters stand now, if we wished to gain the mastery of the upper lake.

Bigotry Demolished; the Close Communion Baptists refuted, examples exemplified, and Christian Union vindicated. By Rev. G. C. MOORE, of Moorefield, Ontario; Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Company, 1880.

This book consists of a series of essays having for their subject the position held by the Close Communion Baptists. This the author maintains to be untenable on Christian grounds, and irreconcilable with the doctrine and practice of the Primitive Church. The illustrations which are given in the course of the argument are well chosen, and cover a rich and varied field of reading. Our sympathy is certainly on the liberal side of this question,

as advocated by Mr. Moore. In the present age the boundary walls between churches are being so fast pulled down, and the tendency towards increased toleration is finding so much favour, that we should think most sensible Christians would take sides with Mr. Moore rather than with his Close Communion opponents.

There are, however, some slips which should be corrected in a future edition, —Madame Roland (see page 63) did not die in 1794 ; nor can the martyr of Girondist Republicanism be fitly described as a 'courtly dame.' The book is on the whole well written, it abounds in interesting anecdote, and is a credit to its intelligent and large-minded author.

Byron. By JOHN NICHOL. Morley's English Men of Letters series. New York: Harper Bros. ; Toronto : James Campbell & Son, 1880.

We have often wondered that the opponents of aristocracy have not made more capital than they have out of the relation borne by noble birth to literary excellence. What has the English peerage done for English poetry ? Are the names emblazoned in the heralds' visitations of the one high in the roll-call of the leaders of immortal verse ? Do not, my Lords, do not offer us versifiers or poetasters, apt translators from the classics or coiners of the *vers de societé* that sometimes pass current for sterling metal among the frequenters of palaces of these we will allow you have plenty, but answer,—where are your poets ? At one time it seemed as though the aristocracy of Elizabeth might take rank upon the tables of another precedence than that of Rouge Croix or Clarencieux,—but the fair early prospect withered away. We might naturally expect more than usual promise from a nobility then but lately largely recruited with new blood after the Wars of the Roses, especially as their wealth enabled them to reap the first fruits of revived learning in advance of the commonalty. But once this was over what a dead level of prose does our House of Lords present to us, generation after generation till the monotonous sound of title succeeding title is broken by the name of Byron ! And even in his case we may ask, would he not have been at once finer poet and truer man if born without that magic pale ?

Prof. Nichol believes that much of Byron's character was inherited. A wild strain of blood ran in his veins on both father's and mother's side ; and if he owed much of his force and vigour to this endowment, there is no doubt he owed to it as well much of the sadness and of the strange impulses which led him to do things he afterwards thought of remorsefully.

The 'wicked Lord,' 'foul-weather Jack,' and 'Mad Jack,' were the sobriquets of three of Lord Byron's nearest paternal relations, his mother was of Scotch birth 'proud, impulsive, wayward and hysterical,' and such a slave to her passionate temper that Prof. Nichol tells us she died 'in a fit of rage brought on by reading an upholsterer's bill !' With such a mixture of blood in his veins, Byron set out to subdue the world.

Generous in his disposition, he found himself cramped in money matters ; vain of his fine person he was tormented by the thought that he always bore with him a palpable personal deformity ; fond of admiration, he was satiated with it for a period and when he wrote at last things more worthy of praise, the world turned round and tried to hoot him down. What wonder if these harsh contradictions, joined to a wife who skilfully contrived to make her very virtues so many knives to gall him with, should have embittered his spirit and driven him out, like an evil spirit, into unclean places ? But he strove, on the whole, upon the side of goodness. It is not in his pages that one would seek the means of polluting innocence,—rather do his wildest fancies revel in tearing the evil from the face of the hypocrite and showing the rottenness that dwells beneath a smug exterior. The man who loved and was beloved by Shelley could not have been so bad at heart as many would still have us believe him.

In those days of political darkness when kings were putting their heels on prostrate nations and England blindly stood by in acquiescence, Byron, antedating opinion some half century, gave his suffrage in favour of free Italy and his genius, his purse and his life for free Greece. And he is rewarded. Unrecognised at home by all but the master-minds, and with even their suffrage obscured by pharisaic dogmatism, the

universal voice of Spain, of Italy, of Germany, awarded him pre-eminence. Of all modern English poets, he it is who has taken most hold upon the Latin mind, a circumstance perhaps largely owing to his freedom from those conventional restraints which usually fetter the 'pawky' Pegasus of British poets. In England Carlyle has headed a strong reaction against Byron as a shallow writer. 'The refrain of Carlyle's advice during the most active years of his criticism,' writes Prof. Nichol, was "Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe!" We do so, and find that the refrain of Goethe's advice in reference to Byron is:—"Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ." We may, perhaps, to some extent reconcile the conflicting authorities by allowing that Carlyle's advice was necessary to prevent that undue steeping of the mind in the superficialties of Byron's mannerism which at one time sent half the youth of England into turn-down collars and fits of despondency, while the great German desired to recommend the deep study of Byron's better works whose fresh audacity and grandeur would, he believed, prove potent aids to culture.

Four Centuries of English Letters. Selections from the correspondence of one hundred and fifty writers from the period of the Paston Letters to the present day. Edited and arranged by W. Baptiste Scoones. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1880.

Such a collection as this can serve a very useful purpose. We do not at present refer to that kindling of interest in our rich national collections of memoirs and correspondence which may well be caused by the perusal of these pages, although that result may, and we hope will, also follow.

But the study of this book and the three hundred and fifty-one letters it contains also lead us to grasp what we might have omitted to notice in a more extended and detailed investigation, that is to say, the great truth of the unity and continuousness of the English character. The current of life that reaches us in these pages from William Paston, who wrote from the playing fields of Eton in 1478, to ask his brother for a day's holiday in London, down to Lamb or Macaulay, ever presents to us varied aspects of the same national characteristics, so that we feel convinced that Lancastrian, Puritan, Whig, Erastian Bishop and modern Man of Letters would only need to meet as closely in the flesh as their epistles do within the cover of this book, in order that their antipathies should be forgotten and their sterling points of similarity alone remembered. We are apt to make too much of the superficial differences of manners induced by the grinding rub of the chariot wheels of the passing centuries. It is well for us now and then to recognise the fact that at bottom we are not so very different from our forefathers, and that the thoughts which fill our letters bear a kinship to those which they indited far more striking than is the external dissimilarity of circumstances, which have put a steel nib (with its point slightly retroussé) in our hands instead of the grey goose-quill with which *they* used to convey their ideas, squeakingly, to paper.

As a general view of English letter-writing, therefore, we must commend this book, and, to come to details, we have no fault to find with the selection it contains. Of course every student will have his especial favourites, all of which he cannot expect to find chosen. But, upon the whole, our great letter-writers are fairly represented, and it is of course an objection inseparable from the plan of the work that we are hurried away from one man's letters just as we are getting most interested in them and him. The fault we notice in the arrangement and sequence of the letters themselves was not however insuperable, and should have been avoided. We allude to the grouping of letters under their writer's name, and determining the place of each group by the date of the author's birth. Most confusing results of course follow. At page 32, Sir Francis Drake's account of the defeat of the Armada in 1588 immediately precedes a letter to Thomas Cornwell about the dissolution of the monasteries in 1535. Or we have all Donne's letters preceding Ben Jonson's; although Jonson was heart and soul an Elizabethan dramatist, and Donne (despite his one year's seniority) as certainly a writer of the school of the Stuart *régime*. When so few letters of each writer are published, there is little gained by keeping them together, and it would have been far better to have arranged all in order of date of writing.

It might be a question whether some rather trivial letters, say rather notes, (as for instance the one on page 413, where the Rev. Sydney Smith simply acknowledges the receipt of some game !) might not have been omitted with advantage, and letters containing more incident substituted. In fact there is too little incident. Your letter-writer (particularly in the seventeenth century) was very apt to moralise and concoct a little essay unless he had some stirring news to tell, in which case he could speak a plain tale as well as any one. Yet occasionally the essay or moral letter is charmingly touched off.

Take any of those of James Howel (1596-1666), and they will be found to be capital. His little bit about the tongue and his reason for considering the pen a more faithful interpreter of the mind, because 'being seated in a *moist and slippery place* the tongue may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions' is uncommonly quaint. The whole of his letter No. lviii. is delightful, although it contains no other news than that he took a walk into the fields and indulged in various reflections on the objects he saw there. The charm consists to a great extent in the curious manner in which his thoughts join together, the old speculations of the schoolmen and far reaching ideas containing the germs of many modern and advanced scientific discoveries. Howel was worthy of living in the same age as Sir Thomas Browne, of whom, by the way, Mr. Scoones gives us no single specimen.

By the aid of an amanuensis poor Nell Gwynne manages to send us a note with the latest news from "The Pel Mel." But it is with difficulty that it is achieved, the pen-wielder appears to be not much more used to caligraphy than her mistress, and the letter ends to the mortification of lady and lady's maid, 'I have a thousand merry conseets, but I can't make her write um, and therefore you must take the will for the deed.'

What a step from Nell Gwynne to John Wesley ! but all must meet on the common ground of a sheet of letter paper. Pious Mr. Wesley had some hard exhorting to do in his day, but he did not believe in shouting and speaking vehemently. To one of his missionary preachers in America he wrote : 'Scream no more, at the peril of your soul. . . . Speak as earnestly as you can, but do not scream !' One wonders how poor John King, whose questionable screams had reached across the Atlantic, contrived to get on without 'straining himself.' Perhaps, as Wesley tells him, he was 'stubborn and headstrong,' he may have gone on screaming till he screamed himself out.

Here is another little touch of an utterly different character. Thiers and the French Government of 1840 are blustering about war, and the spirit of the Empire seems on the point of breaking out again in its most aggressive form. With what consummate knowledge of the true position of affairs, and with what depth of sarcasm at the Bourgeois Government which wished to ape the glories of Napoleon, does Lord Palmerston write to the English Ambassador, 'pray let me know when the next settling day happens at the French Bourse !' The whole cloud of war, which in the grand times of the Consulate would have burst in a devastating torrent on Austria or Prussia, was now nothing but a device to raise or lower the price of *Rentes !*

We should like to go on and give some of Porson's satire, or Professor Wilson's criticisms on Ossian ('a man who lives for ever among mist and mountains, knows better than to be always prosing about them,') but our space forbids us. We only notice a few misprints, as 'betwitching' for bewitching, and a misplaced note at page 240 : in other respects the reprint is more than creditably got up, and deserves much success with the public.

White Wings, a Yachting Romance, by William Black. New York : Harper Brothers ; Toronto : James Campbell & Son.

Publishers, those mysterious men who feel the pulse of the world's literary taste, and mark down on their tablets its so many-edition beats to the year,—these complacent doctors who never cross their patient's fancy but always prescribe what he calls for,—publishers, we say, tell us that Mr. Black is one of the most popular writers of the present day, and that his books, no less in the New World than the Old, are called for almost more rapidly than they can be produced. The critic who also aspires to do a little literary doctoring, and who does not content himself with always

accepting the invalid's estimate of the medicine supplied him—he, on the other hand, does not entirely agree with this verdict, and even hints that Mr. Black, if harmless and well-intentioned, is dull at times, and repeats himself *ad nauseam*. We need not give any detailed account of the story now before us, as most of our readers will have seen at any rate parts of it in the weekly or fortnightly stolen screeds that have appeared any time the last six months in the *Globe*, and have represented that advanced journal's sole homage to literature. One good point may as well be noted at once. Mr. Black has fairly warned all the world in his title page that this is to be another nautical romance where the initiated may expect to meet any number of miraculously beautiful sunsets, brooding over any quantity of olive-green rocks, and where any number of absurd Highlandmen will talk about feeling 'ferry well whatever,' and ask why you did not comply with their 'when I wass call you.' The initiated will not be disappointed in this point, and we can promise them a fine old Laird thrown in, who tells idiotic tales and chuckles over them in the most annoying manner, but with whom you cannot get seriously angry because he candidly admits that the humour of these anecdotes depends almost entirely on the dialect in which they are couched. Without pretending to gauge the exact amount of wit a peculiar *patois* can instil into a tale, we may fairly admit that these eternal reminiscences of Homesh possess no humour in any other aspect. Then the principal characters are always singing, often in Gaelic, and their *répertoire* is limited to a very few ballads, which we are generally regaled with at full length. Add to all this, the crowning misery of having to listen to a tale nearly all told in the shape of questions, and the idea of discomfort is complete. According to this chaste and simple method the commonplace sentence, 'She came up the companion-way' is etherealised into 'But who is this coming up the companion way?' and the verbless phrases, 'But this sudden sound of oars?' and the slight shock against 'the side of the vessel?' are supposed to have a nameless charm that far exalts them over the usual stale and mundane methods of announcing the approach of a boat. In this particular we must admit that Mr. Black can quote the authority of a greater man than himself, we mean Mr. Robert Browning, in whose 'Balaustion's Adventure,' we are sorry to say, the same interrogative form of giving a fact appears more than once (*e.g.*)

> 'Round we rushed,—
> 'What hung behind us but a pirate ship
> 'Panting for the good prize?'

Then again we have slowly acquired an undying hatred for the stock character of Queen T. who has done duty in so many of Mr. Black's novels. We inwardly rebel and cannot away with her tricks and her manners. This introduction of your old characters into your new books is a favourite game with some novelists, who seem to think that, by harping long enough on one personality, a strong belief in its existence can be evoked. With a low bow of apology for mentioning him in such company, we would refer to the wonderfully minute skill with which Thackeray added to the *vraisemblance* of his fictions by introducing the characters from one of his books into another and that not alone but with their relations and forbears, *avus et proavus*, for some generations. But he did this in such a masterly way and his canvas was so full of life that the repetitions were no more striking than those everyday coincidences that are always occurring in society.

On Mr. Black's narrow yacht-decks it savours of presumptious laziness to make one of his five principal characters a *revenant* from the gloom of his past novels. But if Queen T. is so obtrusive, what are we to say for the angelic modesty and retiring spirit of her husband? This marvellous nonentity neither speaks nor is spoken to. Apparently he never helps to sail the yacht or row a boat. If he is sick in his cabin all the time he accomplishes his fate noiselessly and with self-effacement. And yet, like the Greek chorus, he is supposed to divulge no inconsiderable part of the narrative, which he does without further betrayal of his existence than is involved in such phrases as this, 'Some of us' objected to such and such tyrannical proceedings of Queen T.,—while we really know all the time that he durst not raise a finger in opposition to that despotic individual. So completely does the reader ignore him that we had quite a difficulty in making out who this strange man could be who persistently appeared in the illustrations!

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. John Morley is about to issue a work on the 'Life and Correspondence of Richard Cobden.'

A new volume, entitled 'Winter Troubles,' of Mr. Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' is nearly ready for publication.

The nephew of Lord Macaulay, Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, is writing a work on 'The Early History of Charles James Fox.'

A biography of the late Editor of the London *Times*, Mr. John T. Delane, is announced as about to appear from the pen of Sir George W. Dasent.

'Scientific Sophisms, a Review of Current Theories concerning Atoms, Apes, and Men,' is the title of a new book about to appear in England.

Among forthcoming books is the 'Life and Letters of Lord Chancellor Campbell,' to be edited by his daughter, Hon. Mrs. Hardcastle.

Two new volumes of essays from the *Quarterly Review*, by Mr. A. Hayward, Q.C., are announced. They will bear the title of 'Sketches of Eminent Statesmen and Writers.'

A companion volume to Mr. Smile's 'Self Help' series is shortly to be issued, on the subject of 'Duty: with illustrations of Courage, Patience, and Endurance.'

Dr. Schliemannn's new book 'Ilios,' which is to appear immediately, will comprise a complete history of the city and country of the Trojans, including all the recent discoveries and researches of its author on the Plains of Troy. The work, we learn, will be enriched with appendices and notes by many classicists, philologists, and antiquarians, of high repute.

Messrs. Willing & Williamson, of Toronto, we learn, have arranged for a Canadian edition of a delightful little work for the holidays, entitled 'Pretty Peggy and other Ballads,' illustrated by Rosina Emmet, the lady who was the winner of the thousand dollar prize offered by Messrs. Prang & Co., the Art Publishers, of Boston, for the best illuminated Christmas Card. The book, which may be considered a companion to Kate Greenway's charming holiday juvenile of last year, 'Under the Window,' contains five simple ballads, quaintly illustrated in colours after most artistic designs by Miss Emmet. Though intended for the young folks the book, we are sure, will be studied by all lovers of art and will find a place on the drawing-room table as well as in the nursery. Kate Greenway's new Birthday book of Child Life has also been imported in large quantity by the same firm. The latter is also sure of receiving large favour in the approaching holiday trade.

We observe with pleasure that Mr. Justin McCarthy, in the concluding volumes of his admirable 'History of Our Own Times,' just published, devotes some space to the consideration of the thoughtful essay on the *National Development of Canada* which appeared in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for March last, from the pen of Mr. J. G. Bourinot, B.A., of Ottawa. This recognition, on the part of a notable English author, of the writings of a Canadian will be gratifying to those who, with ourselves, look hopefully on the future of the literature of the Dominion, and who see in men of Mr. Bourinot's calibre writers who would do honour to the profession of letters, wherever resident, were our people but more appreciative of native talent, and better disposed to encourage the possessors of it in intellectual pursuits. It can hardly be said that it is creditable to us that native literary merit should be left to the accidental notice of literary men of other countries for its proper recognition, or that, as in many instances, they should be the first to discern it. We learn that Mr. Bourinot is about to bring out a lengthy historical review of the 'Intellectual Development of the Canadian People,' which we trust will awaken some active interest, now too long dormant, in Canadian literature and its professors. Mr. Bourinot, we need hardly inform our readers, is the Clerk-Assistant of the House of Commons.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

THE LATEST METHOD.—Jones: 'I see Smith has taken to riding a bicycle. What on earth is he doing that for?' Robinson: 'Oh, a very simple reason—to prevent Mrs. Smith going with him.'

IT DOESN'T ALWAYS PAY TO BE MEEK.—'You are an idiot!' angrily exclaimed a domineering wife. 'So my friends said when I married you,' replied the husband. And she became more infuriated than ever.

FROM A LADIES' LOGIC CLASS.—Professor: 'Miss C., give me the example of a true conclusion drawn from two false premises.' Miss C.: 'Logic is an easy study; that's false. I don't like easy studies; that's false. I don't like logic; that's true.'

CELTIC ENGLISH.—Scene—Hurricane deck of West Highland steamer; the fares are about to be collected. Mate vociferously to Donald, a deck hand: 'Donald, come up here and stood where you'll stood, and I'll go doon an' stood where am I.'

A canny Scotchman inquired of a fellow-traveler, 'Is Colonel X a man to be trusted?' 'I think you'll find him so,' was the reply. 'If you trust him once, you'll trust him for ever.'

Doctor X is as bad a sportsman as he is a physician; but this does not prevent him, as regularly as the season comes round, from spending a fortnight in the fields with his dog and his gun. 'And that's the only period of the year when he doesn't kill anything,' said one of his colleagues kindly.

Some enthusiastic anglers from Paisley were fishing from Rothesay quay this summer. A small boy among them tumbled into the water, and would have been drowned had not an old veteran jumped in after him and landed him safely. A bystander complimented the angler on his heroism, and asked him if the boy was his son. 'No,' replied the old man, 'but he micht jist as weel hae been. The young rascal had a' the bait in his pouch.'

Squibb's boy has been for some months an inmate of a lawyer's office. He entered with the determination, as he announced to his family, to become Secretary of State. There would seem to be some probability of his succeeding, to judge from the following note sent the other day to his anxious mother, who had inquired why he did not come home to see them oftener: 'The impossibility of my absence will be readily apparent when I convey the intelligence that my senior principal is at the current juncture exhaustively engaged in the preparation of a voluminous series of intercalatory interrogatories to be propounded to a supposedly recalcitrant witness whose testimony is of cardinal importance in the initial stages of an approaching preliminary investigation involving the most momentous consequences.'

A BALLADE OF EVOLUTION.

In the mud of the Cambrian main
  Did our earliest ancestor dive:
From a shapeless albuminous grain
  We mortals our being derive.
He could split himself up into five,
  Or roll himself up like a ball;
For the fittest will always survive,
  While the weakliest go to the wall.

As an active ascidian again
  Fresh forms he began to contrive,
Till he grew to a fish with a brain,
  And brought forth a mammal alive.
With his rivals he next had to strive,
  To woo him a mate and a thrall;
So the handsomest managed to wive,
  While the ugliest went to the wall.

At length as an ape he was fain
  The nuts of the forest to rive;
Till he took to the low-lying plain,
  And slew but omitted to shrive.
Thus did cannibal men first arrive,
  One another to swallow and maul:
And the strongest continued to thrive,
  While the weakliest went to the wall.

ENVOY.

Prince, in our civilized hive,
  Now money's the measure of all:
And the wealthy in coaches can drive,
  While the needier go to the wall.

St. James' Gazette.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1880.

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER II.

THE JESUITS.

FATHER Benwell rose and advanced to meet the visitor with his paternal smile. 'I am heartily glad to see you,' he said—and held out his hand with a becoming mixture of dignity and cordiality. Penrose lifted the offered hand respectfully to his lips As one of the 'Provincials' of the Order, Father Benwell occupied a high place among the English Jesuits. He was accustomed to acts of homage offered by his younger brethren to their spiritual chief. 'I fear you are not well,' he proceeded gently. 'Your hand is feverish, Arthur.'

'Thank you, Father—I am as well as usual.'

'Depression of spirits, perhaps?' Father Benwell persisted.

Penrose admitted it with a passing smile. 'My spirits are not very lively,' he said.

Father Benwell shook his head in gentle disapproval of a depressed state of spirits in a young man. 'This must be corrected,' he remarked. 'Cultivate cheerfulness, Arthur. I am myself, thank God, a naturally cheerful man. My mind reflects, in some degree (and reflects gratefully) the brightness and beauty which are part of the great scheme of creation. A similar disposition is to be cultivated—I know instances of it in my own experience. Add one more instance, and you will really 'gratify me. In its seasons of rejoicing our Church is eminently cheerful. Shall I add another encouragement? A great trust is about to be placed in you. Be socially agreeable, or you will fail to justify the trust. This is Father Benwell's little sermon. I think it has a merit, Arthur—it is a sermon soon over.'

Penrose looked up at his superior, eager to hear more.

He was a very young man. His large, thoughtful, well-opened gray eyes, and his habitual refinement and modesty of manner, gave a certain at-

traction to his personal appearance, of which it stood in some need. In stature he was little and lean; his hair had become prematurely thin over his broad forehead; there were hollows already in his cheeks, and marks on either side of his thin delicate lips. He looked like a person who had passed many miserable hours in needless despair of himself and his prospects. With all this there was something in him so irresistibly truthful and sincere—so suggestive, even where he might be wrong, of a purely conscientious belief in his own errors—that he attached people to him without an effort, and often without being aware of it himself. What would his friends have said if they had been told that the religious enthusiasm of this gentle, self-distrustful, melancholy man might, in its very innocence of suspicion and self-seeking, be perverted to dangerous uses in unscrupulous hands? His friends would, one and all, have received the scandalous assertion with contempt; and Penrose himself, if he had heard of it, might have failed to control his temper for the first time in his life.

'May I ask a question, without giving offence?' he said, timidly.

Father Benwell took his hand. 'My dear Arthur, let us open our minds to each other without reserve. What is your question?'

'You have spoken, Father, of a great trust that is about to be placed in me.'

'Yes. You are anxious, no doubt, to hear what it is?'

'I am anxious to know, in the first place, if it requires me to go back to Oxford.'

Father Benwell dropped his young friend's hand. 'Do you dislike Oxford?' he asked, observing Penrose attentively.

'Bear with me, Father, if I speak too confidently. I dislike the deception which has obliged me to conceal that I am a Catholic and a priest.'

Father Benwell set this little difficulty right, with the air of a man who could make benevolent allowance for unreasonable scruples. 'I think, Arthur, you forget two important considerations,' he said. 'In the first place, you have a dispensation from your superiors, which absolves you of all responsibility in respect of the concealment that you have practised. In the second place, we could only obtain information of the progress which our Church is silently making at the University, by employing you in the capacity of—let me say, an independent Observer. However, if it will contribute to your ease of mind, I see no objection to informing you that you will *not* be instructed to return to Oxford. Do I relieve you?'

There could be no question of it. Penrose breathed more freely, in every sense of the word.

'At the same time,' Father Benwell continued, 'let us not misunderstand each other. In the new sphere of action which we design for you, you will not only be at liberty to acknowledge that you are a Catholic, it will be absolutely necessary that you should do so. But you will continue to wear the ordinary dress of an English gentleman, and to preserve the strictest secrecy on the subject of your admission to the priesthood, until you are further advised by myself. Now, dear Arthur, read that paper. It is the necessary preface to all that I have yet to say to you.'

The 'paper' contained a few pages of manuscript, relating to the early history of Vange Abbey, in the days of the monks, and the circumstances under which the property was confiscated to lay uses in the time of Henry the Eighth. Penrose handed back the little narrative, vehemently expressing his sympathy with the monks, and his detestation of the King.

'Compose yourself, Arthur,' said Father Benwell, smiling pleasantly. 'We don't mean to allow Henry the Eighth to have it all his own way for ever.'

Penrose looked at his superior in

blank bewilderment. His superior withheld any further information for the present.

'Everything in its turn,' the discreet Father resumed; 'the turn of explanation has not come yet. I have something else to shew you first. One of the most interesting relics in England. Look here.'

He unlocked a flat mahogany box, and displayed to view some writings on vellum, evidently of great age.

'You have had a little sermon already,' he said. 'You shall have a little story now. No doubt you have heard of Newstead Abbey—famous among the readers of poetry as the residence of Byron? King Henry treated Newstead exactly as he treated Vange Abbey? Many years since, the lake at Newstead was dragged, and the brass eagle which had served as the lectern in the old church was rescued from the waters in which it had lain for centuries. A secret receptacle was discovered in the body of the eagle, and the ancient title-deeds of the Abbey were found in it. The monks had taken that method of concealing the legal proofs of their rights and privileges, in the hope—a vain hope, I need hardly say—that a time might come when Justice would restore to them the property of which they had been robbed. Only last summer, one of our bishops, administering a northern diocese, spoke of these circumstances to a devout Catholic friend, and said he thought it possible that the precaution taken by the monks at Newstead might also have been taken by the monks at Vange. The friend, I should tell you, was an enthusiast. Saying nothing to the bishop (whose position and responsibilities he was bound to respect), he took into his confidence persons whom he could trust. One moonlight night—in the absence of the present proprietor, or I should rather say, the present usurper of the estate—the lake at Vange was privately dragged, with a result that proved the bishop's conjecture to be right. Read those valuable documents, Arthur. Knowing your strict sense of honour, and your admirable tenderness of conscience, I wish you to be satisfied of the title of the Church to the lands of Vange, by evidence which is beyond dispute.'

With this little preface, he waited while Penrose read the title-deeds. 'Any doubt on your mind?' he asked, when the reading had come to an end.

'Not the shadow of a doubt.'

'Is the Church's right to the property clear?'

'As clear, Father, as words can make it.'

'Very good. We will lock up the documents. Arbitrary confiscation, Arthur, even on the part of a king, cannot override the law. What the Church once lawfully possessed, the Church has a right to recover. Any doubt about that in your mind?'

'Only the doubt of *how* the Church can recover. Is there anything in this particular case to be hoped from the law?'

'Nothing whatever.'

'And yet, Father, you speak as if you saw some prospect of the restitution of the property. By what means can the restitution be made?'

'By peaceful and worthy means,' Father Benwell answered. 'By honourable restoration of the confiscated property to the Church on the part of the person who is now in possession of it.'

Penrose was surprised and interested. 'Is the person a Catholic?' he asked, eagerly.

'Not yet.' Father Benwell laid a strong emphasis on those two little words. His fat fingers drummed restlessly on the table; his vigilant eyes rested expectantly on Penrose. 'Surely you understand me, Arthur?' he added, after an interval.

The colour rose slowly in the worn face of Penrose. 'I am afraid to understand you,' he said.

'Why?'

'I am not sure that it is my better

sense which understands. I am afraid, Father, it may be my vanity and presumption.'

Father Benwell leaned back luxuriously in his chair. 'I like that modesty,' he said, with a relishing smack of his lips as if modesty was as good as a meal to him. 'There is power of the right sort, Arthur, hidden under the diffidence that does you honour. I am more than ever satisfied that I have been right in reporting you as worthy of this most serious trust. I believe the conversion of the owner of Vange Abbey is —in your hands—no more than a matter of time.'

'May I ask what his name is?'

'Certainly. His name is Lewis Romayne.'

'When do you introduce me to him?'

'Impossible to say. I have not yet been introduced myself.'

'You don't know Mr. Romayne?'

'I have never even seen him.'

These discouraging replies were made with the perfect composure of a man who saw his way clearly before him. Sinking from one depth of perplexity to another, Penrose ventured on putting a last question. 'How am I to approach Mr. Romayne?' he asked.

'I can only answer that, Arthur, by admitting you still further into my confidence. It is disagreeable to me,' said the reverend gentleman, with the most becoming humility, 'to speak of myself. But it must be done. Shall we have a little coffee, to help us through the coming extract from Father Benwell's autobiography? Don't look so serious, my son! When the occasion permits it, let us take life lightly.' He rang the bell and ordered the coffee, as if he were the master of the house. The servant treated him with the most scrupulous respect. He hummed a little tune, and talked at intervals of the weather, while they were waiting. 'Plenty of sugar, Arthur?' he inquired, when the coffee was brought in. 'No? Even in trifles, I should have been glad to feel that there was perfect sympathy between us. I like plenty of sugar myself.'

Having sweetened his coffee with the closest attention to the process, he was at liberty to enlighten his young friend. He did it so easily and so cheerfully, that a far less patient man than Penrose would have listened to him with interest.

CHAPTER III.

THE INTRODUCTION TO ROMAYNE.

'EXCEPTING my employment here in the library,' Father Benwell began, 'and some interesting conversation with Lord Loring, to which I shall presently allude, I am almost as great a stranger in this house, Arthur, as yourself. When the object which we now have in view was first taken seriously into consideration, I had the honour of being personally acquainted with Lord Loring. I was also aware that he was an intimate and trusted friend of Romayne. Under these circumstances, his lordship presented himself to our point of view, as a means of approaching the owner of Vange Abbey without exciting distrust. I was charged accordingly with the duty of establishing myself on terms of intimacy in this house. By way of making room for me, the spiritual director of Lord and Lady Loring was attached, in some inferior capacity, to a mission abroad. And here I am in his place! By-the-way, don't treat me (when we are in the presence of visitors) with any special marks of respect. I am not Provincial of our Order in Lord Loring's house—I am one of the inferior clergy.'

Penrose looked at him with admiration. 'It is a great sacrifice to make, Father, in your position, and at your age.'

'Not at all, Arthur. A position of authority involves certain temptations

to pride. I feel this change as a lesson in humility which is good for me. For example, Lady Loring (as I can plainly see) dislikes and distrusts me. Then, again, a young lady has recently arrived here on a visit. She is a Protestant, with all the prejudices incident to that way of thinking—avoids me so carefully, poor soul, that I have never seen her yet. These rebuffs are wholesome reminders of his fallible human nature, to a man who has occupied a place of high trust and command. Besides, there have been obstacles in my way which have had an excellent effect in rousing my energies. How do you feel, Arthur, when you encounter obstacles?'

'I do my best to remove them, Father. But I am sometimes conscious of a sense of discouragement.'

'Curious,' said Father Benwell, 'I am only conscious, myself, of a sense of impatience. What right has an obstacle to get in *my* way?—that is how I look at it. For example, the first thing I heard, when I came here, was that Romayne had left England. My introduction to him was indefinitely delayed; I had to look to Lord Loring for all the information I wanted, relating to the man and his habits. There was another obstacle! Not living in the house, I was obliged to find an excuse for being constantly on the spot, ready to take advantage of his lordship's leisure moments for conversation. I sat down in this room; and I said to myself, "before I get up again, I mean to brush these impertinent obstacles out of my way!" The state of the books suggested the idea of which I was in search. Before I left the house, I was charged with the re-arrangement of the library. From that moment, I came and went as often as I liked. Whenever Lord Loring was disposed for a little talk, there I was, to lead the talk in the right direction. And what is the result? On the first occasion when Romayne presents himself, I can place you in a position to become his daily companion. All due, Arthur, in the first instance, to my impatience of obstacles. Amusing, isn't it?'

Penrose was perhaps deficient in the sense of humour. Instead of being amused, he appeared to be anxious for more information. 'In what capacity am I to be Mr. Romayne's companion?' he asked.

Father Benwell poured himself out another cup of coffee.

'Suppose I tell you first,' he suggested, 'how Romayne is marked out, by habits and disposition, as a promising subject for conversion. He is young; still a single man; romantic, sensitive, highly cultivated. No near relations are alive to influence him—he is not compromised by any illicit attachment. He has devoted himself for years past to books, and is collecting materials for a work of immense research, on the origin of Religions. Some great sorrow or remorse—Lord Loring did not mention what it was—has told seriously on his nervous system, already injured by night-study. Add to this, that he is now within our reach. He has lately returned to London, and is living quite alone at a private hotel. For some reason which I am not acquainted with, he keeps away from Vange Abbey—the very place, as I should have thought, for a studious man.'

Penrose began to be interested. 'Have you been to the Abbey?' he said.

'I made a little excursion to that part of Yorkshire, Arthur, not long since. A very pleasant trip—apart from the painful associations connected with the ruin and profanation of a sacred place. There is no doubt about the revenues. I know the value of that productive part of the estate which stretches southward, away from the barren region round the house. Let us return for a moment to Romayne, and to your position as his future companion. He has had his books sent to him from Vange; and has persuaded himself that continued

study is the one remedy for his troubles, whatever they may be. At Lord Loring's suggestion, a consultation of physicians was held on his case the other day.'

'Is he so ill as that!' Penrose exclaimed.

'So it appears,' Father Benwell replied, 'Lord Loring is mysteriously silent about the illness. One result of the consultation I extracted from him, in which you are interested. The doctors protested against his employing himself on the proposed book. He was too obstinate to listen to them. There was but one concession that they could gain from him—he consented to spare himself, in some small degree, by employing an amanuensis. It was left to Lord Loring to find the man. I was consulted by his lordship; I was even invited to undertake the duty myself. Each one in his proper sphere, my son! The person who converts Romayne must be young enough to be his friend and companion. Your part is there, Arthur—you are the future amanuensis. How does the prospect strike you now?'

'I beg your pardon, Father! I fear I am unworthy of the confidence which is placed in me.'

'In what way?'

Penrose answered with unfeigned humility.

'I am afraid I may fail to justify your belief in me,' he said, 'unless I can really feel that I am converting Mr. Romayne for his own soul's sake. However righteous the cause may be, I cannot find in the restitution of the Church property a sufficient motive for persuading him to change his religious faith. There is something so serious in the responsibility which you lay on me, that I shall sink under the burden unless my whole heart is in the work. If I feel attracted towards Mr. Romayne when I first see him; if he wins upon me little by little, until I love him like a brother—then, indeed, I can promise that his conversion shall be the dearest object of my life. But, if there is not this intimate sympathy between us—forgive me if I say it plainly—I implore you to pass me over, and to commit the task to the hands of another man.'

His voice trembled; his eyes moistened. Father Benwell handled his young friend's rising emotion with the dexterity of a skilled angler humouring the struggles of a lively fish.

'Good Arthur!' he said, 'I see much—too much, dear boy—of self-seeking people. It is as refreshing to me to hear you, as a draught of water to a thirsty man. At the same time, let me suggest that you are innocently raising difficulties where no difficulties exist. I have already mentioned as one of the necessities of the case, that you and Romayne should be friends. How can that be unless there is precisely that sympathy between you which you have so well described? I am a sanguine man; and I believe you will like each other. Wait till you see him.'

As the words passed his lips, the door that led to the picture gallery was opened. Lord Loring entered the library.

He looked quickly round him—apparently in search of some person who might, perhaps, be found in the room. A transient shade of annoyance showed itself in his face, and disappeared again as he bowed to the two Jesuits.

'Don't let me disturb you,' he said, looking at Penrose. 'Is this the gentleman who is to assist Mr. Romayne?'

Father Benwell presented his young friend. 'Arthur Penrose, my lord. I ventured to suggest that he should call here to-day, in case you wished to put any questions to him.'

'Quite needless, after your recommendation,' Lord Loring answered graciously, 'Mr. Penrose could not have come here at a more appropriate time. As it happens, Mr. Romayne has paid us a visit to-day—he is now in the picture gallery.'

The priests looked at each other. Lord Loring left them as he spoke. He walked to the opposite door of the lib-

rary—opened it—glanced round the hall, and at the stairs—and returned again, with the passing expression of annoyance visible once more. 'Come with me to the gallery, gentlemen,' he said, 'I shall be happy to introduce you to Mr. Romayne.'

Penrose accepted the proposal. Father Benwell pointed with a smile to the books scattered about him. 'With permission, I will follow your lordship,' he said.

'Who was my lord looking for?' That was the question in Father Benwell's mind, while he put some of the books away on the shelves, and collected the scattered papers on the table relating to his correspondence with Rome. It had become a habit of his life to be suspicious of any circumstances occurring within his range of observation, for which he was unable to account. He might have felt some stronger emotion, on this occasion, if he had known that the conspiracy in the library to convert Romayne, was matched by the conspiracy in the picture gallery to marry him.

Lady Loring's narrative of the conversation which had taken place between Stella and herself had encouraged the husband to try his proposed experiment without delay. 'I shall send a letter at once to Romayne's hotel,' he said.

'Inviting him to come here to-day?' her ladyship inquired.

'Yes. I shall say I particularly wish to consult him about a picture. Are we to prepare Stella to see him! or would it be better to let the meeting take her by surprise?'

'Certainly not!' said Lady Loring. 'With her sensitive disposition, I am afraid of taking Stella by surprise. Let me only tell her that Romayne is the original of her portrait, and that he is likely to call on you to see the picture to-day—and leave the rest to me.'

Lady Loring's suggestion was immediately carried out. In the first fervour of her agitation, Stella had declared that her courage was not equal to a meeting with Romayne on that day. Becoming more composed, she yielded to Lady Loring's persuasion so far as to promise that she would at least make the attempt to follow her friend to the gallery. 'If I go down with you,' she said, 'it will look as if we had arranged the thing between us. I can't bear even to think of that! Let me look in by myself, as if it was by accident.' Consenting to this arrangement, Lady Loring had proceeded alone to the gallery, when Romayne's visit was announced. The minutes passed, and Stella did not appear. Lord Loring thought it possible that she might shrink from openly presenting herself at the main entrance to the gallery, and might prefer—especially if she was not aware of the priest's presence in the room—to slip in quietly by the library door. Failing to find her, on putting this idea to the test, he had discovered Penrose, and so hastened the introduction of the younger of the two Jesuits to Romayne.

Having gathered his papers together, Father Benwell crossed the library to the deep bow-window which lighted the room, and opened his despatch-box, standing on a small table in the recess. Placed in this position, he was invisible to any person entering the room by the hall door.

He had secured his papers in the despatch-box, and had just closed and locked it, when he heard the door cautiously opened.

The instant afterwards the rustling of a woman's dress over the carpet caught his ear. Other men might have walked out of the recess and shown themselves. Father Benwell stayed where he was, and waited until the lady crossed his range of view.

The priest observed with cold attention her darkly-beautiful eyes and hair, her quickly-changing colour, her modest grace of movement. Slowly, and in evident agitation, she advanced to the door of the picture gallery—and

paused, as if she was afraid to open it. Father Benwell heard her sigh to herself softly, 'Oh, how shall I meet him?' She turned aside to the looking-glass over the fire-place. The reflection of her charming face seemed to rouse her courage. She retraced her steps, and timidly opened the door. Lord Loring must have been close by at the moment. His voice immediately made itself heard in the library.

'Come in, Stella—come in! Here is a new picture for you to see; and a friend whom I want to present to you, who must be your friend too—Mr. Lewis Romayne.'

The door was closed again. Father Benwell stood still as a statue in the recess, with his head down, deep in thought. After a while he roused himself, and rapidly returned to the writing table. With a roughness strangely unlike his customary deliberation of movement, he snatched a sheet of paper out of the case, and, frowning heavily, wrote these lines on it:—

'Since my letter was sealed, I have made a discovery which must be communicated without a loss of post. I greatly fear there may be a woman in our way. Trust me to combat this obstacle as I have combatted other obstacles. In the meantime the work goes on. Penrose has received his first instructions, and has to-day been presented to Romayne.'

He addressed this letter to Rome, as he had addressed the letter preceding it. 'Now for the woman!' he said to himself—and opened the door of the picture gallery.

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER BENWELL HITS.

ART has its trials as well as its triumphs. It is powerless to assert itself against the sordid interests of everyday life. The greatest book ever written, the finest picture ever painted, appeals in vain to minds pre-occupied by selfish and secret cares. On entering Lord Loring's gallery, Father Benwell found but one person who was not looking at the pictures under false pretences.

Innocent of all suspicion of the conflicting interests whose struggle now centred in himself, Romayne was carefully studying the picture which had been made the pretext for inviting him to the house. He had bowed to Stella, with a tranquil admiration of her beauty; he had shaken hands with Penrose, and had said some kind words to his future secretary—and then he had turned to the picture, as if Stella and Penrose had ceased from that moment to occupy his mind.

'In your place,' he said quietly to Lord Loring, 'I should not buy this work.'

'Why not?'

'It seems to me to have the serious defect of the modern English school of painting. A total want of thought in the rendering of the subject, disguised under dexterous technical tricks of the brush. When you have seen one of that man's pictures, you have seen all. He manufactures—he doesn't paint.'

Father Benwell came in while Romayne was speaking. He went through the ceremonies of introduction to the master of Vange Abbey with perfect politeness, but a little absently. His mind was bent on putting his suspicion of Stella to the test of confirmation. Not waiting to be presented, he turned to her with the air of fatherly interest and chastened admiration which he well knew how to assume in his intercourse with women.

'May I ask if you agree with Mr. Romayne's estimate of the picture?' he said, in his gentlest tones.

She had heard of him, and of his position in the house. It was quite needless for Lady Loring to whisper to her, 'Father Benwell, my dear!' Her antipathy identified him as read-

ily as her sympathy might have identified a man who had produced a favourable impression on her. 'I have no pretensions to be a critic,' she answered, with frigid politeness. 'I only know what I personally like or dislike.'

The reply exactly answered Father Benwell's purpose. It diverted Romayne's attention from the picture to Stella. The priest had secured his opportunity of reading their faces while they were looking at each other.

'I think you have just stated the true motive for all criticism,' Romayne said to Stella. 'Whether we only express our opinions of pictures or books in the course of conversation, or whether we assert them at full length, with all the authority of print, we are really speaking, in either case, of what personally pleases or repels us. My poor opinion of that picture means that it says nothing to Me. Does it say anything to You?'

He smiled gently as he put the question to her; but there was no betrayal of emotion in his eyes or in his voice. Relieved of anxiety so far as Romayne was concerned, Father Benwell looked at Stella.

Steadily as she controlled herself, the confession of her heart's secret found its way into her face. The coldly-composed expression which had confronted the priest when she spoke to him, melted away softly under the influence of Romayne's voice and Romayne's look. Without any positive change of colour, her delicate skin glowed faintly, as if it felt some animating inner warmth. Her eyes and lips brightened with a new vitality; her frail elegant figure seemed insensibly to strengthen and expand, like the leaf of a flower under a favouring sunny air. When she answered Romayne (agreeing with him, it is needless to say), there was a tender persuasiveness in her tones, shyly inviting him to speak to her and still to look at her, which would in itself have told Father Benwell the truth, even if he had not been in a position to see her face. Confirmed in his doubts of her, he looked, with concealed suspicion, at Lady Loring next. Sympathy with Stella, was undisguisedly expressed to him in the honest blue eyes of Stella's faithful friend.

The discussion on the subject of the unfortunate picture was resumed by Lord Loring, who thought the opinions of Romayne and Stella needlessly severe. Lady Loring, as usual, agreed with her husband. While the general attention was occupied in this way, Father Benwell said a word to Penrose—thus far a silent listener to the discourses on Art.

'Have you seen the famous portrait of the first Lady Loring, by Gainsborough?' he asked. Without waiting for a reply, he took Penrose by the arm and led him away to the picture—which had the additional merit, under present circumstances, of hanging at the other end of the gallery.

'How do you like Romayne?' Father Benwell put the question in low peremptory tones, evidently impatient for a reply.

'He interests me already,' said Penrose. 'He looks so ill and so sad, and he spoke to me so kindly—'

'In short,' Father Benwell interposed, 'Romayne has produced a favourable impression on you. Let us get on to the next thing. You must produce a favourable impression on Romayne.'

Penrose sighed. 'With the best will to make myself agreeable to the people whom I like,' he said, sadly, 'I seldom succeed. They used to tell me at Oxford that I was shy—and I am afraid that is against me. I wish I possessed some of your social advantages, Father!'

'Leave it to me, son! Are they still talking about the picture?'

'Yes.'

'I have something more to say to you. Have you noticed the young lady?'

'I thought her beautiful—but she looks a little cold.'

Father Benwell smiled. 'When you are as old as I am,' he said, 'you will not believe in appearances where women are concerned. Do you know what *I* think of her? Beautiful, if you like—and dangerous as well.'

'Dangerous! In what way?'

'This is for your private ear, Arthur. She is in love with Romayne. Wait a minute! And Lady Loring—unless I am entirely mistaken in what I observed—knows it and favours it. The beautiful Stella may be the destruction of all our hopes, unless we keep Romayne out of her way.'

These words were whispered, with an earnestness and agitation which surprised Penrose. His superior's equanimity was not easily overthrown. 'Are you sure, Father, of what you say?' he asked.

'I am quite sure—or I should not have spoken.'

'Do you think Mr. Romayne returns the feeling?'

'Not yet, luckily. You must use your first friendly influence over him. What is her name? Her surname, I mean.'

'Eyrecourt. Miss Stella Eyrecourt.'

'Very well. You must use your influence (when you are quite sure that it *is* an influence) to keep Mr. Romayne away from Miss Eyrecourt.'

Penrose looked embarrassed. 'I am afraid I should hardly know how to do that,' he said. 'But I should naturally, as his assistant, encourage him to keep to his studies.'

Whatever Arthur's superior might privately think of Arthur's reply, he received it with outward indulgence. 'That will come to the same thing, he said. 'Besides, when I get the information I want—that is strictly between ourselves—I may be of some use in placing obstacles in the lady's way.'

Penrose started. 'Information!' he repeated. 'What information?'

'Tell me something before I answer you,' said Father Benwell. 'How old do you take Miss Eyrecourt to be?'

'I am not a good judge in such matters. Between twenty and twenty-five, perhaps?'

'We will take her age at that estimate, Arthur. In former years, I have had opportunities of studying women's characters in the confessional. Can you guess what my experience tells me of Miss Eyrecourt?'

'No, indeed!'

'A lady is not in love for the first time, when she is between twenty and twenty-five years old—that is my experience,' said Father Benwell. 'If I can find a person capable of informing me, I may make some valuable discoveries in the earlier history of Miss Eyrecourt's life. No more, now. We had better return to our friends.'

CHAPTER V.

FATHER BENWELL MISSES.

THE group before the picture which had been the subject of dispute was broken up. In one part of the gallery, Lady Loring and Stella were whispering together on a sofa. In another part, Lord Loring was speaking privately to Romayne.

'Do you think you will like Mr. Penrose?' his lordship asked.

'Yes—so far as I can tell at present. He seems to be modest and intelligent.'

'You are looking ill, my dear Romayne. Have you again heard the voice that haunts you?'

Romayne answered with evident reluctance. 'I don't know why,' he said—'but the dread of hearing it again has oppressed me all this morning. To tell you the truth, I came here in the hope that the change might relieve me.'

'Has it done so?'

'Yes—thus far.'

'Doesn't that suggest, my friend,

that a greater change might be of use to you?'

'Don't ask me about it, Loring! I can go through my ordeal—but I hate speaking of it.'

'Let us speak of something else then,' said Lord Loring. 'What do you think of Miss Eyrecourt?'

'A very striking face; full of expression and character. Leonardo would have painted a noble portrait of her. But there is something in her manner——' He stopped, unwilling or unable to finish the sentence.

'Something you don't like?' Lord Loring suggested.

'No; something I don't quite understand. One doesn't expect to find any embarrassment in the manner of a well-bred women. And yet, she seemed to be embarrassed when she spoke to me. Perhaps I produced an unfortunate impression on her.'

Lord Loring laughed. 'In any man but you, Romayne, I should call that affectation.'

'Why?' Romayne asked sharply.

Lord Loring looked unfeignedly surprised. 'My dear fellow, do you really think you are the sort of man who impresses a woman unfavourably at first sight? For once in your life, indulge in the amiable weakness of doing yourself justice—and find a better reason for Miss Eyrecourt's embarrassment.'

For the first time since he and his friend had been talking together, Romayne turned towards Stella. He innocently caught her in the act of looking at him. A younger woman, or a woman of weaker character, would have looked away again. Stella's noble head dropped; her eyes sank slowly, until they rested on her long white hands crossed upon her lap. For a moment more Romayne looked at her with steady attention. He roused himself, and spoke to Lord Loring in lowered tones.

'Have you known Miss Eyrecourt for a long time?'

'She is my wife's oldest and dearest friend. I think, Romayne, you would feel interested in Stella, if you saw more of her.'

Romayne bowed in silent submission to Lord Loring's prophetic remark. 'Let us look at the pictures,' he said quietly.

As he moved down the gallery, the two priests met him. Father Benwell saw his opportunity of helping Penrose to produce a favourable impression.

'Forgive the curiosity of an old student, Mr. Romayne,' he said in his pleasant, cheerful way. 'Lord Loring tells me you have sent to the country for your books. Do you find a London hotel favourable to study?'

'It is a very quiet hotel,' Romayne answered; 'and the people know my ways.' He turned to Arthur. 'I have my own set of rooms, Mr. Penrose,' he continued—'with a room at your disposal. I used to enjoy the solitude of my house in the country. My tastes have lately changed—there are times now when I want to see the life in the streets, as a relief. Though we are in an hotel, I can promise that you will not be troubled by interruptions, when you kindly lend me the use of your pen.'

Father Benwell answered before Penrose could speak. 'You may perhaps find my young friend's memory of some use to you, Mr. Romayne, as well as his pen. Penrose has studied in the Vatican Library. If your reading leads you that way, he knows more than most men of the rare old manuscripts which treat of the early history of Christianity.'

This delicately-managed reference to Romayne's projected work on 'The Origin of Religions' produced its effect. He became instantly interested in Penrose and his studies. 'I should like very much to speak to you about those manuscripts,' he said. 'Copies of some of them may perhaps be in the British Museum. Is it asking too much to inquire if you are disengaged this morning?'

'I am entirely at your service, Mr. Romayne.'

'If you will kindly call at my hotel in an hour's time, I shall have looked over my notes, and shall be ready for you with a list of titles and dates. There is the address.'

With those words, he advanced to take his leave of Lady Loring and Stella.

Father Benwell was a man possessed of extraordinary power of foresight—but he was not infallible. Seeing that Romayne was on the point of leaving the house, and feeling that he had paved the way successfully for Romayne's amanuensis, he too readily assumed that there was nothing further to be gained by remaining in the gallery. In arriving at this conclusion, he was additionally influenced by private and personal considerations. The interval before Penrose called at the hotel might be usefully filled up by some wise words of advice, relating to the religious uses to which he might turn his intercourse with Romayne, when he had sufficiently established himself in the confidence of his employer. There might, no doubt, be future opportunities for accomplishing this object—but Father Benwell was not a man to trust too implicitly in the future. The present occasion was, in respect of its certainty, the occasion that he preferred. Making one of his ready and plausible excuses, he returned with Penrose to the library—and so committed (as he himself discovered at a later time) one of the few mistakes in the long record of his life.

In the meanwhile, Romayne was not permitted to bring his visit to a conclusion, without hospitable remonstrance on the part of Lady Loring. She felt for Stella, with a woman's enthusiastic devotion to the interests of true love; and she had firmly resolved that a matter so trifling as the cultivation of Romayne's mind, should not be allowed to stand in the way of the far more important enterprise of opening his heart to the influence of the sex.

'Stay, and lunch with us,' she said, when he held out his hand to bid her good-bye.

'Thank you, Lady Loring, I never take lunch.'

'Well then, come and dine with us—no party; only ourselves. To-morrow, and next day, we are disengaged. Which day shall it be?'

Romayne still resisted. 'You are very kind. In my state of health, I am unwilling to make engagements which I may not be able to keep.'

Lady Loring was just as resolute on her side. She appealed to Stella. 'Mr. Romayne persists, my dear, in putting me off with excuses. Try if *you* can persuade him.'

'*I* am not likely to have any influence, Adelaide.'

The tone in which she replied struck Romayne. He looked at her. Her eyes, gravely meeting his eyes, held him with a strange fascination. She was not herself conscious how openly all that was noble and true in her nature, and that was most deeply and sensitively felt in her aspirations, spoke at that moment in her look. Romayne's face changed; he turned pale under the new emotion that she had roused in him. Lady Loring observed him attentively.

'Perhaps you underrate your influence, Stella?' she suggested.

Stella remained impenetrable to persuasion. 'I have only been introduced to Mr. Romayne half an hour since,' she said. 'I am not vain enough to suppose that I can produce a favourable impression on any one on so short a time.'

She had expressed, in other words, Romayne's own idea of himself, in speaking of her to Lord Loring. He was struck by the coincidence.

'Perhaps we have begun, Miss Eyrecourt, by misinterpreting one another,' he said. 'We may arrive at a better understanding, when I have the honour of meeting you again.'

He hesitated, and looked at Lady Loring. She was not the woman to let a fair opportunity escape her. 'We will say to-morrow evening,' she resumed, 'at seven o'clock.'

'To morrow,' said Romayne. He shook hands with Stella, and left the picture gallery.

Thus far, the conspiracy to marry him promised even more hopefully than the conspiracy to convert him. And Father Benwell, carefully instructing Penrose in the next room, was not aware of it!

But the hours, in their progress, mark the march of events as surely as they mark the march of time. The day passed, the evening came—and, with its coming, the prospects of the conversation brightened in their turn.

Let Father Benwell himself relate how it happened—in extract from his report to Rome, written the same evening.

'. . . I had arranged with Penrose that he should call at my lodgings, and tell me how he had prospered at the first performance of his duties as secretary to Romayne.

'The moment he entered the room, the signs of disturbance in his face told me that something serious had happened. I asked directly if there there had been any disagreement between Romayne and himself.

'He repeated the word with every appearance of surprise. "Disagreement?" he said. "No words can tell how sincerely I feel for Mr. Romayne, and how eager I am to be of service to him!"

'Relieved so far, I naturally asked what had happened. Penrose betrayed a marked embarrassment in answering my question.

'"I have innocently surprised a secret," he said, "on which I had no right to intrude. All that I can honourably tell you, shall be told. Add to your many kindnesses, Father—and don't command me to speak, when it is my duty towards a sorely-tried man to be silent, even to You."

'It is needless to say that I abstained from directly answering this strange appeal. If I found it necessary to our interests to assert my spiritual authority, I was, of course, resolved to do it. "Let me hear what you *can* tell," I replied, "and then we shall see."

'Upon this, he spoke. I need hardly recall to your memory how careful we were, in first planning the attempt to recover the Vange property, to assure ourselves of the promise of success, which the peculiar character of the present owner held out to us. In reporting what Penrose said, I communicate a discovery, which I venture to think will be as welcome to you as it was to me.

'He began by reminding me of what I had myself told him in speaking of Romayne. "You mentioned having heard from Lord Loring of a great sorrow or remorse from which he was suffering," Penrose said; "and you added that your informant abstained from mentioning what the nature of that remorse, or of the nervous malady connected with it, might be. I know what he suffers, and why he suffers, and with what noble resignation he submits to his affliction."

'There Penrose stopped. You know the emotional nature of the man. It was only by a hard struggle with himself that he abstained from bursting into tears. I gave him time—and then I asked how he made the discovery.

'He hesitated, but he anwered plainly, so far. "We were sitting together at the table, looking over his notes and memoranda," Penrose said, "when he suddenly dropped the manuscript from which he was reading to me. A ghastly paleness overspread his face. He started up, and put both his hands to his ears as if he heard something dreadful, and was trying to deafen himself to it. I ran to the door to call for help. He stopped me; he spoke in faint gasping tones, forbidding me to call anyone in to witness what he suffered. It was not the first time, he said; it would soon be

over. If I had not courage to remain with him I could go, and return when he was himself again. I so pitied him that I found the courage to remain. When it was over, he took me by the hand, and thanked me. I had stayed by him like a friend, he said, and like a friend he would treat me. Sooner or later (those were his exact words) I must be taken into his confidence—and it should be now. He told me his melancholy story. I implore you, Father, don't ask me to repeat it! Be content if I tell you the effect of it on myself. The one hope, the one consolation for him, is in our holy religion. With all my heart I devote myself to his conversion—and, in my inmost soul, I feel the conviction that I shall succeed!"

'To this effect, and in this tone, Penrose spoke. I abstained from pressing him to reveal Romayne's confession. The confession is of no consequence to *us*. You know how the moral force of Arthur's earnestness and enthusiasm fortifies his otherwise weak character. I, too, believe he will succeed.

'But, before I close these lines, there is a question which I must submit to your consideration.

'You are already informed that there is a woman in our way. She shall not succeed in her designs on Romayne, if I can prevent it. But other women may try their temptations on him. Even the conversion, from which we hope and expect so much, cannot be relied on to secure the restitution of the Vange property. It is not enough for us that the property is not entailed, and that there is no near relation with any pretensions to inherit it. While Romayne remains a marriageable man, there is always the danger of an heir to the estate being born. In my humble opinion, the one safe course is so to impress his mind, by means of Penrose, as to cultivate in him a vocation for the priesthood. As a priest, we are sure of him. Be so good as to present this idea at head-quarters, and let me know the result, at the earliest possible opportunity.'

Having completed his report, Father Benwell reverted to the consideration of his proposed inquiries into the past history of Stella's life.

Reflection convinced him that it would be unwise to attempt, no matter how guardedly, to obtain the necessary information from Lord Loring or his wife. If he assumed, at his age, to take a strong interest in a Protestant young lady, who had notoriously avoided him, they would certainly feel surprise—and surprise might, in due course of development, turn to suspicion.

There was but one other person under Lord Loring's roof to whom he could address himself—and that person was the housekeeper. As an old servant, possessing Lady Loring's confidence, she might prove a source of information; and, as a good Catholic, she would feel flattered by the notice of the spiritual director of the household.

'It may not be amiss,' thought Father Benwell, 'If I try the housekeeper.'

CHAPTER VI.

THE ORDER OF THE DISHES.

WHEN Miss Notman assumed the post of housekeeper in Lady Loring's service, she was accurately described, as 'a competent and respectable person;' and was praised, with perfect truth, for her incorruptible devotion to the interests of her employers. On its weaker side, her character was represented by the wearing of a youthful wig, and the erroneous conviction that she still possessed a fine figure. The ruling idea in her narrow little mind was the idea of her own dignity. Any offence offered in this direction oppressed her memory for days together, and found its way outwards in speech to any

human being whose attention she could secure.

At five o'clock, on the day which followed his introduction to Romayne, Father Benwell sat drinking his coffee in the housekeeper's room—to all appearance as much at his ease, as if he had known Miss Notman from the remote days of her childhood. A new contribution to the housekeeper's little library of devotional works lay on the table, and bore silent witness to the means by which he had made those first advances which had won him his present position. Miss Notman's sense of dignity was doubly flattered. She had a priest for her guest, and a new book with the reverend gentleman's autograph inscribed on the title-page.

'Is your coffee to your liking, Father?'

'A little more sugar, if you please.'

Miss Notman was proud of her hand, viewed as one of the meritorious details of her figure. She took up the sugar-tongs with suavity and grace; she dropped the sugar into the cup, with a youthful pleasure in ministering to the minor desires of her illustrious guest. 'It is so good of you, Father, to honour me in this way,' she said—with the appearance of sixteen superinduced upon the reality of sixty.

Father Benwell was an adept at moral disguises of all kinds. On this occasion, he wore the disguise of pastoral simplicity. 'I am an idle old man at this hour of the afternoon,' he said. 'I hope I am not keeping you from any household duties?'

'I generally enjoy my duties,' Miss Notman answered. 'To-day they have not been so agreeable as usual: it is a relief to me, to have done with them. Even my humble position has its trials.'

Persons acquainted with Miss Notman's character, hearing these last words, would have at once changed the subject. When she spoke of her 'humble position,' she invariably referred to some offence offered to her dignity, and she was invariably ready to state her grievance at full length. Ignorant of this peculiarity, Father Benwell committed a fatal error. He inquired, with courteous interest, what the housekeeper's 'trials' might be.

'Oh, sir, they are beneath your notice!' said Miss Notman, modestly. 'At the same time, I should feel it an honour to have the benefit of your opinion—I should so like to know that you did not altogether disapprove of my conduct, under some provocation. You see, Father, the whole responsibility of ordering the dinners falls on Me. And, when there is company, as there is this evening, the responsibility is particularly trying to a timid person like myself.'

'A large dinner party, Miss Notman?'

'Oh, dear, no! Quite the reverse. Only one gentleman—Mr. Romayne.'

Father Benwell set down his cup of coffee, half way to his lips. He at once drew the correct conclusion, that the invitation to Romayne must have been given and accepted, after he had left the picture gallery. That the object was to bring Romayne and Stella together, under circumstances which would rapidly improve their acquaintance, was as plain to him as if he had heard it confessed in so many words. If he only had remained in the gallery, he might have become acquainted with the form of persuasion used to induce a man so unsocial as Romayne to accept an invitation. 'I have myself to blame,' he thought bitterly, 'for being left in the dark.'

'Anything wrong with the coffee?' Miss Notman asked anxiously.

He rushed on his fate. He said, 'Nothing whatever, pray go on.'

Miss Notman went on.

'You see, Father, Lady Loring was unusually particular about the dinner, on this occasion. She said, "Lord Loring reminds me that Mr. Romayne is a very little eater, and yet very difficult to please in what he does eat." Of course I consulted my experience,

and suggested exactly the sort of dinner that was wanted under the circumstances. I wish to do her ladyship the utmost justice. She made no objection to the dinner in itself. On the contrary, she complimented me on, what she was pleased to call, my ready invention. But, when we came next to the order in which the dishes were to be served—' Miss Notman paused in the middle of the sentence, and shuddered over the private and poignant recollections which the order of the dishes called up.

By this time, Father Benwell had discovered his mistake. He took a mean advantage of Miss Notman's susceptibilities to slip his own private inquiries into the interval of silence.

'Pardon my ignorance,' he said; 'my own poor dinner is a matter of ten minutes, and one dish. I don't understand a difference of opinion on a dinner for three people only. Lord and Lady Loring, two; Mr. Romayne, three—oh! perhaps I am mistaken? Perhaps Miss Eyrecourt makes a fourth?'

'Certainly, Father!'

'A very charming person, Miss Notman. I only speak as a stranger. You, no doubt, are much better acquainted with Miss Eyrecourt?'

'Much better, indeed—if I may presume to say so,' Miss Notman replied. 'She is my lady's intimate friend; we have often talked of Miss Eyrecourt, during the many years of my residence in this house. On such subjects, her ladyship treats me quite on the footing of an humble friend. A complete contrast to the tone she took, Father, when we came to the order of the dishes. We agreed, of course, about the soup and the fish; but we had a little, a very little, divergence of opinion, as I may call it, on the subject of the dishes to follow. Her ladyship said, "First the sweetbreads, and then the cutlets." I ventured to suggest that the sweetbreads, as white meats, had better not immediately follow the turbot, as white fish. "The brown meat, my lady," I said, "as an agreeable variety presented to the eye, and then the white meat, recalling pleasant remembrances of the white fish." You see the point, Father!'

'I see, Miss Notman, that you are a consummate mistress of an art which is quite beyond poor me. Was Miss Eyrecourt present at the little discussion?'

'Oh, no! Indeed I should have objected to her presence; I should have said she was a young lady out of her proper place.'

'Yes, yes; I understand. Is Miss Eyrecourt an only child?'

'An only child now. She had a sister, who is dead.'

'Sad for the father and mother, Miss Notman!'

'Pardon me, sad for the mother, no doubt. The father died long since.'

'Aye? aye? A sweet woman, the mother? At least, I think I have heard so.'

Miss Notman shook her head. 'I should wish to guard myself against speaking unjustly of any one,' she said; 'but when you talk of a "sweet woman," you imply (as it seems to me) the domestic virtues. Mrs. Eyrecourt is essentially a frivolous person.'

A frivolous person is, in the vast majority of cases, a person easily persuaded to talk, and not disposed to be reticent in keeping secrets. Father Benwell began to see his way already to the necessary information. 'Is Mrs. Eyrecourt living in London?' he inquired.

'Oh, dear, no! At this time of year she lives entirely in other people's houses—goes from one country seat to another, and only thinks of amusing herself. No domestic qualities, Father. *She* would know nothing of the order of the dishes! Lady Loring, I should have told you, gave way in the matter of the sweetbread. It was only at quite the latter part of my "Menoo" (as the French call it) that she showed a spirit of opposition—well! well! I won't dwell on that. I will only ask *you*,

Father, at what part of a dinner an oyster-omelette ought to be served?'

Father Benwell seized his opportunity of discovering Mrs. Eyrecourt's present address. 'My dear lady,' he said, 'I know no more when the omelette ought to be served than Mrs. Eyrecourt herself! It must be very pleasant, to a lady of her way of thinking, to enjoy the beauties of Nature inexpensively—as seen in other people's houses, from the point of view of a welcome guest. I wonder whether she is staying at any country seat which I happen to have seen?'

'She may be in England, Scotland, or Ireland, for all I know,' Miss Notman answered, with an unaffected ignorance which placed her good faith beyond doubt. 'Consult your own taste, Father. After eating jelly, cream and ice-pudding, could you even *look* at an oyster-omelette, without shuddering? Would you believe it? Her ladyship proposed to serve the omelette with the cheese. Oysters, after sweets! I am not (as yet) a married woman—'

Father Benwell made a last desperate effort to pave the way for one more question, before he submitted to defeat. 'That must be *your* fault, my dear lady!' he interposed, with his persuasive smile.

Miss Notman simpered. 'You confuse me, Father!' she said softly.

'I speak from inward conviction, Miss Notman. To a looker-on, like myself, it is sad to see how many sweet women, who might be angels in the households of worthy men, prefer to lead a single life. The Church, I know, exalts the single life to the highest place. But even the Church allows exceptions to its rule. Under this roof, for example, I think I see two exceptions. One of them my unfeigned respect' (he bowed to Miss Notman), 'forbids me to indicate more particularly. The other seems, to my humble view, to be the young lady of whom we have been speaking. Is it not strange that Miss Eyrecourt has never been married?'

The trap had been elaborately set; Father Benwell had every reason to anticipate that Miss Notman would walk into it. This disconcerting housekeeper walked up to it—and then proved unable to advance a step farther.

'I once made the same remark myself to Lady Loring,' she said.

'And her ladyship,' Miss Notman proceeded, 'did not encourage me to go on. "There are reasons for not pursuing that subject," she said; "reasons into which, I am sure, you will not expect me to enter." She spoke with a flattering confidence in my prudence which I felt gratefully. Such a contrast to her tone when the omelette presented itself in the order of the dishes! As I said just now, I am not a married woman. But if I proposed to my husband to give him an oyster-omelette after his puddings and his pies, I should not be surprised if he said to me, "My dear, have you taken leave of your senses?" I reminded Lady Loring most respectfully that a cheese-omelette might be in its proper place, if it followed the sweets. "An oyster-omelette," I suggested, "surely comes after the birds?" I should be sorry to say that her ladyship lost her temper—I will only mention that I kept mine. Let me repeat what she said, and leave you, Father, to draw your own conclusions. She said, "Which of us is mistress in this house, Miss Notman? I order the oyster-omelette to come in with the cheese." There was not only irritability, there was contempt—oh, yes! contempt—in her tone. Out of respect for myself, I made no reply. As a Christian, I can forgive; as a wounded gentlewoman, I may not find it so easy to forget.'

Miss Notman laid herself back in her easy chair—she looked as if she had suffered martyrdom, and only regretted having been obliged to mention it. Father Benwell surprised the wounded gentlewoman by rising to his feet.

'You are not going away already, Father?'

'Time flies fast in your society, dear Miss Notman. I have an engagement—and I am late for it already.'

The housekeeper smiled sadly. 'At least let me hear that you don't disapprove of my conduct under trying circumstances,' she said.

Father Benwell took her hand. 'A true Christian only feels offences to pardon them,' he remarked, in his priestly and paternal character. 'You have shown me, Miss Notman, that *you* are a true Christian. My evening has indeed been well spent. God bless you!'

He pressed her hand; he shed on her the light of his fatherly smile; he sighed, and took his leave. Miss Notman's eyes followed him out with devotional admiration.

Father Benwell still preserved his serenity of temper when he was out of the housekeeper's sight. One important discovery he had made, in spite of the difficulties placed in his way. A compromising circumstance had unquestionably occurred in Stella's past life; and a man was, beyond all doubt, in some way connected with it. 'My evening has not been entirely thrown away,' he thought, as he ascended the stairs which led from the housekeeper's room to the hall.

CHAPTER VII.

THE INFLUENCE OF STELLA.

ENTERING the hall, Father Benwell heard a knock at the house door. The servants appeared to recognise the knock—the porter admitted Lord Loring.

Father Benwell advanced, and made his bow. It was a perfect obeisance of its kind—respect for Lord Loring, unobtrusively accompanied by respect for himself. 'Has your lordship been walking in the park?' he inquired.

'I have been out on business,' Lord Loring answered; 'and I should like to tell you about it. If you can spare me a few minutes, come into the library. Some time since,' he resumed, when the door was closed, 'I think I mentioned that my friends had been speaking to me on a subject of some importance—the subject of opening my picture gallery occasionally to the public.'

'I remember,' said Father Benwell. 'Has your lordship decided what to do?'

'Yes. I have decided (as the phrase is) "to go with the times," and follow the example of other owners of picture galleries. Don't suppose I ever doubted that it is my duty to extend, to the best of my ability, the civilising influences of Art. My only hesitation in the matter arose from a dread of some accident happening, or some injury being done, to the pictures. Even now, I can only persuade myself to try the experiment, under certain restrictions.'

'A wise decision, undoubtedly,' said Father Benwell. 'In such a city as this, you could hardly open your gallery to everybody who happens to pass the house-door.

'I am glad you agree with me, Father. The gallery will be opened for the first time on Monday. Any respectably-dressed person, presenting a visiting card at the offices of the librarians in Bond Street and Regent Street, will receive a free ticket of admission; the number of the tickets, it is needless to say, being limited, and the gallery being only opened to the public two days in the week. You will be here, I suppose, on Monday?'

'Certainly. My work in the library, as your lordship can see, has only begun.'

'I am very anxious about the success of this experiment,' said Lord Loring, 'Do look in at the gallery, once or twice in the course of the day, and tell me what your own impression is.'

Having expressed his readiness to

assist 'the experiment,' in every possible way, Father Benwell still lingered in the library. He was secretly conscious of a hope that he might, at the eleventh hour, be invited to join Romayne at the dinner-table. Lord Loring only looked at the clock on the mantelpiece; it was nearly time to dress for dinner. The priest had no alternative but to take the hint, and leave the house.

Five minutes after he had withdrawn, a messenger delivered a letter for Lord Loring, in which Father Benwell's interests were directly involved. The letter was from Romayne; it contained his excuses for breaking his engagement, literally at an hour's notice.

'Only yesterday,' he wrote, 'I had a return of what you, my dear friend, call "the delusion of the voice." The nearer the hour of your dinner approaches, the more I feel the dread that the same thing may happen in your house. Pity me, and forgive me.'

Even good natured Lord Loring felt some difficulty in pitying and forgiving, when he read these lines. 'This sort of caprice might be excusable in a woman,' he thought. 'A man ought really to be capable of exercising some self-control. Poor Stella! And what will my wife say?'

He walked up and down the library, with Stella's disappointment and Lady Loring's indignation prophetically present in his mind. There was, however, no help for it—he must accept his responsibility, and be the bearer of the bad news.

He was on the point of leaving the library, when a visitor appeared. The visitor was no less a person than Romayne himself. 'Have I arrived before my letter?' he asked, eagerly.

Lord Loring showed him the letter.

'Throw it into the fire,' he said; 'and let me try to excuse myself for having written it. You remember the happier days when you used to call me the creature of impulse? An impulse produced that letter. Another impulse brings me here to disown it. I can only explain my strange conduct by asking you to help me at the outset. Will you carry your memory back to the day when the physicians consulted on my case? I want you to check me if I misrepresent their opinions. Two of them were physicians. The third, and last, was a surgeon, a personal friend of your's; and *he*, as well as I recollect, told you how the consultation ended?'

'Quite right, Romayne—so far.'

'The first of the two physicians,' Romayne proceeded, 'declared my case to be entirely attributable to nervous derangement, and to be curable by purely medical means. He proposed, first of all, to restore "the tone of my stomach," and, this done, to administer certain medicines, having a direct influence on the brain and the nervous system. I speak ignorantly; but, in plain English, that, I believe, was the substance of what he said?'

'The substance of what he said,' Lord Loring replied, 'and the substance of his prescriptions—which, I think you afterwards tore up?'

'If you have no faith in a prescription,' said Romayne, 'that is, in my opinion, the best use to which you can put it. When it came to the turn of the second physician, he differed with the first, as absolutely as one man can differ with another. The third medical authority, your friend the surgeon, took a middle course, and brought the consultation to an end, by combining the first physician's view and the second physician's view, and mingling the two opposite forms of treatment in one harmonious result?'

Lord Loring remarked that this was not a very respectful way of describing the conclusion of the medical proceedings. That it *was* the conclusion, however, he could not honestly deny.

'As long as I am right,' said Romayne, 'nothing else appears to be of much importance. As I told you at the time, the second physician appeared to me to be the only one of the three

authorities who really understood my case. Do you mind giving me, in few words, your own impression of what he said?'

'Are you sure that I shall not distress you?'

'On the contrary, you may help me to hope.'

'As I remember it,' said Lord Loring, 'the doctor did not deny the influence of the body over the mind. He was quite willing to admit that the state of your nervous system might be one, among other, predisposing causes, which led you——I really hardly like to go on.'

'Which led me,' Romayne continued, finishing the sentence for his friend, 'to feel that I never shall forgive myself—accident or no accident—for having taken that man's life. Now go on.'

'The delusion that you still hear the voice,' Lord Loring proceeded, 'is, in the doctor's opinion, the moral result of the morbid state of your mind, at the time when you really heard the voice on the scene of the duel. The influence acts physically, of course, by means of certain nerves. But it is essentially a moral influence; and its power over you is greatly maintained by the self-accusing view of the circumstances which you persist in taking. That, in substance, is my recollection of what the doctor said.'

'And when he was asked what remedies he proposed to try,' Romayne inquired, 'do you remember his answer? "The mischief which moral influences have caused, moral influences alone can remedy."'

'I remember,' said Lord Loring. 'And he mentioned, as examples of what he meant, the occurrence of some new and absorbing interest in your life, or the working of some complete change in your habits of thought—or perhaps some influence exercised over you, by a person previously unknown; appearing under unforeseen circumstances, or in scenes quite new to you.'

Romayne's eyes sparkled.

'Now you are coming to it!' he cried. 'Now I feel sure that I recall correctly the last words the doctor said:—"If Mr. Romayne follows my advice, I should not be surprised to hear that the recovery which we all wish to see, had found its beginning in such apparently trifling circumstances, as the tone of some other person's voice, or the influence of some other person's look." That plain expression of his opinion only occurred to my memory, after I had written my foolish letter of excuse. I spare you the course of other recollections that followed, to come at once to the result. For the first time, I have the hope, the faint hope, that the voice which haunts me has been once already controlled by one of the influences of which the doctor spoke—the influence of a look.'

If he had said this to Lady Loring, instead of to her husband, she would have understood him at once. Lord Loring asked for a word more of explanation.

'I told you yesterday,' Romayne answered, 'that a dread of the return of the voice had been present to me all the morning, and that I had come to see the picture with an idea of trying if change would relieve me. While I was in the gallery, I was free from the dread, and free from the voice. When I returned to the hotel, it tortured me—and Mr. Penrose, I grieve to say, saw what I suffered. You and I attributed the remission to the change of scene. I now believe we were both wrong. Where was the change? In seeing you and Lady Loring, I saw the two oldest friends I have. In visiting your gallery, I only revived the familiar associations of hundreds of other visits. To what influence was I really indebted for my respite? Don't try to dismiss the question by laughing at my morbid fancies. Morbid fancies are realities to a man like me. Remember the doctor's words, Loring. Think of a new face, seen in your house! Think of a look

that searched my heart for the first time!'

Lord Loring glanced once more at the clock on the mantel-piece. The hands pointed to the dinner hour.

'Miss Eyrecourt?' he whispered.

'Yes—Miss Eyrecourt.'

The library door was thrown open by a servant. Stella herself entered the room.

(To be continued.)

A PRAYER.

(From the French of Sully Prudhomme.)

BY ALICE HORTON.

I.

AH, if you knew what tears they shed
Who live bereft of home and friend—
To pass my house, by pity led,
Your steps might tend.

II.

And if you knew what jubilees
Begets in sad souls one pure glance,
You'd look up where my window is
As if by chance.

III.

And did you know how a friend's smile,
And nearness, soothes a heart that's sore,
You might be moved to sit awhile
Before my door.

IV.

Then if you guessed I loved you, sweet,
And how my love is deep and wide—
Something might tempt your pausing feet
To come inside.

THE ARTHUR OF HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

BY R. W. BOODLE, B.A., MONTREAL.

AMONG medieval heroes, none filled a more distinguished place in the imagination of the English, and in fact, of all European peoples, than King Arthur of Britain. No better illustration of the idea that people entertained of him can be found than the Preface written by Caxton to Malory's 'Mort D'Arthur.' He tells his readers that he is going to 'imprint the noble history of the most renowned Christian king—first and chief of the three best Christian and worthy—King Arthur, which ought most to be remembered among us Englishmen tofore all other Christian kings; for,' he goes on to say, 'it is notoriously known through the universal world, that there be nine worthy and best that ever were, that is to wit, three Paynims, three Jews, and three Christian men.' The definite way in which the old printer speaks is rather amusing, but as the custom of giving our favourite heroes in confession books is not yet extinct, and is, in fact, rather popular with young ladies, it will be interesting to know who these nine worthies were, that Caxton so highly esteemed. The Pagans are Hector of Troy, Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome; his Jews are Duke Joshua, David, King of Jerusalem, and Judas Maccabeus; his noble Christians are Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon.

But it is not because Arthur was the beau ideal of the Middle Ages that he has most interest for us, but because he has become the central figure of the series of poems by the English Poet Laureate, which are in many ways the most perfect of the present century. This alone would make us curious to learn what is to be known of Arthur, though, by the way, his celebrity is not confined to the drawing-room and the library—it has passed to the nursery. Long before any of us had heard the name of Tennyson, we knew the lines:

> 'When good King Arthur ruled the land,
> He was a goodly king;
> He stole three pecks of barley meal,
> To make a bag pudding,' &c.

It need hardly be said, that for the predatory habits innocently ascribed to the 'goodly king,' there is not an atom of authority in later medieval literature; and yet, as will be seen, this verse curiously preserves one of the authentic traits of the true Arthur.

Before reverting to the early records, out of which the history of Arthur grew, and upon which such a gigantic superstructure has been reared, it may be well to give a slight sketch of the hero as he appears to us now—after Walter de Map, the French Romance writers, Malory, Blackmore, and Tennyson, have finished working at his picture. He is a king who comes mysteriously into the world and lives to found an Order called the Knights of the Round Table, who, taking holy vows upon them, spend their time in feasting and fighting, crushing the Pagan, and making love to fair maidens. Their head-quarters were at Camelot, a mysteriously-named place, identified variously with

Carleon in Wales, with Winchester, and with Cadbury in Somersetshire. Here Arthur had his glorious castle and hall, miraculously built by the art of Merlin the enchanter, his chief adviser, in which was the round table that beheld the feasts alluded to in the old nursery rhymes. Arthur himself, a man of infinite bravery, infinite purity, and armed with a wonderful sword, Excalibur, which was forged for him by his sister Morgana in the depths of the lake, is ever invincible in battle. At first it seemed that he was to inaugurate a new era, things went on so prosperously, and everybody was so virtuous. Then came the sad tale of Lancelot's love for Arthur's wife, Guinevere, after which everything began to go wrong.

'It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute;
And ever widening slowly silence all.

'The little rift within the lover's lute
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.'

So the clouds began to darken about the heads of Arthur and his Order. Many of the knights were lost or went astray on the quest of the Holy Grail, or, to abandon the allegory, failed in their attempt to reach a standard of virtue too high for the age. And so the harmony of Arthur's Round Table was spoiled. The glory of the tournaments began to pall—there were signs everywhere of dissolution.

'Sighing wearily, as one
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,
When all the goodlier guests are fast away,
Sat their great umpire, looking o'er the lists.
He saw the laws that ruled the tournament
Broken, but spake not.'

Last of all, the guilt of Guinevere became known; she fled to a nunnery, and while Arthur was besieging Lancelot in his castle, his nephew Modred rebelled. Then came the great battle in which Arthur fell, or, as the story goes, was wounded and disappeared from the earth, as mysteriously as he had come to it.

Such is a brief outline of the legend of Arthur as we have it now. We will now revert to the fountain head, and see from what small beginnings the Arthurian legend, with all its surroundings, arose. Like most other personages around whom a mass of fiction has gathered, Arthur's existence was at one time even threatened with annihilation. Though no follower of Max Müller has (I believe) reduced the Round Table to another of the many forms of the ubiquitous 'Sun Myth,' an hypothesis almost as startling has been entertained. It is even adopted by the author of the Pictorial History of England, published by Charles Knight. The theory is that Arthur is a purely mythological personage, 'the chief divinity of revived Druidism, which appears to have arisen in the unconquered parts of the west of Britain after the departure of the Romans.' Such downright scepticism is now, however, generally abandoned by the best historians in the face of the fact, that we have the contemporary testimony of Welsh bards to the existence of the hero. This testimony is the more valuable, because in the fragments of Taliessin and Llywarch Hen, Arthur appears not by any means in such an heroic light as even Nennius wishes to paint him. From these sources we may add to the residue of fact which the cautious Lingard allows to pass as proved. He would confine us to the following details: 'That Arthur was a British chieftain; that he fought many battles; that he was murdered by his nephew, and was buried at Glastonbury, where his remains were discovered in the reign of Henry II.' From contemporary Welsh writers we gather that he was not uniformly victorious, but was forced to cede to the invading Saxons what corresponds to the counties of Hampshire and Somersetshire. Again we learn that he was often engaged in warring with his own countrymen, and that he destroyed a monastery in Wales, while he plun-

dered the shrine of St. Paternus. His predatory disposition even tempted him to rob another prince (a fugitive) of his wife; but he was eventually dissuaded from his course by his chief nobles, and restored the lady to her husband. Curiously enough, this germ of fact is transferred in the later accounts from Arthur to his father, Uther, and the only other testimony that remains, to this violent side of his character, is to be found in the old nursery rhyme. Besides the record of bardic writers, we have two authentic notices from the 'Annals of Cambria' (a book compiled at various periods, but parts of it of great antiquity). One notice, under the year 516, records Arthur's victory at Mount Badon, and another under the year 537, speaks of the battle of Camlann, or Camel, in Cornwall, where it is stated that Arthur and Modred died by each other's hands.

Such are the sole historic germs of the glorious Arthurian legend. In any inquiry into the growth of this, two questions must be kept quite distinct, namely, What can we be said to know of the historical Arthur? and, secondly, How came the ideal Arthur, or the Arthur of literature, into existence? The first of these questions has been answered. Arthur was one of many British Princes, by no means over-scrupulous, by no means invincible, least of all instinct, like the later ideal, with religion and ecclesiastical fervour. Although a brave man, in the earlier records it is not Arthur, so much as the Geraint, that appears among the prominent figures in the Idylls, that is the pet hero of the Welsh songsters. Still Arthur was taken as typical of the struggles of the Britons against the invading Saxons. Contemporaries would naturally see his faults, and we find them recorded; but the bravery he showed, and the occasional successes he obtained, would as naturally go broadening down to an imaginative posterity. And this is what really occurred. The history of the ideal Arthur of literature is the account of a reputation gradually improving, of a career becoming more and more unearthly, the further it recedes in time from the age in which its painters lived.

From an historical character Arthur has become a literary personage, just as in later days, Sir John Oldcastle was gradually changed into Sir John Falstaff, and from a man he has been sublimated into a saintly being, with very little of individuality left him. This allegorizing tendency is as avowed in the early as in the later writers. 'I labour,' wrote Spenser, 'to pourtray in Arthur, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private moral virtues, as Aristotle hath devised .... In that Fairy Queen, I mean glory in my general intention, ... so in the person of Arthur, I set forth magnificence in particular.' Tennyson is no less definite, when in addressing his Idylls to the Queen, he prays her—

> 'accept this old imperfect tale,
> New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul
> Rather than that gray king, whose name, a ghost,
> Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain-peak,
> And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still.'

With such a change as this we are quite familiar in the annals of the growth of religions and in the histories of their founders; but to so complete a transition from the world of fact to that of fiction, of reality to allegory, the changes of Karl the Frank into Charlemagne with his Paladins, of Roderigo Diaz de Bivar into the Cid, are but feeble parallels.

It remains to trace the steps by which this transformation was brought about, and we have to start with a reputation handed down by tradition. Such a reputation had free powers of expansion, not cramped by being registered in history, for while the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle speaks of other Welsh kings, it knows not Arthur; and Gildas and Bede, the main autho-

rities before it, are equally silent as to his existence. So the reputation gradually grew, and Arthur was remembered as the victorious champion of the British against the Saxons, the defender of Christianity against the inroads of Paganism. It is at this point that the stream of Arthurian tradition finds its way into the work that goes by the name of Nennius. When it is remembered that its author is unknown, and that the date of this book varies between 674 and 980, it will be seen how very little is really known about this early 'History of the Britons.' It marks, however, a definite stage in the gradual development of Arthur's fame. Nennius' account of our hero is as follows:—'Then it was that the magnanimous Arthur with all the kings and military force of Britain fought against the Saxons. And *though there were many more noble than himself*, yet he was twelve times chosen their commander, and was as often conqueror.'

The italicised words should be noticed, as they are the earliest germ of the subsequent legend about his birth. The old law of historical narrative was to leave nothing in uncertainty, and to supply by sheer force of imagination what was wanting to the full comprehension of the text. To return to Nennius however, he proceeds to give definitely the names of all these battles—which shall be here omitted, as they really mean nothing; they are not to be found in any map that was ever compiled, and in each case there are at least two theories as to where the places are. No details are given by Nennius, except in two cases. In the Battle of Gurnion Castle, 'Arthur bore the image of the Holy Virgin, mother of God upon his shoulders, and, through the power of our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Mary, put the Saxons to flight, and pursued them the whole day with great slaughter.' The noticeable point in this is the fact, that Arthur has now been changed into a distinctively Christian hero, in accordance with another old-fashioned law, that 'what must have been certainly was.' It is not altogether obsolete to hear people argue in this way even now.

Lastly, at the Battle of the Hill of Badon, we read that 'nine hundred and forty fell by his hand alone, no one but the Lord affording him assistance. In all these (twelve) engagements the Britons were successful, for no strength can avail against the will of the Almighty.' Such is the complete account of Nennius, with the omission of a list of names. Earlier authorities only mention three battles in all, but Nennius has the names of twelve—the accounts naturally increasing in definiteness the further they are removed from the time of the actual occurrence. But as yet we find none of the names of Arthur's knights and no details of importance.

These wants were partly supplied by Geoffrey of Monmouth, whose British History was completed about six hundred years after Arthur's death. Geoffrey purports to write from an ancient book in the British tongue, given him by one Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford. How far this is true, and whether, as some writers have supposed, Geoffrey is here indulging in humour of the style in which Carlyle delights in his citations from unpublished books and manuscripts, it is impossible to decide. As far, however, as Arthur's history is concerned, we can have no difficulty in pronouncing it by this time a pure romance. The reader will be able to judge for himself from the facts that Geoffrey gives us.

In the first place, the whole aspect of the story is changed. Arthur is no longer a king defending his country against Saxon invaders, but a monarch carrying his conquering arms far and wide, and adding to his sway Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, the Orkneys, Norway, Dacia, Acquitaine and Gaul. The conquests are so complete

that, in his war with Rome, on the question of tribute, he receives contingents from all these subject lands. The details of the Roman army opposed to him are quite as ridiculous. Among those who flocked to the Imperial standard were the Kings of Greece, Africa, Spain, Parthia, Media, Libya, Phrygia, Ituria, Egypt, Babylon, Bithynia, Syria, Bœotia and Crete. To criticise such catalogues would be mere waste of time, but their details are interesting for two reasons. They are a sign of the profound ignorance of geography that we find in most early English writers. They are also a specimen of the sort of information to be expected at Geoffrey's hands and a criterion of its value.

The bulk of Arthur's history is, indeed, as has been said before, pure romance, and with Geoffrey lies the credit of sketching the outlines that were afterwards to be filled in. Here we find the history of Merlin, and the detailed account of Arthur's birth, as the son of Uther and Igerna, which were afterwards followed in its main outlines. The account of the Rebellion of Mordred and of the retirement of Arthur's wife to the nuns of the City of Legions, and also of the last battle, with all its grim horror, are to be found in Geoffrey pretty much as we find them in Malory, though, of course, without the later detail, and with certain marked differences. Thus the name of Arthur's wife is Guanhumara, the name of Guinevere coming in later from the Welsh Gwenhyfar. Again the name of Lancelot does not occur in Geoffrey, and his conduct with respect to Guanhumara is assigned to Mordred. In fact, it is surprising how few names familiar to the student of the Arthurian myth we meet with. There are only five altogether, viz., Mordred, Dubric, Archbishop of Legions, Lot, Bedver and Caius or Keyes the Sewer. But the most important point for our purpose is the germ of the Round Table, discoverable in Geoffrey. Arthur 'began,' he tells us, 'to augment the number of his domestics, and introduced such politeness into his court as people of the remotest countries thought worthy of their imitation. So that there was not a nobleman who thought himself of any consideration unless his clothes and arms were made in the same fashion as those of Arthur's knights. . . . Thus the valour of the men was an encouragement for women's chastity, and the love of the women a spur to the soldiers' bravery.'

The history of Arthur has now been brought down to the days of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Further than this it will not be necessary to carry it. The influence of Geoffrey's romance was immense. Written originally in Latin, it was put into French verse by Gaimar. It got back again into England as Wace's Brut, and at last into English verse in 1205, at the hands of Layamon. It had meanwhile increased in bulk through the addition of various details which are now part of the romance. The chief agent in this was a court poet, Walter de Map. Without showing this in detail, an extract from Green's 'Short History of the English People,' will indicate the gradual transformation.

'Out of Geoffrey's creation grew little by little the poem of the Table Round. Britany, which had mingled with the story of Arthur the older and more mysterious legend of the enchanter Merlin, lent that of Lancelot to the wandering minstrels of the day, who moulded it, as they wandered from hall to hall, into the familiar song of knighthood wrested from its loyalty by the love of woman. The stories of Tristram and Gawayne, at first as independent as that of Lancelot, were drawn with it into the whirlpool of Arthurian romance; and when the Church, jealous of the popularity of the legends of chivalry, invented as a counteracting influence the poem of the Sacred Dish, the San Graal which

held the blood of the Cross, invisible to all eyes but those of the pure in heart, the genius of a court poet, Walter de Map, wove the rival legends together, sent Arthur and his knights wandering over sea and land in quest of the San Graal, and crowned the work by the figure of Sir Galahad, the type of ideal knighthood, without fear and without reproach.'

No sooner had the development of the mere story ceased than the allegorizing tendency set in. When Sir Thomas Malory had written the whole in his 'Mort D'Arthur,' and Caxton had printed it, Spenser introduced Arthur as an allegorical personage in the 'Fairy Queen.' And now, after passing through the hands of Blackmore, Lord Lytton, and others, the whole subject has received treatment in the spirit of the time by the English Laureate. To examine in detail the peculiarities of his work, to show how it bears marks of the age, by reflecting the religious controversies of the nineteenth century, must be left to another place.

A word suggests itself as to the true value of the Arthurian legend. Stripped of the colouring of romance, Arthur looks small enough; at one time quarrelling with his fellow-countrymen, at another struggling unsuccessfully against the encroaching Saxon wave. When we come down to the scanty outline of fact, a feeling of disappointment is likely to come over some of us, as it came over Black's hero, 'Why have they taken away from us the old dreams?' We feel as though there were less virtue in the world when one of our bright ideals is eclipsed. To such thoughts we would answer, as the long-bearded, ancient man answered the doubts of Gareth's companions, about the reality of Arthur's city—

> 'A Fairy King
> And Fairy Queens have built the city, son;
> They came from out a sacred mountain-cleft
> Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,
> And built it to the music of their harps.
> * * * * *
> For, an ye heard a music, like enow
> They are building still, seeing the city is built
> To music, *therefore never built at all,*
> *And therefore built for ever.*'

Criticism may do what it will with the phantasmal Arthur of history, but the Arthur of literature has the higher reality of an ideal, which he cannot lose. In our critical age, in the midst of the advanced thought of the nineteenth century, he and his city have arisen fresh upon us, built to a strain, mystic and beautiful as that which Caliban heard in dreams in the enchanted island of Prospero.

With our modern notions of scientific verification, well-ascertained fact, and Encyclopædic knowledge, we are sometimes led to forget the true value of mere unverifiable ideals. Yet it was not always so—'Doth any man doubt,' says the large-minded Bacon, 'that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as we would, and the like; but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?' Among the many points of contrast between modern and ancient thought, there are few, perhaps, of deeper import than that suggested by their differing conceptions of truth. 'The modern,' a thoughtful writer has observed, 'identifies truth almost exclusively with fact, the ancient with ideal.' Judged by the ancient standard, the conception of Arthur possesses the value of the highest truth, the value of a high ideal.

Such ideals it is the noble office of Religion to create and consecrate, for they have been the stay of men's lives and their comfort in death. Nor is this office confined to religion speaking through its prophet; it is shared as well by the highest kind of literature, the mouthpiece of which is the poet, the maker, as the Greeks called him, the seer, as the Romans

added. The highest work of the poet is pronounced by Horace, himself one of the lightest hearted of all poets, to be that of a teacher and moulder of morals. Doubtless he would have utterly repudiated the theory of art for art's sake—'pure art,' the dominant school of art critics has decided, 'knowing nothing of society and nothing of God.' Yet Spenser, the poet's poet, thought not so when he prefaced his 'Fairy Queen' with a declaration of his intention and inner meaning—'the general end, therefore, of all the book is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline: which for that I conceived should be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter than for profit of the example, I chose the History of King Arthur.'

Spenser imagined the presentation of a lofty ideal of humanity to be calculated to raise men's tone in the times of Elizabeth. The age was a glorious one, when life was more highly strung, when men had not schooled themselves down to a merely practical outlook, assured themselves that it was folly to look beyond, and complacently pronounced such a life to be very good. How much more do we need such ideals now. Such an ideal was presented to Caxton's age by the Arthur of Malory; it was brought before the age of Elizabeth by the pen of Spenser, and such again with the impurities of earlier times effaced we have before us in the Arthur of Tennyson.

MADRIGAL.

(From the French of Henri Murger.)

BY GEO. MURRAY, M.A.

YES—you may laugh, and tell the tale
To all your laughing world of fashion,
I love you, and I will not fail
To kill your laughter with my passion.
I know not how this love was born,
I know my heart will long be troubled:
My wound would ache without its thorn,
Love's pain is dulled by being doubled.

From the first hour when in your ears
I whispered low, my bliss is dated:
The glow that flushed my bygone years
Seemed from the past resuscitated.
Youth, hope, and poetry, and love,
Lost treasures all, I now recover;
And so—my gratitude to prove,
I'll spend them on you, like a lover

Montreal.

THE ASTROLABES OF SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN AND GEOFFREY CHAUCER.*

BY HENRY SCADDING, D.D., TORONTO.

READERS of Canadian newspapers may have noticed a mention made, some time ago, of the finding of an old scientific instrument called by the French and Lower Canadian writers an Astrolabe, supposed to have been dropped by Samuel Champlain when passing up the Ottawa in 1613, *en route*, as he hoped, to the country of the Nipissings and the Salt Sea beyond. It was lighted on accidentally in 1867, during the cultivation of the soil on the line of a portage which used formerly to be traversed for the double purpose of making a short cut, and also of avoiding difficulties in the navigation in this part of the Ottawa River. The instrument, when discovered, had evidently lain long on the spot where it was found, being covered with several inches of soil formed of decayed vegetation, but its state of preservation was extraordinary. The relic itself is now in Toronto in the possession of R. S. Cassels, Esq., who obtained it directly from the settler who in 1867 ploughed it up in the rear half of lot No. 12, in the second range of the Township of Ross, in the County of Renfrew, land at the time in a state of nature, whose only previous owner had been Capt. Overman, cammander of a steamer on Muskrat lake.

Previous to actually handling the object, and while judging only from a photograph taken of it and an engraving made from that photograph, I had been inclined to doubt its identity with the astrolabe said to have been lost by Champlain in this neighbourhood in 1613. The ærugo of 264 years must, I thought, have produced a greater obscurity in the lines and minute figures delineated on the surface of the brass; and a certain apparent freshness in the look of the date 1603, as given in the photograph and engraving suggested a late insertion, as did also its exact coincidence with the year of Champlain's first voyage to New France. It was, without question, a genuine old astrolabe, but it might have slipped out of the baggage of any of the many parties that, since the time of Champlain, have passed and repassed along the Ottawa route on exploration, traffic, mission-work, or war, intent. A careful examination of the instrument itself, however, soon dissipated all suspicions. The brass of which it is composed is of a very close, hard texture, like bell metal: probably it is statuary brass, compounded so as to be proof against atmospheric influence. The date, 1603, stamped on the side of the disc is certainly of contemporary workmanship with the rest of the instrument. The recording of a date without the addition of a maker's name and place of abode, which at first sight likewise seemed strange, may in some degree be accounted for thus: the figures towards the circumference of the disc denoting the degrees are all not engraved, but stamped on. With punches in his hand it would be a simple thing for the maker to affix the date of the current year; while to do the same with his name and place of

*A paper read before the Canadian Institute, Toronto, during the Session 1879-80.

business, consisting perhaps of many words, would be another matter. Whether inserted by means of punches or the graving tool, the process would occupy time which the thrifty workman might think ought to be more profitably employed.

Champlain certainly had with him an instrument for taking latitudes during his expedition up the Ottawa in 1613. It can also be shown that he probably lost that instrument during the journey. Champlain kept a journal which is now to be seen in print in his 'Works' edited and published at Quebec in three volumes in 1870 by the Abbé Laverdière, of Laval University. Not having access to Laverdière's books, I avail myself of the *résumés* of this part of the journal given by Mr Russell, of Ottawa, and Mr Marshall, of Buffalo, in their respective pamphlets on 'Champlain's Astrolabe.'

Champlain records that he reached the Falls of the Chaudière on the 4th of June, 1613, the Rapides des Chats on the 5th, the island of St Croix and the Portage du Fort on the 6th. At or near Portage du Fort he turned off westward from the line of the Ottawa, and entered on what is now known as the Muskrat Lake Portage. Part of June 6th and the whole of June 7th were here passed. 'We were greatly troubled,' Champlain writes, 'in making this portage, being myself loaded with three arquebuses, as many paddles, my cloak (capote) and some small articles (bagatelles). I encouraged my men,' he continues, 'who were loaded yet heavier, but suffered more from the mosquitoes than from their burdens.' Thus encumbered and harassed, it would be easy of course for a person to drop out of his pack a scientific instrument or other things at some point in the toilsome way without observing the loss. Very possibly this article was among the 'bagatelles' taken charge of by Champlain himself. The language of his journal implies, as we shall see, that he had with him an instrument for taking latitudes; and that it was what the French scientists of the day termed an astrolabe is likely from the fact that Champlain in an extant treatise of his on the Art of Navigation, advises all his readers to become familiar with the use of the 'astrolabe.' It is therefore pretty certain that he himself would be provided with one when on a tour of exploration.

Under date of May 30th, 1613, when at the entrance of Lake St. Louis on the Ottawa, Champlain writes in his journal—'I *took* the latitude of the place, and found it 45°18″;' and under date of June 4th, when at the Falls of the Chaudière he says: 'I took the latitude of the place, and found it to be 45°38″. And again, on the 6th of June, when at Portage du Fort, he says: 'I took the latitude of this place, which was 46°40,"—words in each instance implying the use of a scientific instrument. But after the 6th of June, it is observable that his language changes. He does not again speak of 'taking' a latitude. His words become less precise, suggesting calculation perhaps by distance conceived to have been travelled. Thus, of Allumette Island or foot of the Upper Allumette Lake, he says —'It is *about* the 47th degree of latitude,' in which statement, it appears, he was wrong by more than a degree, the true latitude of the spot being 45°50″. Hence it is conjectured that his instrument for taking latitudes was now not at hand. Mr. Russell, of Ottawa, sees a further reason for supposing the absence of an instrument when at the foot of Upper Allumette Lake in the fact that Champlain was by some chance wrong in his figures at Portage du Fort, which he sets down as in lat. 46°40″; and this was an error committed while in possession of his instrument. For he says, '*I took* the latitude of this place.' Now Mr. Russell acutely observes, if Champlain had been in possession of his instrument at the foot of Upper Allumette Lake, and had taken the lati-

tude correctly there, 45°50′, (as the chances are, he would have done), he would have detected the mistake which he had made at Portage du Fort, and have altered his figures, for otherwise he would have absurdly proved himself to have been travelling south instead of north.

Thus then the matter stands. It appears probable, that while traversing the Muskrat Lake Portage in 1613, Champlain lost a scientific instrument called an astrolabe. In 1867, at a point in the line of this portage, such an instrument, evidently of Champlain's period, was found. We have no positive reason to adduce for disbelieving that the article found is the article that was lost. Hence, not irrationally, we allow ourselves the pleasure of thinking that we have before us, really, a veritable and most interesting relic of the bold, brave, resolute founder of Quebec and of New France.

It should be added that along with, or in close proximity to, the astrolabe, some small copper vessels or pans fitting into each other, were ploughed up, and two small silver cups with a device, perhaps a crest, engraved upon them. Although a diligent search was at once made for other articles in the locality, nothing else was found; shewing that this was not a *cache* or deposit of effects for temporary safe-keeping, but a case of accidental loss. The silver cups, of little intrinsic value, were sold sometime after the find to a passing peddler. Mr. Cassels took the trouble to trace the subsequent history of these cups, and learned that they had been melted down. As to the copper pans: when exhumed they were greatly decayed and quite useless; they accordingly became mixed up with the 'old metals' of the settler's house, and were finally lost. A portion of one of them was remembered by the finder to have been nailed over a leaky spot in a log canoe.

Also, it may be subjoined, that Parkman, in his 'Pioneers of France in the New World,' pp. 346-7, whilst giving an account of Champlain's progress on the 6th and 7th of June, 1613, makes him emerge on the expansion of the Ottawa, known as Lake Coulonge, and not at the actual spot considerably to the west, namely the mouth of Muskrat River, the natural northern terminus of the portage. Again, as we read Parkman's account of the difficulties encountered in the portage here, we can feel no surprise at the unperceived loss, under the circumstances, of such articles as those ploughed up in 1867, in the Township of Ross. Of Champlain and his party, Parkman writes in his graphic way: 'Their march was through a pine forest. A whirlwind had swept it, and in the track of the tornado the trees lay uptorn, inverted, prostrate, and flung in disordered heaps, boughs, roots and trunks mixed in wild confusion. Over, under, and through these masses the travellers made their painful way; then, through the pitfalls and impediments of the living forest, till a sunny transparency in the screen of young foliage gladdened their eyes with the assurance that they had reached again the banks of the open stream.' Lake Coulonge, where Parkman supposes 'the banks of the open stream' to have been again reached, was in fact an important portion of the great bend avoided by leaving the Ottawa at Portage du Fort and pushing westward to Muskrat Lake and Muskrat River, by which route a short cut to the Upper Allumette Lake was presented.

I shall now describe more minutely, the instrument which has given rise to the present discussion. It is a thick brass circular disc, about five and a half inches in diameter, finely marked off towards the outer edge into 360 degrees in the usual way, the degrees in each quadrant numbered on an inner circle from one to ninety, starting in each case from a cardinal point. For lightness, a considerable portion of the disc in each of its quarters is

cut out ; or more probably the whole was originally cast in this perforated condition. A moveable bar furnished with a sight and pointer at each end, revolves on a pivot passing through the centre of the disc. A ring attached to the rim by a double hinge, enabled the observer, at his pleasure, either to suspend the instrument for observation, or himself to hold it up; when the hinges below the ring, allowing of a certain amount of motion in two directions, would enable him to get it into a position suitable for his purpose. At the point opposite to the ring is a small projection pierced through for the reception of a screw or tack, to temporarily fasten or steady the instrument when hung up by the ring on a staff or post. Or it may have been for the suspension of a weight to ensure with greater certainty a vertical position. Discernible on the outer edge are slight remains of two other projections now broken off, at equal distances to the right and left of the lower projection. These may represent *feet*, by means of which the instrument might occasionally be supported in an upright position on a level surface. Just above the perforated projection, the date 1603 is stamped, preceded and followed by a small cross. The year of Champlain's first visit to Canada, was 1603. On departing from Honfleur with his friend Pontgravé, in that year, he may have provided himself with this instrument, then fresh from the manufacturer's hands. The weight of the whole apparatus is about three pounds. The method of taking an observation must have been somewhat thus : allowing the instrument to hang freely, the revolving bar would be directed towards the sun at noon in such a manner that a ray might pass through both the sights to the eye ; the sun's meridian altitude would thus be roughly ascertained, and the latitude of the place approximately deduced by estimation. With the circle divided only into degrees, and unprovided with any contrivance analogous to the modern Vernier, it is surprising that Champlain should have been as nearly correct as he generally is in his latitudes.

The term 'astrolabe' as indicating simply an instrument for taking altitudes seems to have continued longer in use among the French savans than among the English. No English scientific man would, I think, at the first glance, designate the object which has been engaging our attention as an astrolabe. He would call it possibly a pocket astronomical circle, a portable mural, or a rude theodolite. But in the seventeenth century, among the French, the term seems to have familiarly presented itself, and the use of it appears to have been perpetuated among the French Canadians long after the time of Champlain. For ordinary purposes, the simple instrument probably continued to be employed in Canada and France long after Vernier's improvements. Thus in 1687, seventy-four years after Champlain's first excursion up the Ottawa, we have the Baron Lahontan, when starting westward from Fort Niagara, under orders from the Governor-in-Chief, De Denonville, congratulating himself on having brought with him from Montreal, his 'astrolabe,' just as a modern officer of a scientific turn of mind, would write of his aneroid or sextant. 'Je me suis heureusement garni de mon astrolabe en partant de Montreal,' he says (Voyages i. 103.): 'avec lequel je pourrais prendre les hauteurs de ce lac (Frontenac or Ontario). Il ne me sera moins utile dans mon voyage, qui sera de deux ans ou environ, selon toutes les apparences.' 'Prendre le hauteur,' is also Champlain's phrase. Thus in his journal on the 11th of June, 1613, after passing the Chaudière fall, he makes an entry in his old French thus : 'Je prins le hauteur du lieu et trouvay 45 degrès, 38 minutes de latitude.' One may add, in passing, that Lahontan's astrolabe might have kept him from endorsing the extravagant

notion, prevalent at that time, of the height of the falls of Niagara. To the French voyageurs, arriving in the first instance in low canoes at the base of the 'mountain' as their expression was, at what is now Lewiston or Queenston, and casting their eyes up to the then forest-crowned summit, the height to be surmounted appeared something stupendous. Then, after toiling with weary steps and slow, up the steep, and proceeding along the still continued, irregular slope, till at last the brink of the cataract was reached, they mentally added together the ascents of the several stages, and roughly guessed the whole perpendicular height attained since leaving the water-level at Queenston, to be something like seven or eight hundred feet. Hence the report became current that this was the height of the Falls of Niagara. With astrolabe in hand, Lahontan might have set the public right on this point. But he failed to do so.

The astrolabe employed by the primitive fathers and founders of Natural Philosophy was a more complicated instrument than that which we have thus far been contemplating. That of Hipparchus, who flourished a century and a half before the Christian era, and that of Claudius Ptolemy, author of the famous 'Almagest,' some five hundred years later, viz., A.D., 139–161, is described as consisting of a set of concentric circles, so arranged as to have one in the plane of the ecliptic, another at right angles to it; so that virtually the astrolabe of Hipparchus and Ptolemy was what used to be figured in books on Astronomy as an armillary sphere, *i. e.* a hollow sphere with all the surface cut away, except the equator, ecliptic and other circles, and furnished with a moveable tube or revolving rule, bearing sights.

In the hands of Hipparchus and Ptolemy, and numerous other sincere students of natural science, their successors in later ages, the astrolabe was put to legitimate and laudable uses; but it came at length to be a conspicuous and distinctive part of the paraphernalia of a set of impostors, who during a long period turned the ignorance and weakness of their fellow-men into a source of gain. For example: in Victor Rydberg's recent book on 'Magic in the Middle Ages,' p. 108, we have some of the objects observed in the room of a magician thus set down:—'On his writing-desk lay a parchment in which he had commenced to write down the horoscope of the following year. Beside the desk was a celestial globe with figures, painted in various colours. In a window looking towards the south, hung an astrolabe, to whose alidade [moveable rule], a long telescope, of course without lenses, was attached.' In Herman Merivale's 'Orlando in Roncevalles,' p. 12, we have the 'spirits of the air,' grotesquely represented as making use of material astrolabes, just as in the mediæval paintings we sometimes see angelic beings playing on violins. 'Know,' says the demon Astaroth to Malagigi,

> 'Know that all the circling air is dense
> With spirits, each his astrolabe in hand,
> Searching the hidden ways of Providence;'

Where Merivale literally translated from his authority, Pulci;

> Sappi che tutto quest aere è denso
> Di spirti, ogn'un con astrolabio in mano.'

Since personally handling the old instrument, which, with such plausibility, can be shown to have been once the property of Samuel Champlain, the first explorer of our back lakes, and the founder, as I have said, of Quebec, I have turned with a renewed interest to a treatise on the astrolabe, which I have for some time had in my library. It is contained in Thomas Speght's second edition of the whole works of Geoffrey Chaucer, 'our ancient and learned English poet,' as he is styled on the title page. The volume is a folio, almost wholly in black letter, and its imprint is that of Adam Islip, London, 1602.

Supposing that the incident narrated as occurring in 1867, in the Township of Ross, in our Canadian County of Renfrew, may have excited amongst us some curiosity on the subject of astrolabes, I proceed to give an account of the treatise of Chaucer, just referred to.

Geoffrey Chaucer, it is to be remembered, was a many-sided man. In him, as in Burke, Canning, the first Lord Lytton, and the Disraeli of today, fine perceptions, a powerful imagination, and rare literary faculty did not prove incompatible with the possession of strong practical good sense, and its application in departments of life of the most serious and varied kind. He was a man of business; a man of affairs; a trusted and most successful diplomatist, if not a statesman; a traveller; a linguist; a lover of science; a man of wide knowledge. He wrote his treatise on the astrolabe for the use of his son Louis, to accompany the gift made to the lad of an instrument of that name; in manuscript, of course, the printing press being a thing unknown in 1391. It is in English prose; and Speght, the editor of the folio before me, prefixes to it the following note: 'This book written to his sonne in the yeare of our Lord 1391, and in the fourteenth of k. Richard 2nd, standeth so good at this day, especially for the horizon of Oxford, as in the opinion of the learned, it cannot be amended.'

The general heading of the treatise is 'The Conclusions of the Astrolabie;' this, and not 'Astrolabe' being the form of the word used by Chaucer. By 'Conclusions' he means Determinations or Problems solved by the help of the instrument.

The work is divided by Chaucer into five sections, or 'parties,' as he calls them; but only two of these seem to have survived, namely, the first and second, which are to be seen in Speght. The remaining three have disappeared, or were never compiled. The first describes the form and parts of the astrolabe; the second is taken up with a discussion of the practical use of the instrument and the problems that may be worked out by it; the third and fourth exhibited, or were to exhibit, tables of latitudes, longitudes, declinations, calculations of time, movements of the moon, etc.; and the fifth spoke, or was to speak, of the theory of astrology, that is, the astronomy of the day, with tables of the 'dignities' of the planets. (Some fragments of this part have perhaps become mixed up with the matter of the second part). In the tables and computations of the third 'party,' Chaucer says he conformed to the calendars of 'the reverend clerks, Frère John Som, and Frère N. Lenne,' Carmelite Friars, well-known conjoint authors of a treatise on the astrolabe, temp. Edward III. (In Latin forms their names appear as Nicholas de Lynne, *i. e.* of Lynn, in Norfolk, and Johannes Sombe.)

Chaucer's astrolabe was a metal disc of some thickness, certainly resembling, in a general way, that which Champlain employed, only consisting of more 'members,' as Chaucer speaks. He describes first the ring at the top 'to putten on thy thombe on thy right honde in taking the height of thynges.' This ring, he says, 'renneth in a maner of turet;' plays, that is, in a hinge-like way, so that it 'distroubleth not the instrument to hangen after his right centure,' that is to say, vertically. The disc itself, he informs his son, is called 'the moder [mother] of thyn astrolabie.' It is thickest 'by the brinkes;' the inner portion on one side is sunk and made thin, so as to receive a light circular plate made to fit into it, with a piece of moveable open work over it, through which the plate below may be viewed. The sunken portion of the disc is called its 'wombe.' The plate just mentioned has a diagram upon it constructed for the latitude or 'clymate' of the particular place where the instrument is going to be used, hence it is made so

as to be easily removed; the one furnished for Chaucer's little Louis, was 'compowned' or calculated for Oxford. The lines and circles forming the diagram on the removable 'clymate'-plate are numerous, with many intersections; and the appearance thus produced is curiously described in the following terms: 'From the signet (the apparent pole of the heaven) there commen crooked strikes (curved strokes or lines) like to the claws of a loppe (the legs of a spider), or els like to the werke of a womans calle (caul, or net for the hair), inkerving over thwart the almicanteras; and these same strikes and divisions ben cleaped azimutes, and they dividen the orizonts on thine astrolabie in 24 divisions. And these azimutes serve to knowe the costes of the firmament, and the other conclusions, as for to knowe the signet of the sunne and of every sterre.' The circle of open work which is to be placed over the plate of the 'clymate' is called the 'rete,' the net; as it consists of several thin strips or flattened wires, arranged somewhat after the fashion of the lines in a certain kind of fishing net, or 'else,' Chaucer says, 'after the webbe of a loppe' *i. e.* a spider's web. On each of the wires, forming the rete, which curve round or radiate from a quasi-pole, is set a mark which is to indicate the place of a certain conspicuous fixed star, and over these curving lines is placed towards the upper parts, a circular band which is 'devyded in twelve principall devisions that deperten the twelve signs,' hence the whole 'rete' is styled 'the Zodiacke,' and it is made moveable; it may be shifted round on a centre in accordance with observations taken in the actual heavens. To admit of this movement, a 'pinne,' after the manner of an 'exiltre' [axletree], passes through the centre of the disc. This pin is ingeniously made in such a way that its diameter could be slightly lessened or increased by lifting up or pressing down a small wedge called a 'horse,' allowing the rete to revolve, but at the same time keeping the clymate-plate below firmly in its place. By loosening the wedge. the clymate-plate could be taken out, when a change of plate was required. The pin passing through the disc was also the axis on which the radial index bearing the sights revolved on the flat or unexcavated side of the instrument. This radial index is called by Chaucer the Rule; 'it hath' he says 'on everich end, *i. e.* each end, a square plate parted *i. e.* pierced through, with certain holes, some more and some lesse, to receyven the streems of the Sunne by day, and eke by mediation of thine eye, to know the altitude of the sterres by night.' Another name for the rule used by Chaucer is the alidatha, its appellation among the Arabs; and one may observe in passing, that probably from alidatha has been derived, by a succession of changes, the word *theodolite*. So the late Prof. de Morgan, of University College, London, held, who always spelt the word theodolete, though his practice has not been generally adopted. There are other Arabic terms in use in connection with the astrolabe; as for example, almicanteras, azimuths, almurie, to say nothing of the names applied to many of the stars themselves, as alnasir, markab, algomisi, alhabor,—curious reminiscences continuing to this day, of the source whence streamed the few rays of science which cheered our European forefathers during the Dark Ages. 'Astrolabe' itself is said to have passed into the European tongues through *uster-lab*,' the Arabic corruption of the Greek word to which we have now more nearly reverted.

The side of the disc on which the alidatha or rule revolves is divided into a succession of concentric circles. The outermost is graduated in the usual way by quarter circles. The next is divided into twelve equal parts, each showing the name of one of the signs. The third has the names of the months arranged with relation

to the signs, and giving the number of days in each month. The next has the holidays in each month marked; and the last has the letters A B C, &c., made to correspond with the names of the holidays. In the space near the centre are two scales or ladders, placed at right angles to each other, each with eleven rungs, for taking the heights of objects by means of their shadow; one scale is for taking the height by the *umbra versa;* the other by the *umbra recta* or *extensa:* these scales, the reader is told, serve for 'ful many a subtill conclusion.'

In addition to the rule, a long, thin needle or revolving index on the womb-side is spoken of, reaching to the outermost graduated circle. This is the label. Also, there is an almurie, a point or tooth projecting from Capricorn, serving 'of many a necessary conclusion in equacions of things.'

After describing the several parts of the instrument, Chaucer proceeds to enumerate the problems which may be solved by its use. He begins his list in these words, his grammar therein reminding one of William of Wykham's well-known 'Manners maketh man:' 'Here beginneth,' he says, 'the conclusions of thine Astrolabie.' It will not be necessary to give an account of them all. The headings of a few of them may suffice, as: 'To know any time of the day by light of the sunne, and any time of the night by the sterres fixe, and eke to know by night or by day the degrees of the sign that ascendeth on the east horizon which is cleped commonly ascendent.' 'To know the very equation of the degrees of the sunne, if it so be that it fall between two almicanteras.' 'To know the spring of the dawning and the end of the evening, the which beene cleaped the two crepuscules.' 'To know with what degree of the zodiake any sterre fix in thine Astrolabie ariseth upon the east orizont, although the orizont be in another signe.' 'To know the declination of any degree in the Zodiake, fro the equinoctiall circle.' 'To know which day is like to other in length throughout the yeere.' 'To prove the latitude of any place in a region by the preffe of the height of the pole artike in that same place.' 'To know the signet for the arising of the sunne, this is to sayne, the party of the orizont in which the sunne ariseth.' 'To know sothly the longitude of the moone, or any planet that hath no latitude, from the time of the Ecliptike line.' 'To know whether any planet be direct or retrograde,' &c.

And after enumerating some thirty-eight or forty such conclusions or problems, and showing how each of them may be solved, Chaucer assures his son that these are only a portion of the conclusions that may be worked out by aid of the astrolabe, for 'trust well,' he says, 'that all the conclusions that may have been founden, or possibly might be found, in so noble an instrument as is the astrolabye, ben unknown perfitly to any mortall man in this region as I suppose.' We may be sure that he had been long an adept in the use of the instrument, perhaps from the days of his youth, when at college. He narrates some of his experience with astrolabes that he had met with: he had discovered, he says, 'there be some conclusions that will not in all thyngs perfourme her behests;' 'her,' of course, is 'their,' and he means probably that the results promised by the contriver of the instrument did not in every case come out exactly on trial. Chaucer's accurate knowledge of the astronomy of his day, and of the ingenious explanations of phenomena offered by the Ptolemaic theories, are conspicuous throughout the Canterbury Tales; in the Franklin's Tale, for example, the Man of Law's Tale, and the Nun's Priest's Tale. And I cannot but think that the well-known interior of the scholar's room at the beginning of the Miller's Tale is a reminiscence of his own chamber at Oxenforde in his younger days. I will transcribe the

passage; in it we shall meet with the astrolabe and with the expression 'conclusions' to be technically understood in the sense already explained. 'With him,' we are told, that is with a certain lodging-house keeper at Oxford, who figures in the Miller's Story:

With him there was dwelling a pore scoller
Had learned art, but all his fantasye
Was tuned for to lerne astrologye,
And coude a certeyn of conclusions
To deme by interrogacioums,
If that men axed him, in certeyn houres
When that men schuld hav drought or ellys schoures;
Or if men axed him what shulde befalle
Of every thing I may nought reken hem alle.

* * * * *

A chamber had he in that hostelerie
Alone, withoughten any compagnie,
Full fetisly ydight with harbes soote [sweet],
And he himself as sweet as is the roote
Of liquorys or any cetewale [valerian]:
His almagest and bookys great and small;
His astrolabe, longing for his art [appertaining to],
His augrim stones, lying faire aparte
On schelves couched at his beddes heed,
His press y-covered with a folding red.

Chaucer probably began early to spell out the Almagest, the opus magnum of Claudius Ptolemy, and to make himself master of the mysteries of the augrim stones, the Arabic algorismic counters. Over and over again, he shows in his treatise on the astrolabe that he could, if he had chosen, have acted the astrologer and have cast nativities and calculated horoscopes with as great ease and plausibility as Cornelius Agrippa himself; but he draws for his son Louis a sharp line of difference between judicial and natural astrology, between astrology and astronomy, truly so called. Of the processes of the common astrologer he says: 'These been observances of judiciall matter, and rites of paynims, in which my spirit hath ne faith, ne knowing of her [their] horoscopum.'

I have not yet given a specimen of the substance of Chaucer's treatise, but only the titles of some of the 'conclusions' which it records, and a description of the parts of the instrument by which they are proved. I now give one or two extracts. The want of fixity in the orthography will be noticed; no peculiarity, however, this of Chaucer's. The English language, as we know, continued to be uncertain long after his time; and the variety in the texts of early writers has been increased by the caprices and errors of the transcribers. Thus, as we shall remember, Chaucer himself rebukes one Adam Scrivener for his carelessness in copying his pieces:

'Under thy long locks may'st thou have the scall
If thou my writing copy not more true!
So oft a day I must thy work renew,
It to correct and eke to rub and scrape;
And all is through thy negligence and rape.'

I select the first passage for the sake of the date which it contains, which takes us back at once into the fourteenth century, and places us, as it were, by the side of the scientific poet busily at work with his little son over the latter's miniature astrolabe: also for the sake of the curious comparative 'downer' for 'farther down,' which occurs at its close. (To be relished fully and judged justly, all my quotations ought properly to appear in **black letter**, as in old Speght's folio.) 'Understand well,' Chaucer says to little Louis, 'that evermore fro the arising of the sunne til he go to rest, the radius of the sunne shal shewe the houre of the plannet; and fro that time forward, all the nyght, till the sunne arise, then shall the very degree of the sunne shew the houre of the planet. Ensample, as thus: the 13 day of March (doubtless as written at length a little while before; in the yere of oure Lorde a thousand three hundred ninetie and one) fell upon a Saturday paraventure, and at the arising of the sunne I found the second degree of Aries sitting upon mine east orizont, all be it was but little. Then found I the second degree of Libra, nadire of my sunne, descending on my west orizont, upon which west orizont, every day generally at the sunne arising, entereth the houre of any plannet,

under the foresayd west orizont; after the which planet the day beareth his name and endeth in the next strike [stroke] of the planet, under the foresaid west orizont: and ever as the sunne climbeth upper and upper, so goeth his nadire downer and downer, eching [eking, adding on] fro suche strikes the houres of plannets by order as they sitten in heaven.'

The next passage is on account of several adverbial words rather quaintly employed therein: sadly, slyly, softly, avisely. He is showing how 'to know justly the foure quarters of the world, as East, West, South and North.' 'Take the altitude of the sunne,' he says, 'when thou liste, and note well the quarter of the worlde in which the sunne is, from the time by the azymutes; tourne then thyne astrolaby, and set the degree of the sunne in the almicanteras of his altitude on thilke syde that the sunne standeth, as is in maner of takyng of houses, and lay thy labell on the degree of the sunne, and reken how many degrees of the sunne been between the lynne meridionall and the point of thy label, and note well the nombres. Tourne then agayne thyne astrolabie and set the poynt of the great rule there thou takest thin altitudes, upon as many degrees in hys bordure from his meridionall as was the point of thy label from the line meridionall on the wombe side. Take then thyne astrolaby with both hands sadly and slyly, and let the sunne shine through both holes of thy rule, and slyly in thilke shining lay thine astrolabie couch a downe even upon a playne ground, and then will the meridionall lyne of thine astrolabie be even South, and the East line will be even East, and the West lyne West, and the North lyne North, so that thou worke softly and avisely in the couching; and thou hast thus the foure quarters of the firmament.'

The following is his clear and interesting account of a method 'to prove the latitude of any place in a region by the preffe of the height of the pole artike in that same place':—

'In some winters night,' he says, 'when the firmament is cleere and thicke sterred: wayt a time till that any ster fix sit line right perpendiculer over the pole artike, and clepe that ster A; and wayte another sterre that sit lyne right under A, and under the pole, and clepe that sterre F; and understand well that F is not considerd but onely to declare that A that sit ever on the pole. Take then anone right the altitude of A from the orizonte and forgette it not. Let A and F go farewel till agaynst the dawnyng a great while, and come then again, and abide till that A is even under the pole under F, for sothely then will F sit over the pole. Take then eftsones the altitude of A from the orizonte, and note as well the seconde as the first altitude. And when that this is done, reken how many degrees that the first altitude A exceeded his altitude, and take halfe the ilk porcion that is exceeded, and add it to his second altitude, and take there the elevacion of the pole and eke the altitude of thy region. For these two ben of one nombre, that is to saine, as many degrees as thy pole is elevat, so moch is the latitude of thy region. Ensample as thus: Paraventure the altitude of A in the evening is 82 degrees of hyght, then will the second altitude or the dawnying be 21; that is to saine, less by 61 than was his first altitude at even. Take then the half of 61, and adde to it 21, that was his second altitude, and then thou hast the height of the pole and the latitude of thy region. But understand well,' he adds, 'to preve this conclusion, and many another fayre conclusion, thou mayest heve a plomet hangyng on a lyne higher than thy head on a perche, and that lyne mote hang even perpendiculer bitwixt the pole and thine eye, and shalt thou see if A sit even over the pole and over F at even. And also if F sit even over the pole and over A at day.'

My last specimen shall be the 'conclusion,' entitled 'Special declaration of the Ascendent,' in which Chaucer takes occasion to speak of a subtle process by which certain portions of the heavenly bodies, astrologically bad, are sometimes, nevertheless, interpreted as good. 'The Ascendent,' he says, 'soothly is as well in all nativities as in questions, and as in elections of times, is a thing which that the astrologians greatly observen; wherefore meseemeth convenient, sens I speake of the ascendent, to mak of it a special declaration. The ascendent soothly, to take it at the largest, is thilke degree that ascendeth at anye of these foresayd times on the East orizont; and therefore, if that any planet ascend at thilke same time in the foresaid same gree of his longitude, men say that thilke plannet is in *Horoscopo;* but soothly, the house of that ascendent, that is to say, the first house or the east angle, is a thing more broad and large; for, after the statute of astrologiens, what celestial body that is five degrees above thilke degree that ascendeth on the orizont, or within that number, that is to say, nere the degree that ascendeth, yet reken they thilke planet in the ascendent; and what planet is under thilke degree that ascendeth the space of 25 degrees, yet sain they, that planet is like to him, that is [in] the house of the ascendent; but soothly, if he pass the bounds of the foresaid spaces, above or beneath, they sayne that thilke planet is falling fro the ascendent; yet sayne these astrologians, that the ascendent may be shapen for to be fortunate or infortunate, as thus: A fortunate ascendent cleapen they, when that no wicked planet of Saturne or Mars or els the taile of the Dragon is in the house of the ascendent, ne that no wicked planet have no aspect of enmitie upon the ascendent; but they woll cast that they have fortunate planet in her (their) ascendent, and yet in his felicitie, and they say that it is well. Furthermore, they sayne that Fortune of an Ascendent is the contrary of these foresaid thyngs. The Lord of the ascendent, sayne they, that he is fortunate when he is in good place for the ascendent, and eke the Lord of the Ascendent is in an angle or in a succedent, where he is in his dignitie and comforted with friendle aspectes receyved, and eke that he may seene the Ascendent not retrograde, ne combust, ne joyned with no shrewe in the same signe, ne that he be not in his discention, ne reigned with no planet in his discentions, ne have upon him none aspect infortunate; and then they sayne that he is well.' Then follows the declaration already quoted: 'Nathelesse these ben observances of judiciall matter and rites of paynims, in which my spirit hath no faith ne knowing of ther horoscopum: for they sayn,' he adds, 'that every signe is departed in three even partes by ten degrees, and the ilk portion they clepen a Face; and although a planet have a latitude fro the Ecliptike yet saien some folk so that the planet arise in that same signe with any degree of the foresaid face in which is longitude, is rekened, yet is that planet in horoscopo, be it in nativities or in election.' This exposition of details on the part of the astrologians was, no doubt, clear enough to Chaucer; but he did not care that his son, or any other future reader, should be further initiated in a pseudo-science.

It remains now to say a few words of the little Louis, to whom the 'Treatise on the Astrolabe' was addressed. It appears that he was at the time only ten years of age. The subject discussed may seem to us one above the capacities of a lad of such tender years. But Chaucer understood the boy. He saw that he had inherited a mathematical head; that he was developing tastes similar to his own. Often, doubtless, had the child stood by while the father was experimenting with an astrolabe, and without any effort he had become precociously familiar with the

instrument and its mysteries, just as a clever child now quickly masters chess or elementary chemistry. Should we not have liked to overhear the quiet confidential interchange of talk between the two, while the instrument was being manipulated? We would have been interested in the English; so homely occasionally; so provincial perhaps sometimes, we would think in pronunciation, and tone and style!

The application for further instruction in the astrolabe, in its theory and practical use, came, we are informed, from Louis; and the father was only too glad to gratify him. So he provided him with an astrolabe, not one of full size, as it would seem, but still not a toy; and in addition he furnished him with the tractate which we have been examining. It would be simply amusement to Louis to carry forward to any extent the studies suggested; and philosophy in sport would be sure to become science in earnest with him by and by, if his life should be spared; and Chaucer was quite willing that his son should be grounded in the best knowledge that could be had; in the true science of nature, so far as it had then been attained.

The natural affection of the father breaks out in several places in the treatise. It is observable in the first sentence of the book, 'Little Louis, my sonne,' he says, 'I perceive well by certain evidences, thine ability to learn sciences, touching numbers and proportions; and also well consider I thy busy prayer in especial to learn the treatise of the astrolabye. Then,' he continues, 'for as much as a philosopher saith; hee wrappeth him in his friend that condescendeth to the rightfull prayers of his friend, therefore I have given thee a sufficient astrolabie for our orizont, compowned after the latitude of Oxenforde; upon the which, by the mediation of the little treatise I purpose to teach thee a certain number of conclusions pertayning to this same instrument.' Again, further on, where he defines which is the right side and which is the left of the astrolabe: 'The east side of the astrolabie is cleaped the right side, and the west side is cleaped the left side; forget not this little Louis.' And similarly, the name of the lad addressed, suddenly appears in other places.

Chaucer adopts an apologetic tone for having ventured to deliver the treatise on the astrolabe to his son in the English tongue. He stood in some awe perhaps of certain members of the teaching order, old friends at Oxford in years by gone, it may be. Or possibly it was the family tutor, who would think that things were being made altogether too easy for little Louis; how would his growing faculties be disciplined, it might be asked, if learning was to be deprived of its asperities; if propositions were to be enunciated, and demonstrations given, all in plain English? 'Latine, ne canst thou nat yet but smale, my little Louis,' he idiomatically says, piling his negatives one upon the other, therefore, 'I will shewe,' he says, 'the wonder light rules and naked words [explanatory of the astrolabe] in English.' Sufficiently abstruse as the 'conclusions,' on the whole may seem to be, Chaucer considered he was supplying milk to babes, in comparison of the strong meat that might be dispensed on the subject in hand. The book ought of course to be made harder, he seems to say, by translation into Latin; he hopes, however, the boy will have the good sense not to despise it on account of its familiar guise; but he does not see why English folk should not make use of their vernacular in matters of learning, just as ancient nations had done with their respective vernaculars. The old nations did not each translate the truths of science into a foreign tongue, and then master them, but they mastered them out of books in their own tongue. Therefore, he says to Louis: 'Sufficeth to thee these true conclusions in English, as well as sufficeth to the noble clerks, the Greekes, these same conclusions in

Greek; and to the Arabines, in Arabike; and to Jews, in Hebrew; and to the Latin folke in Latine which Latin folk themselves', he adds, 'had hem first out of other divers languages, and writ hem in her [their] own tongue, that is to sayne in Latine.' Soon after this he brings to a close his address to the boy on this subject, merrily and loyally, thus: 'Louis,' he says, 'if so be that I shew thee in my lith [scant] English, as true conclusions touching this matter, and not only as true, but as many and subtill conclusions, as ben yshewed in Latine, in any common treatise of the astrolabie, conne me the more thanke; and may God save the king, who is lord of this language, and all that him faith beareth and obeyeth, everiche [one] in his degree, the more and the lasse.' In thus breaking away from the mediæval routine in the instruction of the young, Chaucer shews himself a worthy forerunner of Roger Ascham and Milton, of Locke, Gibbon, and the modern school generally of enlightened educationists.

We know nothing of the subsequent history of little Louis. The career of an elder brother Thomas, is noted in some of the biographies of the poet; but the boy Louis passes off the stage without giving any further sign. He is seen only, but very clearly, in the 'Treatise on the Astrolabe.' Like one of the tiny ephemera of ages long ago occasionally seen in amber, there he remains embalmed. Perhaps we have a reminiscence of him in the story told by the Prioress, on the way to Canterbury, about the 'little clergion, seven years of age,' martyred by the Jews in a 'great city in Asia,' for singing *Alma Redemptoris Mater*, as he passed through their ghetto.

'This litel child his litel boke lerning,
As he sat in the scole at his prymer,
He *Alma Redemptoris* herde singe
As children lerned hir [their] antiphoner,
And as he dorste, he drough hym ner and ner
And herkned ay the wordes and the note,
Till he the first vers coude al by rote
Nought wiste what this Latin was to sey,
For he so young and tendre was of age;
But on a day his felaw gan he preye
T'expounden him this song in his langage
Or telle him why this song was in usage.'

This sounds very like an incident in the childhood of the little lad, who at ten years of age desired to be told all about the astrolabe.

It is to be hoped that over stimulation of the brain by a too great absorption in matters fitted for riper minds, did not prove the cause of premature decay in little Louis. Here of course is a danger which will attend the case of a precociously clever child in every age.

We are all familiar with the figure of Geoffrey Chaucer himself, from the full length effigy of him supplied by Thomas Occleve, and given in Speght, and often prefixed as a frontispiece to his works. As with Shakespeare, Dante, Caxton, Milton and others, we can fancy we have seen him; his loose hood, his dreamy down-cast eyes:

'What man art thou
That lookest as thou wouldest find a hare,
For ever on the ground I see thee stare:'

his forked beard, his short, easy-fitting frock or paletot; his pen-case and pen held daintily over his breast, in the right hand; a rosary of beads in the left, falling lower down; his hosen-clad calves; his pointed shoon or rather boots made with a flap like our Canadian galoshes of felt.

The beard excepted, we can visualize to ourselves the young Louis, as a miniature counterpart of his father, with garments of precisely the same cut and pattern; altogether, perhaps, an old-fashioned looking little figure.

I suggest to a Canadian artist a subject; 'Geoffrey Chaucer instructing his son Louis in the use of the Astrolabe.' There would be a fine opportunity for a mediæval interior, a student's sanctum of the past, with well-worked-out accessories; two forms engaged over an astrolabe; in the wall beyond, an open window shewing a night sky with a streak of dawn.

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SIXTH MEETING REPORTED BY GRUM.

'GIRLS! Girls!' exclaimed the Judge, on her appearance at our latest gathering, 'friends and fellow countrymen, what do you suppose has happened?'

'Something very pleasant,' suggested the Duchess.

'And something of small importance,' I added. 'You never are so effusively joyful except over trifles.'

'Don't ask us to suppose anything,' pleaded the Poet. 'It is too large a tax upon our imagination this dull day.'

'Well, I must say, you're not a very enthusiastic set. We, the T. G. C., have been honoured with an epistle from some interesting unknown. It came this morning, *via* the CANADIAN MONTHLY office. Behold!' and she displayed an unopened letter.

'Why, it cannot be possible!' ejaculated Lily Cologne.

'Perhaps not,' retorted the Chief Magistrate, with a judicial air. 'Nevertheless it is true.'

'Well, then,' said Smarty, 'I hope some one will have the goodness to move that the privilege of reading it be accorded to me.'

This delicate hint was immediately acted upon, and Smarty read aloud as follows:

'Toronto, Nov. 6th, 1880.

'Dear Coterie,—If a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, I shall not suffer from a lack of consideration at your hands, for I am a very unconventional young person—quite as much so as are most of your estimable body. And yet with all my aversion for the established order of things, I consider myself a gentlewoman. I confess to not being able to tolerate people whose looks, and tones, and laughter, and demeanour are not gentle. I do not profess to be a lady. Our cook would be mortally offended if she were given to understand that she was not that, and the pert young miss who sells me ribbons and gloves calls herself a sales-lady. Both of these persons, and others like them, have frequently impressed me with a sense of my own inferiority, so I will not dispute their right to a name that I do not care for.

'Nevertheless, I am tired of the kind of life I am leading. I am tired of the never-ending dress-parade of society, tired of trying and failing to find anything better, tired of other people, tired to death of my own everlasting company. I am continually being hunted down and devoured by the sense of my own utter worthlessness. Waking up in the morning, and looking down the long unsatisfying day, I fail to see anything that will make it really worth while for me to undertake the labour of getting up and dressing. No, I am not lazy, as you have a right to imagine. I almost wish I was, for most lazy people are fairly well satisfied with the world, and with themselves, and their own incompetency. Now that I am done with school examinations, it seems as if there were nothing in existence for me to think of and work toward. I must say that the profession of husband-hunting has no fascinations for me, and it is equally distasteful to wait patiently in charming unconsciousness until some member of the superior

sex shall be graciously pleased to bestow upon me the incomparable honour of his hand.

'Excuse me for talking about myself. It is a subject that cannot be as interesting to anybody else as it is to me. I hope Miss Grum will have something to say on this matter, and I should be glad to receive a letter from the Judge.

'Yours sincerely

'ERNESTINE X.'

'Well, Miss Grum, what *have* you to say on this matter?' inquired Smarty.

What I had to say amounted to this: that our correspondent's lot 'is the common lot of all,' or at least of very many of the young girls of the day, and that it cannot be helped.

'For shame, Grum,' exclaimed the Judge, who spoke more in anger than in sorrow. 'Cannot be helped! What do you mean?'

'Simply that. It is an obsolete superstition that because there is a wrong there must necessarily exist a remedy for it. "*Cannot be helped*" is a rock in the pathway of every one. Some lie down in the shadow of it and die; others strive to walk around it and are lost, or try to get over it and fall back again.'

'H'm,' said Smarty, 'and which one of those cheering methods would you recommend?'

I made no reply. Smarty's sayings, like the sounds produced by a baby's rattle, are amusing to children, but are not worthy of serious attention.

'There is a kind of dyspeptic tone about the letter,' mused Doc, 'or it may be that it is a neuralgic tone. I can't tell exactly which, but at any rate no one in perfect health would write that way.' And then she went on to sing the praises of cracked wheat and oatmeal, winding up with the remark that she did not believe our new friend ate half enough.

'Why!' exclaimed the Duchess, 'I thought all you Graham-bread disciples were firm believers in Tannerism.'

'Oh, grandmotherism!' ejaculated Doc. 'I beg your pardon, but the starvation theory is as old as the hills.'

'Potato hills, I suppose you mean,' suggested Smarty.

'I wish, Smarty,' said the Judge, with mild reproof, 'that you would not interrupt unless you have something pertinent to say.'

'Oh, you ask too much,' declared the irrepressible, concealing a yawn. 'However, I promise not to interrupt unless I have something *im*pertinent to say.'

'It is very evident,' continued Doc, 'that the writer of that letter is in an unsatisfied state. Now a person who is capable of digesting three good meals a day must be satisfied part of the time at least. You may call it a poor sort of satisfaction, but its of a very substantial kind.'

'I can easily believe,' said the Judge, 'that when people talk of vague ungratified longings, they are probably, though unconsciously, in a state of semi-starvation; but in most of the hygienic works I have looked into, readers were recommended not to eat as much as they wanted, and above all not to eat what they liked. Milk and corn, oats and bran, fruits, raw or stewed—these you must eat, and all else you should abjure.'

'And yet,' said Doc, apostrophizing the ceiling, 'I have always given the Judge credit for impartiality, for a lack of prejudice, for the ability to understand and appreciate both sides of a question. Did any of you ever eat brown bread? I don't mean the kind that is made of a mixture of poor flour and bran, and stirred up with molasses and saleratus, but the brown bread made of finely ground wheat, and baked with yeast the same as white bread. It is the best food in the world for half-starved brains and nerves, and the best medicine too. But I don't want to monopolize all the talk this

way. Haven't the rest of you some suggestions to make?'

'I think, of course,' said the Poet, 'that good health is the foundation of contentment, but the foundation of anything is, after all, only the beginning of it. Something must come after and above it, and that, I think, in this case, lies in the imagination. That alone will glorify the plainest, the most tiresome, the prosiest life on earth. Whenever I incline to be blue I never allow myself to reason out the cause, or to feel the effect of it. I just drop everything and take a long walk out to the woods.'

'Then it is the exercise that benefits you,' interposed Doc.

'Perhaps so,' acknowledged the Poet; 'but I find it equally beneficial to read a page or two of De Quincey, or Hawthorne, or Emerson. Sometimes even a little scrap of verse in the last magazine will be sufficient to lend enchantment to my life. But to look at it from a more common-place point of view, doesn't it make disagreeable things less disagreeable to imagine they are pleasant?'

'No,' I said, 'I think not. You go out unprotected into a storm, and see how much imagination it will take to keep you from being drenched.'

'But the discomfort of being drenched would be almost forgotten if I turned my thoughts in the direction of a lovely poem I once read about the rain.'

'Nonsense with your loveliness and poems,' exclaimed Smarty, who had with difficulty been repressing her desire to speak. 'I don't believe in gilding trouble, and pretending that it's pleasant, nor yet in sinking under it. What you want to do is to exaggerate it—give it a ridiculous twist—make it grotesque in some way or other, so that you can never think of it without laughing. No one, with the faintest ray of humour in her composition, can be oppressed by anything at which she is forced to laugh.'

'For my part,' said the Duchess, 'when things begin to grow stale, flat and unprofitable, I prefer to forget them altogether; and the surest way to do that is to put on a dress that suits me in every particular—and it is all the better for being new—and just try to make myself agreeable to somebody. It is an old-fashioned method, but you would be surprised to see how easy and pleasant and effective it is.'

'An old-fashioned method in a new-fashioned dress,' said the Poet, with a laugh. 'It sounds incongruous.'

'Nevertheless,' said the Duchess, 'it is very difficult to please others without being at least partially pleased with oneself. Don't you think so, Lily?'

'Yes; Oh, certainly! But I don't feel like exerting myself for others when I am miserable. I had much rather other people would exert themselves for me. Sometimes I like to be petted and sometimes I like to be let alone; and my mother is such a splendid woman, she always knows whether I want one or both, and just how much of each. The great advantage of not being a superior girl,' added Lily, 'is that you never dream of looking down on your mother, and so you have all the benefits of her friendship.'

About the beginning of our conversation the Judge had withdrawn herself from the rest to a writing-table, where she wrote the following missive, which was read aloud just before we separated:

'My Dear Miss Ernestine,—I should be very glad to help you if I could, but I fear that is not possible. All I can do is to try and shew you how to help yourself.

'Let me remind you of what Milton says, that "To be weak is miserable;" and that Emerson defines life "to be a search after power;" and that Carlyle affirms despair to be "impossible except where idleness exists already;" and that Luther once wrote these words: "The human heart is like a millstone in a mill;

when you put wheat under it it turns and grinds, and bruises the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat in it still grinds on, but then it is itself it grinds, and slowly wears away."

'You see that the essence of all these quotations is expressed in the one word—*Act!* The only way to destroy the sense of worthlessness is to create the sense of worth, and that can only be done by concentrating your mind and might upon some work worthy of both. What that work is I cannot pretend to decide, but I hope you will soon discover for yourself. "The labour we delight in physics pain." Cannot you, in looking back over the past week or month, recall something you have heard, or read, or done, which really interested you, and which will give you a slight hint as to the kind of labour you delight in? What you want is something that will stamp with worth and beauty and significance every commonplace forenoon and afternoon of your life. Believe me you will not fail to find it if your desire is no less than your need.

'Yours, in faith and hope,

'THE JUDGE.'

PRESUMPTION.

BY PROF. W. F. WILSON, KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.

RAISE not thy foolish palms that God
Would rear the tree thine axe laid low:
The stream thou wouldest not aid to flow
He will not yield thy withering sod.

Yet deem not temples vainly built,
Nor shrines in vain with incense sweet:
He hears the approach of trembling feet,
And counts the tear in sorrow spilt,

Yea, answers. Yet away with dreams!
What raise, in spite of earth and sky,
The monuments that never die—
The arm that works, the brain that schemes?

Such shape the Providential plan;
On such the acts of history hinge:
Of God's great self the outer fringe
Pulsating to the heart, is Man!

One motion in the Artist hand,
One flash along the threads of will,
All earth and sky with purpose fill,
And make the laws that ever stand.

THE DRINK QUESTION.

BY DAVID K. BROWN, TORONTO.

ABOUT two years ago a remarkable series of articles, by men of high repute in the medical profession, appeared, on 'the alcohol question,' in the *Contemporary Review*. I recollect distinctly that the impression produced, not only upon myself, but upon a friend with whom I read and discussed these papers, was one of wonder that so little of really practical value was known upon the subject, while so much that was being proclaimed as gospel by the advocates of total abstinence was not only flatly contradicted by medical men, but pronounced pernicious. Another striking impression left by careful perusal and discussion of these papers, was that, except wherein the medical men took issue with the advocates of abstinence, they seemed to be perfectly undecided in their views. From motives, in no inconsiderable degree personal, though, perhaps, in a greater degree sympathetic, I have been irresistibly impelled to a special study of this subject. But in pursuing my observations, I have sought to get underneath the surface, and there seek for the causes which lead to the drinking habits of the people, being anything but satisfied to accept the extreme views of the advocates of Teetotalism. Possibly a few plain words on this question will not at present be uninteresting.

The first experience of the effects of alcoholic liquors, doubtless, is learned in society, the cases being very few, I fancy, in which the first drink is taken in seclusion. Why is it taken? A few boys gathered together think it manly to ape the habit of their seniors. But why do they think it manly? Because their instruction at home has not been calculated to keep their individuality in subjection to public opinion, or the sense which is common. These boys have, doubtless, been told that liquor is bad for them, but they have seen their parents take a glass of wine at dinner, or a pewter of beer at supper. They have observed the kindling eye and the flow of heartiness following close upon the consumption of the liquid, and with the eager, exulting spirits of youth, these lads, though in the full buoyancy of their years, long for even a greater flow of animal life than that of which they are the happy possessors, and at the first opportunity emulate their seniors, experiencing that strange disturbance of the faculties, the first consciousness of intoxication. What should be done? The parent does not feel able to properly digest his food without a certain amount of liquor; is he to suffer because his child may secretly try to emulate his example? I should say, no. But I would also say, why not inform the child of the reason for the parent's partaking of the liquor? If the child be made to understand that the father takes a little liquor because there always seems to be a weight in his stomach, and because he could not feel hungry at the next meal unless he took this liquor to help to dissolve his food, that child will be in no hurry to drink, for I never yet saw the child or the young man who was in a hurry to get hungry. Such a simple explanation as this vouchsafed to the child

that has previously been taught to respect the father, and his voice as truth, will save the child from manifesting individuality in the odious form of premature drinking. Children, in this year of grace, are much closer observers than their forefathers, and, I think, can put 'this and that together' with a cleverness to which they were strangers. It no longer suffices that you tell a child that what is good for you is bad for the child, to have the child believe you. Honesty must be apparent in your dealings with your child; if you are in the habit of taking more than is enough, confess it to the child rather than apologize with a lie. A child does not appreciate causes until they are indicated, but a child observes effects with unerring certainty. In nothing more than your drinking make your child your confident, if you wish your child to live a sober life.

The necessity for candour is nowhere more apparent than in the case of parents whose ancestors have been given to liquor drinking; in other words, in families where the habit of drinking seems to be hereditary. The term 'hereditary,' in connection with drinking, will, doubtless, startle many, but I would as soon doubt the fact of my own existence, as I would call in question the accuracy of my conviction, founded on painstaking investigation, that a tendency to heavy drinking *is* hereditary. My attention was first directed to this peculiarity of drinking habits, by observing that the sons of immoderate drinkers have had to adopt the opposite extreme with martyr-like enthusiasm, and that their sons in turn have very often indeed fallen into the grandfather's ways. Again, it will have been observed that very many temperance orators, as they are called, continue their violent denunciations of drinking until they exhaust their force, when they fall back nerveless into intemperance. This heredity may arise from physical or mental disproportions, but with its origin I am not at present concerned. Its existence is a difficulty which must be looked in the face. How, then, should we guard in youth against children being overtaken by this living death in manhood? To determine that we must first ascertain where the inborn tendency to unreasonable drinking first manifests itself. In a number of cases now mentally before me, the average period is eighteen years; five years later a crisis seems to be reached, and the victim then resolves whether his evil instinct is to have unbridled licence, or his better nature is to carry on the ever-lessening struggle for the mastery over his appetite. It would seem, then, to be a wise precaution for the father, with the growing comprehension of his offspring, to make him aware of the danger which awaits riper years. Forewarned is forearmed, and the young man of eighteen may be able to fight down the impulse to indulgence without much suffering. But should he feel the enemy's strength dangerous, I think it would be much better to yield a point and begin the use of liquor under the father's eye. I do not know one case wherein the hereditary tendency has not either inflicted great suffering or achieved a victory of short duration; but I know of many cases wherein the hereditary tendency has swept everything before it. These latter cases, I have observed, were usually those of young men who bore the tension until it was rudely snapped. What is, perhaps, more curious is the fact that, in the majority of such cases, the hereditary tendency has been transmitted through the mother. On the other hand, those who have shown the greatest resisting capacity have inherited their baleful impulses through the father. It follows, then, that where the tendency is transmitted maternally, it is of the greater importance that the impulse be, as it were, out-generalled. It seems to me that the way to do this is to let nature have its craving, but to use such skill in supplying the craving that the

liquor will be turned to benefit instead of to evil. This can only be done when the liquor is taken in conjunction with food, and in just proportion. What that proportion should be I will endeavour to indicate further on. I have noticed that when the taking of liquor was done circumspectly, little or no harm ensued to those who were peculiarly liable through it to be unconsciously led along to degradation. Of course, those who are advocates of the theological method of abolishing drunkenness, will at once damn this advice as worse than pernicious: but all the damning in the world will not prove that advice pernicious which is simply an application to appetite of that practice by which signal success is attained in all the concerns of mundane life—concessions to secure advantage.

Before proceeding to discuss the use of alcohol, perhaps it would be better to consider the abuse of it, —certainly a more pressing question. I have indicated means by which I think a young man may reach his majority free from the self-reproach of indulgence; I do not purpose to examine the methods by which, on attaining the new starting-point in his life, he may have a record which should cause him poignant regret, remorse and shame. Most men have been young, though there are a cautious few who graduated from petticoats to old age, but these men are either too good to be earthly or too cunning to be altogether human. Those men who have been young know the course generally run by youth, until the shadows of coming events compel every man to make his reckoning, bend the sails of his craft, and shape her course for eternity. Many men can alter their course without much difficulty; but there are others who have sailed close on to the lee shore, leaving themselves but little sea room. To try to sail out to the clear ocean is to them an impossibility, and none but a maniac at the helm would try it. Cautious tacking will work the craft clear, but cautious tacking is not what total abstinence-pilots urge upon those who are drifting on to the lee shore of habitual drunkenness. Dropping metaphor, suppose a young man in the toils of liquor and resolving on the day of his majority to 'swear off,' as the saying is, for ever. He does so: many do so. What will be the result? Will any one who has studied the statistics of the subject kindly come forward and inform the public what proportion of those who sign the pledge keep it rigidly? I do not forget that thousands have signed the pledge on hearing the eloquent words of Father Matthew, John B. Gough, and other magnetic orators, but I cannot shut my eyes to the scarcity of those men now any more than to the great number of old men who drink. The result of observation compels me to say that I have no faith in impulsive conversions to total abstinence any more than I have faith in the ability of a political orator to change the stripe of his auditor. Conversion is very different from conviction. Most people will say that conversion follows on conviction, but it is not so. In listening to the opposition orator you are converted to the idea that the Ministry is corrupt; but when the Government orator has spoken you find that you were mistaken—the Ministry was really pure as driven snow. In neither case does your conversion last long; for, when you reach home, you sift the matter and reach certain conclusions on which you ponder until they become convictions. Then you wander forth to find yourself again converted. Thus, it seems to me, that it is almost folly for any one to sign a pledge. It is better for the man who is drifting on the rocks of intemperance to make up his reckoning and try to frame such a course of conduct for himself as will lead him out of his besetting difficulties. The impulsive surging from in-

temperance to total abstinence he will not find lasting, for to the strongest wave of feeling there is ever an undertow. The calm regularity of conviction is lasting, and to it there is no undertow. Take, then, the unsteady young man, let him study his own case when his brain is clear. His first conviction will be that he is drinking too much; his impulse will be to 'about ship,' but if he does so he will speedily find himself without almost all of those surroundings which were part of his previous existence. The chances are that he will then once more 'about ship' and crowd all sail to recover his ground. His second impulse will be better considered, and he will take a short tack. He will 'swear off' for two days, and on the third day will resume his old course for a time. His next tack will be for four days, with a lapse at the fifth. He is gradually becoming convinced that he is now on the right course. He has not broken abruptly with his old associations, and he is gradually acquiring new ones. By systematic lengthening of the periods between the unbending of his habits he is gradually ridding himself of all desire for, or gratification in, indulgence. I think experience is much better than theory, and of the operation of this plan on those who had acquired or inherited an unwholesome taste for liquor, I can say that it has been successful. Its advantages seem to me to be these: the mind is set at rest and there are no more of those perpetual debates with oneself regarding the possibility of drinking in moderation, or that exact quantity which is beneficial; there is an absence of increasing endeavour to convince oneself that, used as a medicine, a little alcohol would remedy some passing disorder of the internal organs, and there is also the consciousness of a growing moral strength which encourages to more energetic action in the suppression of other bad features of character. But, says the advocate of conversion, look at the terrible relapses. Yes, I reply, but look at the still more terrible life which is an unbroken relapse, or which is divided up into two great divisions—one grand ascent and one tremendous descent. My plan is, at least, progressive. I may not climb to the highest pinnacle of morality which your more daring feet may tread, but I am climbing just as fast and just as high as I can do and feel secure. I am not locking up the door of the powder magazine, but I am taking out the dynamite into the open air and exploding it. It may be that I will never get that magazine so nearly empty that I can sweep the remotest corners of it with a lighted taper in my hand, but I am working towards that end. The relapse, or liberty from control, after the period of abstinence does not necessarily mean a debauch. On the contrary, I find in those who have tried it a desire to so time their emergence that they can enjoy their liberty in freedom from all engrossing cares. They can well afford a holiday at the end of a period of three years, and that holiday is likely to be spent in the open air, with plenty of physical exercise, in which circumstances there is no desire to merge the intoxication of nature in the stupefaction of drink. The return to the old state of self-denial is robbed of hardship, nay, is possessed of much satisfaction. This method of weaning young men from undue indulgence in liquor will not commend itself to Church Temperance Societies, or to any of those temperance bodies which work on a theological plan, nor do I wish to commend it to these earnest workers. I will be quite satisfied if it commend itself to any person who is floundering in misery and does not know how to get out of his trouble. This plan may save some from their appetites who are dead to all church influence, and it may prepare others for such influence. There need be no conflict, for no one can deny that what may be

achieved by this process is infinitely better than no progress whatever.

Thus far I have been dealing with drinking tendencies and drinking habits in youth and early manhood, but the subject at this point branches out into what may be called its scientific phase. When a man in the full possession of his powers, active in the pursuit of his calling, surrounded by the pleasures of home and the comforts of life, feels himself impelled to drink, we have to deal with a very different being from the young man whose passions are in tumult, and whose associations are the reverse of steadying. It is beside the question to say that these men are reaping what they have sown, for such is really not the case. Their desire is simply the cry of nature for an even balance ; nature is calling out for aid which is withheld by the character of the man's occupation. Nature cries from the stomach, which becomes weak and debilitated from the want of exercise of those physical parts on whose activity its power is dependent. A man engaged in a sedentary pursuit cannot possibly have a stomach in good working order, for such an occupation implies a strain upon some particular part instead of a wholesome exercise of the whole physical functions. But weakness of the stomach is not alone found in men whose occupations are sedentary. Inability to discharge its duty is a failing of the stomach of a man who is overtaxed physically, and the cry for artificial aid is even more imperative in this than in the other case. Again, there are persons who have nothing of greater moment to engage their time than to attend to the regulation of their digestive organs, and yet feel the appeal for artificial aid. In children and young men, such a condition might well be considered a disease ; but when men have come to their maturity, one can regard it as nothing else than a physical defect. It may be said that the proportion of men so affected is small, but nothing could well be wider of the truth. Mustard, pepper, curries, indeed all relishes, are nothing more nor less than stimulants, pure and simple; many of them most pernicious in their irritating action on the tissues. Doctors often have temperance advocates consult them upon loss of appetite, inability to digest, and a general 'off-colour' of the system. Some of these men would sooner die than taste liquor, and yet the physician knows that, in his whole list of drugs, there is none whose action will have a better effect than alcohol, which he is driven to prescribe to the patient in a disguised form. He, happy man, continues his diatribes against what is restoring the bloom of health to his cheeks. The sense of all medical opinions which I have read upon the use of alcohol as a digestive agent seems to be that every man must find out by actual experiment what quantity is necessary to stimulate the discharge of the stomachic fluid in such volume as to digest food without undue waste. No rule can be laid down, for no two stomachs are alike. The advice which a careful physician will give is to begin with the smallest possible quantity, and increase what is taken gradually, until the feeling of heaviness and deadness is gone.

Though the stomach is the principal cause of that feeling of prostration which alcohol artificially relieves, there are other sources of depression wherein its operation is conceded by medical men to be beneficial. In physical pain it acts as a stimulant, a sedative, and a narcotic, and in these ways it acts upon the disordered nerves when skill supervises its administration. A sedative seems to be a want of human nature everywhere, for if a Mussulman does not take alcohol, he takes opium, Indian hemp, strong coffee, or a narcotic in some shape or form. The European's desire for alcohol is primarily a cry for aid from his physical nature, and it is a cry which, if not regarded, entails needless self-denial.

But unfortunately the use which

the dyspeptic finds for alcohol is made the pretext for its abuse by the man of sound health, who can take liberties with his constitution. Common sense ought to teach the man who is lucky enough to possess a sound digestion that any strain upon it is dangerous; but few people have common sense enough to look out for the future when they are in the excited present. It is expedient, therefore, to bestow some consideration upon the use of alcohol as a beverage. I can see no reason why a beverage should be used at any other time than when we are eating; my own experience being that a natural thirst does not arise except from an unusual physical strain, and even then nothing satisfies thirst as well as water at its natural temperature. But with what should be we have no immediate concern, having quite enough to consider in what is. The questions which one naturally asks when considering alcohol as a beverage are: What quantity can safely be drunk daily, and in what form can it be best taken. On the first point, I have been unable to find any two medical authorities which agree, and with most of them it is common to find the opinion that actual experiment must determine the quantity, the drinker taking his warning to stop from such signs as flushing of the face, a quickened pulse, or a feeling of headiness. But one doctor who has made a study of alcohol is a little more confident than his fellows, and sets down the quantity at 9-10ths of a fluid ounce per twenty-four hours, *i.e.*, about one-third less than two ordinary tablespoonsful. Of course no one drinks pure alcohol, and allowance will have to be made for dilution. At all events, the quantity of tap-room old rye which this doctor would allow, would not exceed one wine-glassful, and that small quantity should be still further diluted with water. In this connection it may be interesting to give some information regarding the proportion of alcohol in the better known liquors. In two ounces and a quarter of brandy, we find one ounce of pure alcohol. The same proportion exists in whisky and rum, when sold at 10° under proof. It is a popular fallacy to believe that brandy contains more pure alcohol than whisky, and doubtless the misconception arises from the different properties held in solution by the alcohol. Gin is usually sold at 86 dicas, or 14 under-proof, consequently the quantity of alcohol is less in proportion. In port, sherry, and madeira the proportion is a little over one in five; in champagne and Burgundy the proportion is about one in ten; in claret, one in twelve; in old ale and stout, one in sixteen; in pale ale, one in sixteen; in porter, one in twenty-five; in lager, very much less, though how much I cannot say on trustworthy figures. These proportions of course are based upon liquors which are, of their class, the best and purest. If they are to be used as beverages, those in which alcohol is least concentrated are the best, and where the flavour is not destroyed, they cannot well be too much diluted, for the more concentrated alcohol is the greater is its tendency to irritate the mucous membrane of the stomach. Again, the later in the day the better is it for the drinker. All medical men are agreed in condemning the habit of taking an 'eye-opener,' or 'a meridian' among men; and those ladies who have their glass of port and a biscuit at eleven come in for a word of serious reprimand.

But apart from one's taste in the choice of liquors as beverages, one should be guided by the properties of alcohol in the different combinations in which it exists. The combinations of alcohol are usually classed as distilled spirits, wines, and malt liquors. The consideration of distilled liquors has been of late years complicated by the discovery of the patent still by which silent spirit is produced. This spirit can be converted

into brandy, whisky, gin, or rum by the addition of flavouring from the chemist's laboratory. This is the vile stuff which is so generally sold throughout Canada; this is the villainous compound whose consumption makes man a maniac, whose fingers drip with the blood of those who ought to be dearer to him than life. In this fire-water there are none of the properties which the pure liquors possess. To the taste the genuine and the counterfeit may be almost indistinguishable, but when the liquid proceeds on that perilous journey which begins with the throat, it is not long before the drinker betrays the quality of the liquid which he has swallowed. Alcohol is such a fine solvent that, in the process of distillation it carries over with it, in solution, much of the nutritive properties of the articles from which it is derived. It becomes therefore of importance to ascertain which liquors are most valuable on account of the properties held in solution. Brandy is distilled from French wines, and it holds wine-ether in solution; hence its peculiar action on the stomach. Whisky, when it is new, holds the dangerous fusil oil; but after a certain time this evaporates, leaving what is practically pure alcohol. Whiskies which are mellowed in sherry casks retain something of the properties of sherry, but so little that no one need flatter himself that he is drinking sherry when he is partaking of whisky that has been in a sherry cask. Some whiskies and gin are prepared with oil of juniper, and liquors so prepared act upon the kidneys. Wines are either strong or light. Of course all wines are produced by the fermentation of grape juice; but in the manufacture of what are known as the Peninsular wines—principally port and sherry—the juice is only partially fermented, hence much sugar is held in solution by the alcohol which was added to fortify the wine. The alcohol also has the peculiar property of precipitating the cream of tartar which is produced in fermentation. The result is that these wines sit heavy on the stomach, producing a form of dyspepsia which developes into gout. In the lighter wines, on the other hand, the Bordeaux and Burgundies—the sugar of the grape juice is entirely consumed in the process of fermentation, and the amount of alcohol present is not sufficient to precipitate the cream of tartar; hence these light wines rest easy on the stomach, and leave it readily. In malt liquors we find alcohol holding in solution sugar gum and other matters carried over from the hops and malt. These liquors partake more of the character of food than any other; but they act too strongly on the liver and stomach to be partaken of by people who have not much physical exercise. In people of sedentary habits who have attained to middle age, their effect is bad and increasingly so with increasing years.

I have thus rapidly glanced over the field of inquiry, and I would indeed be egotistical if I said that I had taken a comprehensive view of it. I have tried to steer clear of the philosophical, the theological, and the speculative aspects of the question. I have tried to present some points which will be endorsed by people who come to conclusions not from impulse, but from common sense considerations. Before I had taken the trouble to inform myself upon the subject I am free to confess that however I might fail in the practice of abstinence I was always at one with myself in endorsing it as a sound principle; but though I began to doubt the soundness of the principle, I found, paradoxical though it may seem, my practice drifting very close to a discontinuance of the use of any kind of liquor. This I take to be evidence that experiment in my case indicated to me that I was one of those lucky people who can do without alcohol in any shape or form. This discovery did not lead me to the rash conclusion that all men were constituted like myself, and could do as I did

without discomfort. Herein lies the first point which must determine the satisfactory solution of the drinking question. We must make allowance for different constitutions. We must remember that most people can take a little alcohol with no perceptible injury, while many are absolutely benefited by it. But we must not forget that very few indeed can take much without ultimately suffering injury. It therefore becomes our duty not to cry out for indiscriminating abolition, but to educate the people to understand what they are doing with their stomachs, to teach them that different combinations of alcohol should be selected by different constitutions, and that all liquors should be diluted before being drunk. In a word, my conclusion on this question is what I think will be endorsed by all people who calmly deliberate on it : Educate your drunkards ; do not make martyrs of your men.

A SERENADE.

IF, my love thy pity meeting,
Thou dost sigh, the happy sign
Of a bosom that is beating—
Too ambitious hope !—with mine ;

May the wandering breezes leaving,
Sadly, slowly leaving thee,
Waft the sigh that thou art heaving
Through the lightening gloom to me.

Then I'll stray to dewy bowers
In æsthetic habit dressed,
And I'll cull the blushing flowers
That my lady's feet have pressed ;

And, my pulses beating firmer
At the news the Zephyr brings,
I will hasten, sweet, to murmur
Lots of idiotic things.

—F. BLAKE CROFTON.

THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO SECULAR LIFE.*

BY PRINCIPAL G. M. GRANT, D.D., KINGSTON.

SECULAR life, what does it include? The life of the senses; family and social life; industrialism; trade and commerce; politics; science, opening new pages to its students every day; art, revealing fresh beauty to each young age that steps on the old scene; literature, reaching all classes with its multiplying hands.

Religion, what does it include? God, the Soul, Immortality. More particularly, Jesus Christ and His salvation.

What relation can there be between those two spheres? the secularist asks. Secular life deals with facts; religion deals with words. We cannot demonstrate even the existence of God, much less the peculiarities of any religion. We cannot know that Jesus rose from the dead, as we know, for instance, that good food is desirable. Let us then be satisfied with the sphere of the knowable.

What shall we say to this? I believe that we *can* know the truths of religion. Let us clearly understand how, and under what conditions. Intellectually, we must be satisfied with probable evidence. This evidence is certainly not lessening. The most destructive modern criticism, in admitting into court the great epistles of St. Paul, really admits all the historical and philosophical basis that is required; and each new generation of believers contributes to the cumulative force that the evidences have as a whole. The sceptic has no right to demand more. The lines traced by Bishop Butler are impregnable here. But, at the same time, I admit at once that probability is not enough. Religion, like morality, must speak in the 'categorical imperative.' No people ever embraced religion because there was probable evidence of its truth. No one ever 'greatly dared or nobly died' in the faith of a *Perhaps*. The certainties of the secular will, as a matter of fact, be supreme, unless there are more supreme certainties.

And there are. How do we know? By spiritual perception. So have men obtained spiritual certainty in all ages; so must they obtain it still. The senses reveal material things. Experience and judgment correct the evidence of the senses. Direct intuition reveals spiritual things. Reason and conscience purify our intuitions. Spiritual revelations must be seen in their own light. God, says Holy Scripture, 'reveals them to us by His Spirit.' The spirit witnesses to our spirits of spiritual truth. No higher certainty than the certainty of vision is possible. When a man is in the light, can any number of men persuade him that he is not?

To what does the witness of the Spirit extend? To no question the decision of which rests with science. Science must continue to toil at every problem that its instruments can reach. To none of the questions raised by criticism and scholarship. These must be determined by criticism and scholarship. Their solution may

* A paper read before the Council of the Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian System, at its session in Philadelphia, September 23rd, 1880, and extracted from advance sheets of the proceedings.

be hindered, but certainly cannot be helped by papal bulls or the votes of Presbyterian General Assemblies. The Spirit witnesses to our spirits of God. The Spirit revealed Jehovah to the Jews, and reveals Jesus to us. The Old Testament promise was, 'To him that ordereth his conversation aright shall be shown the salvation of God.' The New Testament promise is, 'If any man's will be to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself.' The promise is the same and indicates the condition of the Spirit's acting upon our spirits. The more unreservedly we trust the promise, the more completely is our faith vindicated.

As regards influence on life, the difference between probability and certainty amounts to a difference of kind rather than of degree. To believe that Jesus is risen, merely on the testimony of witnesses who might have been mistaken, is not a working faith. To believe, because the Spirit of Jesus also witnesses to our spirits that He is living and dwells in us, is the faith that conquers the world. Whoso hath this faith, though an angel from heaven preached another gospel, would not be unsettled. To whom else should he go? Jesus has the words of eternal life. No one else can solve for him all spiritual problems. Jesus Christ crucified is for him the supreme verity. This great historical fact has become an all-satisfying spiritual fact. It brings the two opposite sides of God's character revealed in the Old Testament into the unity of a living person. It lays hold upon us by the two opposite sides of our character——the self and the not-self,one or other of which all other philosophies of life ignore. We die to the lower, and we find the higher self. Dying, we live. We are born again, and nothing can be more certain than our consciousness of life.

Standing on this foundation, other than which no man can lay, we are on the rock. Unless we can get on this foundation of spiritual certainty, it is useless to expect that religion will influence secular affairs. The current of human life, with its manifold interests, will sweep on its course, indifferent to all the appeals and argumentations of priests or presbyters. But, standing on this foundation, all life becomes religious. Life here will consist in following Jesus. Life hereafter will be to see Him as He is; to be with Him; to be like Him. Religion, then, is not a matter of words that clever men can dispute about. It is the supreme reality. Its relation to the subordinate realities of secular life is the next point to be clearly understood.

The relation is not of one form to another, but of spirit to all forms. As far as the religious and the secular are seperate spheres, they are not independent, much less hostile, but concentric. They revolve round one axis, have one centre and one law of life.

Historically, this has not been their relative positions. Christianity has often been regarded as formal, rather than spiritual; as having a department of its own distinct from and over against the department of ordinary life, which has been called, with more or less accentuation, 'the world.' Even when regarded as spiritual, its object has been held to be not so much the development of humanity in the school of this world, to all its rightful issues, as the deliverance of man from future penalties and his preparation for future bliss. And as the future is eternal and the present temporal, the interest of the present were felt to be insignificant, and the religious man was described as trampling upon and despising the present, and longing for the future world. It is not to be wondered at that Christianity developed in this direction when the powers of this world were leagued against it, and sought to destroy it by persecutions that followed each other in quick succession. And subsequently,

when floods of barbarians overwhelmed the monuments of ancient civilization, and the Church, immediately after winning the Roman empire, had to control hordes who could be appealed to only through the senses and the imagination, it is not to be wondered at that religion felt it necessary to retreat behind mysteries into which superstition dared not penetrate, and to present itself to the senses as a vast organization more august than the kingdoms of earth. Secular life was allowed its sphere, sordid, earthy, brutal, violent. Religion had its own sphere, unrelated to the other, and where it was supposed no one breathed aught save the atmosphere of heaven. But this disruption of the secular and the religious proved fatal to both. Horrible are the true pictures of mediæval secular life; the all but universal ignorance, filth, violence, lust, lit up by the lurid light of superstition. Equally horrible the pictures of mediæval religious life, even to him who discerns the soul of beauty and good in those 'ages of faith.' developments of unnatural asceticism, side by side with spiritual pride, and priestly craft, and a love of power that towered to heaven, and besides which the ambitions of barons and kaisers seemed contemptible; enforced poverty, enforced celibacy, the hair shirt, the iron girdle, side by side with the forged decretals, interdicts, Canossa, the triple crown. Mediæval Art reveals to us the saintship of the Middle Ages, and even when we admire the faith, we shrink back from the unnatural manifestations. At length, religion, divorced from ordinary life, became divorced from morality. When Borgias issued interdicts; when monasteries became the homes of ignorance and sensuality, revolt had to take place. Humanity had been outraged intellectually and spiritually. Accordingly the revolt assumed two phases, the Renaissance and the Reformation. The two movements, sympathetic at first, did not understand each other, because they did not understand the whole content of humanity. The one ignored the spiritual, the other did not do full justice to the secular. And so the two sides of our nature, the two spheres in which we all live, were not and have not yet been harmonized. Religion rejected asceticism, but was still unwilling to admit secular life as divine, or a sphere as capable of being divinized as its own chosen sphere. Was not the world the home of sin? Alas! sin comes a good deal nearer us than that. Sin is within, not without. While in the heart, it enters with us into the sanctuary or closet as readily as into the counting-house, or the opera house. When cast out of the heart, then the world is seen filled with divine order and purpose, its laws the thoughts of God, the work of life and the relations of society the appointed means of education. But it is not to be wondered at that this was not seen all at once. Slowly the education of the race proceeds, and well that it is so. Religion had so long assumed that the world was a desert, the enemy's country, and the body the soul's prison and enemy, that radically different conceptions could not be reached at once. Besides, when the pendulum, having swung so far in one direction, began in the case of general society to swing to the other extreme, religious men dreaded lest their newly-won freedom should degenerate into licentiousness. In the chosen parable of Puritanism, the world is therefore pictured as the City of Destruction, from which it is man's only duty to escape for his life. The relation of religion to secular life was still one of hostility, or, at the best, of watchfulness. Human ties, the work and play of life, the attractions of art, were believed to be on the whole inimical to religion. Did they not chain the heir of heaven to this dunghill earth? Did they not by their fascinations continually lure him from the gates of paradise? And so it came to pass that, at

one time or another, to the hurt of religion and to the hurt of the various departments of secular life, religion and industrialism, religion and politics, religion and literature, religion and art, religion and science, religion and culture have stood not shoulder to shoulder but on opposite sides, or at the best in the attitude of compromise and bare toleration of each other. It has been popularly felt in a confused kind of way that the Christian must be distinguished outwardly from 'the world,' by some badge of look, tone, dress, or manner; by something different from that which characterizes ordinary men; that his life should be hedged in by rules and restrictions positive and negative; that the soul should be on its guard, lest the fence round the sacred precincts of religion might be broken down; and that the very joys of family life were secular and to be suspected. I have heard that a law was enacted—not in a land ruled by kings, but in this land of liberty—prohibiting a man from kissing his wife on Sunday! When such a hard and fast line was drawn, men came to feel it almost as great an impropriety to read a religious book on Mondays, as to kiss their wives on Sundays.

It is difficult to say where this identification of religion with the formal has done most harm. We see its evil influences, not in Romanism only, but less or more in every Protestant Church; in the popular conception of the sacraments as talismans, and of the Bible as a book let down from heaven in the original Hebrew and Greek, if not exactly in King James' version, instead of a literature that took shape under unique literary and historical conditions which are only now being fully considered; in the conception of Christianity as an arbitrary scheme rather than light from heaven delightful to the spiritual eye, food from heaven that alone can satisfy and that satisfies abundantly the spiritual necessities of humanity; in the Church's lack of spontaneity and of heroism; in its timidity in the presence of great social questions, or even of very small questions; in its frequent preference of repression over the educational development, and of 'thou shalt not,' over the much more important 'thou shalt;' in the divorce between the religion, and the commercial, political, and international life of Christian nations; in a secularized literature and in namby-pamby attempts to Christianize literature; in the ignoring of art, and in the too frequent attitude of hostility to science betrayed by a tone of irritation, suspicion, or depreciation regarding eminent scientific men indulged in by people from whom better things might be expected. For dislike to science on the part of truly religious men is especially irrational; uneasiness displayed when new facts are discovered, or new theories broached—it may be only as working theories—especially humiliating, and calculated to remind sceptics of the attitude assumed by the monks three or four centuries ago towards those dangerous languages—Greek and Hebrew. It is not merely neutrality that science has a right to expect at the hands of religion, but boundless encouragement and favour. The alarm into which sections of the Church have again and again been thrown by astronomy, geology, and indeed by every new science, and the passive resistance offered to increase of knowledge is simply bewildering to one who has correct conceptions of the proper sphere of religion. Nothing has done more to discredit all religion with the partly-educated working classes, who, though unable to distinguish the real state of the case, are shrewd enough to infer that only they are opposed to science, who believe that science is opposed to them. Naturally enough, many scientific men have become coarse, arrogant and one-sided in their turn; and so, instead of theologians determining the boundaries of science by the Bible, we now more frequently have scientific men excluding religion from the sphere

of the knowable, unless it meekly submits to its tests of prayer-gauges in hospitals, and the crucibles and retorts of the laboratory.

In giving this historical sketch of the actual relations that have existed between religion and the various departments of secular life, there is, of course, no intention of depreciating the great ones of other days on whose shoulders we stand. Those who subdued the Roman Empire and won it for Jesus Christ; those who, out of the raw material of savage Lombards, Huns, Goths, Wends, Slavs, Saxons, Northmen, laid the foundations of European Christianity; those Reformers and Puritans to whom we owe the freedom, the purity, and the power of modern life, we could not depreciate even if we would. Criticism itself is out of place until our deeds equal theirs. Let us clearly understand that Christianity came as a new life to a world corrupt and dying. The life had to contend with all opposing forces. In every age it won more or less of triumph. It alone lifted the world; it alone bore fruit. In our own modern times, too, we might almost say that it alone has been fruitful—fruitful in elevating man, in ensuring the purity of family life, political order, industrial development, philanthropic endeavour, missionary activity, educational development, and even scientific progress. There is scarcely a college in the New even as in the Old World that does not owe its existence directly or indirectly to the Church. That one fact ought to outweigh the fanaticisms of the more ignorant of theologians and religionists, were these multiplied an hundredfold. It shows that the Church has been guided by a wise instinct: that it knows that religion must be founded on the eternal principles of knowledge, connected with the highest purified convictions of humanity, and co-extensive with the race. As Matthew Arnold, whom no one will suspect of depreciating culture, puts it, 'Even now in this age, when more of beauty and more of knowledge are so much needed, and knowledge at any rate is so highly esteemed, the revelation which rules the world, even now, is not Greece's revelation, but Judæa's; not the pre-eminence of art and science, but the pre-eminence of righteousness.'*

But we are not called upon to praise or blame men. Apart from their deeds and what they left undone, their wisdom and their misconceptions, we must determine from the central thought and life of Christianity the ideal relation between it and our secular life. Here there can be no mistake. To Jesus, nothing that came from the Father was common or unclean; that is, nothing was merely secular. To Him nature and humanity were reflections and embodiments of the Father's will; to be studied by the man of science, interpreted by the spiritually minded, loved by the artist and by all. Behold the lilies, the grass, the fowls, He says to us. The labours of husbandmen, vine-dressers, fishermen, householders, stewards, traders, are made to yield spiritual teaching. He does not preach like the ascetic or pietist, 'Do not seek for money, food, clothes, for you can do without such trifles; attend to the soul; that is the great thing.' No, but He does say, 'Have no heart-dividing cares about those things. Such cares only hinder work. Your Father knows that you need these things, and will He then withhold them from His children?' He consecrated nature and human life, work, ties and relationships. The Manichean view of life, even in the mild form of petty asceticisms in which we know it, divorces the kingdom of nature from the kingdom of grace, and by degrading the former deforms the latter. The secularist view of life denies that there is any kingdom of grace, and so robs nature of its meaning and beauty. For 'when heaven was above us, earth looked

* 'Literature and Dogma,' p. 356.

very lovely; when we came down on the earth, and believed that we had to do with nothing but it, earth became flat and dull; its trees, its flowers, its sunlight lost their charms; they became monotonous, more wearisome each day, because we could not see beyond them.' To Jesus the kingdoms of nature and grace always appeared in their ideal unity. The Author of the one was the Author of the other. He had made the one to correspond with and lead up to the other. Man had broken the divine unity and harmony. The Son of Man came to restore that which had been broken.

The relation of religion to the secular, then, is the relation of a law of life to all the work of life. This law of life is not a catechism, not a dogma, but a spiritual power or influence. Its relation to the secular is not arbitrary, but natural; not statical, but dynamical; not mechanical, but spiritual. Freedom is the condition of its healthful action.

Let us define this law of life. It is the old law, old as humanity, which yet is new; the old law of love, the full meaning and extent of which, Godward and manward, is shown in and by the cross. It is the child's love to the Father, and to the Father's children, and to the Father's works and purposes. Love means self-renunciation, and self-renunciation implies the new birth.

He in whom this law of life is supreme, and who carries it victoriously into every department of life with which he has to do, is truly a religious man. Religionists seem to fancy that it can survive only in the atmosphere of the sanctuary, the prayer-meeting, the conference, the church court, or in directly religious work. Not to speak of the fact that it is sometimes conspicuously absent from those spheres, perhaps because it went into them unproved, deprived of the discipline of common life, there can be no doubt that such a theory dishonours that which it pretends to honour. Both religious and secular life suffer accordingly. Secular life becomes mean, spiritual life hampered and twisted by arbitrary restrictions and minute observances. The resultant type of manhood and womanhood—the true test of the theory—is far from being the highest. It is apt to give us the Pharisee, the fanatic, or at best the inoffensive and goody man, instead of heroes; the gossip, back-biting, holy horror, and sleek self-satisfaction of the religious tea-table, instead of the acts of the apostles; the suppression of truth, the self-glorification, the spiritual pride, the teaching of whom to suspect, the malice of the denominational coterie, instead of the inspiration that should ever be breathing from the Church of Christ upon a world lying in wickedness. Religion and conduct must be harmonized in every individual, or one being is divided into two beings, with different faces and pulling different ways. Such a division is fatal. You cannot split a man into two without killing him. The different sides of our nature, like the different periods of our life, should be bound each to each by natural piety. Work should be prayerful, and prayer true work; all life a psalm, and praise the breath of life, for the Christian's life is love, and love is the only sufficient source of happiness.

This law of life is not a formula, however sacred; not a dogma constructed laboriously by the intellect in councils œcumenical or national, but 'a force, a sap pervading the whole of life. It is at bottom not a book, though it has a book for basis and support. It is an unique but new fact that occupies the heart and moulds the conduct, . . . a fact which, when accepted, changes the whole position of man, operates a revolution in his entire being, moves, draws, renews him.' *

This law of life acts not by mechanical rules, which are the same in all

* Vinet's 'Outlines of Theology,' p. 131.

circumstances, but under the inspiration of the living spirit of wisdom which discerns the signs of the times —a spirit which Pharisees never possess, and for not possessing which Jesus declares them blameworthy. It can be gloriously inconsistent. At one time it refuses to circumcise Titus, though such a refusal threatens the unity of the whole apostolic church. At another time, the principle of toleration having been established, it spontaneously circumcises Timothy simply to conciliate prejudiced people. In one chapter it says, 'Eat whatsoever is sold in the shambles;' in another, 'I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to stumble.' To the Jews it becomes a Jew, to the Greeks it becomes a Greek. In the nineteenth century it would become a Hindoo or Chinaman to gain the Hindoos or Chinese, grandly indifferent to the reproach of inconsistency. For centuries it may cherish a sacred symbol. When the symbol is turned into an idol, it sees that it is only a bit of brass, and grinds it to powder. In one age it consecrates the wealth of provinces to build a cathedral. It paints 'storied windows, richly dight,' and sings grand chorales like the sound of many waters. In another, it hardly regrets to see the cathedral desecrated and the windows broken. It calls the organ 'a kist fu' o' whistles,' and delights only in Rouse's version of the Psalms. When kindlier days come again, it restores cathedrals, listens to voluntaries, joins in chants, and sets committees of General Assembly to work laboriously to compile hymn-books. When ordered to use only strange forms of prayer, that teach what is thought to be contrary to sound doctrine, it will have nothing to do with liturgical forms at all; when Christian liberty is fully conceded, it will gladly avail itself in public worship of everything that the congregation finds to be helpful. So too in all other departments of life it discerns the signs of the times. At one time it imposes oaths and obligations to conformity and sacramental observances on all officials; at another, it abolishes the oaths and the obligations alike. Eternal principles guide it in legislation, but the application of these principles is determined by the changing circumstances of the people and the times. When capital forgets its responsibilities, religion takes its stand on the side of labour, and speaks with no uncertain voice. When labour forgets, it asserts the rights of capital and the inviolability of economic laws. One day it reminds us of the sacredness of authority; the next, it dies for liberty. To-day it pleads for man in the name of God, to-morrow for God in the name of man. At one time it preaches the gospel of peace, at another it invokes the Lord of Hosts and goes forth to war. All the time it is gloriously consistent, just as nature is consistent that gives the light and the darkness, the summer and the winter, the many-voiced laughter of the sunlit sea and the storm-wrack mingling sea and sky; just as God is consistent who gives to the world one day John the Baptist and the next day Jesus of Nazareth. But even blockheads' eyes are sharp enough to see that there is a difference, and so they cry out, 'Inconsistency,' 'Treachery to ordination vows,' and such like. Unfortunately too, blockheads as a rule have loud voices—to make up for their lack in other respects—and they delight to make themselves heard in the marketplace. The noise prevents the calm voice of wisdom from being heard. Men get violently excited. Legitimate development is rendered impossible, and so, instead of reform we get revolution, with all its sad accompaniments.

All this is very vague, it may be said. A precisian desires specific rules. I know no way of satisfying the precisian save by assigning to him a spiritual director, into whose hands let him surrender his own personality as the price of rest for his soul. The

director will tell him exactly what to do, and exactly how far to go on each occasion that arises. Of course this means spiritual slavery—that is, the destruction of religion—for Christianity appeals to the individual, and individuality means liberty. Religion must be rooted in the essence of the individual, in his spirit, by which he is linked to the divine spirit. It can live only in the atmosphere of liberty. Liberty is its basis and its breath. Only in an atmosphere of liberty can religion live. Then it works wonders, even though dogmatically incomplete. It controls conduct by divine right, speaks with 'the dogmatism of a God,' calls upon men to follow it, and men obey.

With regard to conduct, then, which we are rightly told is three-fourths of life, no more precise rule can be given than that the individual must obey his own conscience, not another's. His conscience is another name for his spiritual life or the life of Christ in his soul. Is he living, or has he only a name to live? That must be for him the first great question. How can he know? The test Christ gives is, Does he obey, and obeying find His commandments not grievous? Such obedience, I believe, was never as widespread as it is to-day. Christianity is permeating secular life as it never did before. There are appearances to the contrary, of which the newspapers naturally enough make the most; but the very outcry proves that these are exceptions. For example, the excesses of the Turks in Bulgaria three years ago sealed the doom of their empire in Europe. Better for the Sultan had his armies lost half a dozen battles. But three or four centuries ago the armies of the most Catholic and Christian kings considered such atrocities the ordinary usages and rights of war. Even in war men have now to remember that they are not wholly brutes. As the bounds of freedom have widened, religion has woven itself in with the warp and woof of the people's life. Religion has become less a dogma or ritual, and more of a life. 'The lower classes in this country care as little for the dogmas of Christianity as the higher classes care for its practice,' said Mr. John Bright, lately, with righteous scorn of what he believed to be sham zeal for religion. The same lower classes preferred to starve, and even to see their wives and children 'clemmed,' rather than get work and bread at the price of the recognition of American slavery by their country. There is more true religion and even decorum in the average mechanics' institute, or co-operative society, or working men's reading-room or club, or farmer's grange of to-day, as I have seen them, than there was in the average religious organization of some centuries ago, or in some that still exist. Scepticism itself has become not only moral, but almost religious in its language. But our advance only shows us how far we are from the ideal Jesus sets before us. The nineteenth century has still to learn from Him. Do we as a people take His law into society, trade, industry, politics? We do not. Some one will say, we would be counted fools if we did. I doubt it. But even if we were, ought that to settle the matter? Certainly not, if Jesus be to us the supreme reality, not a word only.

Again, with regard to science, scholarship, art, which make up the remaining fourth of life, liberty is also essential. Their claims on their students are as absolute as the claims of conscience over conduct. A man's science may be wrong, his scholarship inaccurate, his art false. He and we can find out that it is so, only when we have faith in the truth so absolute that we believe that the only cure for the evils caused by liberty is a little more liberty.

In a word, without liberty there cannot be religion, and without religion life loses inspiration, and society loses cohesion. Without liberty there cannot be science, scholarship, nor art,

and without these, life loses beauty, and humanity loses the hope of progress. The more fully we trust religion, the more it vindicates our trust. It will govern all life; it will go down to the pettiest details and the most vulgar secularities, and consecrate them. But to do so it must be free.

It may be asked here, is not the relation of religion to various departments of secular life complicated when we consider man not as an individual but as a member of society? When a man joins even a guild or trades-union, does he not part with a portion of his liberty the better to secure the rest? 'It is not telling a lie, it is only voting with your party:' is not this a legitimate plea in politics? Must not the statesman have a code of morals for the sphere of diplomacy—home and international — different from that which binds him in private life? Can a church exist if its members ask for the same liberty that those who constructed its dogmas enjoyed, the liberty of expressing their religious life not only in the language of a past age, but in a form flowing from, and exactly representing, their own characteristic life and thought? Does not the Head of the Church sometimes need our silence or our lie?

The precise question is, whether or not the liberty that religion demands as the condition of its life is consistent with political and ecclesiastical organization.

As regards politics, the citizen's difficulty is not with the nation, but with his party. What is the constitution of any free nation but the expression of the nation's life? The proudest boast of any constitution is that it has not been made, but has grown. Its next boast should be that it has the promise and potency of indefinite growth, that it can expand with the expanding life of the nation, without the necessity of revolutions. Revolution means that the nation has grown and that the constitution cannot expand. Nations will grow, and constitutions can expand accordingly, only in a free atmosphere. The nation therefore should encourage the utmost liberty of thought in political matters as the necessary condition of its peaceful development. Party organization may be thought incapable of allowing such liberty, because party aims at immediate and definite results. He that will not submit to its platform must be read out of the party. But political wisdom dictates the most sparing exercise of this power. The critics may see rocks ahead, of which they are warning the party they have long been connected with; and to cast them out is not the way to encourage others to watch. The Trojans did not heed Cassandra, but they did not expel her from the city. That party remains powerful which best understands the signs of the times. The reason why they often do not understand is because they treat criticism as rebellion, and instead of welcoming light see only what they wish to see. No party then should demand the sacrifice of liberty from its adherents, and no citizen should make the sacrifice. The interests of his party require him to be free; much more the interests of the commonwealth; much more his own interests.

As regards ecclesiastical organization also, the Christian's difficulty is not with the ideal Catholic Church — about which there ought to be no question, for 'where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty,'—but with the particular section of the Church with which he is connected. What then is the object for which any church as an organization exists? For the development in its members of religious life, and the dissemination of that life by preaching the Gospel to those who are without. But we have seen that religious life is impossible without liberty. There may be marvellous organization; there may be a dogmatic system that the intellect has accepted as the best possible compromise; there may be superstition that calls itself devotion,

and fanaticism that calls itself zeal for the truth, and all these for a time may do wonderful works; but religion, the life of the free spirit, going forth into secular life, as assured of the reality on which it is based as it is of the realities of sense, and equally assured that the relation of the two realities is that of supreme to subordinate, such religion is impossible without liberty. The very suspicion that it dare not think out every subject, that it dare not investigate every province, deprives it of its divine power. The Church therefore that opposes itself to the demand for the fullest liberty of thought, and the results of the most exact scholarship, opposes itself to religion. It gives aid and comfort to those who denounce religion as a clerical imposture. There are tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of hard-headed working men who think thus of religion; and—with sorrow let us confess—religious men have at one time or another given them some cause for so thinking. To connect questions of criticism with the cause of religion; to prohibit inquiry, and inquiry is prohibited when the critic is forbidden to publish the results of inquiry, lest those whose faith stands not in the power of God but in the wisdom of men should be 'unsettled,' or when he must submit to the severest pains and penalties that the civilization of the age will tolerate, unless he come to certain previously understood conclusions, is inconsistent with the idea of religion at any time.

But in our time such a position is directly fatal to the cause it professes to befriend. It puts religion at once out of court with free men; for in every other region where inquiry is possible, thought is absolutely unfettered and reason is trusted. Men have come to the conclusions that the human mind is the only organ for discovering truth, and that truth can take care of itself; that baseless theories perish soonest when least noticed; and that the only way to correct the mistakes of scholarship and speculation is by a riper scholarship and more fearless and comprehensive thought.

This is a large liberty that religion claims. Less will not suffice, if religion is to be the supreme force in human character and life. As a matter of course, men who exalt the traditional above the spiritual will refuse the claim. They point to the excesses, seen of all, that accompany the reign of liberty in Church and State, and declare that salvation requires repression, by 'sect-craft' or 'state force.' There are thousands of men, for instance, who, as they read choice extracts of various effusions, spoken and published every day from the Pine State to the Golden Gate, are honestly convinced that this Republic is going headlong to ruin, and that its government is on the eve of overthrow. Let them know that, on the contrary, to this very fact of boundless liberty alone is the country indebted for its stability; that the government acknowledges the kingship of all freemen, and declares all men free, just because it is based not on arbitrary authority, but on the authority of reason and morality. In the same way men of weak faith dread discussions and differences of opinion in the Church. Let them learn to have more faith. Let them know that the Church is based on the rock which is Christ.

The only possible religion for man is Christianity, because it alone can stand all the tests of philosophy, science, history, and life. No other religion can stand those impartial tests. Is any Church more fitted than ours, by its essential principles, to accept them fully and frankly, to occupy the lofty ground of liberty resting securely on the possession of absolute spiritual truth, and so, winning the confidence of all Christians, become the wide and beautiful Church of the future? Let us be true to our history. Our fathers had a higher ambition than to form one of a number of sects. Let the

Church truly believe that the truth it preaches can alone save the world; let it fearlessly allow the widest liberty consistent with the acknowledgment of the central fact that constitutes Christianity, and it will best solve the problem of the right relations in which religion should stand to secular life. Knowing only Jesus Christ and Him crucified, it has the key to all life. Truly inspired by, and altogether satisfied with, this faith, what new victories would the Church gain? It would precipitate itself upon the world instead of keeping snugly and respectably within its own lines. It would aim at what the timid would pronounce impossibilities. It would dare all things. It would give not a tenth, not a half, but all to Christ. By sublime deeds it would vindicate itself as the Church of the living God. 'The religion of God, if there be one, cannot tolerate mediocrity; the mediocre is the false.'*

* Vinet's 'Outlines of Theology,' p. 117.

THE AFTERGLOW.

BY GOWAN LEA.

IT is the afterglow. The dying sun
Went down behind yon distant purple hill
Where sleep the quiet dead, while breezes still
A solemn requiem chant ere day be done.
Full o'er the city yet, in beauty rare,
Shine rosy beams that touch the countless spires,
And play upon the rushing river there,
Illume the leaden sky with crimson fires
More splendid far than when at noontide hour
The sun was in the zenith of his power.

O dead and gone—is this the afterglow!
From hidden moss-grown graves behind yon hill
A soft effulgence seemeth yet to flow—
A subtle tie that binds us closer still.
And kindles in our spirits' clouded skies
A fire of hope that never, never dies:
Bright picture unto which souls troubled-tossed
Have turned in holy contemplation lost,
Forgetting earth's wild turmoil, hate, and strife,
To dream a dream of love's unending life.

Montreal.

ONLY AN ACCIDENT!

BY "290," TORONTO.

LIVING day after day, and month after month, in a large and populous city, one seldom stops to think: How are other people living? We see those around us do what every day we do ourselves. We see them do the same things in the same way that we do them, and in ways differing from our way. We see them do things that we never have done, and never could do. We see all this, and yet we rarely stop to consider the guiding principle or the motive for the infinity of actions which are going on around us all the time.

A week or two ago, with a thought of this kind, I wandered down to one of the large wharves of our city, where several steamers and other craft were being loaded and unloaded. Everywhere was activity and bustle, and all was in seeming confusion, until one looked carefully around, and, in a measure, analyzed the scene which here presented itself. Numberless barrels, rolled one after another by numberless pairs of hands, came out of one of the steamers; it was wonderful to see how, from the comparatively small area of one of those vessels such quantities of barrels could be brought. It was more like the miraculous multiplication of cards in a wizard's box than an example of ordinary, every-day, business-like reality. How quickly they took up all the available space on the wharf! A moment before, where stood a surging mass of people, was now only the level tops of barrels, with a narrow lane between. Down this lane a nervous old lady, with more bandboxes tied with string than nature had provided her with fingers to hang them on, was struggling and evidently vociferating, for you could hear nothing butthe roar of escaping steam. One could not look at the excited old lady for half a minute, without being conscious of the futility of her efforts, while at the same time you found yourself elbowed aside by an authoritative official, or perhaps by a still more excited old woman than the one whom you had been observing so intently.

Just over there, on the edge of the wharf, some men are taking out empty boxes from another vessel, and piling them up one above the other. They look as if they were erecting impromptu defences against the encroachments of the barrels, they build so rapidly. They always put the top box up so high, that you could only just touch it with your stick. How the men manage to put it there without using a step-ladder is amazing. No one knows how it is done but the men themselves, and they could not explain it, even if you had courage, in the busy excitement, to ask such a question.

One of the steamers has stopped 'blowing off,' and is ready to start. In a moment the cord from the wheel-house to the whistle vibrates, and a deafening noise is the result. It is the signal to leave. That boat makes close connections with two rival railways, and is very fast. She is crowded with passengers to-day. See there, upon the upper deck a gentleman is standing with two ladies; he is beckoning to some one on the wharf. It is not hard to see who he is calling. In and out among the boxes and barrels, jumping over everything that obstructs him, through the crowd of bystanders with marvellous rapidity glides

a small ragged figure, carrying newspapers. Before the child gets to the boat, the gangways are drawn in, at least the aft gangway is, and the other is just being moved. He springs on board, but is stopped by one of the 'hands.' He breaks away from his captor, and is off up stairs. As he does so, the gong in the engine-room sounds twice, and the huge wheel begins slowly to turn, splashing and throwing the dark, dirty water of the dock into a thousand shining gems, as the great vessel glides off with its innumerable figures, its creaking fenders, and its dripping ropes. That little fellow will be carried away—No! there he is again—surely he can easily jump that distance; but he is again stopped by one of the 'hands' who caught him as he was going in, but only for a moment, then he steps back, makes a sudden run and jumps—he misses the wharf, and down beneath that splashing, dripping, resistless wheel, sinks in the blinding, white, flowing foam that seems to boil and bubble and hiss at the wheel. Several men rush to the side of the wharf, and several run to the side of the boat. In the confusion several voices call to the captain, but the boat does not stop. No! Why should it? The captain has to make his connection with the rival railways, and it would be ruinous to be late. Oh! man, stop; for God's sake, stop, even if you do no good now; stop and show some pity and sorrow for the sake of our common humanity. No, think of the number of people who would be *inconvenienced* if they missed the connection. Oh stay!—No, no, no, a ragged scrap of humanity may have the precious life beaten out of it beneath the wheels of our cars of Juggernaut, but a modern civilized steamboat company *must not* fail in its engagements!

The white foam, sparkling in the sun, turns to the dark, muddy water again, as a little head shows above its surface. There he is. Oh, quick or you will be too late! A scow, unsteadily rowed by an old man, is the first of several boats to come, and as quickly as the old man can do it (but he is very slow), the poor boy is lifted out of the water. Several willing hands reach out and take him from the scow and carry him under a shed out of the sun, and lay him on the top of some of the merchandise, for there is no nearer shelter. His tattered garments, dripping with water, are taken off, and he is wrapped in a piece of old canvas while medical aid is sent for.

'The paddle-wheel must have struck his head,' says a sympathizing person. 'He shouldn't have gone on when the boat was starting,' says a cynical one. Well, perhaps he shouldn't, but this is not the time to upbraid him. How few of us ever stop to consider the motive for the infinity of actions which are going on around us all the time. That little right hand clasped so tightly may help us to understand him, poor boy, if we can only read aright. At length he opens his eyes and asks 'Where am I?' It were a charity to tell him he is near another world; but he knows that. He opens his eyes again, clear blue eyes they are. 'Tell me, my poor little fellow,' I say, 'what made you go on board just as the boat was starting?' A strange question at such a time. ''Cos father's drunk and mother's sick, and if I didn't get it for 'em nobody'd get it,' he replies slowly and painfully. 'Is it going to rain?' he asks. 'No, my boy, the sun is shining brightly.' 'It is getting so dark.' He closes his eyes wearily for some time, and then slowly opens them again. 'Will somebody give this to mother—in my hand?' Yes, in that hand, clasped so tightly, is the last earnings he will ever get. Time is going; but the doctor has not come yet. 'Do you know that you can't see your mother again to-night?' I ask as kindly as I can. Yes, he knows that, poor child. He speaks again. 'Tell father not to get drunk or mo-

ther will die. I'm so cold—It must be going to rain—dark.' The reply, full of tender words of pity and hope, fall only on a dull, cold ear. Alone in the shadow, under a projecting eve, lies a motionless figure. The light from the water throws fantastic figures upon the wall, which float and dance, and glide about, mimicking the restless water, but they come not into that deep shadow to disturb him. The mighty vessel, with all its iron heartlessness, now but a speck upon the horizon, only visible by its trail of dense black smoke, has left behind it a darker shadow—one that cannot be dispelled.

The doctor comes now, but can do nothing. Nor can any of the watchers do anything for him now, except unclasp his little hand, and take the hard-earned pence for his mother. How very tightly his hand is clasped about the coppers. 'Why did he not let go the money and try to save himself?' Why not? How few of us ever look for the motive of an action below the surface. A child of a drunken father, and, at that age, the bread-winner of a family! How could he let any of the means of their support go? How dare he let it go? A child, and yet feeling the responsibility resting upon him, must even die before he can lose the only means of support for a worse than widowed mother. He has died; but he has kept his trust.

A news-boy killed at one of the wharves of a large city! The great dailies may not even record the fact; but whether the city knows it or not, that tightly-clasped hand tells of an action as noble as that ever performed by man. What more could he do? What more can man do? What more has man ever done? than try, with all the resistless purpose of an indomitable will, that death itself cannot conquer, to carry out a right purpose, and to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.

'A MINISTER OF GRACE.'

BY SARA DUNCAN.

WE call thee Sympathy, in our rude tongue,
Discerning not thy lovelier, heaven-giv'n name
Whereby the angels know thee. In no wise
May we command thee—thou art subtly born
Of soul-similitude, or common grief;
Yet souls for lack of thee must daily die!
Thou lurkest in the warmth of clasping hands,
The inner life of human brotherhood,
And often shinest glorious in a tear!
Thou sharest half, and soothest all, their pain,
And from the depths men mutely cry to thee,
All empty-hearted if thou comest not!

THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.*

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY J. G. LOURINOT, B. A.

CHAPTER I.

EFFECT OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CHANGES ON MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.

SHOULD the title of this review come by any chance under the notice of some of those learned gentlemen who are delving among Greek roots or working out abstruse mathematical problems in the great academic seats on the banks of the Cam or Isis, they would probably wonder what can be said on the subject of the intellectual development of a people engaged in the absorbing practical work of a Colonial dependency. To such eminent scholars Canada is probably only remarkable as a country where even yet there is, apparently, so little sound scholarship that vacancies in classical and mathematical chairs have to be frequently filled by gentlemen who have distinguished themselves in the Universities of the parent state. Indeed, if we are to judge from articles and books that appear from time to time in England with reference to this country, Englishmen in general know very little of the progress that has been made in culture since Canada has become the most important dependency of Great Britain, by virtue of her material progress within half a century. Even the Americans who live alongside of us, and would be naturally supposed to be pretty well informed as to the progress of the Dominion to their north, appear for the most part ignorant of the facts of its development in this particular. It was but the other day that a writer of some ability, in an organ of religious opinion, referred to the French Canadians as a people speaking only inferior French, and entirely wanting in intellectual vigour. Nor is this fact surprising when we consider that there are even some Canadians who do not appear to have that knowledge which they ought to have on such a subject, and take many opportunities of concealing their ignorance by depreciating the intellectual efforts of their countrymen. If so much ignorance or indifference prevails with respect to the progress of Canada in this respect, it must be admitted—however little flattering the admission may be to our national pride—that it is, after all, only the natural sequel of colonial obscurity. It is still a current belief abroad—at least in Europe—that we are all so much occupied with the care of our material interests, that we are so

* This series of articles has been prepared in accordance with a plan, marked out by the writer some years ago, of taking up from time to time certain features of the social, political, and industrial progress of Canada. Papers on the Maritime Industry and the National Development of Canada have been already published in England and Canada, and have been so favourably received by the Press of both countries that the writer has felt encouraged to continue in the same course of study, and supplement his previous efforts by an historical review of the Intellectual Progress of the Canadian People.

deeply absorbed by the grosser conditions of existence in a new country, that we have little opportunity or leisure to cultivate those things which give refinement and tone to social life. Many persons lose sight of the fact that Canada, young though she is compared with the countries of the Old World, has passed beyond the state of mere colonial pupilage. One very important section of her population has a history contemporaneous with the history of the New England States whose literature is read wherever the English tongue is spoken. The British population have a history which goes back over a century, and it is the record of an industrious, enterprising people who have made great political and social progress. Indeed it may be said that the political and material progress that these two sections of the Canadian people have conjointly made is of itself an evidence of their mental capacity. But whilst reams are written on the industrial progress of the Dominion with the praiseworthy object of bringing additional capital and people into the country, only an incidental allusion is made now and then to the illustrations of mental activity which are found in its schools, in its press, and even in its literature. It is now the purpose of the present writer to show that, in the essential elements of intellectual development, Canada is making, not a rapid, but certainly at least a steady and encouraging, progress which proves that her people have not lost, in consequence of the decided disadvantages of their colonial situation, any of the characteristics of the races to whom they owe their origin. He will endeavour to treat the subject in the spirit of an impartial critic, and confine himself as closely as possible to such facts as illustrate the character of the progress, and give much encouragement for the future of a country, even now only a little beyond the infancy of its material as well as intellectual development.

It is necessary to consider first the conditions under which the Dominion has been peopled, before proceeding to follow the progress of intellectual culture. So far, the history of Canada may be divided into three memorable periods of political and social development. The first period lasted during the years of French dominion; the second, from the Conquest to the Union of 1840, during which the provinces were working out representative institutions; the third, from 1840 to 1867, during which interval the country enjoyed responsible government, and entered on a career of material progress only exceeded by that of the great nation on its borders. Since 1867, Canada has commenced a new period in her political development, the full results of which are yet a problem, but which the writer believes, in common with all hopeful Canadians, will tend eventually to enlarge her political condition, and place her in a higher position among communities. It is only necessary, however, to refer particularly to the three first periods in this introductory chapter, which is merely intended to show as succinctly as possible those successive changes in the social and political circumstances of the provinces, which have necessarily had the effect of stimulating the intellectual development of the people.

Religion and commerce, poverty and misfortune, loyalty and devotion to the British Empire, have brought into the Dominion of Canada, the people who, within a comparatively short period of time, have won from the wilderness a country whose present condition is the best evidence of their industrial activity. Religion was a very potent influence in the settlement of New France. It gave to the country—to the Indian as well as to the Frenchman—the services of a zealous, devoted band of missionaries who, with unfaltering courage, forced their way into the then trackless West, and associated their names to all time,

with the rivers, lakes, and forests of that vast region, which is now the most productive granary of the world. In the wake of these priestly pioneers followed the trader and adventurer to assist in solving the secrets of unknown rivers and illimitable forests. From the hardy peasantry of Normandy and Brittany came reinforcements to settle the lands on the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributary rivers, and lay the foundations of the present province of Quebec. The life of the population, that, in the course of time, filled up certain districts of the province, was one of constant restlessness and uncertainty which prevented them ever attaining a permanent prosperity. When the French régime disappeared with the fall of Quebec and Montreal, it can hardly be said there existed a Canadian people distinguished for material or intellectual activity. At no time under the government of France, had the voice of the 'habitants' any influence in the councils of their country. A bureaucracy, acting directly under the orders of the King of France, managed public affairs, and the French Canadian of those times, very unlike his rival in New England, was a mere automaton, without any political significance whatever. The communities of people that were settled on the St. Lawrence and in Acadia were sunk in an intellectual lethargy—the natural consequence not only of their hard struggle for existence, but equally of their inability to take a part in the government of the country. It was impossible that a people who had no inducement to study public affairs—who could not even hold a town or parish-meeting for the establishment of a public school, should give many signs of mental vigour. Consequently, at the time of the Conquest, the people of the Canadian settlements seemed to have no aspirations for the future, no interest in the prosperity or welfare of each other, no real bonds of unity. The very flag which floated above them was an ever present evidence of their national humiliation.

So the first period of Canadian history went down amid the deepest gloom, and many years passed away before the country saw the gleam of a brighter day. On one side of the English Channel, the King of France soon forgot his mortification at the loss of an unprofitable 'region of frost and snow;' on the other side, the English Government looked with indifference, now that the victory was won, on the acquisition of an alien people who were likely to be a source of trouble and expense. Then occurred the War of American Independence, which aroused the English Ministry from their indifference and forced into the country many thousands of resolute, intelligent men, who gave up everything in their devotion to one absorbing principle of loyalty. The history of these men is still to be written as respects their real influence on the political and social life of the Canadian Provinces. A very superficial review, however, of the characteristics of these pioneers will shew that they were men of strong opinions and great force of character—valuable qualities in the formation of a new community. If, in their Toryism, they and their descendants were slow to change their opinions and to yield to the force of those progressive ideas, necessary to the political and mental development of a new country, yet, perhaps, these were not dangerous characteristics at times when republicanism had not a few adherents among those who saw the greater progress and prosperity of the people to the south of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. These men were not ordinary immigrants, drawn from the ignorant, poverty-stricken classes of an old world; they were men of a time which had produced Otis, Franklin, Adams, Hancock and Washington—men of remarkable energy and intellectual power. Not a few of these men formed in the Cana-

dian colony little centres from which radiated more or less of intellectual light to brighten the prevailing darkness of those rough times of Canadian settlement. The exertions of these men, combined with the industry of others brought into the country by the hope of making homes and fortunes in the New World, opened up, in the course of years, the fertile lands of the West. Then two provinces were formed in the East and West, divided by the Ottawa River, and representative government was conceded to each. The struggles of the majority to enlarge their political liberties and break the trammels of a selfish bureaucracy illustrate the new mental vigour that was infused into the French Canadian race by the concession of the parliamentary system of 1792. The descendants of the people who had no share whatever in the government under French rule had at last an admirable opportunity of proving their capacity for administering their own affairs, and the verdict of the present is, that, on the whole, whatever mistakes were committed by their too ardent and impulsive leaders, they showed their full appreciation of the rights that were justly theirs as the people of a free colonial community. Their minds expanded with their new political existence, and a new people were born on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

At the same time the English-speaking communities of Upper Canada and the Maritime Provinces advanced in mental vigour with the progress of the struggle for more liberal institutions. Men of no ordinary intellectual power were created by that political agitation which forced the most indifferent from that mental apathy, natural perhaps to a new country, where a struggle for mere existence demands such unflagging physical exertion. It is, however, in the new era that followed the Union that we find most evidence of the decided mental progress of the Canadian communities. From that date the Canadian Provinces entered on a new period of industrial and mental activity. Old jealousies and rivalries between the different races of the country became more or less softened by the closer intercourse, social and political, that the Union brought about. During the fierce political conflicts that lasted for so many years in Lower Canada—those years of trial for all true Canadians—the division between the two races was not a mere line, but apparently a deep gulf, almost impossible to be bridged in the then temper of the contending parties. No common education served to remove and soften the differences of origin and language. The associations of youth, the sports of childhood, the studies by which the character of manhood is modified, were totally distinct.* With the Union of 1840, unpalatable as it was to many French Canadians who believed that the measure was intended to destroy their political autonomy, came a spirit of conciliation which tended to modify, in the course of no long time, the animosities of the past, and awaken a belief in the good will and patriotism of the two races, then working side by side in a common country, and having the same destiny in the future. And with the improvement of facilities for trade and intercourse, all sections were brought into those more intimate relations which naturally give an impulse not only to internal commerce, but to the intellectual faculties of a people.† During the first years of the settlement of Canada there was a vast amount of ignorance throughout the rural districts, especially in the west-

* Report of Lord Durham on Canada, pp. 14-15.

† Lord Macaulay says on the point: Every improvement of the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually, as well as materially, and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove natural and provincial antipathies and to bind together all the branches of the human family.

ern Province. Travellers who visited the country and had abundant opportunities of ascertaining its social condition, dwelt pointedly on the moral and intellectual apathy that prevailed outside a few places like York or other centres of intelligence; but they forgot to make allowance for the difficulties that surrounded these settlers. The isolation of their lives had naturally the effect of making even the better class narrow-minded, selfish, and at last careless of anything like refinement. Men who lived for years without the means of frequent communication with their fellow-men, without opportunities for social, instructive intercourse, except what they might enjoy at rare intervals through the visit of some intelligent clergyman or tourist, might well have little ambition except to satisfy the grosser wants of their nature. The post office, the school, and the church were only to be found, in the majority of cases, at a great distance from their homes. Their children, as likely as not, grew up in ignorance, even were educational facilities at hand; for in those days the parent had absolute need of his son's assistance in the avocations of pioneer life. Yet with all these disadvantages, these men displayed a spirit of manly independence and fortitude which was in some measure a test of their capacity for better things. They helped to make the country what it is, and to prepare the way for the larger population which came into it under more favourable auspices after the Union of 1840. From that time Canada received a decided impulse in everything that tends to make a country happy and prosperous. Cities, towns and villages sprung up with remarkable activity all over the face of the country, and vastly enlarged the opportunities for that social intercourse which of itself is an important factor in the education of a new country. At the same time, with the progress of the country in population and wealth, there grew up a spirit of self-reliance which of itself attested the mental vigour of the people. Whilst England was still for many 'the old home,' rich in memories of the past, Canada began to be a real entity, as it were, a something to be loved, and to be proud of. The only reminiscences that very many had of the countries of their origin were reminiscences of poverty and wretchedness, and this class valued above all old national associations the comfort and independence, if not wealth, they had been able to win in their Canadian home. The Frenchman, Scotchman, Irishman, and Englishman, now that they had achieved a marked success in their pioneer work, determined that their children should not be behind those of New England, and set to work to build up a system of education far more comprehensive and liberal than that enjoyed by the masses in Great Britain. On all sides at last there were many evidences of the progress of culture, stimulated by the more generally diffused prosperity. It was only necessary to enter into the homes of the people, not in the cities and important centres of industry and education, but in the rural districts, to see the effects of the industrial and mental development within the period that elapsed from the Union of 1840 to the Confederation of 1867. Where a humble log cabin once rose among the black pine stumps, a comfortable, and in many cases expensive, mansion of wood or more durable material, had become the home of the Canadian farmer, who, probably in his early life, had been but a poor peasant in the mother country. He himself, whose life had been one of unremitting toil and endeavour, showed no culture, but his children reaped the full benefits of the splendid opportunities of acquiring knowledge afforded by the country which owed its prosperity to their father, and men like him. The homes of such men, in the most favoured districts, were no longer the abodes of rude industry,

but illustrative, in not a few cases, of that comfort and refinement which must be the natural sequence of the general distribution of wealth, the improvement of internal intercourse, and the growth of education.

When France no longer owned a foot of land in British North America, except two or three barren islets on the coast of Newfoundland, the total population of the provinces known now as Canada, was not above seventy thousand souls, nearly all French. From that time to 1840, the population of the different provinces made but a slow increase, owing to the ignorance that prevailed as to Canada, the indifference of English statesmen in respect to colonization, internal dissensions in the country itself, and its slow progress, as compared with the great republic on its borders. Yet, despite these obstacles to progress, by 1841 the population of Canada rose to nearly a million and a half, of whom, at least, fifty-five per cent. were French Canadians. Then the tide of immigration set in this direction, until, at last, the total population of Canada rose, in 1867, to between three and four millions, or an increase of more than a hundred per cent. in a quarter of a century. By the last Census of 1870, we have some idea of the national character of this population—more than eighty per cent. being Canadian by birth, and, consequently, identified in all senses of the term with the soil and prosperity of the country. Whilst the large proportion of the people are necessarily engaged in those industrial pursuits which are the basis of a country's material prosperity, the statistics show the rapid growth of the classes who live by mental labour, and who are naturally the leaders in matters of culture. The total number of the professional class in all the provinces was some 40,000, of whom 4,436 were clergymen, 109 judges, 264 professors, 3,000 advocates and notaries, 2,792 physicians and surgeons, 13,400 teachers, 451 civil engineers, 232 architects, and for the first time we find mention of a special class of artists and *littératures*, 590 in all, and these evidently do not include journalists, who would, if enumerated, largely swell the number.

Previous to 1867, different communities of people existed throughout British North America, but they had no common interest or purpose, no real bond of union, except their common allegiance to one Sovereign. The Confederation of the Provinces was intended, by its very essence and operation, to stimulate, not only the industrial energy, but the mental activity as well, of the different communities that compose the Dominion. A wider field of thought has, undoubtedly, been opened up to these communities, so long dwarfed by that narrow provincialism which every now and then crops up to mar our national development, and impede intellectual progress. Already the people of the Confederated Provinces are everywhere abroad recognised as Canadians—as a Canadian people, with a history of their own, with certain achievements to prove their industrial activity. Climatic influences, all history proves, have much to do with the progress of a people. It is an admitted fact, that the highest grade of intellect has always been developed, sooner or later, in those countries which have no great diversities of climate.* If our natural conditions are favourable to our mental growth, so too, it may be urged that the difference of races which exists in Canada may have a useful influence upon the moral, as well as the

* Sir A. Alison (Vol. xiii. p. 271). says on this point: 'Canada and the other British possessions in British North America, though apparently blessed with fewer physical advantages than the country to the South, contain a noble race, and are evidently destined for a lofty destination. Everything there is in proper keeping for the development of the combined physical and mental qualities of man. There are to be found at once the hardihood of character which conquers difficulty, the severity of climate which stimulates exertion, and natural advantages which reward enterprise.'

intellectual nature of the people as a whole. In all the measures calculated to develop the industrial resources and stimulate the intellectual life of the Dominion, the names of French Canadians appear along with those of British origin. The French Canadian is animated by a deep veneration for the past history of his native country, and by a very decided determination to preserve his language and institutions intact, and consequently there exists in the Province of Quebec a national, French Canadian sentiment, which has produced no mean intellectual fruits. We know that all the grand efforts in the accomplishment of civilization, have been effected by a combination of different peoples. The union of the races in Canada must have its effect in the way of varying and reproducing, and probably invigorating also, many of the qualities belonging to each—material, moral, and mental; an effect only perceptible after the lapse of very many years but which is, nevertheless, being steadily accomplished all the while with the progress of social, political, and commercial intercourse. The greater impulsiveness and vivacity of the French Canadian can brighten up, so to say, the stolidity and ruggedness of the Saxon. The strong common sense and energy of the Englishman can combine advantageously with the nervous, impetuous activity of the Gaul. Nor should it be forgotten that the French Canadian is not a descendant of the natives of the fickle, sunny South, but that his forefathers came from more rugged Normandy and Brittany, whose people have much that is akin with the people of the British islands.

In the subsequent portions of this review, the writer will endeavour to follow the progress in culture, not merely of the British-speaking people, but of the two races now working together harmoniously as Canadians. It will not be necessary to dwell at any length on the first period of Canadian history. It is quite obvious that in the first centuries of colonial history, but few intellectual fruits can be brought to maturity. In the infancy of a colony or dependency like Canada, whilst men are struggling with the forest and sea for a livelihood, the mass of the people can only find mental food in the utterances of the pulpit, the legislature, and the press. This preliminary chapter would be incomplete, were we to forget to bear testimony to the fidelity with which the early Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries laboured at the great task devolving upon them among the pioneers in the Canadian wilderness. In those times of rude struggle with the difficulties of a colonial life, the religious teachers always threw a gleam of light amid the mental darkness that necessarily prevailed among the toilers of the land and sea. Bishops Laval, Lartigue, Strachan, and Mountain; Sister Bourgeois, Dr. Burns, Dr. Jas. McGregor, Dr. Anson Green, are conspicuous names among the many religious teachers who did good service in the early times of colonial development. During the first periods of Canadian history, the priest or clergyman was, as often as not, a guide in things temporal as well as spiritual. Dr. Strachan was not simply the instructor in knowledge of many of the Upper Canadian youth, who, in after times, were among the foremost men of their day, but was as potent and obstinate in the Council, as he was vigorous and decided in the pulpit. When communications were wretched, and churches were the exception, the clergyman was a constant guest in the humble homes of the settlers who welcomed him as one who not only gave them religious instruction, but on many a winter or autumn evening charmed the listeners in front of the blazing maple logs with anecdotes of the great world of which they too rarely heard. In those early days, the Church of England clergyman was a man generally trained in one of the Universities of the parent state, bringing to the discharge

of his duties a conscientious conviction of his great responsibilities, possessing at the same time, varied knowedge, and necessarily exercising through his profession and acquirements no inconsiderable influence, not only in a religious but in an intellectual sense as well—an influence which he has never ceased to exercise in this country. It is true as, the country became more thickly settled, and the people began to claim larger political rights, the influence of many leading minds among the Anglican clergy, who believed in an intimate connection between Church and State, even in a colony, was somewhat antagonistic to the promotion of popular education, and the extension of popular government. The Church was too often the Church of the aristocratic and wealthier classes; some of its clergy were sadly wanting in missionary efforts; its magnificent liturgy was too cold and intellectual, perhaps, for the mass, and consequently, in the course of time, the Methodists made rapid progress in Upper Canada. Large numbers of Scotch Presbyterians also settled in the provinces, and exercised a powerful influence on the social, moral and political progress of the country. These pioneers came from a country where parish schools existed long before popular education was dreamed of across the border. Their clergy came from colleges, whose course of study cultivated minds of rare analytical and argumentative power. The sermon in the Presbyterian Church is the test of the intellectual calibre of the preacher, whose efforts are followed by his long-headed congregation, in a spirit of the keenest criticism, ever ready to detect a want of logic. It is obvious then that the Presbyterian clergyman, from the earliest time he appeared in the history of this country, has always been no inconsiderable force in the mental development of a large section of the people which has given us, as it will be seen hereafter, many eminent statesmen, journalists, and *littérateurs*.

From the time the people began to have a voice in public affairs, the politician and the journalist commenced naturally to have much influence on the minds of the masses. The labours of the journalist, in connection with the mental development of the country, will be treated at some length in a subsequent part of the review. At present it is sufficient to say that of the different influences that have operated on the minds of the people generally, none has been more important than the press, notwithstanding the many discouraging circumstances under which it long laboured, in a thinly populated and poor country. The influence of political discussion on the intellect of Canada has been, on the whole, in the direction of expanding the public intelligence, although at times an extreme spirit of partisanship has had the effect of evoking much prejudice and ill-feeling, not calculated to develop the higher attributes of our nature. But whatever may have been the injurious effects of extreme partisanship, the people as a rule have found in the discussion of public matters an excitement which has prevented them from falling into that mental torpor so likely to arise amid the isolation and rude conditions of early times. If the New England States have always been foremost in intellectual movement, it may be attributed in a great measure to the fact, that from the first days of their settlement they thought and acted for themselves in all matters of local interest. It was only late in the day when Canadians had an opportunity given them of stimulating their mental faculties by public discussion, but when they were enabled to act for themselves, they rapidly improved in mental strength. It is very interesting to Canadians of the present generation to go back to those years when the first Legislatures were opened in the old Bishop's Palace, on the heights of Quebec, and in the more humble structure on the banks of the Niagara

River, and study the record of their initiation into parliamentary procedure. It is a noteworthy fact that the French Canadian Legislatures showed from the first an earnest desire to follow as closely as their circumstances would permit those admirable rules and principles of procedure which the experience of centuries in England has shown to be necessary to the preservation of decorum, to freedom of speech, and to the protection of the minority. The speeches of the leading men in the two Houses were characterized by evidences of large constitutional knowledge, remarkable for men who had no practical training in parliamentary life. Of course there were in these small Assemblies many men rough in speech and manner, with hardly any education whatever, but the writers who refer to them in no very complimentary terms* always ignored the hardships of their pioneer life, and forgot to do justice to their possession, at all events, of good common-sense and much natural acuteness, which enabled them to be of use in their humble way, under the guidance of the few who were in those days the leaders of public opinion. These leaders were generally men drawn from the Bar, who naturally turned to the legislative arena to satisfy their ambition and to cultivate on a larger scale those powers of persuasion and argument in which their professional training naturally made them adepts. With many of these men legislative success was only considered a means of more rapidly attaining the highest honours of their profession, and consequently they were not always the most disinterested guides in the political controversies of the day; but, nevertheless, it must be admitted that, on the whole, the Bar of Canada, then as now, gave the country not a few men who forgot mere selfish considerations, and brought to the discussion of public affairs a wide knowledge and disinterested zeal which showed how men of fine intellect can rise above the narrower range of thought peculiar to continuous practice in the Courts. As public questions became of larger import, the minds of politicians expanded, and enabled them to bring to their discussion a breadth of knowledge and argumentative force which attracted the attention of English statesmen, who were so constantly referred to in those times of our political pupilage, and were by no means too ready to place a high estimate on colonial statesmanship. In the earlier days of our political history some men played so important a part in educating the people to a full comprehension of their political rights, that their names must be always gratefully remembered in Canada. Papineau, Bédard, Deballière, Stuart, Neilson, Baldwin, Lafontaine, Howe, Wilmot, Johnstone, Uniacke, were men of fine intellects—natural-born teachers of the people. Their successors in later times have ably continued the work of perfecting the political structure. All party prejudice aside, every allowance made for political errors in times of violent controversy, the result of their efforts has been not only eminently favourable to the material development of the country, but also to the mental vigour of the people. The statesmen who met in council in the ancient city of Quebec during the October of 1864 gave a memorable illustration of their constitutional knowledge and their practical acumen in the famous resolutions which form the basis of the present constitution of Canada.

But it is not within the limits of this review to dwell on the political progress of Canada, except so far as it may influence the intellectual development of the people. It will be seen, as we proceed, that the extension of political rights had a remarkable effect in stimulating the public intelligence

* For instance, Talbot, I, chap. 23. He acknowledges, at the same time, the great ability of the leading men, 'who would do credit to the British Parliament.'

and especially in improving the mental outfit of the people. The press increased in influence and ability, but, more than all, with the concession of responsible government, education became the great question of the day in the legislatures of the larger provinces. But to so important and interesting a subject it will be necessary to devote a separate chapter.

(To be Continued.)

WHAT IS GENIUS

BY A. C., TORONTO.

MEN come into the world endowed differently as regards mental capacity, activity, and vigour. Of this fact there can be no question, though it has often been disputed, and the very fallacious dictum of the Communist-Republican baldly states it in the well-known stump phrase that 'one man is as good as another.' Just as men come into the world with different physiques, one man being, from his birth, strong, healthy and stalwart, and another weak, sickly and puny, so are men born with varying powers of mind, susceptible, of course, of improvement or deterioration, according as the training is careful or negligent, wise or the reverse. The same holds good with our moral nature, as has been proved with sufficient clearness from physiological indications or psychological tendencies. In fact, the essential influences that go to map out our life's history are born with us, and the discernment of these in the individual is the very foundation of what we may call 'the science of human nature,' while the power of generalizing conclusions thus formed is one of the most manifest gifts attendant upon genius.

We have all heard the anecdote of the famous painter who, on being asked by a pupil what he mixed his colours with, replied, 'brains, sir!' By this term he meant simply what we understand by genius, or, when found in a lesser degree of development, 'talent.' To attempt to define it is, we consider, hopeless, though its recognition is not nearly so difficult. Genius commends itself, not necessarily at once, but without fail, in the long run, to universal acknowledgment. And this, indeed, is the true test of its reality. Talent and even mediocrity have often been hailed as the divine *afflatus*, the 'spark of heavenly flame' that sets its possessor at once on a royal eminence far above his fellows, but the delusion has been, sooner or later, more or less rudely dispelled; and, *vice versa*, genius has sometimes remained for years unacknowledged, and even denied, being obscured by the prejudices resulting from the vitiated taste of the time. But it has in nearly every case ultimately asserted itself and commanded audience from the world.

This, we repeat, is the best mark by which it can be known, and beyond that mark it will be found very hard of definition. It borders, if not on the supernatural, most certainly on the superhuman, for it represents a power in a man that can only be surpassed

by the mental power of the angels, or that direct inspiration of the Spirit of the Deity that guided the writers of the books of Scripture. Indeed, genius is inspiration, though in a different sense from that of the sacred writers; and the main difference between the two consists in the one being a power guided, restrained, and kept ever in the path of truth, while the other—genius, namely—is but too liable to lend the splendour of its light to illumine the unreal, the fanciful and the false, and even to prostitute its strength to support what is actually devilish in its wickedness.

Genius has been maintained by some to be merely a naturally powerful mind brought to a high perfection of grasp and power by dint of determined industry and perseverance. This we cannot believe in the face of historical evidence to the contrary. The deer-stealing lad, who, for his peccadilloes against the lord of the manor, had to flee from his native county, who held gentlemen's horses at the doors of theatres for odd sixpences, and who at best was only capable of taking minor characters on the stage, a man of whose industry or perseverance we have no recorded evidence, yet left plays and poems such as cannot be rivalled and hardly approached in all that marks genius in the literature of the world. The Ayrshire ploughman, whose lyrics are the very breathings of a heaven-inspired genius, was a rather thriftless, somewhat dissipated, haunter of taverns and associate of revellers, with none of the dogged resolution that we have referred to about him, and only writing when his genius compelled him. In short, perseverance may and will make a man more or less successful in every walk of life, but it never will make him a genius, because to make a genius is impossible, except to the Deity, and is counterfeit unless it bear the mark of the mint of heaven.

Talent is a much less subtle thing, and means only a more or less conspicuous elevation above mediocre power. There are many mountains in the world that rise above the level of hills, but the number is few of those that hide their summits in inaccessibility, and the grandeur of whose eminence we must be content to calculate, but cannot venture to explore. Talent is a mountain high enough to overlook the ruck of hills, but low enough to be overshadowed by the Mont Blancs and Kinchinjungas of the universe of mind. Talent may be approached and fairly well simulated by him who has ambition enough to prompt the endeavour and perseverance enough to carry it out. In short, talent may make for itself a name; but genius alone attains to immortality; the records of talent are written by hands of earth on perishable tablets, while those of genius, the finger of God himself has traced in adamant, and they are for that reason, as well as essentially in themselves, incapable of perishing and not liable to oblivion.

In fine, if we believe in genius, it is not hard to believe in the inspiration of Scripture, for it is nothing more than a perfectly conceivable carrying out of the idea of genius—a further and more unreserved manifestation of 'Him in whom we live and move and have our being.'

DEATH OF SUMMER.

BY J. R. WILKINSON, LEAMINGTON.

WHERE is now the gladsome Summer ?
Singing birds, whose wild songs thrill,
Dark-green foliag'd waving wildwood,
Fragrant glade and rippling rill ;
And the voice as soft as Angel's
Of the low caressing wind,
As it kisses earth's warm beauties,
Wooing gently, and so kind ?

Where the whisper, and the murmur
Of the sunlit, dancing sea ?
The mysterious, deep-toned music
Of the waves so grand and free ?
Looking where the isles seem sleeping,
Gemm'd upon the slumb'ring flood ;
On, and on, through sunlight vistas,
Fancy free, our souls have trod.

And the hazy cloudlets floating
All the laughing sunlight through ;
Mirror'd on the intense splendour
Of the skies' infinite blue.
Leading up the vaulted highway
Of the planets' centreing spheres ;
" Till our souls are lost in wonder,
'Mid ecstatic thoughts and fears ! "

Where the dreams we wooed at twilight ?
Fairest time of all to me ;
When the silver moon beams softly,
And the stars gem earth and sea.
O ! the whisp'ring, murm'ring music !
O ! the songs of Summer's night ;
Unseen harps in tones of rapture,
Thrilling me with strange delight !

Ah ! to die at close of even,
With the heart so strangely glad
Blissful as a dream of Heaven,
Death could not be drear or sad !
Fairest joys the soonest vanish ;
Summer died but yesterday,
Chill and blight of Autumn banish
All her loveliness away.

CHRISTMAS AT FERNCLIFF.

BY FRED. TRAVERS.

I.

IT was in the summer of 18— that I was introduced to Mr. Hugh Morris, a clever, genial, large-hearted man.

He happened to be making a visit to a friend in Morrisburg, and we met on the wharf at the foot of the canal.

He wished to go over to Waddington, a pretty village on the American shore, embowered amid trees, with its church spires shooting up into the blue sky, and, as I had my boat out and ready for any expedition that might offer, I gladly proposed to play Charon, and to ferry him across the stream.

My skiff was light, my muscles were inured to rowing, I knew every current and counter-current of the *Rapide Plat*, and, as I pushed off from the wharf with my passenger, I felt the pleasure which a good oarsman experiences in an exhibition of his skill.

With strong arm and steady stroke I drove my boat through the currents and eddies, being swept down by the one and regaining the lost distance in the other, till we rounded the point of Ogden Island and paddled quietly along in the smooth water, in the shade of limes and maples.

My new made acquaintance was a man of deep and varied knowledge, a naturalist and a scientist, a good classic of the Trinity, Dublin, type, and he seemed, without strain or effort, to make every topic which came up for conversation interesting.

The laws of currents and counter-currents, the gulf stream, the climate of the British Isles, Canada as it is now compared with the time when it is supposed to have been swept with ice bergs, its geological formation, the want of coal fields, the gigantic ferns of the coal period, our present ferns and the best places to find them, our forest trees and the insects which form their blight—these were the subjects to which he glided with ease and rapidity, imparting valuable information in a sparkling way, which made his conversation as crisp and bright as the ripples on the St. Lawrence.

Before we reached the other shore, I discovered that my friend was also devoted to horticulture, and had paid much attention to fruit. Grapes seemed to be his particular hobby, and he lamented with solemn voice and downcast countenance the ravages of the phyloxera.

As I knew an American gentleman living on the bank of the river a few miles below Waddington, who had a beautiful garden and paid much attention to grape culture, I proposed that, after seeing the village, we should float down there, and trust to catching a tow on the other side to bring us back.

Mr. Rivers had often invited me to make him a visit, and his invitation had been seconded by his charming daughters, so that I had no fear for our welcome.

We therefore strolled through the streets of Waddington, redolent with memories of 'The Lost Prince,' visited the little grey stone church, with its

square tower and well kept churchyard, crossed to the Island, and walked about the old mansion, which, with its closed doors and deserted appearance, tells a tale of former prosperity and present disaster, and then took boat again, and drifted down with the current to *Sans Souci*.

Mr. Rivers was, I need scarcely say, glad to see us, and proud to show his garden and grape-houses to one who could appreciate them so well.

We discussed, with pleasing illustrations, the respective merits of the Isabella, the Concord, the Delaware, Rogers No. 9 and 15, Sweetwaters, Muscats and Black Hamburgs. From vine to vine and from house to house we wandered, a merry party, the two fruit-growers exchanging ideas on the subjects most dear to them, while the young ladies and myself kept up a constant flow of fun and chaff.

The afternoon wore quickly away, and our host pressed us to stay all night and return at our leisure next day, and, as neither of us had any urgent business at home, and we found ourselves in pleasant quarters, we gladly accepted his invitation.

Next day, a glorious September morning, I pushed off my skiff once more, with my one passenger and a bountiful supply of the choicest grapes, while our friends waved us good-bye from the shore, and called to us to be sure to make them another visit as soon as possible.

We crossed the river, reaching the Canadian side some miles below Morrisburg, and loitered away the morning and afternoon waiting for a tow, and, about five o'clock in the afternoon, made the skiff fast to the jolly-boat of a barge behind the 'Hiram Calvin,' and were towed up stream to Morrisburg.

During this pleasant expedition Mr. Morris and myself had become fast friends, and, when we parted, a few days afterwards, he made me promise to visit him at Brockville on the first opportunity.

II.

THE opportunity spoken of in the last chapter did not occur until the following summer.

As a clerk in the Toronto branch of the Bank of ———, I obtained three weeks' vacation in August, and wrote to Mr. Morris to say I was at liberty to accept his invitation.

I received in reply a most hearty assurance of welcome, and, leaving Toronto on the *Corsican*, one warm August afternoon, I found myself next morning at Brockville.

Mr. Morris was at the wharf to meet me, gave me a cordial greeting, and, taking my valise, led the way to a phaeton, where he presented me to his daughter Maud, who occupied the little seat behind, and went through the form of holding Nora, a sleek and contented black pony; but as the lines hung loosely from her gloved hand, it was evident that her office was a sinecure.

She was a bright girl, very clever, full of fun and humour, and, as we drove through the town, passing many new and handsome residences, she entertained me with a running commentary on the place, the people we met, the houses and their occupants. There was a little spice of malice thrown into each history, but so skilfully one was hardly aware where it came from.

Arrived at Ferncliff, just east of the town, there were the other members of the family to be presented to; Mrs. Morris, a refined matronly-looking woman, with silver-grey hair and finely chiselled features; Aunt Dorothea, kindly and charitable, whose time was occupied with parochial visiting, mothers'meetings, and Bible-classes, who had just returned from New York, brimful and overflowing with Mr. Rainsford and his revival in the Gospel Tent; Morton, the only son, devoted to entomology, who chased butterflies with a scoop-net in

the day-time, and passed sleepless nights catching moths on the tarred limbs of the apple trees, whither, after the manner of wreckers, he lured them with false beacons; Mabel, pretty and a flirt; Alice, whose charge was the fernery and the geranium beds, and who could enumerate all the ferns from Windermere to Land's End, and from Gaspé to Niagara; and last, but not least, either in my affections or in this narrative, Ethel.

Dear Ethel! From the first time I met her I loved her, and she has lived since the brightest picture in my waking thoughts, and the most beautiful object in my dreams.

She was not on the verandah, as were the other members of the family, when the pony carriage drove up through the avenue of evergreens, spruce trees and balsams, to the door; and we did not meet till some hours afterwards, and we met alone. Alone, down by the high rocks, at the river, where, as I strolled carelessly, admiring the paths and walks among the cedars, I found her standing, hat in hand, looking down thoughtfully on the blue waters, a fitting illustration of Longfellow's 'Maidenhood,' the poem she had just been reading, and which was still marked by her finger between the pages of the partly-closed book:

> Gazes with a timid glance
> On the broad and silent expanse,
> On the river's tranquil expanse.

I introduced myself, and met, for the first time, the startled glance of those clear blue eyes, so soft and liquid, and marked well the beautiful features and the lines of her pure and noble brow. Oh! Ethel, how often has that first impression come back to me. I have recalled it in those swiftly passing halcyon days of no intense happiness, and it has returned, to crush me with 'a sorrow's crown of sorrow,' in those days of awful gloom which followed.

So we met, and talked about my arrival, and the journey down the lake, and the river before us, with its islands, and the pretty village on the other shore, and the sky above us, and the cedars and rocks about us.

We sat down and read the poems in the book—'Voices of the Night,' the 'Psalm of Life,' and portions of 'Evangeline'—till the bell rang for luncheon from the verandah of the big white house, and with reluctance we arose to obey its summons.

To reach the house we had to pass the gardener's cottage, and, as we neared it, I noticed a large and powerful Newfoundland dog, standing in front of his kennel. I would fearlessly have gone up to pat him had not Ethel said, 'I must warn you about Nero; he is fearfully savage towards strangers; we are obliged to keep him chained, letting him loose only at night to guard the place.'

'I hardly think he would touch me,' I replied; 'for I make it a rule to look a dog straight in the face and walk on; if one is not afraid there is no danger.'

'Do not try that plan in this case, for it would have no effect. Nero considers every stranger his lawful prey; and he would very much prefer biting you to letting you pass unmolested.'

The dog sprang towards Ethel with a joyful bark, which was quickly turned to a low, angry growl, as he became aware of my presence, and I felt convinced that her warning was not unnecessary. Fortunately, we were beyond the range of his chain, and he was baffled in his attempt to reach us, while we walked on gathering up again the lost thread of our conversation.

If I could only have foreseen, then, the future, and avoided it! If I could have known how I was to be robbed of all that made life worth having, of love, and honour, and liberty, by that fierce brute whose low

savage growl still followed me! But no, it was to be otherwise.

The lines of his life crossed mine, and I was happy, and unconscious of the misery in store for me, through his blind instincts.

III.

ETHEL and I took to each other from the very first.

If a game of croquet was proposed, we managed to play on the same side, and while we did not fail to keep up the interest of the game, yet had many a chat in the shade of an apple tree which stretched its friendly branches over the lawn, and many a confidential consultation as to the best place of campaign, when called from our retreat to the activities of the open field.

If a riding party was the order of the day, our horses had a strange attraction for each other, and lingered behind the rest, or, in some freak, tried a short cut across country by woods and fields, which generally proved the longest way home.

We went to pic-nics in 'a boat which only held two,' and waltzed together at parties, or strolled on the verandah or in the garden.

The result of all this was, that each day we fell deeper in love, and before the week was over I had proposed and had been accepted.

It was one moonlight evening that 'the old, old story was told again,' as we drifted down with the current in a skiff between two of '*The Sisters*,' and those beautiful islands, as they stood so peacefully in the stream, with their reflections thrown down deep into the water, symbolized the peace of a true and enduring affection.

The answer to my question was not framed in words. It was in that silent language which philologists have failed to analyze, or grammarians to reduce to syntax; but when, on our return, we walked up together from the landing, Ethel leaning on my arm, I knew she had promised to be my wife, and that her promise would never be broken.

A happy week was that first week at Ferncliff, not only to us but to all the family, for we did not moon away all the time alone. We had too much good sense for that.

Morton and I made up a large party for the river, and we spent hours singing songs, and choruses, and waking the echoes by the high rocks.

On another occasion we made an excursion to Alexander Bay, ; took tea at 'The Thousand Island House,' and spent the evening watching the graceful American girls dancing in the great drawing-room, sometimes taking a turn in *the Boston* ourselves, or admiring from the verandah the illuminations on the islands, and the rockets shooting up into the sky and bursting in showers of stars.

There was one person at Ferncliff whom I have not yet mentioned.

Fanny Courtney, a friend of Maud, and sister of the only enemy I have ever known.

George Courtney had two reasons for hating me, with the bitter hatred of which only such natures as his are capable.

I thrashed him once when we were boys at Upper Canada College; and he was a rival for Ethel's hand.

I knew that Fanny was devoted to her brother's interest, and therefore a spy at Ferncliff, and that she had already fully reported my conquest.

Notwithstanding her presence, the week passed pleasantly away, with only one incident to mar my happiness, and that one so intimately connected with the issue of this story, that I must put it on record.

I said that Mr. Morris was a genial, large-hearted man, and I must add, that he was a man of scrupulous integrity of character. Pure in heart and honourable in life, he could not brook any want of principle in others

Tender almost to a fault towards the unfortunate, he was severe towards all wrong-doers. Had his own son been guilty of a crime, he would have steeled his heart against him, and let him suffer the full punishment of his wickedness.

One day at dinner, we had been discussing a case of embezzlement by a bank-clerk in London.

My fault has always been that of saying things I do not mean, by way of chaff, or for the sake of startling people. It is a bad fault, and one of which I have been at last cured by a treatment which may justly be called heroic.

On this occasion I expressed the sentiment, that a little dishonesty did not matter, as long as a man was a gentleman, and clever enough to cover up the traces of his deed, and I shall never forget the severe expression of Mr. Morris's face, or the stern words with which he denounced my speech.

The girls also were shocked, and a blush of surprise and pain crimsoned Ethel's cheek, and mounted to her brow.

I explained of course that I was only in fun, and tried to laugh the matter off, but a blight had fallen upon our happy party, and no efforts of mine were entirely successful in doing away with the effects of my rash speech.

After dinner I sought Ethel on the verandah, and had no difficulty in making my peace with her.

'Of course I knew you were not in earnest, but papa cannot tolerate even the suggestion of evil, and I hope you'll be careful for the future.' And so ended the [illegible].

IV.

ANOTHER week of happiness had gone by, and I was thinking of running down to Morrisburg for a few days, before returning to my post at Toronto.

We, that is Ethel and myself, had been spending the afternoon on the river among the islands, and had returned to the landing, just in time to hear the preparation bell for dinner. We raced up the hill, past Nero, who showed me no more friendship than at the first, and separated at the front door. As I passed the hall-table, I stopped to take up a letter addressed to me, which had just been brought in with other letters from the post office, and as I did so, noticed one to Mr. Morris, in George Courtney's unmistakable handwriting, with all the malice, sticking out of the badly formed letters.

I hurried on to my room to get ready for dinner, wondering what he could have written about; and then, on second thought, said to myself, that it was not strange that a man should write to the master of the house where his sister was a guest.

Yet I was not satisfied. My newly found joy was so perfect, I had almost a superstitious dread of losing it, and knowing George Courtney's passion, and his unscrupulous nature, I feared the injury he would do me if he could.

I had been accepted as a son-in-law by Mr. Morris, and a brother by Morton and the girls; and, as there was no obstacle to our union, I expected soon to carry away Ethel as my fairly and honourably won prize.

My position therefore seemed very secure, and I could afford to despise any attempt on the part of my rival to undermine me.

Dinner passed pleasantly, and as it was to be my last day at Ferncliff, after dinner, Ethel and I went out again on the river.

It was a lovely night, and, as we were tempted to remain out later than usual, we found, on our return, that the family had retired, and left the door unfastened, and a light burning for us in the hall.

'Where is Nero?' I asked, as we said good night, and parted at the foot of the great staircase.

'He must be shut up in Morton's room,' was the whispered reply.

Here I must explain that a custom prevailed at Ferncliff which I had always disliked, and regarded as quite unnecessary. Every night, after the rest of the family had retired to bed, Morton brought up that savage brute, Nero, from his kennel, and established him at watch and ward in the spacious hall.

The reason for this was that Mrs. Morris was nervous about the silver, and insisted, as it was particularly valuable, being massive, and containing some family relics which money could not replace, that it should be guarded with the greatest care. Not that there had been any late attempt at robbing the house. The last attempt, which failed signally, had been ten years previous to my visit, but Mrs. Morris went on the principle of being always prepared for the worst.

The first evening I spent at Ferncliff Mr. Morris, at bed-time, lighted me to my room, a large chamber on the ground floor, reached by a passage from the hall.

As we passed a green baize-covered door, which opened into the passage I speak of, he said—

'You must be careful never to pass this door at night. We let Nero loose in the hall, and it would be as much as your life is worth to encounter him.'

He set the light down on the table.

I thanked him for the warning, and, after he had assured himself that everything had been provided for my comfort, he said, 'good night,' and retired.

Every night after, as I went to bed, I thought of this brute, for I hated the dog thoroughly, keeping guard like a sentinel in the hall, and of the consequences if I should, in a moment of forgetfulness, leave my room and intrude on his domains.

To secure my room against his possible intrusion, I was always careful to keep my door bolted.

This evening I soon fell asleep, dreaming of Ethel.

At one time we were rowing on the river, and the sides of the boat would separate, and let the water come pouring in. As fast as I pressed them together in one place, they sprung open in another, drawing the nails as if they had no hold. But yet the boat did not sink.

At another time we had drifted to the '*Galop* Rapids,' and were being plunged into '*the Cellar*,' where we would have been dashed to destruction, but the skiff stopped of its own accord at the edge, and the water slipped away under us down into the pit, and rose in fury on the other side.

Again, we were going together up the stairs at Ferncliff, and each step, as our feet left it, broke off, and fell below, as if a relentless Nemesis were pursuing us, and we only escaped it and no more.

There we were, falling from some height down, down . . . . till I awoke, and was relieved to find myself in bed.

I lay awake about an hour, when sleep overcame me again, and again I dreamed of Ethel.

This time, for her sake, I had started off to seek my fortune in the Far West.

I was in Colorado, at the silver mines, and as I searched among the *débris*, at the mouth of a deserted pit, I came upon a heap of silver nuggets. I was filling my valise with them, when . . . . . my God! what was it that awakened me? A savage growl, a fall to the ground, with a dog's grip upon my throat, lights, hurrying steps.

Half dazed, I was aware of Morton pulling Nero from my prostrate form, as I lay on the floor, in the dining-room, before the open side-board, silver forks and spoons spread about in confusion, and my valise filled up with the old family tea service—Mr. Morris, half-dressed, with a revolver in his hand, —and then Ethel, her face blanched with terror,—and Fanny Courtney,

taking in the situation with a glance of gratified malice.

I looked round bewildered on the assembled company.

Mr. Morris was the first to speak.

'What is the meaning of this, Crosby? Are you a thief?'

I was still lying on the floor, Nero standing over me, and only prevented from seizing me again by the held strong arms of Morton, which him back.

'I must have been walking in my sleep,' I said, sitting up, and facing evidences of guilt enough to blast the most untarnished reputation.

'No doubt,' replied Mr. Morris, 'and were taking my silver to dream on. Courtney's warning which I received last evening was well founded.'

'See!' said Fanny, holding up some burglar's tools, which she had picked up from the floor, 'he does not forget his luggage when he visits his country friends.'

Ethel, who had not spoken, swooned, and was carried by her sister from the room.

I attempted no further defence. What was the use? Everything was against me, and my words would only have been ridiculed.

The side-board had been forced open, the instruments were there, my valise was filled with silver; I was caught in the very act. The window had been opened from the inside. There could be only one explanation of it.

Had Mr. Morris been other than I knew him to be, I would have appealed to his compassion. I would have declared my innocence, and asked him to wait till time should solve the mystery. But I knew it would be useless. He had no compassion for a criminal whose crime had no excuse, and such he considered me.

All the circumstances of the case aggravated my guilt.

I had been received as a guest, treated with the utmost hospitality, accepted as a son in-law, and I had proved myself a low thief. That was enough. Were I his own flesh and blood I must bear the just penalty of my crime.

The gardener, a powerful man, took charge of me for the rest of the night, and the next morning I was handed over to the police, and, after an investigation before the police-magistrate, lodged in the common jail, to await my trial, while the newspapers from London to Quebec rung with the new sensation.

Oh! the misery of those days of waiting. The sad experience of a fall!

It was bad enough to read the newspaper comments on my case, which made me out a depraved wretch who had hitherto concealed my wickedness under a mask; but some of the letters which reached me were far worse. Old friends wrote to ask how I could so far forget myself as to descend to robbery; and an amiable lady, who had before expressed her disapproval of my theological tenets, said she feared I would come to this, and sent me a tract, entitled 'The Broken Reed; or, Reflections for Prison Life.'

But there were some letters with the true ring of friendship in their noble words, which came into my prison cell like angels, bringing with them the light and radiance of heaven, and making me feel that with such evidences of trust it would be folly to despair.

One was from the manager of the bank in Toronto, to say that, on hearing of my arrest, he felt in duty bound to examine my accounts; that he had found them scrupulously correct; that he did not believe in my guilt from the first, and was now more than ever convinced of my innocence.

My dear, good mother came up to Morrisburg to see me, and tried to prevail upon me to accept the offers of bail which I had received, but I adhered to a resolution I had made to put myself under obligations of that nature to no one—to await my trial in prison, and to stand or fall by the issue.

V.

AT last the day of my trial came. As I ascended through the trap-door into the prisoner's dock, I tried to look calm and composed; for, notwithstanding the sense of the terrible position in which I stood, I could not get rid of the knowledge that the eyes of the public were upon me, and that my every motion would be criticised.

I saw before me a confused outline of the Bench, and the judge and his associates, swimming, swaying and dancing before my eyes; a mass of faces filling the galleries and every available space in the court-room; and to the left a table where were the reporters, and as their pencils, as if by one impulse, were driven across the pages of their note-books, I became painfully conscious that they were commencing a new paragraph with

The Prisoner—how he appeared!

It is strange what conflicting emotions take possession of us, even in the great crisis of our lives, and how closely tragedy and comedy are connected.

On second thought, I almost smiled at the idea of my old chums in Toronto reading a description of my appearance as a supposed criminal, and the reflection braced me up to follow closely the course of the trial. I heard my indictment read, and answered to the judge's question, 'Not Guilty,' with a voice so firm as to startle me, for it seemed to belong to someone else, and I would never have recognised it as my own, and then turned to the opening speech of the Crown-prosecutor.

He seemed unnecessarily severe, I thought, to secure the ends of justice; and put his case with a force which astonished me, strong though I knew the evidence to be against me.

He spoke of it as a sad case; as a painful duty which he had to perform in conducting the prosecution of such a serious charge, against one who had hitherto borne an irreproachable character,—one who occupied a good position in society, and was commencing life with such bright prospects;—one whom he knew personally, and whose parents had been so well-known and so highly respected.

Yet, he said, he would do his duty faithfully, no matter how painful it might be.

He warned the jury that they should not allow their judgment to be influenced by their sympathies, and that they should not suffer my youth, or family connections, or the delicate nature of the relations which were said to have existed between myself and one of the daughters of the man in whose house the robbery was committed, or any consideration of her feelings, to bar the course of the due administration of the laws of the country.

Then he proceeded to detail the points which he was prepared to prove by reliable evidence—that I was received into the house of Mr. Hugh Morris as a guest—that I ingratiated myself with the family—was made aware of the value of the family-silver—and on the morning of the 25th of August, seizing an opportunity when I knew the dog had not been set on his accustomed watch in the hall, I broke open the side-board, with burglar's tools, and was discovered in the very act of filling my valise with the silver.

He said that the defence would lay great stress on my hitherto good character, and would try to set up the plea that no theft was intended, and that it was an instance, though a very remarkable instance, of somnambulism—a plea which could not stand for a single instant.

He scouted the idea of a somnambulist providing himself with burglar's tools and committing what was evidently an act of burglary.

Besides, he was prepared to show that the act could have been commit-

ted by no one else. There was no trace of any other hand in it. The window, it is true, had been found open, but it was opened from the inside, and was a clumsy attempt on my part to cover up my crime by trying to make it appear as if the room had been entered from the outside.

In fact, to his mind, the evidence was conclusive that, for reasons best known to myself, I had attempted the dreadful crime in which I had been detected, and that any sympathy which he might otherwise have felt towards a young man betrayed into such an act was destroyed by the circumstances of peculiar baseness which marked my case.

Then he called his several witnesses.

Mr. Morris, whose kind face wore an expression of pain, mingled with stern resolution, Morton, and Fanny Courtney testified to having found me in the situation I have described in the last chapter.

Morton had been awakened by Nero, whom he had, on going to bed, shut up with him in his room as we had not yet returned from boating and he could not leave him in the hall. He lighted a lamp, partly dressed himself, opened the door, and followed the dog to the dining-room, where he had great difficulty in dragging him from my throat.

Fanny Courtney further testified to first noticing the burglar's tools, which were quite new, and were produced in court.

Mr. Morris confessed to having retired with a very uneasy feeling, owing to a warning he had received that evening from a friend, and which, taken in connection with sentiments I had expressed some days before at his table, had caused him to suspect my principles, and to blame himself for having permitted me to establish such intimate relations with his family. He had no doubt whatever of my guilt.

The servants all testified against me, and no cross-questioning could shake their evidence. Crawford, the groom, had searched everywhere about the place for possible traces of any other burglar, but none could be found.

In fact, the whole evidence was against me, and there was no ground upon which to construct the apparently flimsy plea of somnambulism.

My counsel did the best he could for me by urging the great improbability of my committing such a crime. He called witnesses to testify to my hitherto blameless life. He appealed to the sympathies of the jury, and suggested that the whole matter was a mystery; but the jury was composed of hard-headed, practical men, who could not see any difficulty about the matter, and returned a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats.

I could not be surprised, as I saw how it would go from the beginning, and only felt thankful that both Ethel and myself had been spared the pain, she of testifying against me, and I of hearing her testimony.

When the Judge asked me what I had to say why sentence should not be passed against me, I had all the self-possession of despair.

I looked round upon the immense crowd that, in breathless silence, awaited my answer, and recognised a few Toronto friends and acquaintances, and the faces of many I had met during my visit, in the society at Brockville—young ladies with whom I had danced at parties and handed in and out of boats at pic-nics, and joined in riding excursions, and had heard congratulating Ethel, during those few days after our engagement was announced.

There were the young men of the place who had not regarded me with disfavour, and the fathers and mothers who had received me so hospitably at their homes.

Never had any case created such intense excitement in the pretty county-town, and the excitement had now reached its climax as the crowd waited to hear if I could offer an explanation.

My answer was ready, and was delivered with firmness and precision: 'I acknowledge that the evidence is all against me; I find no fault with the jury for convicting me—they could not have done otherwise—but I declare, nevertheless, that I am perfectly innocent of the crime laid to my charge.'

A murmur of sympathy ran through part of the court-room, while some looked amused and incredulous, and others only sad, feeling no doubt, 'poor fellow, he is obliged to make the best of it,' and a voice near me, which I was not slow to recognise, exclaimed, *sotto voce*, with an accent of assumed contempt, 'Cheeky, by Jove!'

The voice was Courtney's, and the remark was addressed to Mr. Morris, by whose side he was standing.

The judge, who had probably heard such statements as mine only too often, and regarded it as a matter of course, proceeded to pass sentence.

He gave me a long lecture, kindly meant, but, under the circumstances, quite thrown away, in which he spoke of the pain which he experienced in seeing one so young, one whose father he had counted among his friends, one brought up with all the advantages of a sound secular and religious education, in such a position as I then occupied before him, found guilty, after a fair trial and through evidence which left no room for doubt, of the crime of burglary.

He said he did not stop to ask what motives could have urged me to such a deed—strong motives there must have been, but they were known only to myself. It must have been a great temptation which led me, a gentleman, and a man whose honour had never been impugned, to such a breach of hospitality, leaving the idea of crime for the moment out of question—that impelled me to injure one to whom I stood in the relation of prospective son-in-law, and to degrade myself to a level unworthy of the affection of the woman I professed to love.

In fact, so strong were the reasons why I should not have committed the crime of which I had been found guilty, that guilt could never have been brought home to me had I not been detected in the very act. But the crime had been proved, and though I had blundered in my work, the evidence showed that it had been calculated some time before, and that much thought had been used to make the attempt a successful one.

Such being the case, he would not make my punishment so light as he might have done under other circumstances, and yet, being my first offence, he would not make it so heavy as to crush me with despair. He would sentence me to five years' penal servitude in the Provincial Penitentiary, and he trusted that it would prove corrective, and, that when the term of my imprisonment had expired, I would set myself earnestly to work to make an honest livelihood, and would by an honourable and upright life atone for my crime in the eyes of society.

When I turned to leave the dock, a piece of paper was by some unseen person thrust into my hand. I crushed it up till I had reached the cell, the turnkey had closed and locked the door, and I heard his footsteps echoing down the corridor.

Then I unfolded it and read it. It was as follows:

'DEAREST FRANK,—Never, never, never, shall I believe you guilty.

'You could not have committed a crime. Father is so stern he will not allow me even to write to you.

'I have disobeyed him once to tell you that, in spite of all, I believe in you and love you still, and will not lose heart or faith till the dreadful mystery is solved. Then we shall be happy, and till then I will pray and hope. ETHEL.'

Noble girl! I sat down, buried my my head in my hands, and wept like a child.

VI.

'HERE is a gent as is come to make a little visit, and just keep an eye to your silver, ha, ha, ha,' were the last words from the outer world, as I passed in through the gateway of the Provincial Penitentiary, and the cabby who had driven us up and now fired his parthian shaft wheeled round his cab, and drove off for the city.

Oh! that dreadful prison.

How often had I seen it from the deck of the passing steamer, with the sunlight gleaming upon its tin-roofed dome, and thought it a striking object in the landscape — something to be looked at and admired.

If I thought at all of the busy, silent lives within, of the crushed hopes and broken hearts, or worse still, of the humanity too brutalized to feel crushed and broken, it was in a light way, and with a glow of satisfaction that there was a great gulf fixed between us, which there was no danger of my passing.

Once, while in Kingston as a sight-seer, I had 'done' the Penitentiary, with others of my party, I visited the different workshops, and had the most noted convicts pointed out to me, and admired the work, and speculated as to the amount of comfort to be enjoyed in the clean-looking cells.

We [illegible] also into the chapel — and saw the table spread for dinner in the hall—and said in a chatting way, that it wasn't a bad place to live in after all.

But it is one thing to go there for an hour on a bright summer day, with a pleasant party, and in the best of humour with oneself and all the world, dressed in a suit of faultless fit and pattern, and with a reputation, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion, and quite another thing to dwell there day after day, with only the prospect of the long days growing at last into the term of years of one's sentence, wearing always that horrible parti-coloured convict's dress, and with the mark, if not the guilt, of the felon upon me.

I have had both experiences. I say *have had*, but the latter I am having now. Guiltless, I am suffering the punishment of the guilty. A man of honour, I am in the eyes of the world a felon.

It is rather a mixed society we have here.

There are men with low foreheads, and brutal, square cut heads, who were born criminals, and merely followed their instincts. Their parents or somebody before them are partly responsible, and society is partly responsible for their crime. And there are others with only the excuse of strong temptation, and the fact that 'man is very far gone from original righteousness.'

There is a doctor, who under very great provocation shot his wife; and a lawyer who was guilty of forgery; a broker who speculated and used trust funds to set up his margins; and one who had held a high position in society, and was led by an extravagant style of living into embezzlement, and there are other professional men whose crimes shall be nameless.

We live together and work together in silence, roused by the great prison bell to our labour, and called together to our cheerless meals; buried in this awful sepulchre, with only a glimpse of the outer world in the visitors who stare at us as if we were wild beasts, or a sight of the blue waters of the lake which makes us long to ride again in pleasure boats upon its surface, or to be beneath it and at rest.

And so we live our routine life, from the beginning of the week until its end.

The dull Sundays connect the dull weeks together, in an endless chain.

They are dull Sundays which might be so full of the strength and consolation which religion alone can give. But we are marched together to chapel, and, by prison rule, are not allowed to kneel or stand to take part in the service of prayer and praise.

There we sit while the service is said for us, and the sermon read in a perfunctory way without any heart in it.

A few weeks ago a stranger came to take the chaplain's duty. He was a young man, and had evidently taken a sermon hap-hazard, without first reading it over.

It was on the motives for going to Church, and was singularly inappropriate to a congregation of convicts.

I remember a passage of it, the most striking one—'People often go to Church from unworthy motives. Perhaps now, some of you have come here to-day because . . . . (a pause, looking ahead, and then in slight confusion), you had nothing else to do, and some . . . . (another pause) to meet your neighbours; and some . . . (a longer pause, and with a very red face) to criticise each other's dress; and some . . (a pause, and an apparent resolution to extemporize, and then in desperation and utter confusion) because you are wearied by the gaieties of the past week, and are seeking a balm for your consciences.'

Oh! how I have longed for some earnest man, to speak to those poor guilt-ladened hearts, and to tell them of a Saviour's priceless love, of the ransom paid, and the salvation purchased by His blood.

How many might be moved to repentance!

A new man has come to take the chaplain's duty, who has leave of absence for awhile.

Last Sunday was his first, and he obtained permission from the warden for us to kneel and stand, and take our part in the service.

It had a good effect. They say he is a Ritualist, but I do not care. He is an earnest preacher, and evidently means work, and I wish him 'God speed.'

About fifteen months have passed since I came here—it seems an age—and there is no prospect of the mystery being solved and my consequent release.

My poor dear mother—God help her—is almost heart-broken, but her faith in me is not shaken; and Ethel I have not heard from. Her father would not allow her to write to a felon, and she would not disobey his command.

But I think of her always, my only darling, and of those delightful days at Ferncliff.

Shall wrong and injustice always triumph? Shall I never be clear in the eyes of the world, and happy in the realization of my dream of love?

Is there no . . . .

I had written my narrative from time to time, as I had opportunity, in my cell, and had got thus far with it Christmas morning, when I was suddenly summoned to the warden's house. I was shown into a room, and found myself face to face with Mr. Morris, who eagerly seized my hands, fell upon his knees, and, with eyes suffused with tears, and voice choking with emotion, implored my pardon.

He said he had discovered my innocence, and had made the only reparation in his power—he had seen the Minister of Justice, and had obtained an order for my release.

I was to ask no questions, but to change my clothes as quickly as possible, and to accompany him in a cab to the station. We would have barely time to catch the train, and he would explain everything on the way.

I was only too ready to follow his instructions, and having said 'Goodbye' to the warden, and thanked him for many favours I had received at his hands, I took my seat in the cab beside my deliverer, and was driven to the station.

As we were rattling along King Street, Mr. Morris said, thrusting a paper into my hand, 'that will explain all.'

It was a letter and read as follows:

'Albany, April 8th, 18—.

'Hugh Morris, Esq.

'Dear Sir,—Thomas Slogan, a prisoner under sentence of death for a

murder committed while engaged in an act of burglary, has made the following confession to me :—

'On the evening of the 27th August, 18—when the family were on the verandah, he entered your house by the open window of the dining-room, and concealed himself under the sofa. After the house had been shut up, and the family had retired to rest, he opened the window to effect his escape, in case of surprise, broke open the sideboard, and took out the silver, with the view of selecting the most valuable articles. While thus engaged, he heard a step in the hall, and the next moment a young man entered the room, with a valise in his hand, and his eyes fixed with the glassy stare of one walking in his sleep. Thus disturbed in his work, he made his escape through the window on to the hard gravel path below, leaving in his hurry his tools behind him.

'He heard of the arrest and trial of the young man, and thought it a good joke that the "Gent" should get a taste of prison life.

'He is now moved by penitence, in the fear of death, to make this confession.

'He wishes me, moreover, to say that if the young man's counsel had had his wits about him, he would have found out that there was no light in the room when his client was discovered there, and that no man could have done the work at the side-board without one. Slogan carried off his dark lantern with him.

'I enclose the substance of the above, in legal form, together with the affidavits of the witnesses, and remain, yours truly, CHARLES HALL, Rector of Calvary Church.'

'And now,' said Mr. Morris, when I had finished,' I am going to take you to Ferncliff. Ethel is dying to see you, and we are all anxious to make you every satisfaction for the wrong we have done. I would not not have believed the evidence had not Courtney poisoned my mind against you.'

'Thank you most heartily,' I replied, 'but my mother has the first claim upon me, and no consideration would induce me to rob her of her joy. I must go to Morrisburg.'

'I have thought of that. You will find your mother with us.'

Why should I try to describe that Christmas, overflowing as it was with joy!

All did their best to make amends for the past, and even 'Nero' seemed to know that he had made a mistake, and came and meekly licked my hand.

I was a hero in the family and in the world. on account of the fortitude with which I had borne my misfortunes, and the public press changed its tone, and was as loud in its praises as it had been in its censures.

But Ethel had not changed, and in her mind were no regrets.

The morning after Christmas, as I was alone in the library, writing to my friend, the manager of the bank in Toronto, Ethel came in, leaned over my shoulder, and took up some of the sheets of this manuscript from my portfolio.

'What is this?' she asked.

'My amusement as a convict, darling.'

Then I read it to her, and, at her request, finished it.

'And now, what shall I call it?'

'Christmas at Ferncliff.'

'But that is the least part of it.'

'And yet the best,' she replied, as she rested her head on my shoulder and pressed her cheek close to mine.

THE END.

WATCHING FOR A SIGN.

BY S. J. WATSON, TORONTO.

'MID the tombs of the Pharaohs, with wistful eyes,
The lone Sphinx, lord of the sweltering sands,
Bends his far, sad gaze on the Eastern skies;
Time scowls and stalks past him with folded hands,
Afraid to wound the weird watcher in stone,
Who looks for a sign toward the morning's throne.

The soul of the Greek has thirsted long,
For some herald-hope, for some heaven-sent sign,
Which shines not from his golden mount of song,
Nor in wisdom of yore, nor in sage nor shrine;
But his gods are dumb, their lone altars cold,
And Life's mysteries dark as they were of old.

* * * * * *

Might was steeping its lips in the cup of crime,
Kept full by the wounds of the world in tears;
Freedom had died, and her enemy, Time,
'Neath the ponderous hoofs of his pitiless years,
Was stamping her deeper down: Despair
Brooded o'er the world she had made her lair.

* * * * * *

'Tis night: the rapt sage, in his Chaldean home,
Reads the book on the bosom of darkness spread;
When he sees, on the firmament's purple dome,
A new star in the crown on the midnight's head;
Yet it rests not there, but flames and flies
To its goal in Bethlehem's jewelled skies.

Shine on, star-sign of the new-born age!
By thy light we see that God furled the scroll
Of the hopeless Past, on whose dismal page
Lurked the terrible riddle that vexed the soul,
When it asked, if saint or if sage could know
Whence man had come, and where man would go

For babe and for weakling, for woman and slave
A new earth arose from the old earth's dust:
Christ over it poured His heart's love-wave,
And up sprang Brotherhood, Truth and Trust,
Which, bridging Hate's gulf with their healing wings,
Made of outcasts priests, and of bondsmen kings.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.*

BY LEWIS MOFFATT, TORONTO.

THE present condition of a large portion of the inhabitants of Ireland is most deplorable, great numbers are on the verge of starvation, and appeals for aid on their behalf are made to the wealthy and charitable in the British Dominions, in the United States, and also in other countries. Poverty always abounds in Ireland : it seems to be chronic in that unhappy country, but every few years a season of extreme destitution occurs, owing principally to a failure in the harvest, and consequently a cry of agony is then raised, that extends from the shores of the Island to the dwellers in more favoured countries. This cry has often been heard, and as often been practically answered by sympathising people, who have contributed of their substance to relieve those who stretched out their hands to them in their emergency.

The requests that are now so urgently made for assistance, are being promptly and heartily responded to; large amounts of money and provisions are being collected and forwarded for the benefit of those who require relief, and the probability is that enough will be obtained to meet the present emergency; but as public attention has been so impressively called to the wretchedness of Ireland, would it not be well to consider whether anything could be done to prevent a recurrence of those painful events, which, to a more or less extent, are so frequently thrust upon the notice of the world? It is not creditable to Ireland, nor to the Great British Empire of which it forms so important a part, that it should be obliged to assume such a humiliating position as it now exhibits. Are there any means that can be devised in order to make this public application for charitable assistance the last it shall be obliged to put forth? Can anything be done to remove the causes that produce the effects under which it at present suffers, and which, for many years, have kept it in a state of tribulation and discontent?

Ireland is mainly an agricultural country, and the great majority of its population derive their subsistence from their farms. The condition of the people therefore depends in a special manner upon their relation to the soil. Is its land extensive enough for their numbers? Is it advantageously owned, and judiciously worked? and are the revenues derived from it properly expended?

In a speech made by Mr. Dowd, at a large meeting held in New York a short time since, he said that the Island contained about twenty million acres, on which reside about five millions of people; this would give an average of about four acres to each individual were the surface equally divided among them. Assuming that Mr. Dowd is correct, which, I think, is the case, as he speaks as one having personal experience of the facts, it would appear that the country, making due allowance for pleasure grounds, and for waste places, and bearing in mind that a certain number of the community are engaged in trades, in

* This paper was written in the early part of the present year, as suggestions to friends in England; the allusions to events then current should be read in view of this fact.

commerce, and in other occupations, was fairly capable of sustaining its present population. If so, this would dispose of the question as to the extent of area.

Then as to the advantageous ownership of the land. The position is that most of the country is owned by comparatively few persons, and is held by them under such laws as make it almost impossible for most of the peasants ever to own even a single acre of the domains they occupy. The custom of many of the large landowners is to live out of the country, and to let their estates in parcels to tenants, who sub-let to others, who sub-let in their turn, and so on, until at last the allotments come down to mere patches that are worked by the tenants of many tenants, each lessor attempting to make something out of the lessee, and it is evident, the great burden of these transactions falls at last upon the ultimate, and poorest link in the chain. It is not to be expected that land, held in such a manner, would be judiciously worked, or could be said to be advantageously owned.

I will now consider how the revenues derived from the tenantry are expended. All the lands in Ireland are not treated in the way I have described: some of the landlords reside in the country, and either farm their own properties, or else rent them to immediate tenants, allowing of no middlemen. The rents and profits received by these landlords are expended in their respective neighbourhoods to the benefit of all parties concerned, but the remainder of these landlords, and these among the largest proprietors, act otherwise. They are non-resident, and allow their estates to be let and re-let, careless of how they are managed, provided the rents are paid to them as they become due, their object being to screw as large a rental as they can out of their tenantry, with as little trouble as possible. They form the class well known under the name of absentees, and as such, drain the country continuously of a large amount of its annual earnings. It is impossible that any community can be prosperous that is subjected to such a mode of treatment: of course there are noble exceptions to the class I have described.

The resident and the absentee proprietors differ widely in many respects as to their characteristics and their degree of influence on society, yet several of them agree in this, they are large landholders, although they are comparatively few in number, yet they hold their estates in huge blocks, and under laws that are adverse to its distribution into small portions. Some of them, perhaps, would sell if they could, but it may be their estates are encumbered, and perhaps entailed, their titles may be complicated, and even if they were disposed to sell, they might have great difficulty in finding suitable purchasers.

Irish tenants are not the only persons that have suffered. Owing to the treatment of the lands I have described, the landlords have very frequently failed to obtain the returns they might expect from their estates. Bad farming and unpropitious seasons have often rendered it impossible for the tenants to pay the amounts of their rents, and it has occurred that landlords, some from good nature, and some from stern necessity, have forgiven portions of rent to them by impecunious tenants: indeed the land laws of the country have proved injurious to the true interests of the community as a whole.

It is allowed by all who have given attention to Irish affairs that they are in an unsatisfactory position, and that it would be very desirable if an improvement could be made in them. It is acknowledged that Ireland suffers under many grievances that create not only poverty, but also discontent, and it has been often asked, can these unfavourable circumstances be removed or even diminished. Various plans have been proposed as likely to

bring about such results: some of these plans have been of an extreme character, and would never be agreed to by the landholders. Among the best of the methods proposed, that of Mr Bright takes a prominent position, but the adoption of it, in my opinion, is not desirable, as it would entail a great amount of expense, and throw too much responsibility on the government, which it would not be judicious to assume.

It is the object of this paper to suggest a method that seems to me to be simple and practicable, one, that if carried out, would materially change the face of the country, and partly improve the condition of its inhabitants, and that in an easy, constitutional manner and a mode that would not interfere with the vested rights of the present estate holders. The scheme is not one that aims at giving merely temporary relief, or at transiently assisting the tenantry of Ireland, and leaving them exposed in future years to disasters similar to those under which they now suffer. It aims at radically altering and elevating their whole social standing for all time to come.

It appears to me that the estates of the country are too extensive, and in too few hands, that it would be much better for the nation if the ownership were more divided among the community, and that if the estates were so divided the soil would be better cultivated, and therefore would yield larger returns for the labour bestowed upon it.

The plan I propose is this, let the landlords, who may desire to do so, surrender their estates to the Government, or to commissioners appointed for that purpose, sitting in Dublin, with branches in each county or subdivision of county, each with its staff of land-surveyors and valuators, which shall report to the central board in Dublin. This would insure despatch as well as uniformity of procedure. Let the owners receive an an amount of scrip to be issued by the Government equal to the worth of their lands, as ascertained by proper valuators; let the commissioners then divide these properties into smaller holdings, or into such parcels as would best meet the demand in the various localities, and sell them to persons prepared to purchase them at prices not less than the valuations of the experts. The Government would accept lands whose titles were to their satisfaction. If necessary, an Act of Parliament could be passed to cure defects. The deeds issued by the Government to the purchasers of these divided lands to be absolute, in fact patents from the Crown. Registry Offices to be established for the enrolment of deeds and documents affecting the lands.

Suppose the Government acquired and distributed 1,000,000 acres in this manner, and say they were valued at £20 per acre, this would be £20,000,000, for which stock would be issued for the amount, bearing 3 per cent. interest per annum, payable half-yearly. This stock I propose shall be handed over to the landholders *pro rata* in payment of their lands, such stock to be either perpetual or terminable. When desired, the law of entail can be extended from the land to its *value*, invested in the Government Funds, which stock shall he held liable to all the conditions of the law of entail as will be explained presently.

Let this 1,000,000 acres be sold to purchasers, in small blocks, at the £20 per acre mentioned above, payable, say, in four quinquennial periods, interest half-yearly in advance on amount unpaid, at 5 per cent. per annum. Of this 5 per cent. the Government would pay the landlord 3 per cent. as a dividend on the amount of his stock, half-yearly, and retain the 2 per cent. for charges and expenses of various descriptions. At the end of twenty years, the unexpended portion of the 2 per cent. might be handed to the landlords *pro rata*.

Let us take an example. A landlord surrenders his estate of 1,000 acres to the Government, he would receive 3 per cent. scrip for this, to the amount of £20,000, interest payable thereon half-yearly £300, (£600 per annum) the land would be divided into plots of various dimensions, a person would purchase one plot, containing, say five acres, the cost of this at £20 per acre, would be £100; he would pay the first half-year's interest or rent £2 10s. cash down, and thereafter half-yearly in advance, for five years, when he would pay his first instalment of £25; then, of course, his interest or rent would be correspondingly diminished, and so on, until at the end of the twenty years he would have paid all off, principal and interest, and have acquired an absolute right to his little estate. This mode, if carried out, would, in a few years, fill the island with a sturdy, prosperous and contented body of small landholders.

As to the Government scrip, to be handed to the landlords, they might elect whether they would have it perpetual or terminable. If perpetual, the Government would retain the quinquennial payments for their own use; but if the landlords desired it, they might have the scrip terminable, in which case they would have the quinquennial instalments handed over to them, consequently their scrip and interest would be proportionally diminished at each payment, and in twenty years the whole transaction would come to an end. In either mode, the unused portion of the 2 per cent. retained half-yearly, would, at the close of the transaction, be handed over to the landlord, the object of the Government being, not to make money on the lands, but to facilitate their distribution. If there were any incumbrances on an estate at the time of its transfer to the commissioners, these officers would retain a sufficient amount of scrip to satisfy these claims, and as moneys were received from the small purchasers, they would liquidate the amount due.

The values I have put on the lands and on their rentals, and the terms of payments of instalments on sales, are merely mentioned for the sake of illustrating the scheme. They could all be altered to suit the values of the purchases; such alterations would not interfere with the general feature of the project.

For the convenience of purchasers, the Government could either create a new bank of deposit, or use, say, the Bank of Ireland for that purpose. The Bank should have branch offices in various places, in all centres of labour, to which the purchasers could pay their half-yearly rents, and also, from time to time, deposit sums to provide for the quinquennial payments, in fact, to be the Savings Banks of the people, without the restrictions and limitations of the ordinary Savings Banks. A liberal rate of interest should be allowed on these deposits, everything should be done to induce the people to deal directly with the State, without the intervention of middlemen; they should be educated to regard the Government as the custodian of their interests, and their best friend. The cost of management of these Banks would be moderate, considering the amount of work done by them, and the feeling of security they would impart to the community. I consider their establishment highly desirable, indeed, essential to the success of the whole undertaking.

The advantages resulting from the proposed division of the estates would not be confined to the small purchasers, the large landholders would also be participants, as by means of the arrangement, they would readily obtain fair values, and in the large majority of cases considerably increased values, for their properties, and in many instances receive an amount of Government scrip therefor, the interest of which would vastly exceed the value of their present rentals, and this with-

out trouble, expense, or uncertainty to them. They would exchange a certainty for an uncertainty, and at an increase of rental. An additional benefit that would follow would be, that the vexatious and difficult subject of tenant rights would be avoided. It would be well, however, for the scheme to embrace a provision that should a purchaser be able to show that he had really effected substantial improvements on his property, an extension of the times of payment might be granted to him.

I think it most likely that many of the large landholders would, if the Government offered to purchase their domains on the terms now propounded, readily accept and transfer their properties accordingly; this would induce others to follow their example, as they would soon see that Government scrip was much better than uncultivated estate and a dissatisfied tenantry. In my opinion the gentry of Ireland would willingly adopt any means that would promote the national prosperity, if a feasible scheme were submitted for their consideration.

There would be no difficulty in disposing of the estates if they were divided into small holdings. The intense desire of the Irish people to hold land is well known. They will even now take up their small patches at what to them are enormous rentals, and the competition evinced for occupancy encourages the landlords to refrain from making those improvements, either to the grounds or to the houses, that are customary in England; indeed, the houses might be more correctly termed hovels, many of them not being fit for human habitation.

In order to recommend the adoption of this scheme, and to show what I believe would be its results, I will narrate the events of a Canadian undertaking, to which I think it will bear a strong resemblance.

Some sixty years ago a gentleman, under certain circumstances, was induced to purchase a township, embracing some 40,000 or 50,000 acres which were covered for the most part by a dense forest. He laid this land out in plots of 100 and 200 acres, and offered them for sale. He sold them on the terms say of one-fourth or one-fifth cash down, and the balance in yearly instalments, with interest on amount unpaid. Some purchasers were able to make the cash payments, but many were not, and had nothing to offer in security but their brave hearts and willing hands. The gentleman for some time felt quite discouraged at the prospects of his venture, but a shrewd friend advised him to 'hold on,' assuring him that as the land was gradually cleared up, and brought under cultivation, the settlers would be able to raise crops and pay all their arrears. This assurance proved correct, and the end of the matter was that the gentleman, the head of a large family, was enabled, from the sales of his township, after retaining an ample competence for himself, to settle *in his lifetime* a handsome fortune on each of his children, whose descendants to this day reap the benefit of their ancestor's enterprise. As for the township, it is now well cleared and settled, and one of the best in Canada; and it has been brought to its present condition by men many of whom, when they began their labours on it, were about as poor as men could be. Now, if these Canadian settlers could hew for themselves comfortable homes out of the forest, with only the then limited markets in which to dispose of their products, under how much better auspices would the Irish farmer start, with his lands all cleared to his hand, and, in addition, lying within an easy distance of the best markets in the world.

The Canadian Government has a mode of rendering assistance to settlers in the backwoods that might be adopted in Ireland—that is, by making grants of money to construct roads, bridges, or other improvements. The settlers may, if they

like, work on these undertakings, and thus earn money to assist them, during the first few years of their struggle in the bush, to support their families and to pay the instalments on their lands. The British Government might undertake public works in Ireland upon or near the estates under consideration, on which, perhaps, many of the purchasers could find employment, and the workmen would deposit in the branch or savings banks as much of their earnings as they could afford, and thus be assisted to provide for the amount of the quinquennial instalments on their little freeholds.

It is true the Government frequently spends a considerable amount of money on public works in Ireland, but the funds so distributed, afford merely temporary relief to those who may be employed on them ; nothing permanent results from the assistance thus given, but if the labourers had before their eyes the prospect of securing a comfortable homestead, they would be stimulated to make exertions and practise frugality in order to accomplish so desirable a result. Under fair circumstances, there are no more frugal or industrious men than Irishmen, this is continually shown here, in Canada, some of whose most prosperous citizens are of that nationality. It is well known that great numbers of the Irish peasants go over yearly to England, to assist the farmers to gather in their harvests, and thus earn a few pounds with which to pay the rents of their miserable holdings at home, and surely the men who would go to such a distance to earn money to discharge their mere rents, would gladly work, if necessary doubly hard, in their own country to ensure to them the acquisition of a piece of freehold property.

If the British Government deemed it advisable, they might make a special grant to the purchasers, to assist them, say in the payment of their first instalment of rent, or interest, but this would be quite as an act of favour. It must be borne in mind, that for the first twenty years, the purchasers would pay merely interest and instalments, all rates and charges on land being paid during that time by the Government, out of the two per cent. retained by them, but at the expiration of the twenty years, the purchasers would become educated to assume these responsibilities, and would in fact become "Home Rulers" through their municipal government.

I do not wish at all to discourage emigration from Ireland to Canada, I believe it would greatly benefit Ireland if she sent her surplus population to this country, where there is ample room for any number of settlers, but a certain amount of people will always prefer to remain in the land of their nativity, rather than encounter the trials consequent upon a removal to a far off country.

If at any time, a small proprietor wanted to sell his holding, he could easily find a purchaser, who would recompense him for his improvements or payments thereon, indeed the probability is, that on account of these improvements, the place would have increased so much in value that the settler would make a profit from his outlay on it.

The creation of a class of small yeoman landholders would be of great advantage to Ireland, it would calm the public mind, get rid of agitators and immediately please the people, as it would bring the land back into the hands of the descendants of those who owned the country in olden times. It would give to the new proprietors of the soil a direct and important stake in the country, and make them deeply interested in its peace and advancement. The benefits that would result to England would be equally great. She would have a poor and discontented neighbour changed into a thriving and satisfied friend, for Ireland, by enjoying her own recourses, would rapidly accumulate wealth. The people

of both countries would recognize that their great interests were identical, and desire each other's prosperity, for Ireland would find in England a ready and lucrative market for her agricultural products, and in consequence become enriched. She would, in her turn, consume a large amount of English manufactures, the profits on which would be much more valuable to England, than the amount of money now spent in it by the Irish absentees. Reciprocal advantages would bind the islands together, and make them indeed the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Thus the moral and material interests of a free and generous people would be assured and a great national object attained, without infringing on vested rights, and (since the scheme is self supporting) without adding to the burdens of the State.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

GENTLY blow the winds at even,
Whispering to the benoing flowers
Words of love and tender greeting,
Spoken but in evening hours;
And the trees take up the burden
Of the love song soft and low,
And the brooklet is the echo,
With its gentle murm'ring flow.
Birds above their songs are trilling,
Cradled in the leafy trees,
Sweet the music borne towards us,
On the wand'ring evening breeze!
And the song they sing, my darling,
Is the mystery of love,
Wondrous power! which holds dominion,
Over court, and camp, and grove.
On such nights so clear, so tranquil,
All the moonlit earth is rife
With a mystic dreamy radiance,
With a happy, love-born life!
For such nights are made for loving
When the earth is hushed to rest,
And the moonlight's silver mantle
Trails along its sleeping breast.
Bird and breezes, tree and brooklet,
Join to sing the glorious theme,
And the music floateth onward
As the music in a dream.
Soft and low the anthem pealeth,
And the sweet notes, as they roll,
Cast a dream-cloud o'er the senses
And a rapture o'er the soul.
Yet there still is something wanting,
Still a need which nought can meet,
Only when in Heaven we gather
Shall earth's love be made complete.

— *Esperanza*

ROUND THE TABLE.

LUCRETIUS AND THE DOCTRINE OF NATURAL SELECTION.

I have not *seen* it anywhere noticed, though it may have been, that the germs of the now famous doctrine of natural selection or the survival of the fittest, as the result of certain advantages possessed by the surviving creature over its fellows in the sharp struggle for life, are to be found in the writings (Book V.) of the poet Lucretius. He therein states that, in the long course of the ages, nature had given birth to other creatures than those found existing in our present world, but that they had been weeded out because of certain structural and constitutional disadvantages of birth; whereas the existing ones survive because they were stronger or swifter or more cunning. He also adds that even some of the weaker creatures were continued in existence owing to their possessing certain qualities of use to creatures higher than themselves, and who therefore protected them, as in the case of sheep by men.

I quote the passages referred to from Creech's not very literal poetical translation. Speaking of the long series of the ages, our poet sings:

'But more; these years must numerous kinds deface;
They could not all preserve their feeble race:
For those we see remain and bear their young,
Craft, strength, and swiftness hath preserved so long.
Many their profit and their use commends,
Those species man preserves, kind man defends.
Wild beasts' and lions' race their native rage
Preserves secure through all-devouring age.
But those to whom kind nature gave no force,
No courage, strength, or swiftness to the course,
Thus doomed by chance, they lived an easy prey
To all, and thus their kinds did soon decay.'

Or, as he had said before,

'A thousand such in vain arose from earth.'

Whether the law of variation, coupled with that of natural selection, be an adequate account of the various phenomena of life, I am far from undertaking to affirm. But I thought that this reference might be interesting to those whose attention had not been directed to it, as serving to bridge over and unite the past with the present, and to show that there are few things (and thoughts) absolutely new under the sun.

J. A. Allen.

[Our guest appears to have forgotten the address by Professor Tyndall at Belfast, in which Lucretius' forecast of the theory was mentioned.—Ed. C. M.]

LABOUR, PRODUCTIVE AND NON-PRODUCTIVE.

F. B. R. calls my little contribution to the Table of the October *Monthly* 'superficial and fallacious,' 'unwise and fallacious,' (fallacious, you see, is the favourite) 'not to say nonsensical.' No doubt F. B. R. knows all about it, and I bow at once to that decision. When I said that a wife might be all that was 'excellent and admirable, and all that was beautiful and lovable,' I certainly thought that I was not niggardly. That, however, it seems, did not satisfy F. B. R. We must have 'holiest and most reverend,' 'charmed circle' and 'sacred work,' 'noblest creature in the glorious universe,' and man made by her 'more angel and less worm.' With all my heart, only I had not all those fine words and ideas at command. Still, I think that wives will like my estimation best. F. B. R. says that 'that their influence is almost infinitely far-reaching in its effects for good or evil' (for good *or evil*). Now, I said nothing about evil. And this evil, we are told, may affect 'the character and happiness of her husband, of herself, of her children, of her servants, of her friends, of all that come within the charmed circle. Far-reaching indeed! *O, fortunati nimium*, for whom this influence is for good and not for evil!

I thought, I confess, that it was a purely 'economic' question, that of the payment of a wife's debts by her husband. I thought that the labour which paid

debts was 'productive,' and that that which did not pay debts was 'non-productive.' I fear I am still suffering from the same weakness. F. B. R. will not have it so, but makes it a 'sentimental' question, which is the name that Mrs. Oliphant has given to it.

F. B. R. toils up-hill a long way in in order to raise the wife to the summit of superiority over the husband, and then drops her down again, telling us that the matter is 'utterly incapable of analysis into what is due to one and what to the other.'

F. B. R. is very strongly of opinion that the qualities of a good wife enable her husband 'to accomplish more and to produce more than without them he could hope to do.' Now then, we come to the 'economic' question, pure and simple,—what the husband's work *produces*. Let us suppose two partners in business or occupation of any kind. Do they divide profits unequally because he who is married earns or produces more than he who is not? Then let us suppose that the latter takes to himself a wife. Does he from that moment find his business or professional capacity improve? but that politeness forbids, I think I might call any such idea as that 'nonsensical.' The 'true wife,' who remains at home, who is true in every sense of the word, and who pretends to nothing that is untrue, is quite sensible that she knows nothing about the processes by which her husband accomplishes or produces his ends, and that she cannot aid them or influence them to the extent of a single dollar, one way or another. What he brings home to her she expends to the best of her power; be it more, she can spend more; be it less, she makes less suffice. She does her duty. She can do no more. It may be lighter or heavier. That is in the chapter of chances. As years pass on, the husband generally produces more; his business facilities are enlarged; his professional connection extends itself; he gets on in life. He makes a successful stroke in commerce; he performs a remarkable cure or operation; his capital or his credit increases. His wife shares in the benefit derived from it, but in what way has she aided it? The truer she is, the readier she is to acknowledge that.

From generals let us proceed to personals. Some have had great success in life; others have had none. Will any one be 'nonsensical' enough to draw the line between those who have had wives and those who have not? Shakespeare did not owe what he accomplished to his wife; during all the time when his wonderful works were produced, he lived apart from her. He left her a poor man, he returned to her a rich one. Milton's greatest work was produced after his wife died. Lords Byron and Lytton, and Charles Dickens were all separated from their wives. That did not prevent them from producing works of great genius, acquiring great fame, and earning large sums of money. Neither Johnson nor Goldsmith was married. One of them was poor at first but never in pecuniary difficulties; the other was never out of them. Southey had a good wife; he was in hopes all his life that 'the constable might come up with him.' Walter Scott had a good wife; his pecuniary embarrassments killed him before his time. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir Thomas Lawrence all acquired titles and fame and much money; not one of them was ever married. And so on, and so on, *ad infinitum*. In *all* professions, in *all* pursuits, you will find it the same. A man has a successful career, or he plods through life just keeping the wolf from the door. In either case he may have a 'true wife.' If you attempt to establish any such rule as that promulgated by F. B. R., you must make it tell both ways. Such a one made a fortune. Aye, he had a good wife. Such a one was ruined and died a beggar. Aye, he had a bad wife.

In the first paper on this subject F. said 'the husband is the protector and breadwinner.' Most indubitably true. Bread to eat, and protection to eat it in peace, these are the *alpha* and *omega* of existence. Bread is the staff of life. It is none the worse for being buttered, though F. B. R. seems to hold it in some contempt in that condition. We are told that we 'do not live to eat, we eat to live.' Most indubitably true again. Therefore without eating we should not live. Therefore our lives depend upon the bread we eat. Therefore we owe our existence to the breadwinner. Therefore the opportunity of performing all those admirable duties,—and even doubts that they *are* admirable—of which F. B. R. speaks so enthusiastically, is due to the breadwinner. Without the breadwinner there would be no bread to eat (let alone butter) no wives, no children, no duties.

Granted the breadwinner, and all falls into its place harmoniously. Then comes the opportunity and occasion for the display of all feminine virtues, inestimable qualities and virtues, to which I now make a deep reverence and obeisance.

A. B. C.

THE WIFE'S CONTRIBUTION OF TIME AND LABOUR.

It is always satisfactory when one has sent a paragraph out into the dark, as it were, to find that it has been at least read and considered. On this account it was rather a satisfaction than otherwise, to find, in the October number of the Canadian Monthly, a paragraph attacking one of my positions. It is a still greater satisfaction, of course, to find, in the November number, a paragraph so ably defending the assailed position, that it seems almost needless to say anything more about it, especially as F. B. R. has said almost exactly what I should have said had I observed the paragraph of A. B. C. in time to reply to it. I am very glad that this so happened; for the more opinions we have on this subject the better; and for this reason, and because The Table is intended expressly for the free interchange of thought and expression, I shall add a few remarks to what F. B. R. has said so well.

In pointing out that the wife is really the '*loaf-giver*,' I supposed that any reader would recognise the allusion to the etymological meaning of the word *lady*, which is simply the old Saxon *hlæfdige* or *loaf-giver*. When words thus embody the conception of a people, it will generally be found that the conception is not altogether an incorrect one. Most people will recognise the beauty of the ideal of the good wife and house mother as the *loaf-giver*, while the husband and father is the *bread-winner*—bringing home, as it were, the raw material of domestic life, which her loving care and industry transform into what is needed, in all its details, for the comfort of her household. She actually accomplishes the miracle spoken of by A. B. C. in 'making two loaves stand where one stood before;' whether she, with her own hands, as do so many good wives, at once saves the baker's profit, and provides more wholesome food for her household, or by more intelligent and judicious oversight and direction, guards the economy of the *ménage* in every direction from the waste and misappropriation so certain to ensue from the hands of careless hirelings. What F. B. R. says as to the productiveness of the wife's labour in increasing the product of her husband's efforts in merely providing him with more favourable conditions for his labour is assuredly true, but more than this can be claimed for the industrious and thrifty wife of the working man; whether he work with his hands or his head — whether she bakes her own bread or scrubs her own floors and 'gars auld claes look amaist as weel as new,' or applies the higher capabilities of a cultivated woman to make the home of the professional man with a limited income, bright and attractive as that which is supplied by *wealth alone* can never be. Every one who has had much to do with the poorer classes knows well how ruinous it is, in a merely pecuniary point of view, to a poor man to lose his wife, and how a poor widower with a large family finds himself compelled to marry again with what would be, but for the necessity, indecent haste. Whereas, how often does it happen that the poor widow, left with a large family, takes up the burden and bears it with her almost unaided exertions until the children can earn their own support. And how often may we compare two families in which the husbands are equally sober, industrious, steady, in fact have started under equally favourable conditions, *except only* in the character of their wives. Yet you will find, to-day, that the family in which the wife is active, managing, economical, is far ahead of the other in prosperity and comfort. To whom is the 'meed of thanks' due *there* for the difference? Mrs. Oliphant gives us an instance of a wife who had more than doubled the actual income of the family by the labour of her own hands in taking boarders, and yet the husband would talk magnanimously about *giving* his wife a pair of gloves! If the labour of the industrious wife is to be excluded from the class of 'productive labour,' so must that of the baker, the tailor, the artisan class generally. Indeed it often happens, in our modern complex civilization, that the wife's work comes far more truly under the head of 'productive labour' than

does the husband's, even though he gives his work to the outside world for money, and she gives her's to the home for love. Moreover, the *intangible* results of the wife's labours can never be appraised at a pecuniary value, simply because they can never be bought. But we have, it is to be hoped, other and higher tests of productiveness than dollars and cents! Man does not live by bread alone, neither do children. 'Hungry little mouths' need something more than bread and butter to fit them for the work of life. They want mother love, watching, training and tending, sympathy and companionship. Every noble man who has had a true mother has felt and acknowledged that he owed her that which no money could ever repay, which no other could ever have supplied, and this without in the least detracting from his father's due.

Furthermore, the work of the true wife and mother is of a far more continuous and exacting nature than that of the great majority of masculine employments, than almost any, if we except doctors and railway brakesmen. The husband, however hard he may work, has his hours of labour and his hours of rest. The work of the wife and mother is *never* done. It demands her whole time and vigilance and vitality, in fact her whole self. Under the strain many constitutions, not robust, break down into premature and chronic ill health, if not into premature graves. And the burden is too often made heavier for the wife by the ignorance or niggardliness of the husband in giving her an insufficient allowance for the style of housekeeping which he expects in his home. How often does worrying anxiety how to 'make the ends meet' wear away the wife's brightness and elasticity, when the husband is quite able to supply what would be amply sufficient, to give her a margin, besides, for the charities and other expenses which she should be able to meet easily and cheerfully, though she too often is not.

These things being undeniably true, it seems absurdly superfluous to attempt to prove the assertion that 'the wife's contribution of time and labour' are her fair share of the family burden. Men may differ as to the limitation or non-limitation of woman's 'sphere,' but outside of Turkey there should hardly be two opinions as to the dignity and vital importance of her work in the *home*, nor should any true man desire to 'filch away half the credit' from *her*. The male bird may be very faithful and industrious in picking up worms and '*grub*' for his nestlings, but he will hardly be thought a very modest bird if he claim the whole credit of their nurture, ignoring the patient sitting of the mother bird, and the vital warmth she supplies, as necessary a condition of their life as the food he brings. It will never raise the attributes of true fathers on earth, to attempt to disparage and belittle those of true *mothers*.

F.

EXTREME VIEWS ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

THE little tempest of disapproval called forth by the protest of the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell against the extreme language of some total abstinence speakers shows how hard it is for even good and thoroughly well-meaning men to be tolerant of those who differ from them in regard to a favourite hobby. For there is no doubt that, simply from a too exclusive gaze on one particular evil, total abstinence *does* become a hobby—nay, even a *religion* with some. To those who know that Mr. Macdonnell has been in practice a total abstainer from boyhood, it is somewhat amusing to see a prominent total abstinence journal 'hoping' that he may not follow in the footsteps of some anti-temperance orator who had fallen a victim to the moderate drinking he advocated! We all know what such '*hope nots*' mean when we hear them from gossips in private life. Is there no evil in such a '*suppressio falsi*,' as the writer might easily have ascertained it to be?

The present writer has fought hard for the trial of prohibition in Canada, and would not be suspected by readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, at any rate, of indifference to the evils of intemperance and the safeguard of total abstinence. But, just because total abstainers, under an overpowering sense of the curse of intemperance, so easily glide into fanaticism on the subject, does it seem necessary, occasionally, to protest against the bigotry and narrowness of those who would make total abstinence a virtue *per se*, and the temperate use of wine *in itself* a sin. If this were so, total abstinence would of course be incumbent

on every man, without referring to others, whereas it is its greatest glory that it is frequently the sacrifice of an *innocent* gratification by persons who could use it innocently, for the good of others. No one who has any but the most contracted view of human life, can help admitting that wine and other mild alcoholic beverages appear to have a place of their own in *normal* human life,—and that even the stronger and more dangerous are like medicines, at times useful and even necessary. Therefore Mr. Macdonnell was perfectly correct in calling total abstinence an exceptional remedy for an exceptional state of things which prevails in Canada, but does *not* prevail in every quarter of the world. He and many others fully admit that it is the best and safest course in this exceptional state of things; but think it would be still better, and a *possible* state of things not to be despaired of, that every individual should be so guided and ruled by Christian self-control as to be able to use without abusing that which is bad only because of its abuse. But, so far as human appearances go, this state of things is yet far in the future; and just because so many individuals carry heavy weights in the shape of mental and moral weakness, hereditary predisposition, lack of moral training. &c., &c, would I and many others like to see them guarded, until a fairer start could be made, by the wall of Prohibition if that could be secured and carried out by the consent and moral support of the community; the stronger being willing to bear the burden of the weak. But as this,—the Christian law of self-sacrifice, is the principle on which those who might safely use alcoholic beverages, deny themselves their use, it is obviously out of place to attack those who do not feel called to make the sacrifice as if their moderate use were wrong *per se*. I, for one, though a total abstainer myself, am rather glad that that *every* one else is not one, for it seems necessary to keep some people in mind that the thing *can* be used without being abused. And it cannot be fairly said that the example of the moderate use *encourages* others in the *abuse*, although it is for each one to consider whether his example and influence may not lead an unwary brother into paths in which *he* at least may stumble and fall. It is a question of which every one must be fully persuaded in his own mind; and while I decidedly regard total abstinence, as a *practice*, as the safer course in the special circumstances of our time and country, I would heartily welcome temperance associations on a wider basis than that of *pledged* total abstinence, and would heartily join hands with all who would in any mode, positive or negative, give their aid in the great battle against the foul fiend Intemperance.

F.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Bricks Without Straw. A Novel, by Albion W. Tourgee, LL.D., author of 'A Fool's Errand,' &c. Montreal: Dawson Bros., 1880.

Judge Tourgee has been better than his word. His title-page promises us a novel, and he gives us besides a rather elaborate study of negro character and an historical sketch of southern society since the close of the war of secession, with ample and detailed accounts of State Legislation on the 'coloured question' thrown into the bargain. In form perhaps the mixture is a little heavy, the 'baking powder' does not seem to have worked evenly so as to leaven the whole lump, which consequently remains rather doughy in parts. For instance, after an impassioned love scene between Hesden Le Moyne, the high spirited Southern gentleman, and Mollie Ainslie, the beautiful little Yankee 'school-marm,' who offends the neighbourhood by demeaning herself to teach 'niggers,' it is a come down to find a chapter on Hesden's

gradual change of views on the subject of white predominance, split up thus (with numbered paragraghs in an inner margin):

'He had arrived at the following conclusions:

1. 'That it was a most fortunate and providential thing that the confederacy had failed, &c.

2. 'That the emancipation of the slaves would ultimately prove advantageous' — and so on. One advantage this plan certainly possesses. You can tell at a glance when the deadly prosing fit is coming on, and an experienced skipper will be able to land safely on the other side of the yawning gulf (no joke is intended) with as little delay as possible. Humorous writing, —we remark —who do not act so openly, but sandwich in their powders between layers of jam so deftly that you cannot help being medicined against your will.

But when we have once said this, we have exhausted our spleen against the Judge. Even his political and social discourses are praiseworthy in their liberal tendencies. He is a lover of the black man, a believer in his capacity, and a stern denouncer of those who have striven to keep him down in the scale of being. One finds the old feeling return which stirred so many hearts when 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' came out, and made us weep and rage in spite of all its claptrap sentiment. There is a more serious every-day air about Judge Tourgee's revelations. We see in his pages to what a depth of degradation the slave-holding population has sunk itself. Legree was at any rate a bold villain; he might have been a benefactor under more favourable auspices. Even the Ku-Klux-Klan ran a slight modicum of risk in their ferocity; their midnight marauding which so often wound up with blood and flames. But when the Caucasian sets to work to devise laws simply and solely for the purpose of robbing the emancipated slave of his labour, we see the white man at his lowest, and own the truth of the great and fundamental law, that a vast national injustice recoils with its worst effects upon its perpetrators.

One of the negro characters in the tale is working a farm on shares for a white man. To avoid the abominable extortion of the truck system, as worked out at the white man's store, he resolutely refrains from accepting any orders for goods on account of his prospective crop, knowing full well how miraculously the store-book accounts will foot up against him if he once has his name inscribed there.

The owner does not like this independent course of conduct, which, if persisted in, will oblige him to pay the 'sassy nigger' his full share of the crop. He watches and at last catches poor Berry picking a few ears of green corn for dinner, off what he, not unnaturally, considers his own corn-patch. But this is larceny by the humane law of Kansas; the 'boss' had got the requisite hold, and the friendless, frightened negro takes a few dollars for his share of the crop, and leaves the country to escape prosecution. In the next State he works again on a cotton farm, patronizing the owner's store more freely, so that when the harvest is over he only has a small lot of cotton to dispose of. This he starts to market to sell. In that free land no man must sell cotton after sun-down, lest it might be stolen goods! A buyer tempts Berry with an extra cent a pound to sell just a few minutes after the lawful hour, then gets him arrested for breaking the law, keeps the cotton, and refuses to pay for it. Berry goes to jail. The man he worked for holds his mule and chattels for breach of contract, Berry having gone to prison a day or so before his year's hiring was out. It may almost seem impossible that such things can be, but we must remember that these laws, harsh and unjust in themselves, are or were vindictively administered by judges, sheriffs, and officers elected for the express purpose of keeping the black man down under foot.

The book is carefully got up, and well printed, being very free from typographical errors. We can recommend it to such of our readers as felt an interest in the history of the South during the late critical period of her resuscitation.

Memoirs of my Exile, by Louis Kossuth. Translated by Ferencz Jauscz. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Eastwood, 1880.

Hungary and Poland have been the scenes of European crimes of uncommon magnitude, and it has yet to be known whether they will not afford the acting-grounds of as great retributions. In the

eyes of M. Kossuth, his people have forfeited their high aspirations and lost their chivalrous love of independence; whilst, by accepting the present union of their fortunes with Austria in a satisfied spirit, he holds that they have betrayed the future hopes of that country for which he and so many other patriots have bled and struggled. To consider what might have been is not usually productive of much practical good; but, perhaps the short space we can devote to the notice of this book may not be unprofitably applied in asking ourselves whether the fate of Hungary would have been a more fortunate one had not the brute force of Russia been thrown into the scale against the struggles of the Liberationists, putting a bloody period to the war of Independence. In spirit and bravery the Hungarians proved, through all those stormy scenes, their right to an independent existence as a nation. But more is needed in a nation than spirit, bravery and national traditions. M. Kossuth, at page 201 of his present work, points out that the census of 1851 only gives some seven millions of people as the purely German element in the thirty-seven millions of mixed races that go to make up the Austrian Empire. The conclusion he draws is that this number is not enough to give the Empire, which he so justly hates, a national character. But Hungary itself only numbers some eleven millions, and these, if erected into a kingdom by themselves, would be far too weak to stand alone among the gigantic powers of the Continent. How then did the Hungarian leaders propose to swell their numbers and increase their area, so as to find a basis wide enough to be self-supporting? The answer is simple. The Croats and Slavs were to be made a component part of the new body politic, although their repugnance to the Hungarian rule had been well marked and is known to every student of Magyar history and literature. In other words the new nationality must, in self-defence, repeat the rôle of oppressor, and practise on weaker countries the same compulsion it had complained of so bitterly itself. M. Kossuth found great comfort in the recognition that at length greeted the earnest endeavours of Italy to throw off the rule of the stranger, but the case presents no parallel. The population of Italy is considerably more than double that of Hungary, and its perfect and well-defined natural barriers and landmarks impress the idea of unity upon the nation with overwhelming force. Again, to lose Italy was but the loss of an always festering limb to Austria;—to have lost Hungary would have been annihilation, and the powers that assisted or looked on complacently at the enriching of Sardinia, did not by any means desire the destruction of the House of Hapsburg.

M. Kossuth condemns the moderate party among his countrymen for accepting the amended dual-constitution which was accorded them in 1867. We think that in this his better judgment is clouded by the naturally harsh feelings of an exile against the government that proscribes him. For how does the matter now stand? We saw that in 1851 the German element in the Hapsburg rope of sand was but small, and the chance of war since then has materially and permanently reduced even that slight proportion. People are not lacking who will prophecy that the remaining Teutonic element in the population of Austria will yet gravitate towards the imposing mass of the German Empire. Be this as it may, the power of Hungary, if it be wisely husbanded and increased by the exercise of a legitimate influence over the less civilized races near it seems destined, in future, to prove the growing predominant power of the two-headed Austro-Hungarian kingdom. Like two dogs chained to the same collar, the force of the stronger will decide the road they are to take, and we shall be surprised if the seat of power does not slowly move down the Danube. In this light Hungary will more than have achieved its independence, it will have changed places with its former masters and that by a natural and peaceful process instead of a series of bloody and revolutionary struggles. And yet, while applauding Deak, who can prevent the regretful sigh for Kossuth?

This volume is occupied in giving the particulars of the last attempt that showed the refugees of 1848 a chance to save their country in their own way. With Austria and France grappling in the death-struggle among the marshes of the Po, and under the guns of the Quadrilateral, it did not need the eagle-eye of Kossuth to discern the commanding position which a revolted Hungary could at once assume. Austria, attacked in flank and rear, her army organization

shattered both by direct desertion of the Hungarian troops and by the cutting off of her best recruiting-ground, must have succumbed to Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel. Hungary might be free! all that was needed was to fathom the unfathomable and to fix the quicksands of Napoleon's shifting purposes into resolute determination. But that could not be done. He would promise, hold interviews, theatrically parade before the exiles, the original parchment on which his great uncle's address to the Hungarian nation was written—but commit himself irrevocably to war à *outrance* with Austria, by sending a French army into Hungary, this he would *not* do. There are symptoms that he would gladly have embroiled Hungary into rising and creating a diversion in the enemy's rear, but Kossuth firmly declined to give his sanction to any such plan. It was no part of our exile's intention to become an Imperial catspaw at the expense of his country's future prospects. While hanging on the dubious verge of war, and organizing a Hungarian legion, the news of the treaty of Villafranca fell on the hopes of the refugees like "thunder from a clear sky." Italy and Hungary were alike abandoned, and Napoleon retired with Savoy and Nice in his pocket, the ill-gotten price of services which he had not rendered.

The translation of these memoirs is, so far as we can judge, well done, but the style is in parts hardly up to the level of history. Imagine the stately Muse condescending to say (at p. 112), 'How green!' The rendering of one of Victor Emmanuel's proclamations is badly done, it makes him speak of Austria's army 'which *to assault us* she has assembled' &c. One very amusing passage from the state papers of Francis V. Duke of Modena, serves to give an idea of what an Austro-Italian Grand Duke *could* do in the depths of his grand-ducal stupidity when he really bent his faculties to the task. He was a Francophobist of the deepest dye, and proposed that Austria and the Dukedoms should invade France, raze its fortresses, transfer its capital from Paris elsewhere, and plant military colonies of Croats and Slavonians among the restless people of Alsace and other bordering provinces! Unluckily this genius was too modest to plan out exactly the military movements by which this modest programme was to be accomplished.

Historical Studies of Church Building in the Middle Ages. Venice, Siena, Florence. By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

In how many different lights do people regard ancient buildings! The simplest, most primitive type of sight-seer is the innocent rustic who walks round the Cathedral Close of some old English city in stolid wise, the noble edifice before him hardly awaking a single thought in his breast, and his imagination certainly never conceiving the possibility of a time when that building was in any single particular different from what it is now.

A little higher in the scale comes the cut-and-dried antiquary who knows that the nave exhibits Norman work, that the transepts are in the decorated style and the east window perpendicular. He knows too that these different styles date from different periods, and can discourse with detail on the signs of transition from one fashion to another. But the whole thing is dry and hard to him, as lifeless as a genealogical tree or a chart of the kings of England. True love for the old building only comes when we grasp the truth that it has lived a life of its own; that these crumbling walls and mossy buttresses have been gradually formed to their present shape much as the coral reef has formed itself from the countless lives that surround and cling to it. Every subtle change that has gradually led us from heavy rounded arch and clumsy pillar to broad expanse of traceried window and lightly-clustered shaft has been induced by some corresponding onward movement in the mind of the men who framed it, and which is, perchance, best evidenced to-day by these visible tokens or sign-manuals of its power. To understand the building and to know it well, you must study the men who designed it, who raised the money to build it, and who altered its scope from time to time,—and to really know these men you must, as clearly, study the work of their hands thus embodied here before you. You will find the one inquiry will help the other. During the last century men of the highest calibre failed to appreciate either the arts or the literature of the Middle Ages. "Gothick" was a term of reprobation. Earnest study has enabled many a little mind of to-day to

enter further into the spirit of William of Wykeham than it was in the power of Dr. Johnson to do.

And what a fascinating study it is! Your old cathedral speaks to you tales from the past. Read up its archives and you look at this or at that feature in its beauties with renewed interest. That change from one style to another tells you more now than it used to do. You are reminded by it of the cause why the work was stopped,—war, or wasting pestilence, or some period of stagnation when old things seemed good enough and further progress only a vexation of the spirit. Then comes the new impulse, pouring its tide of new life into all the channels of the State. Old forms of building are modified, new shapes of arches and windows demand fresh improvements in glass, in carved work, in paintings. From the glories of the shrine one is led to imagine the increased luxuries of the private house, that reminds us of the greater wealth of the nation which is the cause and the measure of these improvements, and thus an alteration in a moulding or the centering of an arch has led us unconsciously to reflect upon the most vital changes in the social life of an entire people.

Three of the most interesting ecclesiastical edifices in Italy are treated by Mr. Norton in this manner. He takes us to Alexandria with the Venetian merchants who brought back the body of Saint Mark; he walks with us among the master workmen of Siena, or we hear the wrangling and disputing about the competing designs of Ghiberté and Brunelleschi for the Church of Saint Mary of the Flower at Florence. We see the masons eating their maccaroni and oily Italian messes in the little cook shop which was reared up among the scaffolding at the dizzy height of that stupendous dome, and the apprentices recklessly letting each other down over the sides of the unfinished cupola to rob the birds' nests. The church is more than mere marble and mortar to us after we have followed its growth after this fashion. These men have laid the stones in their life-blood, and Brunelleschi girdled its dome with his brain no less than with chains and heavy timbers. One feels joyful with him at his success in achieving that which so many other architects declared impossible, we share his triumph when we have heard of his difficulties.

Much interest would have been added to this book could a few illustrations and diagrams have been given. It is so well got up, the paper is so thick, the type so clear, and the title page really so attractive, that we feel all the more regret that a little extra expense was not incurred in presenting the reader with views (if only outlines) of the principal buildings about which Mr. Norton writes so enthusiastically.

New Colorado, and the Santa Fé Trail. By A. A. Hayes, jr., Fellow of the American Geographical Society & F.R.G.S. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son, 1880.

People who want to find a new corner of the world to write about, must look sharp now a-days. Colorado was a howling wilderness a few years back, and what is it now? There is little or no geographical renown to be won in a land where railways penetrate in every direction, and one meets no deadlier animal than a *burro* (Anglicé, jackass). Still, whatever honours were to be gathered may be fairly credited to Mr Hayes for his very racy and gossiping account of the country, whether viewed from the standpoint of traveller, cattle, or sheep farmer, or even of 'honest miner.' The general public may not like the book the less for its retaining the light tone of magazine literature (the bulk of the work appeared in *Harper's Magazine*), and the industry shown in collecting anecdotes and incidents of the class with which Bret Harte first made us familiar, is worthy of much praise. Some travellers manage to cross a country without meeting a single fact or fiction to record, others again (and Mr Hayes is one) come out covered as thickly as a woolly dog with burrs after a scamper in the autumn bush.

Our author goes into figures to prove the profits that may be made by the successful cattle farmer on the foot-hills and prairies of the Centennial State. He gives wholesome advice as to the chances of getting on;—capital and love of work are both needed. The 'toney' Englishman is not admired out there, at least after his money goes. One of these (let us hope an exceptionally foolish one) came with a sum, fabled at $50,000, in

his pocket, went into sheep raising, had about thirty or forty others always 'looking around him,' and went away in a few years owing $20,000. Mr Hayes's informant mentioned that this gentle shepherd had no trouble in disposing of his sheep, as 'the Sheriff did that for him.' But in careful hands a capital of $14,000 invested in sheep runs, buildings and sheep would yield $2,596 net profit the first year, $5,406 the second, and $4,899 the third year. These are Mr. Hayes' own calculations, and as he says he has received letters complaining of his having put the profits both too high and too low, he considers he is not far off in his estimate.

Of mining Mr Hayes is too careful to speak in any such decided tone. Mines, like the men who own them, are too often 'here to-day and gone to-morrow;' and one can never call a miner finally and decidedly fortunate till he has started a Company to run his mine and 'unloaded' all his stock at a handsome premium.

At the close of the work is an interesting chapter on the history of Colorado, scanty as it is, and the early traffic across the plains to Santa Fé. Mr Hayes visits that old emporium of Spanish commerce, but does not deal much with New Mexico. His artistic companion, to whom we owe many picturesque views of Rocky Mountain scenery, has parted from him, and we are consequently left to some extent to our imagination in picturing the scenery of the Rio Grande. We can cordially agree with his detestation of the horrid names that have been given to places. 'Purgatoire' has degenerated into 'Picketwire,' and mountains with sonorous Spanish names become Pike's Peak or Mount Lincoln. Let us hope that a reaction may set in, and that these noble ranges may yet be re-baptized into the Sierras.

CHRISTMAS ISSUES IN ART AND LITERATURE.

People who love to poke among the curiosities of literature, are acquainted with the various shapes into which our old poets used to contort their verses.

A Bacchanalian song would conform to its appropriate flask or wine glass, a pitiful true lovers' plaint to the form of a heart, and a religious poem would take upon itself that of an altar or cross. It will be a novelty, however, to even these enquiring minds, when they notice the "*Christmas Stocking*," issued by Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson, Toronto. The lithographed cover is an apt representation, in the brightest colors, of a very diminutive stocking, and the stocking has evidently got into the domain of a very poetical Santa Claus, as it is full of verses appropriate to the season.

The same firm have continued their efforts to encourage Canadian Art by placing on the market a number of the "*Ribbon Series*" of hand-painted books which have been already very favorably received by the public. "*Pleas for Books*," "*The Shadow of the Rock*," "*The Changed Cross*," &c., are among their list, and as each book is painted in a different design, the "early bird" of a purchaser will probably find his account in getting the best of what appears to us a very good selection.

Similar praise is due to Messrs. James Campbell & Son, for the very artistically designed series of floral tablets and scenes of Canadian life which they have got out to meet the growing taste of the public for original works of art instead of reproductions (however carefully executed) of a more or less stereotyped character. We understand that the firm had so much confidence in the support they would meet with, that they gave orders to Canadian artists on a sufficiently large scale to enable them to put some 1,500 of these hand-painted tablets on the market, and the only regret they are likely to feel in connection with the matter is, that they did not provide a yet larger number.

Messrs. Willing & Williamson have on show, amongst a large assortment of imported Christmas Cards, including the issues of De La Rue's and Marcus Ward's issues, some specially noticeable cards from across the border. Messrs. Prang of Boston, have put much energy into the art and mystery of Christmas card manufacturing. Even as Florence and Siena of old used to throw open their church building schemes to competition, and offer prizes to the one supreme architect of the universe, or (to come a little nearer home) as the Hop-Bitters Company offer prizes to the most successful oarsman of the day,—so did Messrs. Prang apply the strong stimulating effect of an offer of $1,000, $500

and $300 prizes in order to elicit from the citizens of the United States their three most supreme designers of Christmas cards. The first prize was gained by a lady,—Miss Emmett,—whose card has a graceful border of passion flowers, surrounding a composition of five chorister boys singing the "Gloria," — the awakened shepherd with his flock, the watching angel and the host of stars in the dark blue firmament of Heaven. The harmony of coloring in this piece of work is very noticeable. The second prize card (Mr. Alex. Sandier's) is of a more secular character, but will probably find as many admirers, while the less successful designers will possibly find champions who will prefer their handiwork even to that of the prize winners.

The custom of sending these tokens of friendship seems to be increasing, and we must admit we consider it in many ways a commendable one. The majority of people are not, at present, millionaires (whatever they may expect to be), and nothing short of a big fortune will enable a man to send a substantial present to *all* his friends. The card steps in and prevents economy from being driven to justify neglect. We can also give a good word for a fashion which calls into play the latent talent of our countrymen, and especially our countrywomen, and which may, in its humble fashion, do somewhat to help unravel the knotty question, 'What employment are our educated women to be provided with?'

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, we have much pleasure in stating, has consented to the republication of a number of his Essays and Lectures on Literary and Historical subjects contributed to this Magazine and to English and American reviews. The volume, which is at present passing through the press of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., may soon be looked for.

We gladly welcome the second year's issue, for 1879, of the 'Dominion Annual Register and Review,' edited by Mr. Henry J. Morgan, Keeper of the Records, Ottawa. This compilation is so well done, and condenses so much of the year's events, in all departments of the nation's progress, that no intelligent Canadian can afford to be without it. We hope to review the work at some length in our next number.

We are in receipt of the first volume of the most important undertaking in biographical literature that has ever been attempted in Canada —Mr. Magurn's 'Canadian Portrait Gallery,' edited by Mr. J. C. Dent, with illustrations in chromo-lithography. Our crowded columns compel us to defer a critique of the work until January.

An attractive holiday book, entitled 'Illustrated Poetry and Song,' consisting of selections, made with judgment and taste by Mr. Charles Belford, from the best English and American Poets, has just appeared. The volume is embellished with forty full-page illustrations from English wood-engravers, and presents for popular sale an artistic and literary table-book which should find many purchasers not only at holiday times, but 'all the year round.' The publishers are Messrs. Belfords, Clarke & Co., Toronto and Chicago.

Mr. Joseph Doutre, Q. C., of the Montreal Bar, has made a valuable contribution to native legal literature in his work on the Constitution of Canada, embracing the British North America Act (1867), with its interpretation, gathered from the Decisions of the Courts, the Dicta of Judges, and the Opinions of Statesmen and others. Appended to the volume are the Quebec Resolutions of 1864 and the Constitution of the United States. Canadian

jurists and students of Constitutional History will find Mr. Doutre's work of extreme value. The work is published by Messrs. John Lovell & Son, Montreal.

The literature of travel has just had a delightful addition to its attractive treasures in the Rev. W. H. Withrow's 'A Canadian in Europe.' The work consists of an itinerary of the scholarly editor of *The Canadian Methodist Magazine* while on a summer tour in Europe, and has been made up from his more books and magazine articles, with illustrations of the historic sights encountered *en route*. Mr Withrow is a keen observer, a graphic writer and withal a genial companion. Few will set out in his company to visit these shrines of the Old Land who will not accept his *chaperonage* throughout. The volume is handsomely produced by the Rose-Belford Publishing Co., and will make a suitable present at the approaching holiday season.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

THE BALLADE OF ALICE.

A CRUDE AND SKETCH IN TORONTO.

Dark eyes, full of
Mirth and malice,
Keen bright face and
Tiny hands,
Strength and lightness,
Grace and vigour,
This is like her,—
This is Alice!

Heart that is in its
Red gold mantle,
Holds every wine of
Pain and Pleasure,
Bitter found in
Ample measure,—
And with each
Alike she dances,
As her mood is!
Fair Mad Alice!

Up that past with
Perfect poise
Filled with [illegible] and
Free to [illegible]
Yours [illegible]
Sweet and bitter
Kisses [illegible]
Hardest bitter,
Rich or poor,
Hut or palace,
Just the same
Unaltered Alice.

C. E. M.

'Ah,' said a deaf man who had a wedding wife, 'man wants but little *hear* below!'

TOBACCO.

Foul weed!
I would that I could give thee o'er,
Thy rank perfume
Pollutes my room:
And yet there is in thee a spell,
Thy votaries understand too well,
Which bids me turn to thee once more
When I should bid thee from the door.
Where hast thou been
Fell Nicotine,
To learn such arts as thus enslave?
What charm is in thy blacken'd bowl;
What is it thou dost give, or save,
Which opes the portals of the soul,
And finds thee friends in every clime,
In every rank, who all combine
To honour thus thy sooty shrine?
Not even they with the lapse of time.

No food thy poisonous leaf supplies.
And yet, it is not wholly vile:
A something hidden in thee lies,
Which does our wayward thoughts beguile
A solace! aye, the word is ripe,
A solace! then, I fill my pipe.

T. W. P.

LAUDAY.

A writer who lately declared that the temperance party was going to rise like 'a giant refreshed with wine,' was rather unfortunate in his choice of a simile.

'If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah,' said Mr. Smiley to Mrs. Smiley, reflectively, 'I take them all back.' 'Yes I suppose you want to use them over again,' was the not very soothing reply.

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